

LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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CHURCH BELLS.

RINGING! ringing! ringing as they rang
 Long, long ago!
 With echoing peal and merry clang
 They come and go!
 The children have played and sung, and
 laughed and wept,
 And then grown old, and laid them down and
 slept;
 And still, as the hours onward flow,
 The bells are ringing for joy or woe!

Singing! chiming! pealing! — such a song
 Of joy and mirth!
 Waking up echoes slumbering long
 Within the earth, —
 Telling their tale of love, and hope, and happy
 days, —
 From hill to valley the glad song they raise.
 And still, as the hours come and go,
 The bells are ringing for joy or woe!

Swinging sadly, solemnly, a mournful tone,
 Telling of death!
 Of sorrowful hearts, that must wander alone
 On this weary earth;
 Of silent forms, and hands that lie at rest,
 Of voices forever hushed in a passionless
 breast;
 While the changing hours come and go,
 And the bells are ringing for joy or woe!

Softly rising and falling, at eventide
 Ring out the bells,
 O'er the golden valleys far and wide
 Their music swells.
 And the children stop in their play, and stand
 to hear,
 And the aged look up with a quiet smile and
 a tear,
 As they think of the hours that come and go,
 While the bells are ringing for joy or woe!

Ringing! ringing! ringing, in the still night,
 A joyful chime!
 While the land lies sleeping, robed in white,
 At Christmas time, —
 Telling, with fresh sweet tones, the glad old
 story,
 Bringing a faint, soft echo from the land of
 glory!
 While the changing hours come and go,
 And the bells are ringing for joy or woe!

Ringing! ringing! ringing, o'er the city
 With its mighty throng!
 Soothing some hearts, all sad and weary,
 With their happy song.
 Rising above the sin and sorrow, want and
 care,
 Above the sounds of strife that fill the air;
 And still, as the hours come and go,
 The bells are ringing for joy or woe!

Ringing! ringing! ringing! recalling fast
 Old days gone by;
 Unlocking the fair, green shadowy past
 To memory's eye.

Telling of high resolve, — of longings noble,
 free,
 Of golden moments gone by unheedingly!
 Of the changing hours that come and go, —
 Of their ever ringing for joy or woe!

Ringing! ringing! ringing! still ring on,
 O old church bells!
 With tender pathos to each living one.
 Your music tells
 That beauty, wealth, and joy must fade and
 die,
 That man must spend his days as for eternity,
 Where the changing hours will cease to flow,
 Where 'tis never ringing for joy or woe!

Golden Hour.

M.

AFTER LIFE.

SOME drag their heaven down to earth
 Some raise it to the skies,
 Some think they share its holy mirth,
 Before the body dies.
 But what the time and what the place,
 This much at least is known,
 That we shall see Him face to face,
 And know as we are known.

Some hope to "touch the vanished hand,"
 Complete the broken aim;
 Some but around the throne to stand,
 And magnify His name.
 I only know a silent space
 Between me and my own,
 Since they have met Him face to face,
 And know as they are known.

Some fear to meet His dreadful eye,
 To hear His awful word;
 Some on his bosom long to lie,
 And pant to meet their Lord.
 I know, — how vast must be his grace,
 How pure must I have grown,
 Ere I can see him face to face,
 And know as I am known.

Sunday Magazine.

W. C. M.

SEAWEED.

ALAS, poor weed! The careless tide
 Has left thee with his lightest foam;
 And now a desert drear and wide
 Divides thee from thy wished-for home.
 His flow may bear thee back once more,
 But canst thou live thy life of yore?

Alas, I, too, am left awhile
 By her I love, in lightest play!
 On distant loves I see her smile,
 I hear her laughter far away.
 Her heart may turn to me again,
 But can my heart forget the pain?

Spectator.

R. I. O.

From The Fortnightly Review.
RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

NEARLY all public writers and speakers in England, and indeed in Germany and the Austrian monarchy also, seem to take it for granted, that the ruling and permanent motive of Russian policy is the desire for territorial aggrandizement. Most of them further assume that this policy, so dangerous to her neighbors, and supposed to be so specially dangerous to English power in the East, can only be resisted by supporting the Turkish empire, as the state most directly threatened and least able to sustain an attack. Having been led, in the course of a journey undertaken this autumn through Russia and the Black Sea countries, to question both these assumptions, I desire to examine them, and that with reference rather to the course of Russian history generally, and to the character of the Turkish administrative system, than to the events of these last few weeks or months. My object is not so much to establish any positive conclusions as to show the unsoundness of the premises on which are based many of the doctrines most frequently and confidently put forward in our recent discussions on these topics; and this, I venture to hope, may be done without any desire or tendency to serve party interests. Properly understood, the question of our action in the East is altogether apart from English party politics, and a man's judgment of it ought to be quite unaffected by his view of our subjects of difference at home.

Let me say at starting that I am in no sense an advocate or even an apologist of Russia. Like most English Liberals, I had been accustomed to regard her, ever since the fatal day of Vilagos when she crushed the independence of Hungary, as the arch-foe of political progress, the incarnation of political evil. Even now, her further advance over the provinces of the Turkish empire would, as it seems to me, be a great misfortune for those provinces, for herself, for the world. But the Russia of 1876 is not the Russia of 1849. Just as we have come to look differently upon Austria since her acceptance of constitutionalism after 1866, and upon Prince Bis-

marck since he shook himself loose from the feudal party in Prussia, so we must learn to recognize the changes that have passed in Russia since the accession of Alexander II., changes more rapid than any other European country has undergone in an equally short space. And in any case we ought surely to unlearn the habit, not more unfair than it is unwise and misleading, of putting, as a matter of course, the worst construction upon every word or act of Russia. I do not therefore attempt, nor desire, to argue that the policy of the Russian government has been, or is now, a disinterested policy. I do not deny, that there is a party, a strong party, which hankers after further conquests, and dreams of some day reaching the Bosphorus. But what I hope to show is, firstly, that the recent history of Russia affords far less evidence of a passion for territorial aggrandizement than is commonly believed here; secondly, that such aggrandizement would be distinctly injurious to her; thirdly, that her present action is sufficiently explainable without the hypothesis, so generally accepted in England, that her aim is the seizure of European Turkey; and fourthly, that the actual condition of both Asiatic and European Turkey clearly shows that the worst possible way of checking Russia is to try to maintain the *status quo* there, to allow the Porte to go on expecting support from us, and to teach the subject Christian populations that it is to the czar, and to the czar alone, that they have to look for deliverance from intolerable misgovernment.

It is natural that any one who sees on the map the Muscovy of the sixteenth century, as it was under the czar Ivan the Terrible, and compares it with the Russian empire of to-day, should be astonished at the vast and rapid territorial growth of this state, a growth paralleled only by that of Roman and English dominion.

The alarm, however, which this comparison causes ought to disappear when it is understood how these vast territories have been acquired. By far the larger part have not been conquered at all, but simply colonized or occupied. Not only Siberia but the whole north-east of European Russia and a great portion of the south-east

have come under Russian rule almost without a musket-shot, because these regions were inhabited by savage wandering tribes who had no hold on the soil, and made no objection to the advent of settlers. Some of them, such as the Tchouvasses, Mordvins and Tcheremisses of the Volga, are already half Russianized; others, like the Samoyedes and Kirghiz, remain pagan or Mohammedan; but all are on perfectly good terms with their governors, and seem, indeed, never to have had anything to complain of. Other large districts, such as the Tatar khanates of Kazan and of the Crimea, have, indeed, been conquered, but conquered almost of necessity, being held by semi-civilized Mohammedan states between whom and the Muscovite frontier population it was found practically impossible for peace to subsist.* Georgia was not conquered at all, but handed over to the czar by its last king, who could not defend it against his Mohammedan neighbors. The only acquisitions, therefore, on which the charge of deliberate aggression can be based are those of Finland and the Baltic provinces, Poland, the south-western provinces conquered from Turkey, and the districts recently occupied in Turkestan (omitting the trifling conquests in Transcaucasia made from Persia). A few words may suffice for each of these.

All these territories, except Turkestan, were conquered when conquest was still the order of the day in Europe, and regarded as the natural reward, even where it had not been the original object, of a war. Our present sentiment, which condemns the transference of a population to the rule of a victorious alien state, is extremely modern, and far from universally dominant: witness the case of north Schleswig and the general desire of the French, in and before the summer of 1870, to annex the purely German districts on the left bank of the lower Rhine. In the case of Finland, Russia had this excuse, that while it was held by a foreign power St. Petersburg, lying close to the Swedish

border, was at the mercy of an invading force. Finland, moreover, has, ever since her submission, been treated with singular consideration. She retains her laws, her two languages, her metallic currency. Her free constitution, never abolished, has of late years been recalled to active life; no attempt has been made to Russify her people or institutions; she spends all her own revenues and costs Russia a considerable sum besides. The story of Poland offers a sad contrast to this generosity, and it is mainly her cruelties there that have drawn on Russia the aversion of western Europe. Nothing can excuse those cruelties, worse even than those of which we were guilty in Ireland in 1798; or the French in Algeria. Several points, however, may deserve to be noticed. One is, that in the original partition of Poland Russia did no more than was done by Austria and Prussia. A second is, that there existed an ancient and bitter hatred between Russians and Poles, dating from the days when the latter, then the stronger power, had nearly crushed the national existence of Russia. Further, the democratic party in Russia in 1863, seeing in the division between the peasantry of the Lithuanian provinces, who had no Polish sympathies, and the nobles who had, an opportunity of inflicting a blow upon the nobility generally, hounded on the government against the insurgents. And the government itself was stimulated to greater harshness by its fear of the revolutionary spirit which had made Warsaw an outpost. To stamp out the conspiracies which were always simmering there, seemed to them necessary for the safety of Russia itself.

The acquisitions of Asiatic territory made in 1828 from Persia and in 1829 from Turkey were less considerable than might have been expected, considering the weakness of the beaten party. We need not set this down to generosity—generosity was not a feature in the character of Nicholas—it was due to the sense that annexations were not really for the conqueror's interest, who had enough on his hands already. The war of 1828–29 was not a war of aggression, but arose out of the conduct of Turkey towards the

* I pass over all this the more briefly because it has been admirably set forth by Mr. D. M. Wallace in an article in this review for last August.

Greeks, and though the Turks were reduced by the second campaign to complete helplessness, not an acre of land in Europe was demanded as the price of peace.

It is mainly the more recent advances of Russia in central Asia that have excited the attention of Europe and the suspicions of England. Yet nothing can be more natural than these advances, and England is the country which ought best to understand this, since the causes are almost exactly the same as those which drew us on from conquest to conquest till we became masters of India; or as those which have similarly drawn on the French in Algeria, and the Americans over the land they had reserved for the Indian tribes. A civilized state with semi-civilized states or predatory nomad races on its frontiers cannot stop where it will. With the former it makes treaties; the treaties are broken; it is obliged to punish, and can often only punish by annexing, or by assuming a protectorate which comes to almost the same thing as annexation. With the latter no treaty can be made, and the civilized power must therefore protect its borders by stationing troops along them, and must chastise every inroad by pursuing the marauders on their homeward way, perhaps for great distances. This is found so expensive and troublesome that a regular expedition is undertaken; the offending tribe is defeated, and to prevent fresh irruptions forts are erected and garrisons stationed in its country, which thus becomes reduced to submission. This advance involves a contact with fresh tribes, who molest the peaceable natives or the civilized settlers by their inroads; and the same process is repeated, the line of outposts always moving forward, and the line of settled subject country following it. In some such way as this has the frontier of Russia advanced from the river Ural to the banks of the upper Oxus and the Thian-shan Mountains. One of the most distinguished officers in the Russian service, a man whose veracity no one could dream of questioning, assured me that the archives of the war office at St. Petersburg were full of directions to the gener-

als commanding on the Turkoman steppes, forbidding them to engage in fresh wars or annex fresh territory; but that the nature of things had been too strong for the war office, and had carried the Cossack outposts steadily forward. Something, I think, must also be allowed for the desire of the frontier generals to find occupation for their troops, and to distinguish themselves by conquest, just as Cæsar advanced against the will of the senate, and our Indian generals or statesmen in spite of the East India Company. And it is no doubt also true that the extension of territory has been regarded with a certain pleasure by the unthinking majority of the Russian people, more particularly by the army, everywhere the home of chauvinism. But one may well believe that the government has not desired, much less designed, these advances, for they bring nothing but expense and responsibility. Turkestan is a poor country, quite unable to pay the expense of managing it; the central Asian trade which it opens up is of no great consequence, so thinly peopled are all these countries; and in case of a European war the necessity of wasting troops in this remote corner of the empire might be seriously felt.

That Russia, finding herself at the north foot of the Hindoo Koosh (which she may probably reach before long), would in the event of a war with England use her position there to annoy us by stirring up the Afghans or hill tribes of the Punjab frontier, or even by intriguing with the native princes of India itself, is probable enough. But it is quite another thing to fancy, as so many people in England do, that she is going to the Hindoo Koosh for that express purpose. Had she wished either to menace India or to increase her Asiatic dominions by war, there was, there still is, another course open to her. That course, not more costly in the first instance, and far more profitable in the long run, is to annex Persia, a country with no army, no fleet, and hardly any government, a country of great natural resources, with a splendid geographical position between the Caspian and the Indian Ocean, inhabited by a population far less warlike and fanatical than the Turkomans, industrious and settled,

though reduced by misgovernment to a point far below its natural level; a country moreover from which India could be threatened much more effectively than from Khiva or Bokhara. Needless to say that we could not have saved Persia, and that she could not have defended herself: six or eight regiments would be enough to overrun the whole kingdom.

That Russia has during the last three centuries extended her borders farther and faster than any other European state is undeniable. But then she is the only European state that could so extend itself. The settler who lives on the edge of the wilderness may take in as much land as he pleases, while a proprietor in Kent or Normandy cannot push his fence six inches back without risking a lawsuit. And in her extensions to north, east, and south, where she found either unoccupied lands or races inferior to her own, she has really played the part of an improving and civilizing power.

Territorial extension, however, which marks a period, sometimes a long period, in the history of almost all great states, always comes sooner or later to an end, sometimes, as with most of the countries of modern Europe, because there is no longer room for it, sometimes also, as in our own case and that of the United States, or as of Rome in the time of the early emperors, because it is believed to be no longer for the interest of the state itself. Twenty years ago we used to have panic-fits about the extension of the United States. We now know that they do not desire either Canada or Mexico or the Antilles, and have even neglected chances of getting a footing in the two latter. Similarly, we have ourselves repeatedly refused to found new colonies or annex new territories in the East, though the world does not yet credit us with such moderation.

Now Russia seems to have reached this point, when for her own interest further territorial growth ought to stop. How far she sees this herself, I shall inquire presently; meantime let me endeavor to state the grounds for believing that she would only injure herself by attempting to incorporate the provinces of Turkey, for example, or to wrest from us any part of India.

Russia has already more land and vaster natural resources than she needs or can deal with. Not to speak of the mineral riches of Siberia, still only half opened up, or of the fertile countries along the lower Amour, or of Turkestan, or of Transcaucasia with so many sources of wealth only

requiring capital for their development, she has in the southern part of European Russia, between the Dnieper and the Ural River, a region of unsurpassed fertility, not a third or fourth part of which is now under cultivation, and which could probably support a population as large again as that of the present European dominions. In this vast tract, which one may call the "Great West" of Russia, colonization does indeed go on, and now the faster since railways have been made through it; but it goes on with nothing like American or even Canadian speed, and at the present rate another century will not see the country even fairly well settled. People in western Europe often talk of Russia as "overflowing with men," of her "teeming millions," and so forth. The truth is that she is the most sparsely populated of civilized states, with the possible exception of Sweden, and that her population increases slowly. She is a child in the shoes of a giant. Instead, therefore, of grasping at fresh territories which she is not able either to occupy with settlers or develop by an expenditure of skill and capital, it is her interest to concentrate all her energies on her internal growth, to fill up her empty spaces, improve her communications, train her people to add the higher forms of skilled industry to those comparatively rude and raw handicrafts which, speaking broadly, alone at present thrive among them. One cannot travel through the country without seeing that this policy, already to some extent begun, will make her more prosperous and more powerful than any course of conquest could possibly do.

Further, Russia is at this moment unfitted to assimilate or administer new territories, and notably such territories as the Turkish. So large an empire as hers is already requires a great multitude of officials, and the supply of good officials is far below the demand. I do not speak merely of corruption, which every one in Russia asserts to be so widely spread — for of its existence a stranger has no means of judging — but of incompetence for the higher administrative functions. Russia, it cannot be too often repeated, is a new country, where civilization has but recently taken root. Great efforts have been made, and made with much success — for the people is not only a quick but a really gifted one — to spread education and rear up a cultivated class. But that class is still small, compared with the whole population, or compared with the same class in France, Germany, or En-

gland. And even in those who have been to the university, culture is not the same thing as it is in educated men in those above-named western countries, where it rests, so to speak, on a basis of hereditary cultivation going back for centuries. If, then, a sufficiently qualified bureaucracy is now wanting in European Russia, how much greater would the deficiency be in the countries west and south of the Euxine, where several half-civilized races live intermingled, differing in religion and language, hating one another, depending entirely on their governors for the impulse which is to pacify, elevate, discipline, and, in fine, civilize them? Highly qualified men, morally as well as intellectually, are needed to deal with the problems which such countries present. We believe that we send such men to India; but we are able to do so because the class from which they come is, in an old and overpeopled country like this, unusually large. In Russia such men are too few, and they are likely to be still fewer, for at present the tendency of educated youth there is quite away from official life, towards the professions or towards employment under such local authorities as are independent of the central government.

In the dominions conquered by Russia, such as Transcaucasia, everything depends upon the bureaucracy, everything is referred to it, everything proceeds from it. What impulses to civilization are to be given must be given by it, for there are few individual settlers, and they do not affect the country in the least. Now with excellent intentions and considerable efforts, the bureaucracy has so far been able to do but little to improve or develop the later Russian conquests. Order is not yet secure in them, and they are so far from paying their way that they constitute a serious drain on the imperial revenues. They will not pay till they are civilized; and civilization cannot be introduced by ukase. With all this work on her hands it would be folly for Russia to attempt the larger and more difficult task of assimilating Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Anatolia.

There are other reasons in the internal conditions of Russia proper why she should refrain from entangling herself with new difficulties. The emancipation of the serfs has raised as many problems as it seemed to solve, and no one can yet say how it may end. Serious reforms in the Church are talked of and likely to be before long undertaken. The finances of the empire, exhausted by the construction of so many railways, which have not yet be-

gun to be remunerative, require the most careful nursing. Moreover (and this is a reason to which the enlightened liberals of Russia attach great weight) the addition of new territories obviously incapable of constitutional government would impede or delay that creation of free representative institutions which is the great and the most difficult question of the future for Russia, and towards which some cautious steps have already been taken. The power of the central government is now felt to be too great, and every extension of the districts which can only be ruled despotically by the central government will necessarily throw more upon it.*

It may be answered, Supposing all that has just been urged to be true, it does not follow that the Russian government or people see it to be true. They may not believe in this alleged incapacity to find administrators, or they may think that the same course of aggrandizement which has brought them to their present point of greatness will carry them on with full sails over the difficulties of the future: *tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito*. Or, even while admitting that the development of their internal resources and the creation of representative institutions is the surest path to prosperity, they may be too much seduced by the brilliant prize that seems to lie within their grasp, too much intoxicated by a sense of their "historic panslavonic mission," to be able to halt when the voices of race and religion call them on.

This is a matter on which no one, no, not a Russian himself, can speak with confidence. The sentiment of a nation, the policy of a government, change from day to day, and change from causes beyond prediction. Two or three remarks

* Of course all that is said here as to the present unfitness of Russia to annex the provinces of Turkey applies with tenfold force to India, as being far more distant and having far fewer elements of national affinity to start from. That Russia may some day wish to menace us through her proximity to India is possible enough. But that she will attempt, within any time one can presently foresee, to conquer India for herself, with all that she has on her hands already, and with the possibility of conquering Persia always open to her, is an opinion which would scarcely seem to require refutation. As to the interest of England in keeping Russia out of Constantinople, two grounds are commonly assigned. Some say that once there she could conquer Asia Minor and Syria, forgetting that she can do so now from Transcaucasia. Others say that she may block our path to India through the Levant. No doubt, if we lose the command of the sea; but if we lose that we shall probably anyhow lose India too. It would certainly be a misfortune for the world (including Russia herself) if she seized Constantinople. But the injury to England in particular would have nothing to do with India: it would consist in the stoppage of our trade with the Black Sea countries and northern Persia.

however may be ventured for the sake of clearing away a prevalent misconception.

It is commonly fancied, not only in England but in the Austro-Hungarian monarchy (where jealousy of Russia is even hotter than among ourselves), that what is called panslavism is the pervading passion of the Russian people and the guiding star of Russian foreign policy. No greater mistake. Panslavism is a theory, a doctrine, a sentiment, what you will, which has been taken up by a certain party in Russia, composed chiefly of such of the nobility as live in Moscow, of officers in the army, of a certain number of journalists and students. It has absolutely no hold on the peasantry, who would not even know what it meant, and very little on the merchants. It is repudiated by the advanced or socialistic democrats. It is in fact the doctrine of a party, not of the nation, of a party like that which in England would have us go to war for the Turks, or like that which in France desires to restore by arms the temporal power of the pope.* That it exerts considerable influence is undeniable, but that influence is rather declining than increasing, and at this moment draws what appears to be its strength from a source that is really quite different—the religious sentiment of hatred to Islam. The wisest heads in Russia, and particularly those who surround the present emperor and reflect his moderation, see through the vague and flimsy notion, a wild inference drawn by ignorance and vanity from misconceived premises, that the largest Slavonic State is necessarily or naturally called upon to unite all Slavonic races under one sceptre. And though they may occasionally use this spectre to frighten their neighbors, they have far too sound an appreciation of what is practical in politics to be influenced by it themselves.

Similarly with regard to the supposed desire of all Russians to possess Constantinople. One may hear some irresponsible talk on the subject from private people: expressions of a belief that sooner or later the czar will plant the cross on St. Sophia, and that all south-eastern Europe will own the Muscovite faith and rule, while England and Austria gnash their teeth in the distance. Just such irresponsible talk one

may hear from Germans about the necessity of annexing Holland, or even of gathering England and Scandinavia into the great pan-Teutonic empire. Just such idle hopes one may hear Spaniards express of the incorporation of Portugal. Just such was formerly the vamping language of Americans about Canada and Mexico. A boy when he looks at a map fancies that the most powerful countries are those which cover the largest space, and it is wonderful how many of us remain boys in this regard. There are plenty of foolish persons in Russia as elsewhere, who fall into this vulgar confusion of bigness with greatness. But there, as elsewhere, sensible men see not only that Russia at Constantinople would be weaker and more exposed than she is now, but that she would run some risk of ceasing to be Russia at all, and would be led away into new paths whose end no one could see, and where the true interest of the old Russian people would soon be lost sight of.

The active sympathy shown by the Russian nation with the Herzegovinians and Servians during the last few months has been taken in some quarters as conclusive evidence of its passion for conquest. No assumption can be more gratuitous. It would have been strange indeed if a people among whom religion is an infinitely more potent force (the only one that moves all classes) than in any other part of Europe, had not sympathized with its co-religionists in their struggle, not against ordinary enemies, but against the very enemies before whom Russia had lain prostrate for two centuries, and with whom she had maintained a long, doubtful, though ultimately successful, warfare for three centuries more. The hatred of the Russian people to Mohammedans is almost as striking a feature in their national history and character as it was in those of the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, among whom its origin had been precisely the same. It is almost as deep a feeling as their devotion to the Orthodox Church; it is, in fact, with them a part alike of their religion and their patriotism. No one can understand the attitude of Russia in these questions without allowing for the intensity in her people of this combined sentiment—the result of her whole history—of sympathy with Christians of the Orthodox rite and faith, and hatred to their Mussulman rulers. In the present instance there was added to these feelings a wrath and horror at the cruelties perpetrated by the Turks, which were not indeed more deep or gen-

* Two assumptions are constantly made by our Russophobists, which are perhaps less absurd as applied to Russia than they would be to a popular government, but still quite baseless: firstly, that Russia is one, instead of being divided into parties like ourselves; secondly, that she has one deep-laid unchanging scheme of policy, to which she adheres through all changes of circumstance.

uine than the indignation those cruelties called forth in England, but were all the fiercer because it was commonly believed in Russia, down to the middle of September last, that Europe generally, and England in particular, were viewing those cruelties with complete *sang froid*, and that they had not in the least affected the traditional English friendship for Turkey. These things being so, one has no need either of panslavistic theories or the lust for conquest to explain that passionate outburst of feeling in Russia this summer which the czar and his advisers have found it so hard to resist. It pervaded, it still pervades, all classes, even down to the peasantry who know and care nothing about politics. It would make it far easier for the government, despite its financial embarrassments, to undertake a war against Turkey now than at any time within this century. People have compared it to our sympathy with the Garibaldians in 1859, or to that of the Germans for the Holsteiners in 1863. But it is, by the nature of the case, infinitely stronger than in either of those instances (in which, nevertheless, plenty of volunteers were found ready to start), and may best be likened to the feeling wherewith the English people heard in 1641 of the terrible massacre of the Protestant colonists of Ulster, a feeling which bore no small part in bringing on the great civil war.

It is no part of my purpose to discuss the recent policy of Russia. Whether it has been selfish and tortuous, or whether the government has honestly endeavored to restrain the fanaticism of its subjects and co-operate with the other powers for the benefit of the Christians in Turkey, is a matter of present political controversy, and I desire here to keep as much as possible upon historical ground. But however its rulers may use the enthusiasm of the Russian people, the fact of that enthusiasm and its grounds ought to be known and weighed, for they are most important elements in the problem before us.

Without professing to see farther into a millstone than the rest of the world, one may incline to believe that whatever be the dreams or schemes of the party of advance in Russia, and whatever the possibility that the cabinet of St. Petersburg may ultimately, more or less, adopt them, its present policy is directed, not so much to the acquisition of territory as to the extension and strengthening of its influence in Turkey, both upon the Porte itself and upon the subject Christian populations, so as to establish, in fact, a sort of protecto-

rate over the sultan and his dominions. Such a protectorate might be sought either from selfish or disinterested motives; doubtless it is sought from both. But be this as it may, be Russia's object the extension of her dominions or only the extension of her influence, the question how she may best be met — checked, if you will — is not, substantially, very different. On this question a few words may be said in conclusion.

The influence of Russia over the Christians of Turkey and her power for aggression, so far as it depends on that influence, is held to be derived from two sources. One is, their belief that she, and she alone, sympathizes with their sufferings, and is prepared to help them. This is a real and potent cause. The other is their sense of nearness to her in blood and religion, the feeling of Slavs for Slavs, of Orthodox Eastern Christians for one another. This cause has some force; but a force both much more limited in area and weaker within that area than is usually ascribed to it. Let us see how both may be met.

It is, or ought to be, superfluous to add a particle of fresh evidence to that which is already before Europe of the misgovernment of the Turkish provinces and of the utter incapacity of the government for reform. Every Frank you meet in Anatolia or Roumelia or Constantinople itself, however much he may prefer (as he usually does) the individual Turk to the individual Greek or Armenian, tells you that things are certainly no better than they were twenty years ago, in the days of the Crimean war, that they are probably worse, than it is useless to expect any reform from the Porte, that all the promises it makes will and must be broken — must, because there are neither men fit to carry out reforms, nor is there any force at headquarters to compel them to do so. It is really hardly necessary, in order to get any idea of what Turkish government is, to do more than sail down the Bosphorus and count the magnificent palaces, rich with marble without and sumptuous decorations within, that line its shore, palaces erected by Sultan Abdul Aziz out of the money he borrowed in the west while his own revenue was diminishing, the oppression of the provinces increasing, the most necessary public undertakings lying unfinished. But wherever one goes in the Turkish empire one hears the same story of the inhabitants oppressed by exactions, of wanton cruelties perpetrated by the officials and the tax-farmers, of land dropping out of cultivation because the people

cannot pay the taxes, of the decline of trade, of the decrease of wealth even among the richer families, of mines unworked, because the functionaries from whom the concession must be obtained break faith or demand extravagant bribes. In a disorganized and dying empire it usually happens that a provincial governor or satrap makes himself independent and establishes a government stronger if not better than the one he has revolted from. The Porte guards against this danger by changing its local governors very frequently; and what is the result? A good governor—for there are good governors even in Turkey—is taken away just when he has begun to know something of his district, and all the sooner if it is suspected that he is popular there. A bad one—and considering the nature of the court influences by which they are appointed, it is not surprising that most of them should be heartily bad—makes the most of his short tenure by squeezing every piastre he can out of his wretched subjects, whether by way of taxes or bribes or of plain downright extortion. And in both sets of cases all continuity and regularity of administration, all possibility of carrying out reforms, is destroyed by these frequent changes.*

From the unspeakable misery which this misrule causes, the Mohammedan population suffers, not indeed so much as the Christian, because the former have more chance of protection from the courts of law, may carry arms, and are less liable to be robbed or bastinadoed by a brother Muslim, but still quite enough to entitle them to our earnest sympathy. It is surely a mistake in dealing with this question, to endeavor to set creed against

creed, and enlist European feeling on behalf of the Christians only. It is also a mistake to make the indictment against the Porte appear to rest on isolated acts of cruelty and revenge, however hideous. It rests upon a long course of misgovernment, persevered in after repeated warnings, which has reduced some of the richest countries in the world to beggary, which makes the lives of their inhabitants wretched, which produces the state of society wherein massacres like that of May last had become possible.

Notwithstanding these facts, which might be supposed to have by this time become pretty well known in the west, people talk about the integrity of the Turkish empire, the importance of maintaining the *status quo*, etc., etc. Now, you cannot maintain the *status quo*. As a great German writer has somewhere said, there is in the moral and political, as in the material world, no such thing as a *status quo*. All is change and motion, if not from worse to better, then from better to worse. You may keep Turkey unscathed by foreign invasion. You may aid the sultan to suppress revolts within. But you will not thereby, no, nor by exacting a hundred promises of reform, arrest that sure and steady though silent process of decay which has been going on for the last century or more, and makes the government more and more powerless for everything but evil. You cannot prevent the empire from one day falling to pieces, after another era of silent oppression varied by revolts and massacres. You may make that era longer, but it will end at last, and when it ends, the hatred of Muslim and Christian, more bitter now than twenty years ago, will probably have become more bitter still.

It is their impatience of this tyranny and their belief that while the other powers—England and Austria especially—desire simply to maintain the *status quo*, Russia alone is willing and able to help them, that has accustomed the Christians of Turkey to look to Russia, and has given her the influence she now enjoys. Nothing can be more natural, nor do we need either secret societies or Russian emissaries (though for aught I know Russian emissaries may be at work, like moles, on every Bulgarian farm) to account for so simple a phenomenon. These poor people are surely not to be cut off from all hope: and what conceivable loyalty or duty can they owe to a ruling caste and government which calls them and treats them like dogs? Which of us, under such

* It is unnecessary to discuss whether this incapacity for reform is due to religion, or to race, or to both; but a protest may be made, in passing, against the notion that the Turks deserve to be driven out of Europe because they are Asiatics, as if the Magyars, for instance, were not Asiatics in almost the same sense as the Turks. For the matter of that, the Mohammedan population of the Turkish empire are not, ethnologically speaking, Turks at all, any more than we are Normans or the modern Spaniards Visigoths. There are places in Asia Minor where you may see a few true Turks still remaining, just as in the valleys of the Asturias you may occasionally find villages where blue eyes and light hair show the permanence of a Gothic type. But the Muslims of Turkey are probably one of the most mixed races in the world, the children of those subjects of the Byzantine empire who embraced Islam at first, or have been subsequently converted to it; of slaves brought into the empire; of janizaries; of the upper class of Turks by Georgian, Circassian, Mingrelian, Greek, Slavonic mothers. And the contrast is great indeed between the heavy, languid, flabby faces of the Turkish royal family, for instance, with their drooping eyelids and rounded sensual outlines, and the firm, hard, angular, bony features, small, fierce, restless eyes, and well-knit frames of the genuine Turks or Tatars of the Aral or Caspian steppes.

a government, would not intrigue, and rebel too whenever he got the chance? The only way to remove this disposition to turn to Russia is to remove its cause, that is, to improve the internal condition of the Turkish empire. As regards the largest part of that empire, where the government of the sultan must be suffered to subsist, because there is nothing to put in its place, the only really effective measure would be to appoint European commissioners, not only to watch and stimulate the ministry at Constantinople, but to reside at all the principal seats of provincial government and see that the pashas and kadis do their duty. But there are districts where it is fortunately possible to go somewhat further, outlying tracts where the Christians are in a large majority, and which may therefore be practically withdrawn from Turkish administration, even if left nominally subject to the sultan, as Roumania was and Servia is. Thus Thessaly and Crete might go to Greece, not because Greece has deserved them—what have practical politics to do with deserts?—but because it will be better for all parties: Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina would acquire a species of qualified independence, under the guarantee of the great powers, and be no longer ruled and pillaged by Turkish officials and tax-farmers. It is in these last-named provinces that the anti-Turkish and pro-Russian feeling is strongest; for in them the Christian population is largest, and lying nearer to Russia they are naturally more inclined to look to her as a deliverer. If she devours Turkey, they will be the first mouthful; if she attacks Turkey, their sympathy will be a considerable aid to her. Our Russophobists ought therefore to think it more specially important to do something to relieve the wrongs of these provinces, although those who hold that we have also a duty in the matter will not rest content without trying to assuage the misery of the inhabitants, Muslim as well as Christian, of Roumelia and Asia Minor.*

* It is often said that the Porte will not consent to any sweeping changes or limitations of its power. The truth is that the Porte, like other Oriental governments, will consent to anything if it is pressed hard enough, but to nothing while it thinks it can delay the evil day by professions and promises, and above all, while it has still got a friend left, ourselves, whose jealousy and suspicion may be played upon. If it saw that England was foremost (as the Crimean war gives her a right to be foremost) in exacting strict terms, its tone would soon change. There is no patriotism anywhere in Turkey, least of all in the official class. Among them there is only self-interest, and with self-interest one can always reckon. There is indeed plenty of fanaticism, active among the priests, dormant, but liable to be roused in a moment, among the lower class.

The other source of Russian influence over the Christians of Turkey lies, or is supposed to lie, in panslavism. Now, whatever panslavism may be in Russia itself, outside of Russia it is a mere phantom, a spectre evoked to terrify Magyars and Germans, but which vanishes when you approach it. Over whom is it supposed to have power? Not over the Roumans, who are no Slavs, who are excessively afraid of being absorbed by Russia, and have shown not a spark of sympathy all these last months for their Bulgarian and Servian neighbors. Not over the Slavic subjects of Austria, who are nearly all Roman Catholics, and therefore far more repelled from Russia by religion than they can be attracted to her by the fantastic sentiment of race. The Poles, of course, and the Czechs hardly less than their Polish brethren, heartily hate Russia; the other Austrian Slavs sometimes use her to frighten the Magyars, but they know well enough that they are far better as they are than they would be under Muscovite rule, and that with the aid of the Germans and their own numerical preponderance they can hold their own against the Magyars. It is by no means solely or even chiefly due to the prohibition of the government that hardly a volunteer has gone from among the Slavs of Austria to help the Servians. Coming to Turkey itself, the Greeks and Armenians have of course no Slavonic sympathies; the Greeks, indeed, have quite different visions of their own—visions of a Greek empire upon the Bosphorus. As to the Christian Slavs, Servians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians (including for the sake of the argument the Bulgarians among the Slavs), the panslavistic propaganda has made no progress among the mass of them: its doctrines are known only to some few journalists and politicians. They are, however (except the Bosnian Catholics), drawn to Russia by ecclesiastical sympathy. They are proud of her as a big elder brother. They are grateful to her for what encouragement she has given them. They would rather be under her rule than the sultan's, but they have otherwise no desire to be absorbed by her. We have just marked how soon ill-feeling sprang up between the Servians and their too powerful friends. The Bulgarians would be very sorry to

But the officials could easily, if they wished, carry out all the changes the powers may demand, without exciting this fanaticism. Of course they now use it as a weapon, and a terrible weapon it is, against any demands of the powers.

see their lately won ecclesiastical independence sacrificed, as it certainly would be, to the Russian desire for ecclesiastical uniformity and centralization. Once delivered from Turkish oppression, the Bulgarians and Bosnians would have no more desire to come under the Russian conscription, the Russian customs system, the vexatious Russian police supervision, than the Servians or Roumans have now. Any kind of independence would seem preferable — why be swallowed up and forgotten in that monstrous state, like snow-flakes in a river? Panslavism would soon have no more power over the Slavs of the Danube than pan-Teutonism has over Swedes or Dutchmen.

Whichever way the question is regarded, the conclusion appears to be the same, that the best way of stopping Russia is to remove as far as possible the grounds which justify her interference, and substitute the powers collectively, and England not least conspicuously among them, for Russia alone as the protecting influence to which the subject populations have to look. One part of this is to exact from the Porte all such reforms in the administration of its provinces generally as it is possible for the watchful presence of European commissioners to see carried out. The other is to erect in the north of European Turkey a group of semi-independent principalities whose interest it will be to maintain and strengthen their separate national life, and which will, in fact, constitute a barrier against the farther advance of Russia in that direction. Of course there will be plenty of intrigue and corruption in such principalities, as there is in Roumania now (whose people, by the way, are in every respect inferior to the Bulgarians), and very likely Russia will have a finger in such intrigues. But two facts will remain: the condition of the inhabitants will be better than it is under the Porte, and instead of looking to Russia to send her troops in among them, they will have every motive to keep her at arm's-length.

This is putting the case from the most anti-Russian point of view, and assuming her motives to be merely selfish — an assumption that seems to me thoroughly wanton and unfair. True it is that some of the bolder spirits in the Russian party of aggression would regret the loss of a fulcrum by which they worked on the subjects of the Porte, and by which they could also stimulate at times the enthusiasm of their more ignorant fellow-countrymen, thereby winning for their cause a strength

not its own. This weapon, this passionate sympathy for Christians oppressed by Muslims, which makes Russia at the present moment really formidable, they would lose, to the world's gain. But many of the best and wisest people in Russia (including, one may well hope and believe, the emperor himself) would be heartily glad to see substantial reforms carried out in Turkey and the frontier provinces liberated, both for the sake of the subject Christians, and because they feel that a large part of their own people would thereby be led to turn their aspirations into a healthier channel and think more of developing intellectually and materially the Russia they have got, than of adding to her new provinces which could only be a source of weakness.

Whatever be Russia's real designs — as to which I will only repeat that I have not sought to prove that they are unselfish, but only that we shall certainly err by assuming them to be dishonest, and by ignoring the mighty popular forces that are at work pressing the czar onward — one thing seems tolerably clear. The mistake of England has been in leaving to Russia all these years, and more especially since the insurrection broke out in Herzegovina, the sole championship (whether real or apparent) of good government and the welfare of the Christian population in Turkey. What the consequences of that mistake have been during the last six months; how it has divided us at home in a way that would have been impossible had the whole truth been known; how it has made our policy waver in the eyes of foreign nations; has kept Austria afraid to rely on us; has incensed all Russia, and emboldened her war party; has encouraged the Porte to refuse what it would otherwise have conceded, and made it believe that in the last resort it can always play upon our fears for Constantinople — these are questions which it is beyond the scope of the present article to discuss.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

A SUDDEN SUMMONS.

PLEASANCE was still at Stone Cross, when the morning post brought her, along

with some few papers, a private letter from Mr. Woodcock. He had accepted her as a client, and had written to her frequently in the settlement of her affairs. Such letters were in the course of his duty, and he did not depute them to a clerk, because he had a genuine respect and liking for Archie Douglas's wife.

Pleasance opened the letter at her breakfast-table, without a suspicion of anything extraordinary, but she had not read a line of the scrawled and blotted half-page, a contrast to Mr. Woodcock's usual strong, clear, handwriting with which he was in the habit of covering a page and a half, or two pages, of paper, without being aware that some startling calamity had thrown even a man like Mr. Woodcock off his balance.

"DEAR MADAM," he wrote, "I am grieved to inform you that bad news has just reached me, indirectly, which you ought to know, and not to read first in the newspapers. A grievous accident has happened to the shooting-party at Shardleigh. The telegram for a London surgeon simply stated that Mr. Douglas had received a gun-shot wound, that the hæmorrhage was great, and the worst apprehensions were entertained. I have not a moment to lose, as I am starting at once to do what I can for the poor fellow and his mother and sister. I shall write to you by the first post after I arrive at Shardleigh; and if anything remains to be done, you may command my best services.

"Your faithful and obedient servant,
"GEOFFREY WOODCOCK."

It was on a September morning, the year having advanced through its prime into its first decay, when Pleasance sat alone in the dining-room at Willow House with that letter on the table-cloth before her, and when her eyes all at once began to swim.

She recovered presently, so as even to hear the sweet, cheery song of a robin on one of the willow-trees, that peculiarly autumnal song associated with the garnering in of ripe fruit, and the pathetic, peaceful smile of the autumnal sun over the reaped and stripped fields and orchards, to which Archie Douglas had first called her attention.

Archie — Joel Wray — badly hurt, dying, perhaps dead already — no, the last could not be with the sun shining in the sky, and she sitting there with no intimation of it — only let God spare Archie Douglas to walk the face of the earth, to

breathe the same air with her — only let God not cut him off in his fresh youth, and she would ask nothing more.

What of the early quarrel between husband and wife? What of their obstinately maintained separation ever since, and of the people who would not hesitate to say that the couple who had never been happy together, never borne and forborne, and shared good and evil as husband and wife ought, but who had fallen apart and kept apart from the moment of their union, could surely, of all the couples in the world, best afford to be parted? These people knew nothing of the love that in its bitterness may be the very root and source of discord, and which can survive all discord and all disunion, though its undying existence be but an undying anguish till love and life be put in harmony. It was the very reverse of what they said. Archie Douglas and she who were severed and at enmity, could of all the couples in the world least afford to be sundered by death.

Archie, if he were conscious, might think of her; wish for her presence, seek to accomplish their reconciliation in death, as he had sought it in life. Pleasance would no longer fail him, since the shadow of death obscured all worldly distinctions. Would there be any room left save for primitive wants — especially in the heart which was naturally single and tender? Would not the one passion of his life, which had exercised such all-powerful sway over him, as in Pleasance's eyes to make havoc of his integrity, reassert its sway, even in the middle of the most solemn considerations? Would not love prove indeed strong as death, and, outlasting all other human emotions, cause him to sigh with his passing breath for the sight of his wife — for an assurance that they were one at last, and in spite of all, for an embrace in which he should gather up and bid farewell to mortal good?

Pleasance rose up quickly to go on her errand; she had not called together her small household, or announced to the Perrys a catastrophe in which they, too, had an interest.

Pleasance could not tell what she might have done had she been a happy wife, only parted for a day from her husband. But even then she had a dim notion that she could ill have borne sympathy; that she could not have called in her servants to weep and lament with her over the worst, or to attempt to revive her soul with vain hopes and feeble consolations; she would rather, if it might have been, have played

the part of that Shunammite woman who had been the object of her youthful admiration, and said, "It shall be well; and then she saddled an ass and said to her servants, Drive and go forward, slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee." As it was, she did no more than tell Mrs. Perry that she had heard news which would cause her to take a journey at once, and that she could not tell when she might return.

Mrs. Perry, watching her mistress narrowly under her deference, made no opposition.

For that matter Mrs. Perry was in the receipt of recent letters from her old mistress, demolishing the original construction which Perry had put on her instructions, and abounding in injunctions which had Mrs. Archie Douglas's supreme will and pleasure, her highest honor and satisfaction, for their constant text. "Something has come to her, Perry, but it is no business of ours to make remarks; there is a light in her eye and a set of her mouth, that I never saw matched in my proper Mrs. Douglas. Our present Mrs. Douglas is growing up and taking on, Perry. All she said was, 'I must go, Mrs. Perry, get me a time-table, — yes, it must be the first train north-west. I cannot say anything about coming back;' and not another word or sign, as if she had only to speak and have what she wanted done, and it was not for her to give reasons. I shall offer either you or me to go with her as maid or man, although she do lead us a dance. I don't think she will, she has grown so — fit company for the dean's lady, and the rest, don't they know it? This last Mrs. Douglas has picked up that purse of her own which my lady did not bring with her, but she has found more — she has found mind, manners, everything. Whatever can Mr. Archie be thinking of to continue to turn his back on his lady, who has grown to be so fine a lady? She was always handsome, as can be seen. But we have nothing to say of our master and mistress; and I only hope, Perry, that they will see we have acted with discretion, and done our duty."

Perry was compelled to acquiesce even to the alarming suggestion of sending him away as man with young Mrs. Douglas on an unknown journey with no termination specified — when his melon beds were in their most critical condition.

But Pleasance declined the company of either Mrs. Perry or her husband — her growth as a fine lady had not extended to

any such necessity in her eyes. "I have travelled before by myself, I can manage perfectly," she was a little impatient in refusing to be helpless.

Mrs. Perry might pack a trunk for her mistress, prepare sandwiches and put them in a sandwich-case, and Perry might go with her to the station, where, however, Pleasance abruptly dismissed him, and took out her ticket, starting alone on her journey of life or death.

Stone Cross and Shardleigh were three middle-sized counties apart, but these counties could be traversed in the course of one autumn afternoon, so near had Pleasance been to her husband when he was at his own place, by the speed which annihilates distance. As yet she did not feel it near as she sat with her fingers clasped tightly together, and looked out mechanically on the shifting scene through which she was whirled along.

It was a grey, still day; but the country through which Pleasance passed and which rapidly became more and more wooded in its landscape, showed no change in the heavy dusky green foliage of later summer. In spring, these coppices, coverts, and stretches of young plantation, and old woodland, would present every variety of delicate green, daintily brushed and powdered with red and brown. Six weeks later than this September day, they would be gorgeous in their autumn patches of yellow and crimson. Even in midwinter, when the varied tracery of the boughs became exposed, with the copper-colored stems of firs, the white bark of birches, and the misty purple tinge of beech twigs brought out in fine mellow relief against a dark background, there would be no monotony such as was presented by the present sombre uniformity of color and shade. Even when she did not know that she was looking at it, Pleasance had a dreary sense of summer fulfilment, without the glory of autumn.

The hedges with their burnished wealth of hips and haws, the very bare fields, were an unconscious relief, after these dark woods, where birds were silent, and last year's nests deserted, where hyacinths and primroses had long withered and seeded on their stems. The belied bleak east country, with its openness and width of light, had been less depressing than these unrelieved masses of wood.

It chanced that Pleasance had no companions for the first part of her journey; towards the close the train got mixed up with and lost in a whole series of trains which had been running with special re-

gard to a volunteer review held in the neighborhood.

It had been a monster review, inspected not only by a field officer and his staff, but by one of the royal princes, and had attracted a large company of spectators in addition to the volunteers themselves. Each carriage of the train employed for the purpose of the review, was crowded to overflowing, until at a junction where Pleasance's express train stopped, its carriages were pressed into the service. At last, when third and second class carriages were crammed beyond further expansion, a portion of the travellers were transferred to the first-class carriages. A couple of elderly, well-to-do farmers, returning, not from the review, but from the next market town, were drafted upon Pleasance as her share in the reversion. "No intrusion, I hope, miss; you see we cannot help ourselves, if we are to get home to-night," said one of the invaders. They were both of them bluff and stout men. Both wore dark frock coats which had a Sunday air, and each made a considerable display of shirt front.

The speaker addressed Pleasance in civil deprecation, glancing at her general air, but failing to recognize in it any sign of matronhood.

At another time Pleasance would have been diverted with the humor of such an excuse to her—pointed as it was by the recollection of her own intrusion into a first-class carriage under the wing of Mr. Woodcock, when her ill-fitting pilot jacket, and newly-bought gloves, had not proved a sufficient passport to so elevated a position. In her present circumstances Pleasance uttered only a gravely gracious negative to the idea of intrusion. She sat gazing dreamily out of the window, wondering how the noisy and extremely mundane farce of a fight, like a review, could be acted in close juxtaposition to that last tragic and very real single combat, between life and death, which is the last scene here below of our strange eventful history.

The two farmers were not gentlemen farmers, though they appeared to be yeomen of substance and respectability. They sat in the farthest corner from Pleasance, and were either silent or conversed for a time in undertones, suffering themselves to be subdued by the presence of the young lady, whom they mentally pronounced in looks and manner, if not in dress, a "stunner."

Gradually the restraint wore off, and the farmers carried on their conversation audibly. Their talk reached Pleasance, and

although she was not attending to its sense, by that curious faculty which the mind possesses, the words entered into her ears, so as to make an impression, capable of being retained and recalled, on her brain.

The farmers were not speaking of the market and its prices, or of the prospects of their crops and cattle—probably these interesting topics had already been disposed of—they were comparing notes on the more speculative question of their squire, his opinions, his worth, and his weakness. They spoke of him as elderly men do of men much their juniors, and as men in the struggle of business, or who are only moderately affluent, speak of other men—the select few, raised far above business fluctuations, born with silver spoons in their mouths, and amply, even excessively provided for during their threescore years and ten, while still in their cradles. Such men, with their equally lucky daughters, sisters, and wives, if women be included in the estimate, are rarely spoken of with envy by elderly men and women. On the contrary, the duke and duchess and the millionaire are apt to be indicated with a gentle indulgence and a mild pity, which broadly hint it is on the cards that all is not gold that glitters.

It became clear by the tenants' comments that their squire had other claims on their tolerance, besides his advantages as a great young squire. His opinions evidently did not coincide with the pronounced conservatism of the farmers. He seemed suspected of liberalism and radicalism; he was plainly charged with being too much on the side of those rascals of laborers. Yet even in this far more serious and culpable offence than the mere accident of having been born a squire's eldest or only son, and thus rendered exempt from these toils and the responsibilities in procuring a living, which go far to render men manly and thoughtful, the farmers spoke of their squire with considerable leniency. It was evident they looked over—even submitted to utilize—his youthful flush of confidence and enthusiasm, in giving in to the notion that such as he was in position, might be the natural arbitrators between county boards, parish vestries, and individual employers of labor on the one hand, and the Hodges of labor on the other.

The whole tone of the criticism implied that there must have been the good offices of possibly more than one generation between the contending parties.

Pleasance listened and noted vaguely this talk of the yeomen about their su-

perior, wondering as vaguely all the time, how in the tumult and miserable anxiety of her mind, she could listen to what she was but partially capable of comprehending, to what she knew was of no moment to her.

She had ceased to listen, every pulse in her body was beating too impetuously, before she reached the last little country station, which the train would sweep by, before it approached Westbrook, the country town close to Shardleigh.

There were people waiting at the little station, at which there was no stop, and a salutation was waved amidst perceptible excitement from the group on the platform to some traveller in the train. "Do you see that? it will be to some friend of the gentleman," said one of Pleasance's companions, who had paused in his talk and was looking out. "There is Woodgreen where he was carried, and is lying" — he pointed to a farmhouse which the train was passing.

"He is not from these parts, you know," said the other, not looking at Pleasance, as she leant forward with heaving breast and convulsive grasp of the side of the carriage to steady herself. The speaker was utterly unconscious of the profound impression which he was making, as he went on with his speech which carried enlightenment in its careless words: "His name is Scotch, and so for that matter is the squire's, though I believe he is no relation, only a college chum who had come down with the other friends of the family, and was stopping in the house. I hear our Mr. Douglas, who, whatever may be his faults, has his heart in the right place, and no mistake, is terribly cut up by the accident. He has never left the other's bedside, day or night, any more than if he had been the squire's brother."

There was an unexpected silence in the carriage, for the second farmer's eyes were riveted on Pleasance.

"Has there been one accident or two?" she was forcing herself to ask, in a husky voice, raising her veil. "Who is hurt?"

The farmer, who had remarked her agitation, dismissed his first conjecture that the young lady was the friend of the injured gentleman to whom the signal had been made, and before whom he and his crony had begun indiscreetly to talk over the accident which, until to-day's review, had been the great topic of every circle in the neighborhood. "She may have no concern with this accident, but, poor soul! young as she is, she has had to do with some other in her life, so that the mere

mention of the trouble has given her a turn."

"Only one, miss, and that one too many," he said in civil explanation. "It was an accident in Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh's party, as they were shooting over Furze Brow yesterday. One of the bushes caught a gun, as should not have been loaded, carried by a lout of a beater, and the charge went into the shoulder of a stranger gentleman stopping up at the house. He went down like a shot, and was taken up bleeding like a bullock, from an artery, they say, and carried to Woodgreen. He was given over by the first doctor that saw him, but as he lived on, and was one of them folks that could afford more help, he had a dozen medical men around him in no time, while a tip-top surgeon from London was called in. Now I hear they agree between them, that since he has not given them the slip in the mean time, there is some chance for him left."

"I am glad," said Pleasance, in thankfulness for the respite to the man she had never seen, clasping her hands, the tears breaking forth and streaming over her cheeks.

She dried her tears, leant back, and told herself that it had been a great mistake. No doubt Mr. Woodcock had telegraphed, or written, or travelled away in hot haste, to remedy, so far as she was concerned, the blunder that had been committed. But she could not find time to think of herself, her idle journey and wasted pain; she was full of a blessed confusion of relief and gratitude, in which the needless sorrow and perturbation to herself, that would have been foremost in a more selfish and colder-hearted woman's mind, found as yet no room.

Then she became aware that her companions, with quite as much natural delicacy as engrossing interest in their own talk, had resumed their interrupted conversation. But only a few more words reached her ear when it flashed upon her that Archie Douglas was their squire, on whose proceedings they had been animadverting. She listened for what more was to come with tremulous eagerness, but it met her in a form which she had not expected, and overwhelmed her with discomfiture and dismay. She had the proverbial fate of the hearkener, though her hearkening had related, as far as she knew, to talk of another — not of herself, and was done in open day. The speakers were proceeding to speak of her before her face, without their knowing it. One of

them was saying that the squire might have taken a lesson from his own unfortunate marriage not to favor violently the lower class and every vagabond, as he was inclined to do. The other was correcting him and telling him that he reckoned there was some mistake, for the squire's wife had proved to be a lady with a great fortune. But no doubt she was a bitter bad one, whatever she had come from or had in her hand, when even the squire — who, poor young fellow, was friendly to everybody — could not put up with the woman he had made his wife.

Pleasance had to endure the bewildering sense of impersonality, the strange feeling of shame, with which one has to sit and hear his character and history spoken of as that of another, without the power to prevent it. It would be worse than anything which had gone before, both for herself and these two stout tenants of her husband's, innocent of evil, if she were to say aloud, looking in their faces, "I am the squire's wife, and I have been as much sinned against as sinning."

CHAPTER LV.

ONE LOOK AT SHARDLEIGH.

WHEN the train stopped at Westbrook, the sprucest and least shy of the farmers paused after getting out, and said civilly to Pleasance, "Can't I do anything for you, miss — call your servant, or look after your luggage? We are quiet enough at Westbrook in general, but the stir of this review seems to have turned things topsyturvy here also.

"Thank you," said Pleasance, "but I have no luggage and no servant. I shall return by the next train. I find there has been a misunderstanding about my coming here," she added hastily, seeing that her volunteer ally looked surprised.

"Ah! that is unlucky, but I would not let myself be too easily put out," the elderly man proffered his sensible advice. "There is no end of railway mishaps," continued the farmer, remembering with regret old coaching days, attributing every error to railway mismanagement, and proceeding to condole with Pleasance on what he concluded was her plight, with fellow-feeling. "There is no train goes right through, I mean as far as me and my friend were taken up, till pretty late in the evening, and the daylight has drawn in a bit by now; you would be landed at your destination in the dark, and no friends expecting you again, it is like; better stop the night here. There are

good hotels where even a young lady like you, though she may feel a trifle awkward, will be perfectly safe and pretty comfortable. I am going to pick up my horse and trap at the best (the Swan), and will be happy to show you the way, if you wish it. It is a crying shame there ain't damages to passengers for being misinformed, as well as for accidents, though damages might be no object to the like of you."

Pleasance, feeling weary and bewildered, readily accepted the friendly service, but before she could get out of the station she was again accosted, by a gentleman's groom this time. He came hurriedly up, looked about him, and approached Pleasance, touching his hat. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but is your name Douglas?"

Pleasance gave a great start and a gasp. Had detection found her out the moment that she had come within a mile of Shardleigh? But she could not deny her name, let the result be what it might. "Yes," she said, trying to speak firmly.

"Then she is a friend of the poor gentleman's after all," reflected the attentive farmer; "but what the dickens did she mean by a misunderstanding about her coming?"

"I have been sent over to fetch you; the carriage is at the gate. Gentleman is better, ma'am, I am most 'appy to say; looking up decidedly; the worst is over, they appre'nd. I was bidden be sure and tell you the first thing. The squire he would have come himself, but he has been so taken up to-day with the prince and everythink; he was only seeing the prince off when I left."

"I think there is another mistake," said Pleasance with a faint smile, growing sick in the middle of her sense of deliverance at the bare thought of the danger which she had narrowly escaped. She felt sure, too, that her wits were giving way under the shocks and trials of the day, when she could jumble up the mention of a prince, with Archie Douglas and his engagement in attending on his friend.

"I am not a relative of the sick gentleman's, but another Douglas."

Her assertion was corroborated by a shout from the farther end of the train. "Here, Waterton, here is the lady for Woodgreen," and Pleasance, with a little thrill of interest that withdrew her for a moment from her own pressing cares, joined the rest of the travellers, and the railway functionaries standing aside to make way for, and to gaze sympathetically at the pale, red-eyed woman for whom Pleasance had been mistaken, and whose

piteous case she had held, not an hour before, to be her own.

"To be sure," Pleasance's farmer friend was saying. "Douglas is a common name — seems so, at least — no end to misunderstandings, this way, miss, to the Swan."

He never for a moment, in his recent discovery of the commonness of the name of Douglas, associated the beautiful young lady whom he was proud to be of use to, and in so doing, to teach his neighbor Hipwell manners — with the wife of whom even his philanthropic young squire was fain to get rid, and whom the farmer himself had been lately denouncing as a reprobate.

Westbrook, though a good old town of some size and respectability, added to a certain old-fashioned sober beauty, was not a manufacturing town. The commotion in its crowded streets was due to its contingent to the review, and to the fact which Pleasance and her conductor learned as they walked along, that the young prince who had naturally been the hero of the review, had passed through the town in the afternoon.

Even the elderly man of bucolic interests was moved by the honor which had been done to the place, and indulged in regrets that his women-folks had not known in time to go and stare at the real live prince with the rest.

The news did not prevent Pleasance's companion from discharging his office as guide, but his desire to talk the great event over in the bar of the Swan, and to carry the tale home, largely eclipsed the sensation which Pleasance had created in his mind. Nevertheless, he was more than willing to do a good turn to this pleasant-spoken beauty, who was about the age of his youngest daughter; but since he regarded himself as a leading man in his line in the district, and was fond of taking an active part in every public matter, he was rather glad to get his strange young lady off his hands, and to think no more of her. He was ready to rush into the heat of the discussion going on in the bar of the Swan, whether it were possible to get up impromptu fireworks to celebrate loyally the honor done to the town.

The Swan, where Pleasance was as desirous of finding shelter as her conductor could be of disposing of her, and where the farmer handed her over as a strange young lady who had come to grief by losing her way on the railway, fully deserved the character it had received. It was a

county-town inn of the best sort, and where, even in the midst of the universal commotion, Pleasance was immediately shown to a good private sitting-room, and was waited upon by a neat, clever, soft-spoken maid.

The landlady had only got time to catch a glimpse of Pleasance arriving without luggage or attendant under the championship of Mr. Burrows, of Hog's Lane Farm, but she, like the old landlady of the Yorkshire Grey, was favorably impressed. She leapt to the conclusion that Mr. Burrows was right, the guest was really one of the gentle-folks who had been victims to the disorder on the line that day, and whom it was alike the landlady's duty and policy to treat with every attention.

If it had not been for the special supper given in the Swan that night to the Westbrook volunteers, the landlady would have devoted herself to Pleasance; as it was, she told off for her use the nicest of her chambermaids.

Pleasance had grown, as Mrs. Perry had declared, since the days of the Yorkshire Grey, and since her acquaintance with the ways and doings of the Brown Cow. The result of the months and months spent at Willow House, under Mrs. Perry's careful auspices, was that Pleasance took all those marks of distinction as a matter of course, and confirmed the chambermaid in her report to her mistress, that the new-comer was quite my lady; such another as Sir John's daughters, when they had rooms for the county ball.

Pleasance ventured to ask her attendant about Shardleigh, and found that, after the prince, who would have been the preferable subject of conversation, there was nothing that any inhabitant of Westbrook would speak of with greater readiness and gusto than Shardleigh. It was not only the finest place in the neighborhood, but the squire was very liberal, as his father had been before him, in allowing the use of old rights of way, and in throwing open his grounds, and especially his winter garden on set days to the public. The family resided part of every year at Shardleigh, Mrs. and Miss Douglas, the squire's mother and sister, were there then; and the prince had called that afternoon at Shardleigh, which had been the reason of his passing through Westbrook. Of course the prince could not be in the neighborhood — nobody ever was in the neighborhood — without visiting Shardleigh grounds.

The family always employed the town tradesmen; and not only Mrs. Douglas,

but the squire and his sister took a deal of trouble with the workpeople, and were very good to the poor. And a prince had actually been to Shardleigh in token that its attractions were transcendent.

"How far was it from Westbrook to Shardleigh?" Pleasance questioned.

A full mile by the road to the principal gate, then another mile through the park to the winter garden and the house, her willing informant told her; but there was a lane which led by the house, as it stood in the corner of the park, and from one point of which — where the lane crossed Burnham Brook — you could catch quite a near view of the house with the great conservatory and the terrace. The lane was not above a quarter of a mile from the town, but few people cared for it now, since every Tuesday, any one who liked could drive in at the main entrance, and go right up to the house, and walk all over the gardens and the conservatory; even when the family were at home, they took care to be out of the way, or they greeted the visitors pleasantly. Mr. Douglas had even been known to turn aside in order to set right a party of tourists. People said that it was beneath him, and that he should know his own place and think more of himself; but the pleasant-spoken chambermaid thought he was a very fine young gentleman indeed, and was sure he would be as kind as a woman to the poor gentleman lying badly hurt at Woodgreen.

"I am sure he will," said Pleasance, with eager acquiescence.

She had dined in the golden glow of an approaching fine September sunset in which the grey day had ended; she was detaining the maid who had acted as nimble hands and feet to a venerable grey-headed waiter — nominally serving, while Pleasance cut an apple into minutest sections, and turned over its seeds. "I should like a stroll this beautiful evening," she said hesitatingly, setting about the first piece of duplicity she had been guilty of in her life, and necessarily bungling it; "could I find the lane you spoke of? is it easily reached?"

Quite easily, the maid said with decision; she had only to go as far as St. Nicholas's Church — the old church with the square tower — in sight of the Swan windows, and pass it, when she would find the lane which turned off fifty yards or so beyond the churchyard. It was a very quiet walk; Westbrook was generally quiet, for it had no rough mill hands, or swaggering soldiers, or tramps to speak of. But this night, when there was talk of rockets to

be thrown up, or at least a bonfire lighted in the Elm Meadow, the maid would go bail that the lady would not meet a living soul in Shardleigh Lane.

She would not meet a living soul, Pleasance repeated in feverish reassurance, for a longing had seized her to look for this once, when she was so near, on Shardleigh, which might have been her home. She had no apprehension of meeting Archie Douglas, whose post was by his friend at the farmhouse, a station distant. The only other person whose recognition Pleasance feared was Archie's sister Jane. But Pleasance argued that it was very unlikely, when she only knew a single girl in the whole population of Westbrook, numbering ten thousand, that this solitary girl should be the very person Pleasance would meet in a deserted lane, in the evening, of all times, when a girl in Jane Douglas's rank must have dressed for dinner, and be obliged to confine herself to the conservatory or the terrace.

Besides, though this single girl was her own sister-in-law, Pleasance, whom she had only seen once, and that for a short time in the Willow House drawing-room, would not probably recognize her in her walking-dress with hat and veil.

Pleasance ruled that there was no risk of discovery from this enemy; and she herself would be gone early the next morning on her return to Stone Cross.

So she went out before the yellow light of the sunset had reached its climax, and found the few streets she traversed not only restored to their usual quiet, but already forsaken for the anticipated rejoicings in the Elm Meadow.

She had no difficulty in finding St. Nicholas's Church — the old parish church of the town — and in striking upon the lane beyond the churchyard. But in consideration that the lane had the high park wall on the one hand, and an equally high hawthorn hedge on the other, and lay deep in the shadow, Pleasance not only feared that the September dusk would find her there, but doubted that she would have nothing save her walk for her pains. As far as she had gone for the first five minutes, she could only see the grass getting a darker and darker green beneath her feet, and the sky changing from blue to purple over her head. She could not conceive how, with such barriers on each hand, her prospect could be extended.

But just as she had brought herself to say she must give up the foolish quest, she saw that the park wall and the hedge before her gave way on the right hand and

on the left to the low parapet, ivy-hung, of an old bridge. The green-garlanded arch, with the brown water stealing through below, presenting an agreeable feature, varying the park scenery as viewed from the great house beyond, was doubtless one of the reasons why the lane itself had been allowed to remain.

When Pleasance stood on the picturesque old cow-bridge over Burnham Brook, the park with its clumps of magnificent timber stretched before her under the lingering radiance — all the more impressive because of the sombreness of the lane — of this loveliest September sunset. It retained an after-glow made up of the precious "dust" of the sunk sunbeams, and the slight mist which came between her dazzled eyes and the glory, bathing and softening the undulating lines of the trees, and the sweep of the grassy openings.

The pile of the house, appearing so close to her as to startle her for a moment, was very similar in Pleasance's unsophisticated eyes, which knew little of architecture save what she had drawn from her haunt in Stone Cross Cathedral, to any other large, handsome building the size of which makes it imposing. She could not see, and could not very well have appreciated, the gateway and portico, which were not incongruous excrescences, as they are in most instances, but were fine integral portions of the older wing of the house, constituting Mr. Woodcock's chief pride in the mansion as a man of enlightened taste. Of the winter garden, of which every lady made so much, and of which Pleasance had heard in a former stage of her existence, when she had little guessed its history, she could see merely the towers and cupolas still reflecting the sunlight, but only giving her a vague hint of the fairy world within.

Yet, with all its deficiencies, the glimpse of Shardleigh under that wonderful mellow light, which would have transformed the meanest, most barren prospect of a wretched quarter of a great town, or a bleak chalk down, or a black peat moss, into a place almost fair, almost invested with interest, for the moment, ravished Pleasance's soul with its rich and stately beauty.

She stood leaning against the parapet of the bridge, and looking her heart out. As she looked there came back upon her in a flood the same impression with which she had gazed in the early morning, in London, on the house in Grosvenor Place — that very sense of incongruity with which Mr. Woodcock had recalled Shard-

leigh when he was on his way to find Archie Douglas's wife at the carrier's inn in the side street, near the Shoreditch Station. Pleasance was perfectly aware that she had changed since the time — a few months ago — when she had thought a London cab a fine carriage, and been at home in the Yorkshire Grey. She had not forgotten that in the interval she had become an heiress worthy of the name even in sight of Shardleigh, and who could, if she chose, provide herself with a home almost as fair, refined, and exclusive as this home. But the rearing and experience of many years came back upon her, in a rush, at this moment, and were all the more irresistible since during the whole previous day she had been thinking and dreaming of Archie Douglas as Joel Wray in the surroundings in which she had so quickly learned to know and love him, at the wheat-hoeing and on the harvest-field, on the beach at Cheam, in the old manor-house room — rustic places, with their homely figures, widely removed from this scene, so noble in its repose, that it did not seem unmeet that a prince had been a guest there that day.

While Pleasance stood on the bridge and noted that bright lights were springing up in the house, she was so near it that the sound of a window being opened, drew her attention to the terrace which she had overlooked. It lay before the long French windows, just lit, which Pleasance had judged rightly belonged to a drawing-room, and had flights of steps leading to a lower terrace, and thence to a flower-garden, which was almost entirely out of Pleasance's scope of vision.

The window opened was one of the drawing-room windows reaching to the floor, and out of it — relieved against the light background, taking Pleasance's breath away with consternation for the instant, and causing her to draw back in the utmost agitation and alarm within the shadow of the park wall — came a lady and a gentleman. The gentleman, as Pleasance knew in a second through the gathering dusk, was Archie Douglas, no longer watching by the bed of his friend in the farmhouse three miles off, and the lady, Pleasance guessed by the flaxen hair flowing loose over her shoulders and white gown, must be his sister.

For a moment of acute distress Pleasance labored under the delusion that she must be seen and recognized, even as she saw and recognized the figures before her. When she recovered and knew herself safe, she gave herself up to one long, ar-

dent gaze at the man she had loved and wedded, whom she had not seen for months, whom she had thought to see that morning stretched lifeless, or sighing out his life before her. But Pleasance had never seen Archie Douglas look as he appeared then, not even in the last encounter at a fashionable hour in a fashionable park.

As if in an echo of Pleasance's conviction of the gulf which divided them, he came out on the terrace in the magnificent scarlet and gold uniform of the officer of a yeomanry regiment, which he had put on when he hastily joined the review, in order to escort the prince to Shardleigh. The dress, though fantastic in Pleasance's eyes, enhanced as she could not have believed it was in the power of dress to set off the natural elegance of Archie Douglas's figure and the comeliness of his prepossessing face.

Jane Douglas also was not in her ordinary evening dress of simple white muslin. An impromptu garden-party had been assembled at Shardleigh as soon as the prince's intentions were known, and Jane retained its demi-toilette, in which Pleasance could distinguish the gossamer fall of lace, and the gleam, against the light within, of gold and jewels at the throat, the bosom, and the wrists. A third member of the party who had followed the others to the window and stood there, had a costly Indian shawl drawn round her figure, slight and graceful as a girl's, and showed the same flashes and points of light, where the setting of a locket, the eyes of a serpent bracelet, the stones of a cross, came out on the black and white of her dress.

The family party were alone after the dispersal of their guests, including the chief. The honor and the fatigue were alike over, and the mother, son, and daughter were left by themselves, not too exhausted, to indulge in natural satisfaction, and compare notes on the occurrences of the day. Added to this welcome conclusion, there was in the Douglasses' case the increase of a very lively sense of relief from a recent burden of anxiety and sympathetic distress. The temporary effect of these combined influences on an impressionable young fellow like Archie Douglas, was to render him for the hour in exuberant spirits. Pleasance, standing not so far off, on the bridge, in the lane, could hear the gay voices and laughter, with Archie's rising pre-eminent. She could see the two younger figures flitting in their freedom and gladness backwards

and forwards, with Archie's arm drawn through his sister's in place of hers drawn through his, to hold her by his side, and the two contrasted heads, dark and fair, in closest confidential contact, as their two owners pursued their merry stroll. It did not seem that anything or anybody was wanting to the group. How could there be, especially when the one who had voluntarily excluded herself, and who stood unsuspected, looking into paradise, was only Pleasance? What could she have in common with the young fellow before her — a great one of the earth in his peacock plumage? Was he indeed the same footsore reaper to whose primitive wants she had once ministered? If he had been what he had seemed, she might have served him in a thousand ways, and proved his best friend; as it was, she was right that he had no need of her; she would have been at the best a tolerated intruder, a wearisome drag on him and his friends.

A sharp pang went through her heart as she told herself this, and added that her own eyes saw and testified to the ultimate wisdom and integrity of her course. But she had been accustomed to think of Archie Douglas as still remembering and regretting her, however foolishly. True, he had been in the animation of pleasant, social intercourse when she had met him riding with his sister and Rica Wyndham in the Park; but his tone had changed instantaneously at the sight of her; in their interview after he had acknowledged her as his wife, he had shown himself full of restless pain and misery. Mr. Woodcock had always talked of him as of a man disappointed, dissatisfied with his abundance of good things.

Altogether it was a great blow which struck to Pleasance's heart to see Archie Douglas the happiest of the happy. She did not pause to inquire whether she had any right to resent it.

But her heart spoke out more truly in its inconsistent cry, "You are cruel, Archie Douglas — you whom I thought so kind, cruel and heartless, you are like the rich man who took the ewe lamb. You sought me with a false pretence; and now, though our lives are sundered, you can be as happy as if you had never known of my existence: it is as if you chose the time when I had flown to you in what I held to be your extremity, to show me that you never knew what love meant. You have made me lose my love Joel, as well as my husband Archie Douglas. I have wasted my whole heart upon a dream."

The glow in the western sky paled,

faded, and darkened; Shardleigh park and house paled and darkened with the sky; the first star came out, and the dews began to fall.

The mother within tapped on her children, who obeyed the summons reluctantly.

The mute shadow watching all, stole back through the silent lane to the inn.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

COLONEL BARRE AND HIS TIMES.

THE "Life of Lord Shelburne," by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, of which the concluding volume has just made its appearance, has brought the latter end of the eighteenth century so prominently before the public that no apology is necessary for offering a slight sketch of one of Lord Shelburne's greatest friends — Colonel Barré. In framing the following article much of the material has necessarily been drawn from the same sources with those of Lord Shelburne's "Life." The "Grenville Correspondence," the "Bedford Correspondence," the "Chatham Correspondence," Walpole's works, the "Life of Lord Rockingham," Bancroft's "History of America," the Parliamentary debates, and numerous other books and pamphlets bearing upon the history of the time have been consulted. The passages relating to the communications which passed between Pitt and Bute are taken from the unpublished MS. of Sir Gilbert Elliot, who was on a confidential footing with both Pitt and Bute. What occurred on these occasions curiously evinces how little Bute's professions were to be relied on. We may now turn to our narrative.

Isaac Barré was born in Dublin in 1726. His father, Peter Barré, and his mother, Miss Raboteau, were both natives of the district of Rochelle, and both had fled before that tempest of persecution which in 1685 completed the annihilation of French Protestantism. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, when fertile districts and populous towns were converted into deserts, when oppressions equally cruel with and much less defensible than those of Titelmann or Torquemada had turned Languedoc into a waste, and had driven its wretched inhabitants to find a friendly shelter in the caves of the Pyrenees or the thickets of the Ardennes, they, with many of their unfortunate countrymen, took refuge in Ireland.

The escape of Miss Raboteau was not

made without difficulty. Heavy penalties were placed upon emigration. Ships of war guarded the coast. Troops patrolled the frontier, and chains and the galleys were reserved for the fugitive. Miss Raboteau, in her home near Rochelle, was offered the alternative of marrying a Catholic gentleman for whom she did not care, or of lifelong devotion to a religion which she detested. There was only one means of escape. Her uncle, who had some time before settled in Dublin as a merchant, was in the habit of paying occasional trading visits in his own vessel to Rochelle. His niece informed him of her miserable plight, and implored his assistance. He concealed her in Rochelle till the time for embarkation drew nigh, and then, placing her in an empty cask, transported her on board his ship. In Dublin, whither he carried her, she married Peter Barré.

Little is known of the early life of the Barrés. From the nature of their exile it is probable they were poor. It is stated that through the patronage of the Bishop of Clogher, whose child Mrs. Barré had nursed, they were established in a small grocer's shop; but this account must be accepted with reserve, as it was made many years afterwards, when Barré's first appearance on the political stage and his celebrated attack on Pitt might incline people to exaggerate his insignificance for the purpose of heightening his audacity.

If Barré's parents were poor, their means were at all events sufficient to afford their son a good education. He was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, where he became a scholar, and graduated in 1745. The bar was the profession selected for him by his parents. Garrick, charmed with displays of his acting, recommended the stage, and coupled the proposition with the liberal offer of a thousand a year. Barré himself chose the army. The war of the Austrian succession was then raging on the Continent. As far as the English contingent was concerned, it had been carried on with uniform want of success. Dissensions in the camp had already threatened the existence of the army. Divisions in the cabinet precluded any hope that these dissensions would ever be entirely healed. But Barré's nature was both ardent and sanguine, and he probably looked upon a military career as the quickest road to fame. In 1746 he received his commission as an ensign in the 32nd regiment, then stationed in Flanders.

The profession which Barré thus em-

braced, and of which he was destined for many years to remain an active but undistinguished member, was, during the middle of the last century, at its worst period. Political corruption had sapped every branch and every rank of the service. Commissions, promotions, favors, were placed in one great mart, and sold to the highest political bidder. The discipline of the army was sacrificed to the discipline of the House of Commons. For a young man like Barré, without means and without connections, to enter the army was simply to doom himself to years of mortification and disappointment.

The internal condition of the army was no better than its administration. Barré, like Wolfe, must often have abhorred the society into which he was cast. To the favored few indeed many rewards were offered. There were perquisites the very names of which are now almost forgotten. There was nearly complete immunity from service. Many officers spent more time at Ranelagh than they did with their regiments. But to Barré, and men like Barré, who had no favors to receive, the army presented a very different aspect. They had no society but that of their brother officers; no reward but in the efficiency of their regiments. There was little in the officer of that day to recommend him. He was badly educated, very often profligate. He was the butt of satirists. Sometimes he was a schoolboy, who staggered under the weight of his cockade, sometimes a shopman, attempting a military bluster. As for the discipline of the men, nothing could be worse. In the "March of the Guards to Finchley," Hogarth has presented to us the wildest scene of confusion and licentiousness.

To a young and aspiring man like Barré the first charms of such a profession must soon have yielded to a bitter sense of mortification. Crushed by the wealth of more fortunate comrades, with neither influence to command favor nor means to purchase it, his future prospects must have appeared most disheartening. It is true that many of the statesmen of that and of a later time — Henry Pelham, Conway, Shelburne, the great Pitt himself — were, or had been, soldiers, but these men were all favored by political connection, and of political connection Barré was entirely destitute.

After protracted negotiations the war was concluded in 1748 by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and with it disappeared Barré's chance of snatching fame from any fortunate exploit. For nine years we now

lose sight of him. We know that he spent part of that time with his regiment in Scotland and at Gibraltar, but of his manner of life we are entirely ignorant. Walpole asserts that he employed the intervals of duty in assiduous study, and it is likely enough that this was the case, as no man could have acquired such a mastery of speaking, unless he had studied literature carefully, and cultivated the art of composition. It is not till 1757 that, as a volunteer in Wolfe's regiment, on the expedition against Rochefort, he again comes prominently before the eye.

The years which followed the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle supplied many proofs that it would not endure. British India was attacked by Dupleix. The American colonies were threatened by M. la Jonquière. Large forces of soldiers and sailors were collected by the French government. England regarded these signs with alarm. In 1754 Pelham died. Newcastle excluded Pitt from the administration. War with France broke out. Alarm became converted into a panic. The people trusted Pitt as much as they distrusted Newcastle. They determined to support Pitt. The history of the short but violent struggle which ensued is well known: how the king wavered, how Newcastle cringed, how Pitt, at first inexorable, at length bent, and how Fox, omitting to calculate what had hardly before entered into the calculations of a minister, the power of public opinion, sank into a humble place-man.

Pitt was the man who personified this revolution in popular power. The hope, the force, and the enterprise of the nation looked to him for support. Pitt, and only Pitt, could save the country from what, to a people conscious of its own strength and its own resources, must have seemed a living death. While Newcastle was minister the most heroic efforts could be attended but by greater failure; while his placemen filled the offices the most lavish grants would but accumulate their illicit treasure. The voice of virtue, which Pitt alone had raised, and which died without an echo on the level wilderness of official corruption, had found an answer in the hearts of the people. In June, 1757, he became to all intents and purposes prime minister.

Pitt at once proceeded to take vigorous measures against France. First of all he organized an expedition against Rochefort. As has already been said, Barré was attached to it in the capacity of a volunteer. The expedition terminated ingloriously;

but it marks the turning-point in Barré's life. The two men who did more for him than anybody else in the world were attached to the same regiment. Wolfe rescued him from obscurity after he had lingered a subaltern for eleven years. Shelburne in after life brought him into Parliament, and became his patron and friend.

Wolfe was the only officer whose conduct at Rochefort had made him conspicuous. Pitt, with his wonderful insight into character, selected him in the following year to accompany General Amherst as brigadier in the expedition against Cape Breton. By the influence of Wolfe, Barré was also appointed to the same expedition as major of brigade, though Wolfe himself states that at that time he hardly knew Barré by sight, or had spoken ten words to him. Early in June the English fleet appeared off Louisburg. Louisburg was perhaps the most important French stronghold in America. It stood like a sentinel in the Atlantic to guard the maritime road to Canada, and was the first and strongest link of that chain of fortresses which had been destined to bind the rugged shores of the St. Lawrence with the sunny and fruitful regions of the Mississippi. But the glory of France in America was setting, the days of her ambition were departed, and dreams of conquest and empire had passed into realities of bitterness and humiliation. A few forts, a few towns, a few citadels still acknowledged her sovereignty, but these, which had once been the guardians of her prosperity, were now left the fragments of her decay. Louisburg was doomed. Nothing could save it; neither the fogs which shrouded it, nor the iron barrier of rugged rocks which encircled it, nor the wall of felled pine-trees which hedged in the shore, and through whose branches the defenders poured a murderous fire. Nature and art failed to afford it protection, and Louisburg was compelled to capitulate.

Fortune had destined that Barré should be a participator in the final subjugation of Canada. The capture of Louisburg was the first step towards its accomplishment, the second was the attack upon Quebec. In 1759 the expedition under Wolfe was organized. Barré's abilities had from the very first commanded the respect of Wolfe. Common dangers and common successes had probably won his regard. Barré was appointed to the expedition. The post of adjutant-general was conferred upon him, with the rank of captain in the army. In June the fleet sailed into the St. Lawrence under French colors. Great was the ex-

ultation of the Canadians on beholding the friendly ensign. The discovery of the deception overwhelmed them with grief. The whole province was in consternation. The zeal of religion, the fervor of patriotism, the ferocity of the savage, and the valor of a few veteran troops were arrayed under Montcalm to defend an impregnable city. The difficulties of the English appeared insurmountable. The charts of the St. Lawrence were imperfect; its shoals intricate; its storms destructive; its rapid current floated down fireships on the fleet. At length, when every effort had been baffled, when the lines of the enemy seemed impenetrable, when Wolfe in his despondency had prepared the government for impending failure, triumph rose from the shadows of disaster. After a lapse of more than a hundred years the memory of the exploit is not dimmed. Once more we behold the busy but noiseless embarkation; again we feel the breathless silence which reigns over the dark river; again we see the intrepid ascent of its lofty and rocky bank; and we again hear the thunder of the volley which, while it decided the fate of the battle, rang over the grave of the French empire in America.

The battle of Quebec was unfortunate for Barré. A severe wound in his cheek injured his sight, and the death of Wolfe withdrew the protection of a friend and patron. He wrote to Pitt, but Pitt seldom favored such applications for promotion or office. The answer was unsatisfactory, and Barré was once more compelled to lean upon his friends. In September, 1760, Amherst sent him home with despatches notifying the capture of Montreal. With his return to England commenced a new epoch in his life. On the field of Quebec he had lost his greatest friend. With Pitt's reply his hopes of promotion had vanished. He was now to find in Lord Fitzmaurice a more powerful patron, and in Parliament a wider field for his ambition.

Walpole says that it was the custom of Lord Fitzmaurice to collect a knot of young orators at his house, and that Barré, who formed one of the band, soon overtopped the others. However this may be, Lord Fitzmaurice, on succeeding to his father, Lord Shelburne, in 1761, nominated Barré to the vacant family borough of Wycombe.

When Barré took his seat in the House of Commons, the strong ministry of Pitt had at length fallen. Little more than a year before, its unanimity and its concord

had appeared complete. The king seemed hale and hearty, and everything portended a prolonged administration. But fortune had decreed that Pitt's glory as a minister should be eclipsed at the moment of culmination.

Machiavelli, in tracing the history of Florence, describes how happiness and ruin swept in waves over the city; how war bred peace, and how repose engendered strife. In the same way, the unanimity of Pitt's government contained the seeds of its own destruction. The paramount ascendancy of Pitt's will could alone produce harmony; and Pitt's will, while it ruled despotically, excited the jealousy and the fear of his colleagues. The first stroke of misfortune was the death of George II., the commencement of Pitt's decline the council held by George III. on the day of his father's decease. The council continued to sit during the whole day, and it was not till seven o'clock in the evening that its members, harassed with anxiety, and weary of conjectures for the future, were permitted to adjourn. Late as was the hour, Bute at once demanded an interview with Pitt. A few months before he had employed Elliot, then at the Board of Admiralty, to effect an interview with Pitt for the purpose, as he expressed it, of renewing that fraternal union which had once existed between them. To this request Pitt had, in a conversation with Elliot, returned a positive, and a not very courteous, refusal. Bute desired to be at the head of the treasury, though in the capacity of a cipher; Pitt would not listen to such a proposal. He believed Bute's character to be imperious and grasping; he suspected him of a desire to meddle with the war, and he declared he would permit not the color, not the shadow of a change in its conduct. If he was not to direct, he would retire; he would not be rid with a check-rein. He concluded with the following words: "By distrusting his friends, he will become dependent on his enemies. I will make way for his greatness — I will assist it — only I cannot make part of it."

In the conversation on the evening of the death of George II. Bute reminded Pitt of this former overture. Great changes had occurred, but he was still, he said, ready to stretch out the hand of friendship. He assured him that he had laid aside all thoughts of being first lord of the treasury — that he meant to be a private man by the side of the king, and that he approved of the system of the war. Pitt thanked Bute for his expressions of friend-

ship, but said he must distinguish between a public and a private friendship; the latter was a virtue, the former was often faction and cabal. He must remain completely independent. His politics, like his religion, would admit of no accommodation. If only the country were saved, he would agree with Bute in wishing to retire. "The only difference between them," he said, "was that his lordship would practice his philosophy in a court, he in a village." So the two rivals parted: Pitt to continue for a little longer his high career of inflexible command — Bute to plot, to undermine, and to divide the government.

The first blow fell upon Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer. Legge was a good man of business. His speeches were pointed and concise. He is described on one occasion as the only man in the House who seemed to have learned his troy weight — no very great compliment to other members. In 1756 he had thrown up his office in the government to join Pitt, and had shared with Pitt the shower of gold boxes which had rewarded their zeal. He had, however, offended the king, when Prince of Wales, by not supporting a political enemy at a Hampshire election; consequently in March, 1761, he was dismissed. His future life, he said to the king, would show his zeal. "Nothing but your future life," replied the monarch, "can eradicate the bad impression I have received of you."

The next to fall was Holdernesse. Holdernesse had originally been brought into office by Newcastle. Newcastle described him as taciturn, dexterous enough, and most punctual in the execution of his orders. He was in reality a dull man of fashion, who had married a Dutch bride, who gave splendid *fêtes*, who, in conjunction with Lord Middlesex, had at one time managed the opera, and who now late in life was still struggling for the garter. Pitt had placed him in the cabinet as a cipher. He had been a cipher for nearly twenty years, and it might have been supposed had become used to his trade. Now, for the first time, he resented being passed over, and offered Bute to procure his own resignation by quarrelling with his colleagues. When a convenient moment presented itself, Holdernesse was dismissed, and exchanged his office for a rich sinecure. Bute succeeded to the seals.

While these changes affected the outer appearance of the government, the discord within it was fast producing rupture. Bedford had early in the year resigned the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland in consequence

of some difficulties upon which he and Pitt had taken different views. Bedford, though a violent and a headstrong man, was also a courageous one, and well knew how to prize the same quality in another. He seems to have had a real admiration for Pitt's character, but the flame of dissension was carefully fanned by Rigby, and the negotiations with France finally raised an insurmountable barrier between the two statesmen. He therefore joined in an alliance with Bute.

George Grenville was another malcontent. He, too, hated the war. He had never cordially liked Pitt. For years he thought that his own services had been disregarded. As long ago as the time of Pelham, he had stated his grievances to Pitt, and Pitt had ignored them. Pitt, he said, had brought division and unhappiness into his family, and he seemed even to look upon Pitt's marriage to his sister as an injury to himself. Bute carefully cultivated the friendship of Grenville. He made him a cabinet minister, and hinted at future favors. Of the remainder of the council, Grenville had never been a friend of Pitt, and Newcastle, timid and fickle, at heart desired peace, and was at all times ready to sacrifice his friends to himself.

The rupture with Spain brought matters to a crisis. Pitt joined issue with his colleagues on the simple question of peace or war. He was beaten, and with Temple at once resigned.

Bute's authority in the cabinet was now absolute, but it was necessary that arrangements should be made for the approaching session. Parliament would meet in less than a month. The government had not a single speaker in the House of Commons upon whom it could rely. There was literally nobody who would venture to withstand the eloquence and invective of Pitt, now driven into opposition, and the recollection of Pitt in opposition, his scorn, his satire, and his vehemence, still rankled in the mind of many a victim. Bute had expected much of George Grenville. A message was sent to hurry him from Wotton. Every flattery was blandished upon him. He was offered the seals of the secretary and the leadership of the House of Commons. He must not think of the speakership. He was far too valuable a servant to the king to be allowed to retire from active politics. He was to receive all the support that the authority of the crown could bestow. His honor was to be the king's honor, his disgrace to be the king's disgrace. Only one condition was

imposed upon him. He was never to mention the name of Fox. Grenville for the moment refused the seals, but accepted the leadership of the House of Commons. The union was scarcely complete before it began slowly, though surely, to dissolve. In fact Grenville was not a man who ever could work satisfactorily with others. He had a very high notion of his own capacity; he was very sensitive; and he was very domineering. He soon showed symptoms of jealousy both of Fox and of Bute; and his sensitiveness was wounded in its tenderest part by Temple, who ordered his hall-porter to close the door in his face, and who rudely turned his back upon him at the Privy Council.

Before the meeting of Parliament the adhesion of another powerful supporter was secured. This, extraordinary as it may appear after Bute's conversation with Grenville, was no other than Fox. His venal services were now purchased upon the promise of a peerage at an early date to his wife, Lady Caroline.

The negotiations with Fox had been conducted by Barré's patron, the young Lord Shelburne. Shelburne was then perhaps the most sincere friend whom Bute possessed. He was seriously convinced of the necessity of peace, and was much more consistent than Bute in its pursuit. He was only in his twenty-fourth year, but had already given signs of ability, and had expressed a desire for political employment. With the intolerance of youth, he could see nothing in anybody else's opinions but his own. Rigby, who, whatever his other merits were, could not boast of a high political morality, contemptuously observed that Shelburne seemed to think that virtue was confined to himself and his friends; and Fox, likewise, admonished him that there was more honesty in the world than he gave it credit for. The sneers of Rigby and the lectures of Fox give us the most reasonable assurance of the sincerity of Shelburne. In the impending struggle he was prepared to throw his whole weight into the scale of the government.

Such was the condition of parties when Barré took his seat in the House of Commons. Much was expected during the session. Scarcely ever had matters of greater importance been placed before Parliament. The defence of an old war, the reasons against a new one, were to be debated with all the acrimony which broken party faith and broken family ties could inspire. In the Commons the government was supported by a large major-

ity, but it was for the most part a timid and dull herd. Pitt's eloquence awed them. His sarcasm scared them. Not one dared to enter the lists against him. Before the Christmas recess Barré had broken the spell. He had overwhelmed Pitt's person with abuse and his measures with reproach. He was a profligate minister, the execration of the people of England. "There he would stand, turning up his eyes to heaven, that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner on the table—that sacrilegious hand, that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country." Pitt maintained a haughty but discreet silence. He, at all events, was not the man to cast the first stone. Perhaps his mind wandered back through the memories of nigh twenty years. He may have recollected the same grave assembly convulsed by an angry and acrimonious debate. The shadows of faces now passed away may again have surrounded him; and the voice of Sandys imploring him to spare the rank and authority of Carteret may have once more rung in his ears. This speech was applauded by Fox and by Rigby, but the House was disgusted. It was too savage for the bitterest partisan. On its conclusion Barré was seen to eat a biscuit. "Does it eat biscuit?" said Charles Townshend, "I thought it ate nothing but raw flesh." The court alone was pleased.

Horace Walpole was a witness of this curious scene. As he approached the House of Commons the tones of a new voice struck upon his ear, as he passed the door the figure of a new speaker fell upon his eye. The House which for the last few years had scarcely ventured on a great debate, and which Pitt had tamed into such absolute submission, that, as Walpole himself had once remarked, a no was as likely to be heard from the House of Commons as from an old woman, presented a scene of the most violent confusion. Walpole describes Barré as a black, robust, middle-aged man, of a military figure; a bullet, lodged loosely in his cheek, had distorted his face, and had imparted a savage glare to one eye; but unprepossessing as was his appearance, Walpole admits that his diction was both classic and eloquent. The harsh chord which Barré first struck never ceased to vibrate. Through his Parliamentary career his speeches were marked by remorseless severity. Could anything have instilled a drop of mercy into his gall, it would have been the amiability of Lord North, sur-

rounded as he was by the most unprecedented difficulties. But Lord North experienced no compassion. He was a wretch, a corrupter, a sycophant. Nothing but his head would expiate his iniquities. While these tirades were going on, Lord North probably slumbered peacefully as long as he could, but when he was compelled to answer he did so with a degree of good sense and self-command that must ever do honor to his disposition.

The pre-eminence of Barré as a speaker was due principally to his extraordinary power of invective, but it would be a great injustice to suppose that there was nothing but invective in his speeches. On the contrary, some of them abound with wise maxims and good, sound common sense. He was generally on what we should call the constitutional side, and as the great constitutional questions of that day have all been settled in his favor, it is naturally difficult for us to help being struck by his arguments. But Barré does not deserve our unqualified approbation. He was essentially a party man. He spoke *for* his party, and he voted *with* his party. Walpole called him a bravo, and nothing can so well illustrate the dependence of his position as the fact, that clever and eloquent as he was, the first trace we find of his making an original motion was in 1778, seventeen years after he entered Parliament. He was one of those mercenaries of the great political leaders of last century, who after a tumultuous life of Parliamentary conflict were content to retire into oblivion upon a pension, men of vast abilities and too often of low morality, who flamed across the political heavens like meteors, and whose brilliant track, already beginning to fade in the lapse of time, alone remains to mark their former splendor.

Thus Barré found himself fighting the battles of the people, and his eloquence was of a sort peculiarly adapted to such warfare. It was of an aggressive character. It is doubtful whether as a ministerial speaker he would ever have risen to any eminence. His mind was fired by all the lofty principles which a popular opposition, whether rightly or wrongly, seems always to inspire. He was the champion of resistance in every form; of mobs against soldiers; of the people against the Parliament; of the Parliament against the crown. The corporation of London denied the privileges of the House of Commons; he recommended concession. The American colonies rose in rebellion against England; he coun-

elled compliance. His speeches abound with appeals to the moral sympathies. Virtue is eulogized; tyranny, corruption, and fraud meet with proper reprobation. Such themes can never be exhausted, and are always popular. It is doubtful whether his eloquence, stripped of such spangles as these, would ever have shone so brilliantly before the world. But Barré was not always so fortunate as to charm the House with his language, or to terrify it with his invective. He was an Irishman, and his French extraction was unable to save him from the penalties of an Irish birth. On one fatal occasion, when he was speaking on the subject of America, he declared, in stentorian tones, "I think Boston ought to be punished; she is your eldest son." The House, which he had oftener driven to tears than to mirth, naturally exploded into a roar of laughter.

For some time after his first display in the House of Commons, Barré does not seem to have been a frequent speaker. A second attack on Pitt in the following year received the most marked disapproval, and his voice was almost drowned by the shuffling, talking, and coughing of his audience. In all probability this was the last act of hostility which Barré displayed towards Pitt, as a rapid change in the relations of parties was soon to effect a union that remained unaltered till death.

In May, 1762, the poor old Duke of Newcastle was driven from office. He fell without a word of sympathy. At an age when friends are most needed, he had to retire from a friendless government to a friendless opposition. His levee, once crowded with clients and timeservers, was empty and deserted. The days of his active government with Pelham, the days of his intrigues with Fox, the days of his brilliant subjection to Pitt, were gone—gone, never to return. At all events, he was an old servant of the crown; the king might at least have said one gracious word to him to soften his fall; but the king sent him from the closet with a cold dismissal.

Bute succeeded Newcastle as first lord of the treasury, and George Grenville became secretary of state. The government had no cohesion. Bedford was sent to Paris to negotiate a peace, but Bedford, the ambassador, and Egremont, the secretary, were soon at daggers drawn. Grenville supported Egremont, but Grenville's own position was not secure. He was at an assembly at Egremont's house, when a message arrived

from Bute to tell him that Fox was designed for the leadership of the House of Commons. It was in vain that Grenville appealed to the king, and reminded him of his former promises, and of his long-declared enmity to Fox. The king was firm. Bad men, he said, must be called upon to govern bad men, and Grenville, with feelings of anger, was compelled to surrender the lead of the House of Commons, and to exchange the office of the secretary of state for the Admiralty. The conclusion of peace withdrew the one great bond that had hitherto attached the ministers.

Early in 1763 the position of Bute was most embarrassing. Fox, his ablest supporter, hated in the House of Commons, and in wretched health, attempted to draw towards his old friends, the Dukes of Devonshire and Cumberland; and Bedford, though still in Paris, was inclined to lean to the friendship of Pitt. Bute's own fears accelerated his fall. He had ventured to impose an unpopular tax. The city of London remonstrated, mobs were apprehended, and Bute had already suffered too much violence at the hands of the people not to dread a personal encounter. He resigned, and having recommended George Grenville as his successor, withdrew to drink the waters of Harrogate.

In the new government the claims of Barré were not overlooked. He became adjutant-general to the British forces, and soon afterwards governor of Stirling Castle. These appointments produced about 4,000*l.* a year. His patron, Shelburne, at the same time became president of the Board of Trade.

No government ever bore such a crop of disasters as that of Grenville's. Unsettled points of law, the rights of the House of Commons, the rights of the colonies, all those questions which for years to come jeopardized the peace of the kingdom at home, and abroad carried bloodshed and devastation through many a blooming province, now stalked on to the dreary stage of politics. One of the first acts of the administration was the prosecution of Wilkes. The elements of discontent had for some time been floating in the atmosphere. The unpopularity of Bute, the parsimony of the king, the scandals concerning the princess dowager, were both causes and indications of popular dissatisfaction, but as yet there had been no tangible question upon which public opposition could, with any plausibility, unite. The prosecution of Wilkes and the

legality of general warrants supplied the want. In the reign of James I. Floyd had been sentenced to be whipped at the cart's-tail from the Fleet to Westminster Hall, and to a lifelong imprisonment for a few trivial words. Not so many years before a writer had stood in the pillory for a smaller offence than that of Wilkes; yet that severe sentence did not provoke one tenth part of the abuse that was now showered upon the government. General warrants were no novelty. Many who raged most loudly against them, and against Halifax, had seen them a few years before employed by a great minister without a murmur. The cause of a libeller was now and for some years to come the cause of the more liberal party of politicians. Shelburne was one of those who at once perceived that the government, whatever excuses might at first be made for it, was proceeding upon a policy both despotic and unwise. He found, too, his own sphere of action reduced into smaller limits than he had expected. He had looked to establish a control over the colonies as independent as that of Halifax or of Townshend had been. But he was disappointed. Egremont was not prepared to yield the authority of the secretary, and Shelburne, feeling dissatisfied with his position as a minister, and strongly objecting to the general policy of the government, began to turn his eyes to Pitt.

It is unnecessary to go at length into the intricate detail of the negotiations which occurred in the summer between the king, Bedford, Shelburne, and Pitt. How Bedford, mindful of the slights he had received at Paris, was inclined to coalesce with Pitt; how he was led to believe that Pitt was prepared to act with him; how he persuaded the king, who had over and over again said he would never receive Pitt into his service again, to send for him; how, when Pitt arrived, he refused to share his power with Bedford; and how, after the death of Egremont, Bedford, in disgust, joined the government, and Shelburne resigned his office and went into opposition, are facts that need not be more than mentioned here. When Parliament opened in November, 1763, Shelburne, carrying Barré with him, had entered into a close, and, as it proved, a lasting, alliance with Pitt.

Wilkes' privilege almost at once occupied the attention of Parliament. Shelburne in the House of Lords, and Barré and Conway in the House of Commons, voted against the government. To the king, who considered that officers of the

army were also politically servants of the crown, the offence was unpardonable. He determined on making an example. The high rank and court favor of Conway saved him for the moment, but both Barré and Shelburne were dismissed from their military commands.

There is no act in the reign of George III. which is so difficult to excuse as the dismissal of officers for their votes in Parliament. It clearly shows either that the king completely misunderstood the English Constitution, or that he deliberately intended to destroy it. Even in those days, when political purity was at its lowest ebb, when boroughs were put up for sale, and when the votes of members were bought by scores, there was yet a certain veil drawn over the infamy of the corruption. The old theory of the Constitution was maintained. The constituencies were supposed to represent the people, the members were supposed to represent the constituencies, and the House of Commons was supposed to be a disinterested body of gentlemen deliberating for the good of the nation. This was a fiction, no doubt, but it was a very useful one, and went far to attach the people to the forms of a Constitution in itself excellent. If a Frenchman had told an Englishman in 1763 that he was governed by a dozen great lords and a few court favorites, he would have considered his nation insulted and the Frenchman a fool. But in fact, though this was not generally admitted, it was very nearly the case. It was left for George III. to say boldly what most Englishmen had shrunk from saying. He avowedly considered every member of the House of Commons who drew a public salary his own particular representative. In his own words, those who voted against the court had deserted him, and must be punished. The evil precedent of Lord Cobham, who was dismissed in 1733 for his vote against the Excise Bill, affords no exculpation. The dismissal of Cobham was the act of the minister, and unconstitutional and impolitic as such a dismissal was, it was still the act of a minister who could be ejected and impeached at the discretion of the majority. Even Rigby, who was no stickler for scruples when some advantage was to be obtained, expressed a strong hope, on the occasion of the Whig proscription by Fox, that military officers would not be included within its operation. Though Grenville must bear a portion of the blame, chiefly this arbitrary act emanated from the king.

During the session which followed the

dismissal of Barré, his reputation as a speaker rose rapidly higher and higher. The times were such as to afford great opportunities for a bold and clever man to earn distinction. The question of the legality of general warrants redivided parties, and offered opportunities for new alliances. Barré seized the occasion to evince his new attachment to Pitt, and to excuse his past conduct.

As Pitt gradually withdrew from the world, his place, to a certain extent, became filled by Barré. Barré had all the bitterness of invective and a great deal of the fire and declamation of the older statesman. He possessed the power of making himself feared, and he was feared. The brilliant but volatile Townshend felt the force of his strong will, and immediately paid him that respect which nothing but resolution and firmness could wring from his talents. The rank of Sandwich could not protect him. As he sat in the gallery of the House of Commons he heard himself compared to Nero, and retired to fresh intrigues with new-born feelings of astonishment; and North first learnt to dread the voice which in later years became the scourge of his own government. Before the ministry went out Barré had established his reputation as a great opposition speaker.

But before the resignation of Grenville many events of great importance occurred. Some of these, though they profoundly agitated the public mind at the time, are now almost forgotten. Others, in their birth regarded but with slender interest, were destined forever to change the history of England. The Regency Bill and the quarrels between the king and Grenville lived but a day. We look back and see in them nothing but indications of what men once thought, and how they once acted. The questions themselves are dead, and have no more connection with our living Constitution than the sapless branch has with the green tree. Out of the dispute with America arose a new and operative principle in the English Constitution, and with American independence the name of Barré is inseparably connected.

The peace of 1763 had made a great change in the condition of England in America. England had more than fulfilled the wildest schemes of French ambition. The burning sea of Mexico, the frozen shore of the Hudson's Bay, the steaming swamps and gloomy-headed palmetto forests of Florida, the sombre pine-woods of Canada, the prairies of the

Mississippi, and the rocks of the St. Lawrence—all were hers, and all acknowledged George III. as their king. So great an empire had never since the days of Rome been united under a single sceptre. How was this great territory, half subject, half ally to be governed? History afforded no example to guide the groping mind of the statesman. Athens had been president of a national league; she quickly assumed the authority of an imperial despot. The grant of free allies was soon regarded as the rent of tributaries, and the wealth of Delos crowned the Akropolis with temples of marble, whose broken columns still gaze upon the blue gulf and misty mountains of Attica. Rome afforded no examples. Her colonies were usually planted with a military object, and were like sons in a Roman family, unalterably subject. Spain had colonized. She had beaten and trampled down a subject race that her grandees might ride in coaches lacquered with gold, drawn by horses shod with silver. Gold was her object, and in exchange for gold she offered the ghostly advantages of the Inquisition. France, also, had colonies, but she too regarded them merely as a source of wealth, and in the reign of Lewis XV., when the country was prostrate under a bad government, they remained nearly the only source of wealth which existed.

The connection of the English colonies with the mother country was very peculiar, and embraced many of those inconsistencies between law and practice which are the result of great individual independence, and a general disposition to decentralization. The doctrine that the colonies in matters of commerce should be completely subordinate to the mother country was in 1765 as generally accepted in England as in France. It was not then perceived that advantages to the mother country could be obtained by any other system than one of strict colonial prohibition. The colonies were not to compete with English industries. They were to buy nothing except in the English market. They were to sell nothing except in the English market. This was the theory of the commercial system which bound together England and America. The law was in accordance with the theory. Customs were imposed at the ports. Vice-admiralty courts sat to try offences, and there was a nominal revenue collected as the fruits of the system. As the laws which in the reign of George II. made it felony to consult with an evil spirit, or to

feed a hobgoblin, or which in still later times inflicted the heaviest penalties upon Roman Catholics, would have led any one who judged of the condition of the people from the condition of the law to suppose that England was a nation sunk in superstition, or blinded by religious bigotry, so the same reader might suppose that America was trampled in the dust under the grinding tyranny of the trade laws. But the law was not the practice. High duties were imposed in the continental ports of America, but a large part of them were never paid. By law no tea might be sold in America except what had been exported from England. In fact the export of English tea to America declined, while the consumption of tea in America rapidly increased. Officers of customs were appointed to enforce the law; but everybody knew that what made the place of an officer of customs so lucrative to him was his connivance at its breach. In 1765, to collect a revenue in America of 2,000*l.*, cost England a sum of 8,000*l.* The time had clearly come for some change in the laws of trade, but this change was unfortunately connected with another and fatal circumstance. It was determined to tax America for the purpose of raising an army.

The defence of the colonies had always been a difficult question both in England and in America. Many years before the Stamp Act, England had declared that she would not bear the sole burthen of colonial defence. The jealousies of the colonies prevented a general combination, and might have proved their ruin, had not England cast out her broad shield as a shelter. The peace of Paris left England with an increased army and an increased debt. A portion of the army was for the defence of America, and this portion it was proposed that America should maintain. There were two methods of raising a revenue, either by decreasing the nominal amount of the custom duties, and by enforcing the collection of the residue, or by direct taxation. So long as the Americans acquiesced in the principle of the trade laws, they could have no reasonable objection to the first method, and as to the second, rash and impolitic as it was, it was certainly in accordance with the highest decisions of English law, and not inconsistent with the high notion held in those days of the power of a parent country over its colony.

Such was the state of affairs when, in the spring of 1765, the government introduced the Stamp Act. It hardly met with

any opposition. Shelburne was absent from the House of Lords, Pitt from the House of Commons. Barré was the single champion of any considerable mark that did battle for the colonies. In a speech, perhaps the best of his many fine speeches on America, he commenced a course of opposition which he consistently pursued to the termination of the war. Probably of his future speeches reported in Cobbett, a full quarter are on the subject of the colonies.

The Grenville administration only survived the passage of the Stamp Act by a few months. The king could tolerate the ministers no longer. They had unpardonably affronted him in the Regency Bill. Bedford was impertinent to him, Grenville lectured him till he cried. He sent for Pitt, but Pitt would not come without Temple. He sent for Lyttelton, but Lyttelton on his way to Hayes found Temple's carriage at Grenville's door, and despaired. Cumberland the mediator retired in disgust to Windsor. All at once the feeble administration of Rockingham rose tottering from the fragments of party. The Bedfords and the Grenvilles went into opposition. Temple was hostile, Pitt lukewarm. The government made overtures both to Shelburne and Barré. To Barré was offered rank in the army, or anything he liked added to the vice-treasurership, but the alliance between Pitt, Shelburne, and Barré was now firm, and the offers were refused.

When Parliament opened American difficulties were at a crisis. An English Parliament and an English nation had never listened to such accumulated insults as now assailed them. Not a year ago England had passed a measure which she believed she had a right to pass, and which she was convinced she had the power to enforce. "I laugh, sir, I laugh," said Pitt in one of his speeches on the repeal of the Stamp Act, "when it is said that this country cannot coerce America." The country was confident in her strength, rich in her resources, proud of her history. Her recent conquests over the greatest powers of Europe had placed her on the pinnacle of glory; her colonial possessions extended over the world; her fleets and her armies were to be found under every sun; one pitiful insult from France or Spain, and the sting of pride would have awoken her immense forces into instant retaliation. Yet what had England now to learn? That in two or three colonies, without a union, without an army, without a fleet, her governors had been chased for their

lives through the streets, that their houses had been sacked, that their papers had been scattered, that the vice-admiralty courts had been burnt, that the authority of Parliament had been openly set at defiance. Any other country in the world but England would have answered with fire and sword, but England sat down quietly to discuss the constitutional right of the Americans to tax themselves.

It was fortunate for the peace of the next few years that the Rockinghams were in office, or the difficulties with America might have been aggravated. Bedford and Grenville would not repeal the Stamp Act. Pitt evolved a scheme which few people in England could understand. Rockingham proposed a policy both comprehensible and effective. He repealed the Stamp Act as he repealed the Cider Tax. They did not work. But he asserted as strongly the right of Parliament to tax America as to tax Devonshire.

Barré, co-operating with Pitt and Shelburne, acted neither entirely with the government nor with the opposition. Pitt desired to assert only the legislative supremacy of England as distinct from the power of taxation. When therefore a resolution was proposed in the House of Commons that the king in Parliament had power to bind the people of America "in all cases whatsoever," Barré moved that "in all cases whatsoever" should be omitted. As has already been said the idea of a legislative supremacy only was not then thoroughly understood, and there is nothing in the course of after history to lead us to suppose that such a proposition, if carried, would have been attended with success.

The Stamp Act was repealed; and as for the moment it was the most transparent point of dissension, the intelligence was received in America with the loudest acclamations. Gaols were thrown open, church bells were rung, and at night illuminated figures of the king, Pitt, and Barré were displayed in Boston.

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act had scarcely reached America before Barré was actually in the government. Lord Rockingham had found himself utterly unable to contend with the adverse fortune which beset him. Pitt refused to join him. The opposition was bitter and formidable. The king's friends sowed dissension in his camp. Nothing remained for him but to quit a post which force and treachery made untenable. He retired, and was succeeded by Pitt, now created Lord Chatham. In the new ar-

rangement Barré became vice-treasurer for Ireland, and a privy councillor, with his rank in the army restored to him. His patron, Shelburne, at the same time became secretary of state.

The prospects of Barré now seemed brilliant. He was in office under a great minister for whom the country had long been sighing. That minister was revolving in his mind vast schemes of foreign alliance, and of colonial reform, and Barré was certainly in point of ability, though not in rank, the ablest representative of the government in the House of Commons. It is natural to suppose that he expected to reap some of the glory of their accomplishment. But never was a bright dawn more quickly obscured. In a few months Chatham had disappeared. He still attempted from his retirement to direct the reform of the East India Company, but he did it in such a way as to cause the greatest embarrassment to his friends.

In the debates on India, Barré took a prominent part. He had long taken an interest in the business of India. A few years before, when Sullivan and Clive were striving for supremacy at the India House, it was generally believed that had Sullivan been successful, Barré would have gone to India instead of Clive. A bill was now brought in to regulate the affairs of the company. Burke and the Rockinghams loudly protested against the infringement of the charter, while Barré became the champion of Parliamentary control. The bill, if it fell short of what was originally intended, at all events decided the principle of Parliamentary interference.

On another point the opposition were more successful. They forced the government to reduce the land tax. Some equivalent for this loss was necessary. The opposition knew this well. They also knew that Townshend, the chancellor of the exchequer, had declared the practicability of raising a revenue in America. Dowdeswell and the Rockinghams, therefore, who had always resisted American taxation, might have predicted with great precision that the success of their motion would result in fresh American duties. It did so. A revenue act was passed, and all the ill-will, all the terror, all the sedition, which it was hoped had subsided forever, awoke in America with fresh violence.

It seems strange that Shelburne and Barré, when we consider their disapprobation of the measure, and recollect that it was subsequently one of the chief features of their opposition, should not have at once tendered their resignations. That

they did not do so proves either that they were prepared to hold office while the government pursued a policy which they supposed was of vital danger to the country, or that the real consequences of American taxation had not as yet been thoroughly appreciated even by its opponents.

The domestic measures of the government were equally unfortunate. Its own weakness, and the dislike of the king to the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, had gradually led to a fusion with the party of Bedford. No combination could have been more unlucky. The times required men of large views and of firm, honest principle. The Bedfords were inveterate enemies of all those sentiments of liberty which were just beginning to germinate among the people. Their leaders were dissolute and interested men, who still clung to the old system of oligarchical connection, now that quarrels and changes had well-nigh obliterated the system itself. In the commencement of 1768 Wilkes returned to England, and was elected a member of the House of Commons. Immediately the passions on both sides burst into a flame. Affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. From acts of folly and violence, the popular party rushed into libels, and very nearly into rebellion. From threats and rigor the government proceeded to frame illegal resolutions in the House of Commons, and to fill the streets of London with troops. The dignity of Parliament which generations of corruption, of buying, of selling, and of bullying had never offended, was now declared insulted. The strife was between the new age and the old age, and everything which was worst in both came conspicuously to the front.

The opinions of Shelburne and Barré and the government were now too divergent to permit them to remain members of it any longer. From its very commencement it can hardly be said that Shelburne cordially concurred with a single one of its measures. His advice was seldom taken; he abstained from attending the council. Affronts were heaped upon him; his department was divided; his office was offered to another; his patronage was intruded upon, and he at length only escaped dismissal by a hasty resignation. In the autumn of 1768 Shelburne and Barré threw in their lot with the Rockinghams and Grenvilles, and about the same time the resignation of Chatham left Grafton in name, as he had long been in reality, prime minister.

For the first few years of his opposition Barré found all the materials at hand to make that opposition terrible. The factions of the Grenvilles, of the Rockinghams, and of the Chathams were it is true constantly at variance, but they united in their ranks the most brilliant speakers of the time — Burke, Barré, and Dunning stood almost unrivalled in the House of Commons.

During this period the position of the government was difficult to the last degree. The law imposed upon it the duty of maintaining order. The police force at its disposal was composed of a few broken-down old men, who became policemen simply because they were too aged or decrepit for other trades. Time and prescription had handed down to the House of Commons a vast mass of privileges which, to a certain extent, the government was bound to protect, or at all events not to see lightly abused. The privileges of the House of Commons were attacked by furious mobs incited by one of the most unprincipled men in England. London became one seething mass of sedition. The days of the Florentine republic, when the companies of arts, the wool-combers, the dyers, and the doublet-makers, trampled on the authority of the seignior, seemed to have revived in the metropolis of England. Not a day passed without its riot. The people rose in their trades. There were mobs of sailors, of weavers, of coal-heavers, of Thames watermen, of tailors, of hatters. The doors of Parliament were beset by an unruly multitude, who loudly called for redress, and beat the members whom they considered hostile. The position was critical. Mansfield prophesied there would be a rebellion in ten days. The government called in the troops and the riots were quelled. Barré joined Burke in violent denunciations of the government. They charged the ministers with an unconstitutional attempt to supersede the civil power. The lesson was not forgotten. Eleven years later, when the streets of London were once more thronged with rioters, when houses were being sacked and the bank threatened, the arm of the executive was found to be palsied.

In 1770 Lord North became prime minister, but no change occurred in the policy of the government. Lord North's position was one of no common danger. His safety lay in the discord between the parties of Chatham and of Rockingham. The country seemed united against him. Numberless petitions prayed for a dissolution. A foreign war was imminent.

The Spaniards laid claim to the sovereignty of one of the Falkland Islands. Barré and those acting with him declared that the negligence and facility of the government amounted to little less than treason, and the country was nearly involved in an expensive war for an island which was little better than a barren moor, which had a detestable climate, no inhabitants, no trees, no commercial advantages, and no animals but the snipe and the flocks of wild geese which haunted its bogs.

Next came the quarrels between the House of Commons and the printers. The House of Commons enforced its orders against reporting debates. The newspapers had given the grossest provocation. Their reports were often shameful misrepresentations and distortions. Members who were eager for the suppression of newspaper reports were nevertheless prepared that the proceedings of the House should be made public; but they required that an official reporter should take accurate notes of their speeches. The printers were sent for: some refused to come. A speaker's warrant for their apprehension was served within the bounds of the city of London. The messenger was taken into custody by the city police, and the House of Commons, instead of wreaking its vengeance upon a few miserable printers, found itself confronted by a grave constitutional dilemma. The question was whether the privilege of the House of Commons could legally invade the liberties of London as declared in its charter. The House proceeded with that irritating mixture of vigor and vacillation which it so often shows when it thinks it necessary to vindicate its dignity. It sent the lord mayor to the Tower, but Wilkes, whom it was thoroughly afraid of, it considered too contemptible to touch.

Barré took the most active part in attempting to avert the blow from the lord mayor. Our Parliamentary usages supply many arts by which a feeble minority can oppose a tyrannous majority. He tried them all. The House had never divided so often in one night. The speaker complained that he was tired to death, and did not know how the question would ever be settled. At last, when every expedient had failed, Barré got up and attacked the government. As the speech affords a fair specimen of Barré's declamatory style, and is also an illustration of the violence occasionally introduced into the debates of that day, we may perhaps be pardoned for quoting the following passages:

"What," he said, addressing ministers, "can be your intention in such an attack upon all honor and virtue? Do you mean to bring all men upon a level with yourselves, and to extirpate all honesty and independence? Perhaps you imagine that a vote will settle the whole controversy? Alas! you are not aware that the manner in which your vote is procured remains a secret to no man. Listen; for, if you are not totally callous, if your consciences are not seared, I will speak daggers to your souls, and awake you to all the hells of a guilty recollection. Guilt, as the poet justly observes, is the source of sorrow; trust me, therefore, your triumph shall not be a pleasing one. I will follow you with whips and with stings through every maze of your unexampled turpitude, and plant eternal thorns beneath the rose of ministerial reprobation. . . . But it is in vain that you hope by fear and terror to extinguish every spark of the ancient fire of this isle. The more sacrifices, the more martyrs you make, the more numerous will the sons of liberty become. They will multiply like the hydra's head, and hurl down vengeance on your devoted heads. Let others act as they will, while I have a tongue or an arm they shall be free; and that I may not be a witness of this monstrous proceeding, I will leave the House: nor do I doubt but every independent, every honest man, will follow me. These walls are unholy, they are baleful, they are deadly, while a prostitute majority holds the bolt of Parliamentary omnipotence, and hurls its vengeance upon the virtuous." As Barré retired from the House, there were loud cries, "To the bar!" but the ministers wisely declined to increase their embarrassments by calling him to account.

Barré continued steadfast in opposition, but the court was not to be braved with impunity. It had once before driven him from his military commands—it now proceeded to force his resignation by offensively superseding him. In 1773 Barré felt himself compelled to retire from the army. Both Rigby and North expressed regret for the manner in which he had been treated, and there can be little doubt that the course was suggested by the king.

In 1773 opposition was dead. Its members, according to Walpole, were wriggling themselves into court. Not a cloud even the size of a man's hand appeared in the sky. Soon it became known that an act which had been passed in England as a boon had been regarded in America as a new bond of tyranny, and that hun-

dreds of chests of tea had been thrown into the sea. The outrage was a great one. Even Barré assented to a bill for closing the port of Boston.

The general expectation was that Boston would submit. But the time for submission was passed, and America was about to be severed from England forever. Each post brought worse news. Forebodings of evil were wafted on the breath of the coming storm, and blood was spilled before the nation knew that there was likely to be war. Chatham, it was supposed, might still save the country. The Rockinghams were prepared to act with him. North labored to remove the prejudices of the king; but before a new government could be formed, Lord Chatham had been sent for by a still higher king, and his body was sleeping in Westminster Abbey. It was a strange satire on Barré's life that he, who had first attained Parliamentary distinction by attacking William Pitt, should have been the most zealous mourner for the Earl of Chatham.

Shelburne and Barré, with all those who had acted with Chatham, now ranged themselves with the Rockinghams. All the bitterness and invective of which Barré was master were arrayed against the government. There was much fair ground for criticism. The justice of the war was, indeed a matter of opinion; but the method in which it was conducted, the vast grants of Parliament which remained unaccounted for, and the scandalous corruption of contractors were subjects of the justest censure. Barré moved for an inquiry into the public accounts. Lord North was in no position to oppose a motion so plausible. He made the motion his own; and a commission was appointed which naturally languished under ministerial protection. . . .

In 1782 the days of Lord North's administration were numbered. The war alone had preserved the government, but England was now sick of war. In America she had been beaten. In Europe she was confronted not only by active enemies, but by an armed neutrality, which threatened her right of search. At home she was oppressed by taxation, and was looking to economical reform. In Ireland she beheld all the symptoms of rebellion, which seventeen years before she had too fatally neglected in her colonies. A few close divisions took place in the House of Commons, and the king was painfully constrained to send for Rockingham.

Barré's political life now rapidly drew

to a close. When Rockingham became prime minister, Barré was appointed treasurer of the navy. In a few months more he was a pensioner. A pension of 3,200*l.* a year was conferred upon him—a sum ten times as large as the government bill then before the House of Commons proposed to allow to any one person. The pension was attacked, and Barré for the first time found there was something to be said in favor of pensions.

In 1783 a heavy misfortune fell upon him for which no wealth could compensate; he became blind. For several sessions he disappeared from Parliament. When he returned all was changed; his place in politics was gone; a new generation of statesmen had sprung up. Pitt, a mere boy, was prime minister. When he did speak, his mind, with the tenacity of advancing years, wandered back into the experiences of the past. He turned for examples to the days of Ligonier and of Wolfe—those days when he had suffered so much, and when fortune had seemed so distant.

In 1790 he retired from Parliament. The political convulsions which wrecked so many true friendships did not spare him, and his connection with Shelburne became a thing of the past. But before he died he was destined to behold changes more wonderful than the dissolution of the most sacred friendship. He lived to hear of events of which his own days could afford no parallel. The economic reforms of France, upon which Burke had once lingered so fondly, had been unable to save her from ruin. Revolution broke out, and the cries of its victims appealed to the sympathy of every heart, and to the terror of every imagination. He lived to hear that the bulk of the great Whig party to which he had once belonged had passed over to the government. He lived to hear of England's war with France, to hear of her defeats, and of her distresses; but long before the day of victory had come—a victory greater than that of Pitt or of Wolfe—Barré was no more. He died in 1802, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

HUGH F. ELLIOT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE SECRET CHAMBER.

CHAPTER I.

CASTLE GOWRIE is one of the most famous and interesting in all Scotland.

It is a beautiful old house, to start with, — perfect in old feudal grandeur, with its clustered turrets and walls that could withstand an army, its labyrinths, its hidden stairs, its long mysterious passages — passages that seem in many cases to lead to nothing, but of which no one can be too sure what they lead to. The front, with its fine gateway and flanking towers, is approached now by velvet lawns, and a peaceful, beautiful old avenue, with double rows of trees, like a cathedral; and the woods out of which these grey towers rise, look as soft and rich in foliage, if not so lofty in growth, as the groves of the south. But this softness of aspect is all new to the place, — that is, new within the century or two which count for but little in the history of a dwelling-place, some part of which, at least, has been standing since the days when the Saxon Athelings brought such share of the arts as belonged to them to solidify and regulate the original Celtic art which reared incised stones upon rude burial-places, and twined mystic knots on its crosses, before historic days. Even of this primitive decoration there are relics at Gowrie, where the twistings and twinings of Runic cords appear still on some bits of ancient wall, solid as rocks, and almost as everlasting. From these to the graceful French turrets, which recall many a grey chateau, what a long interval of years! But these are filled with stirring chronicles enough, besides the dim, not always decipherable records, which different developments of architecture have left on the old house. The Earls of Gowrie had been in the heat of every commotion that took place on or about the Highland line for more generations than any but a Celtic pen could record. Rebelions, revenges, insurrections, conspiracies, nothing in which blood was shed and lands lost, took place in Scotland, in which they had not had a share; and the annals of the house are very full, and not without many a stain. They had been a bold and vigorous race — with much evil in them, and some good; never insignificant, whatever else they might be. It could not be said, however, that they are remarkable nowadays. Since the first Stuart rising, known in Scotland as “the Fifteen,” they have not done much that has been worth recording; but yet their family history has always been of an unusual kind. The Randolphs could not be called eccentric in themselves: on the contrary, when you knew them, they were at bottom a respectable race, full of all the country-gentleman virtues; and yet their public

career, such as it was, had been marked by the strangest leaps and jerks of vicissitude. You would have said an impulsive, fanciful family — now making a grasp at some visionary advantage, now rushing into some wild speculation, now making a sudden sally into public life, but soon falling back into mediocrity, not able apparently, even when the impulse was purely selfish and mercenary, to keep it up. But this would not have been at all a true conception of the family character; their actual virtues were not of the imaginative order, and their freaks were a mystery to their friends. Nevertheless these freaks were what the general world was most aware of in the Randolph race. The late earl had been a representative peer of Scotland (they had no English title), and had made quite a wonderful start, and for a year or two had seemed about to attain a very eminent place in Scotch affairs; but his ambition was found to have made use of some very equivocal modes of gaining influence, and he dropped accordingly at once and forever from the political firmament. This was quite a common circumstance in the family. An apparently brilliant beginning, a discovery of evil means adopted for ambitious ends, a sudden subsidence, and the curious conclusion at the end of everything that this schemer, this unscrupulous speculator or politician, was a dull, good man after all — unambitious, contented, full of domestic kindness and benevolence. This family peculiarity made the history of the Randolphs a very strange one, broken by the oddest interruptions, and with no consistency in it. There was another circumstance, however, which attracted still more the wonder and observation of the public. For one who can appreciate such a recondite matter as family character, there are hundreds who are interested in a family secret, and this the house of Randolph possessed in perfection. It was a mystery which piqued the imagination and excited the interest of the entire country. The story went, that somewhere hid amid the massive walls and tortuous passages there was a secret chamber in Gowrie Castle. Everybody knew of its existence; but save the earl, his heir, and one other person, not of the family, but filling a confidential post in their service, no mortal knew where this mysterious hiding-place was. There had been countless guesses made at it, and expedients of all kinds invented to find it out. Every visitor who ever entered the old gateway, nay, even passing travellers who saw the turrets from the road,

searched keenly for some trace of this mysterious chamber. But all guesses and researches were equally in vain.

I was about to say that no ghost-story I ever heard of has been so steadily and long believed. But this would be a mistake, for nobody knew even with any certainty that there was a ghost connected with it. A secret chamber was nothing wonderful in so old a house. No doubt they exist in many such old houses, and are always curious and interesting—strange relics, more moving than any history, of the time when a man was not safe in his own house, and when it might be necessary to secure a refuge beyond the reach of spies or traitors at a moment's notice. Such a refuge was a necessity of life to a great mediæval noble. The peculiarity about this secret chamber, however, was, that some secret connected with the very existence of the family was always understood to be involved in it. It was not only the secret hiding-place for an emergency, a kind of historical possession presupposing the importance of his race, of which a man might be honestly proud; but there was something hidden in it of which assuredly the race could not be proud. It is wonderful how easily a family learns to pique itself upon any distinctive possession. A ghost is a sign of importance not to be despised; a haunted room is worth as much as a small farm to the complacency of the family that owns it. And no doubt the younger branches of the Gowrie family—the light-minded portion of the race—felt this, and were proud of their unfathomable secret, and felt a thrill of agreeable awe and piquant suggestion go through them, when they remembered the mysterious something which they did not know in their familiar home. That thrill ran through the entire circle of visitors, and children, and servants when the earl peremptorily forbade a projected improvement, or stopped a reckless exploration. They looked at each other with a pleasurable shiver. "Did you hear?" they said. "He will not let Lady Gowrie have that closet she wants so much in that bit of wall. He sent the workmen about their business before they could touch it, though the wall is twenty feet thick if it is an inch; ah!" said the visitors, looking at each other; and this lively suggestion sent tinglings of excitement to their very finger-points; but even to his wife, mourning the commodious closet she had intended, the earl made no explanations. For anything she knew, it might be there, next to her room, this mysterious

lurking-place; and it may be supposed that this suggestion conveyed to Lady Gowrie's veins a thrill more keen and strange, perhaps too vivid to be pleasant. But she was not in the favored or unfortunate number of those to whom the truth could be revealed.

I need not say what the different theories on the subject were. Some thought there had been a treacherous massacre there, and that the secret chamber was blocked by the skeletons of murdered guests,—a treachery no doubt covering the family with shame in its day, but so condoned by long softening of years as to have all the shame taken out of it. The Randolphs could not have felt their character affected by any such interesting historical record. They were not so morbidly sensitive. Some said, on the other hand, that Earl Robert, the wicked earl, was shut up there in everlasting penance, playing cards with the devil for his soul. But it would have been too great a feather in the family cap to have thus got the devil, or even one of his angels, bottled up, as it were, and safely in hand, to make it possible that any lasting stigma could be connected with such a fact as this. What a thing it would be to know where to lay one's hand upon the prince of darkness, and prove him once for all, cloven foot and everything else, to the confusion of gain-sayers!

So this was not to be received as a satisfactory solution, nor could any other be suggested which was more to the purpose. The popular mind gave it up, and yet never gave it up; and still everybody who visits Gowrie, be it as a guest, be it as a tourist, be it only as a gazer from a passing carriage, or from the flying railway train which just glimpses its turrets in the distance, daily and yearly spends a certain amount of curiosity, wonderment, and conjecture about the secret chamber—the most piquant and undiscoverable wonder which has endured unguessed and undeciphered to modern times.

This was how the matter stood when young John Randolph, Lord Lindores, came of age. He was a young man of great character and energy, not like the usual Randolph strain—for, as we have said, the type of character common in this romantically-situated family, notwithstanding the erratic incidents common to them, was that of dulness and honesty, especially in their early days. But young Lindores was not so. He was honest and honorable, but not dull. He had gone through almost a remarkable course at school and

at the university—not perhaps in quite the ordinary way of scholarship, but enough to attract men's eyes to him. He had made more than one great speech at the Union. He was full of ambition, and force, and life, intending all sorts of great things, and meaning to make his position a stepping-stone to all that was excellent in public life. Not for him the country-gentleman existence which was congenial to his father. The idea of succeeding to the family honors and becoming a Scotch peer, either represented or representative, filled him with horror; and filial piety in his case was made warm by all the energy of personal hopes when he prayed that his father might live, if not forever, yet longer than any Lord Gowrie had lived for the last century or two. He was as sure of his election for the county the next time there was a chance, as anybody can be certain of anything; and in the mean time he meant to travel, to go to America, to go no one could tell where, seeking for instruction and experience, as is the manner of high-spirited young men with Parliamentary tendencies in the present day. In former times he would have gone "to the wars in the Hie Germanie," or on a crusade to the Holy Land; but the days of the crusaders and of the soldiers of fortune being over, Lindores followed the fashion of his time. He had made all his arrangements for his tour, which his father did not oppose. On the contrary, Lord Gowrie encouraged all those plans, though with an air of melancholy indulgence which his son could not understand. "It will do you good," he said, with a sigh. "Yes, yes, my boy; the best thing for you." This, no doubt, was true enough; but there was an implied feeling that the young man would require something to do him good—that he would want the soothing of change and the gratification of his wishes, as one might speak of a convalescent or the victim of some calamity. This tone puzzled Lindores, who, though he thought it a fine thing to travel and acquire information, was as scornful of the idea of being done good to as is natural to any fine young fellow fresh from Oxford and the triumphs of the Union. But he reflected that the old school had its own way of treating things, and was satisfied. All was settled accordingly for this journey, before he came home to go through the ceremonial performances of the coming of age, the dinner of the tenantry, the speeches, the congratulations, his father's banquet, his mother's ball. It was in summer, and the country was as gay as all the en-

tertainments that were to be given in his honor. His friend who was going to accompany him on his tour, as he had accompanied him through a considerable portion of his life—Almeric Ffarrington, a young man of the same aspirations—came up to Scotland with him for these festivities. And as they rushed through the night on the Great Northern Railway, in the intervals of two naps, they had a scrap of conversation as to these birthday glories. "It will be a bore, but it will not last long," said Lindores. They were both of the opinion that anything that did not produce information or promote culture was a bore.

"But is there not a revelation to be made to you, among all the other things you have to go through?" said Ffarrington. "Have not you to be introduced to the secret chamber, and all that sort of thing? I should like to be of the party there, Lindores."

"Ah," said the heir, "I had forgotten that part of it," which, however, was not the case. "Indeed I don't know if I am to be told. Even family dogmas are shaken nowadays."

"Oh, I should insist on that," said Ffarrington, lightly. "It is not many who have the chance of paying such a visit—better than Home and all the mediums. I should insist upon that."

"I have no reason to suppose that it has any connection with Home or the mediums," said Lindores, slightly nettled. He was himself an *esprit fort*; but a mystery in one's own family is not like vulgar mysteries. He liked it to be respected.

"Oh, no offence," said his companion. "I have always thought that a railway train would be a great chance for the spirits. If one was to show suddenly in that vacant seat beside you, what a triumphant proof of their existence that would be! but they don't take advantage of their opportunities."

Lindores could not tell what it was that made him think at that moment of a portrait he had seen in a back room at the castle of old Earl Robert, the wicked earl. It was a bad portrait—a daub—a copy made by an amateur of the genuine portrait, which, out of horror of Earl Robert and his wicked ways, had been removed by some intermediate lord from its place in the gallery. Lindores had never seen the original—nothing but this daub of a copy. Yet somehow this face occurred to him by some strange link of association—seemed to come into his eyes as his friend spoke. A slight shiver

ran over him. It was strange. He made no reply to Ffarrington, but set himself to think how it could be that the latent presence in his mind of some anticipation of this approaching disclosure, touched into life by his friend's suggestion, should have called out of his memory a momentary realization of the acknowledged magician of the family. This sentence is full of long words; but unfortunately long words are required in such a case. And the process was very simple when you traced it out. It was the clearest case of unconscious cerebration. He shut his eyes by way of securing privacy while he thought it out; and being tired, and not at all alarmed by his unconscious cerebration, before he opened them again fell fast asleep.

And his birthday, which was the day following his arrival at Glenlyon, was a very busy day. He had not time to think of anything but the immediate occupations of the moment. Public and private greetings, congratulations, offerings, poured upon him. The Gowries were popular in this generation, which was far from being usual in the family. Lady Gowrie was kind and generous, with that kindness which comes from the heart, and which is the only kindness likely to impress the keen-sighted popular judgment; and Lord Gowrie had but little of the equivocal reputation of his predecessors. They could be splendid now and then on great occasions, though in general they were homely enough; all which the public likes. It was a bore, Lindores said; but yet the young man did not dislike the honors, and the adulation, and all the hearty speeches and good wishes. It is sweet to a young man to feel himself the centre of all hopes. It seemed very reasonable to him—very natural—that he should be so, and that the farmers should feel a pride of anticipation in thinking of his future speeches in Parliament. He promised to them with the sincerest good faith that he would not disappoint their expectations—that he would feel their interest in him an additional spur. What so natural as that interest and these expectations? He was almost solemnized by his own position—so young, looked up to by so many people—so many hopes depending on him; and yet it was quite natural. His father, however, was still more solemnized than Lindores—and this was strange, to say the least. His face grew graver and graver as the day went on, till it almost seemed as if he were dissatisfied with his son's popularity, or had

some painful thought weighing on his mind. He was restless and eager for the termination of the dinner, and to get rid of his guests; and as soon as they were gone, showed an equal anxiety that his son should retire too. "Go to bed at once, as a favor to me," Lord Gowrie said. "You will have a great deal of fatigue—to-morrow." "You need not be afraid for me, sir," said Lindores, half affronted; but he obeyed, being tired. He had not once thought of the secret to be disclosed to him, through all that long day. But when he woke suddenly with a start in the middle of the night, to find the candles all lighted in his room, and his father standing by his bedside, Lindores instantly thought of it, and in a moment felt that the leading event—the chief incident of all that had happened—was going to take place now.

CHAPTER II.

LORD GOWRIE was very grave, and very pale. He was standing with his hand on his son's shoulder to wake him; his dress was unchanged from the moment they had parted. And the sight of this formal costume was very bewildering to the young man as he started up in his bed. But next moment he seemed to know exactly how it was, and, more than that, to have known it all his life. Explanation seemed unnecessary. At any other moment, in any other place, a man would be startled to be suddenly woke up in the middle of the night. But Lindores had no such feeling; he did not even ask a question, but sprang up, and fixed his eyes, taking in all the strange circumstances, on his father's face.

"Get up, my boy," said Lord Gowrie, "and dress as quickly as you can; it is full time. I have lighted your candles, and your things are all ready. You have had a good long sleep."

Even now he did not ask, "What is it?" as under any other circumstances he would have done. He got up without a word, with an impulse of nervous speed and rapidity of movement such as only excitement can give, and dressed himself, his father helping him silently. It was a curious scene: the room gleaming with lights, the silence, the hurried toilet, the stillness of deep night all around. The house, though so full, and with the echoes of festivity but just over, was quiet as if there was not a creature within it—more quiet, indeed, for the stillness of vacancy is not half so impressive as the stillness of hushed and slumbering life.

Lord Gowrie went to the table when this first step was over, and poured out a glass of wine from a bottle which stood there,—a rich, golden-colored, perfumy wine, which sent its scent through the room. “You will want all your strength,” he said; “take this before you go. It is the famous Imperial Tokay; there is only a little left, and you will want all your strength.”

Lindores took the wine; he had never drunk any like it before, and the peculiar fragrance remained in his mind, as perfumes so often do, with a whole world of association in them. His father’s eyes dwelt upon him with a melancholy sympathy. “You are going to encounter the greatest trial of your life,” he said; and taking the young man’s hand into his, felt his pulse. “It is quick, but it is quite firm, and you have had a good long sleep.” Then he did what it needs a great deal of pressure to induce an Englishman to do,—he kissed his son on the cheek. “God bless you!” he said, faltering. “Come, now, everything is ready, Lindores.”

He took up in his hand a small lamp, which he had apparently brought with him, and led the way. By this time Lindores began to feel himself again, and to wake to the consciousness of all his own superiorities and enlightenments. The simple sense that he was one of the members of a family with a mystery, and that the moment of his personal encounter with this special power of darkness had come, had been the first thrilling, overwhelming thought. But now as he followed his father, Lindores began to remember that he himself was not altogether like other men; that there was that in him which would make it natural that he should throw some light, hitherto unthought of, upon this carefully preserved darkness. What secret even there might be in it—secret of hereditary tendency, of psychic force, of mental conformation, or of some curious combination of circumstances at once more and less potent than these—it was for him to find out. He gathered all his forces about him, reminded himself of modern enlightenment, and bade his nerves be steel to all vulgar horrors. He, too, felt his own pulse as he followed his father. To spend the night perhaps amongst the skeletons of that old-world massacre, and to repent the sins of his ancestors—to be brought within the range of some optical illusion believed in hitherto by all the generations, and which, no doubt, was of a startling kind, or his father would not look so serious,—any of these he felt himself

quite strong to encounter. His heart and spirit rose. A young man has but seldom the opportunity of distinguishing himself so early in his career; and his was such a chance as occurs to very few. No doubt it was something that would be extremely trying to the nerves and imagination. He called up all his powers to vanquish both. And along with this call upon himself to exertion, there was the less serious impulse of curiosity: he would see at last what the secret chamber was, where it was, how it fitted into the labyrinths of the old house. This he tried to put in its due place as a most interesting object. He said to himself that he would willingly have gone a long journey at any time to be present at such an exploration; and there is no doubt that in other circumstances a secret chamber, with probably some unthought-of historical interest in it, would have been a very fascinating discovery. He tried very hard to excite himself about this; but it was curious how fictitious he felt the interest, and how conscious he was that it was an effort to feel any curiosity at all on the subject. The fact was, that the secret chamber was entirely secondary—thrown back, as all accessories are, by a more pressing interest. The overpowering thought of what was in it drove aside all healthy, natural curiosity about itself.

It must not be supposed, however, that the father and son had a long way to go to have time for all these thoughts. Thoughts travel at lightning speed, and there was abundant leisure for this between the time they had left the door of Lindores’ room and gone down the corridor, no further off than to Lord Gowrie’s own chamber, naturally one of the chief rooms of the house. Nearly opposite this, a few steps further on, was a little neglected room devoted to lumber, with which Lindores had been familiar all his life. Why this nest of old rubbish, dust, and cobwebs should be so near the bedroom of the head of the house had been a matter of surprise to many people—to the guests who saw it while exploring, and to each new servant in succession who planned an attack upon its ancient stores, scandalized by finding it to have been neglected by their predecessors. All their attempts to clear it out had, however, been resisted, nobody could tell how, or indeed thought it worth while to inquire. As for Lindores, he had been used to the place from his childhood, and therefore accepted it as the most natural thing in the world. He had been in and out a hundred times in his play. And it was here, he remembered suddenly, that

he had seen the bad picture of Earl Robert which had so curiously come into his eyes on his journeying here, by a mental movement which he had identified at once as unconscious cerebration. The first feeling in his mind, as his father went to the open door of this lumber-room, was a mixture of amusement and surprise. What was he going to pick up there? some old pentacle, some amulet or scrap of antiquated magic to act as armor against the evil one? But Lord Gowrie, going on and setting down the lamp on the table, turned round upon his son with a face of agitation and pain which barred all further amusement: he grasped him by the hand, crushing it between his own. "Now, my boy, my dear son," he said, in tones that were scarcely audible. His countenance was full of the dreary pain of a looker-on—one who has no share in the excitement of personal danger, but has the more terrible part of watching those who are in deadliest peril. He was a powerful man, and his large form shook with emotion; great beads of moisture stood upon his forehead. An old sword with a cross handle lay upon a dusty chair among other dusty and battered relics. "Take this with you," he said, in the same inaudible, breathless way—whether as a weapon, whether as a religious symbol, Lindores could not guess. The young man took it mechanically. His father pushed open a door which it seemed to him he had never seen before, and led him into another vaulted chamber. Here even the limited powers of speech Lord Gowrie had retained seemed to forsake him, and his voice became a mere hoarse murmur in his throat. For want of speech he pointed to another door in the further corner of this small vacant room, gave him to understand by a gesture that he was to knock there, and then went back into the lumber-room. The door into this was left open, and a faint glimmer of the lamp shed light into this little intermediate place—this debatable land between the seen and the unseen. In spite of himself, Lindores' heart began to beat. He made a breathless pause, feeling his head go round. He held the old sword in his hand, not knowing what it was. Then, summoning all his courage, he went forward and knocked at the closed door. His knock was not loud, but it seemed to echo all over the silent house. Would everybody hear and wake, and rush to see what had happened? This caprice of imagination seized upon him, ousting all the firmer thoughts, the steadfast calm of mind with

which he ought to have encountered the mystery. Would they all rush in, in wild *déshabillé*, in terror and dismay, before the door opened? How long it was of opening! He touched the panel with his hand again. This time there was no delay. In a moment, as if thrown suddenly open by some one within, the door moved. It opened just wide enough to let him enter, stopping half-way as if some one invisible held it, wide enough for welcome, but no more. Lindores stepped across the threshold with a beating heart. What was he about to see? the skeletons of the murdered victims? a ghostly charnel-house full of bloody traces of crime? He seemed to be hurried and pushed in as he made that step. What was this world of mystery into which he was plunged—what was it he saw?

He saw—nothing—except what was agreeable enough to behold,—an antiquated room hung with tapestry, very old tapestry of rude design, its colors faded into softness and harmony; between its folds here and there a panel of carved wood, rude too in design, with traces of half-worn gilding; a table covered with strange instruments, parchments, chemical tubes, and curious machinery, all with a quaintness of form and dimness of material that spoke of age. A heavy old velvet cover, thick with embroidery faded almost out of all color, was on the table; on the wall above it, something that looked like a very old Venetian mirror, the glass so dim and crusted that it scarcely reflected at all; on the floor an old soft Persian carpet, worn into a vague blending of all colors. This was all that he thought he saw. His heart, which had been thumping so loud as almost to choke him, stopped that tremendous upward and downward motion like a steam piston; and he grew calm. Perfectly still, dim, unoccupied: yet not so dim either; there was no apparent source of light, no windows, curtains of tapestry drawn everywhere—no lamp visible, no fire—and yet a kind of strange light which made everything quite clear. He looked round, trying to smile at his terrors, trying to say to himself that it was the most curious place he had ever seen—that he must show Ffarrington some of that tapestry—that he must really bring away a panel of that carving,—when he suddenly saw that the door was shut by which he had entered—nay, more than shut, undiscernible, covered like all the rest of the walls by that strange tapestry. At this his heart began to beat again in spite of him.

He looked round once more, and woke up to more vivid being with a sudden start. Had his eyes been incapable of vision on his first entrance? Unoccupied? Who was that in the great chair?

It seemed to Lindores that he had seen neither the chair nor the man when he came in. There they were, however, solid, and unmistakable; the chair carved like the panels, the man seated in front of the table. He looked at Lindores with a calm and open gaze, inspecting him. The young man's heart seemed in his throat fluttering like a bird, but he was brave, and his mind made one final effort to break this spell. He tried to speak, laboring with a voice that would not sound, and with lips too parched to form a word. "I see how it is," was what he wanted to say. It was Earl Robert's face that was looking at him; and startled as he was, he dragged forth his philosophy to support him. What could it be but optical delusions, unconscious cerebration, occult seizure by the impressed and struggling mind of this one countenance? But he could not hear himself speak any word as he stood convulsed, struggling with dry lips and choking voice.

The appearance smiled, as if knowing his thoughts — not unkindly, not malignly — with a certain amusement mingled with scorn. Then he spoke, and the sound seemed to breathe through the room not like any voice that Lindores had ever heard, a kind of utterance of the place, like the rustle of the air or the ripple of the sea. "You will learn better to-night: this is no phantom of your brain; it is I."

"In God's name," cried the young man in his soul, — he did not know whether the words ever got into the air or not, if there was any air, — "in God's name, who are you?"

The figure rose as if coming to him to reply; and Lindores, overcome by the apparent approach, struggled into utterance. A cry came from him — he heard it this time — and even in his extremity felt a pang the more to hear the terror in his own voice. But he did not flinch, he stood desperate, all his strength concentrated in the act; he neither turned nor recoiled. Vaguely gleaming through his mind came the thought that to be thus brought in contact with the unseen was the experiment to be most desired on earth, the final settlement of a hundred questions; but his faculties were not sufficiently under command to entertain it. He only stood firm, that was all.

And the figure did not approach him;

after a moment it subsided back again into the chair — subsided, for no sound, not the faintest, accompanied its movements. It was the form of a man of middle age, the hair white, but the beard only crisped with grey, the features those of the picture — a familiar face, more or less like all the Randolphs, but with an air of domination and power altogether unlike that of the race. He was dressed in a long robe of dark color, embroidered with strange lines and angles. There was nothing repellent or terrible in his air — nothing except the noiselessness, the calm, the absolute stillness, which was as much in the place as in him, to keep up the involuntary trembling of the beholder. His expression was full of dignity and thoughtfulness, and not malignant or unkind. He might have been the kindly patriarch of the house, watching over its fortunes in a seclusion he had chosen. The pulses that had been beating in Lindores were stilled. What was his panic for? a gleam even of self-ridicule took possession of him, to be standing there like an absurd hero of antiquated romance with the rusty, dusty sword — good for nothing, surely not adapted for use against this noble old magician — in his hand.

"You are right," said the voice, once more answering his thoughts; "what could you do with that sword against me, young Lindores? Put it by. Why should my children meet me like an enemy? You are my flesh and blood. Give me your hand."

A shiver ran through the young man's frame. The hand that was held out to him was large and shapely and white, with a straight line across the palm — a family token upon which the Randolphs prided themselves — a friendly hand; and the face smiled upon him, fixing him with those calm, profound, blue eyes. "Come," said the voice. The word seemed to fill the place, melting upon him from every corner, whispering round him with softest persuasion. He was lulled and calmed in spite of himself. Spirit or no spirit, why should not he accept this proffered courtesy? What harm could come of it? The chief thing that retained him was the dragging of the old sword, heavy and useless, which he held mechanically, but which some internal feeling — he could not tell what — prevented him from putting down. Superstition, was it?

"Yes, that is superstition," said his ancestor, serenely; "put it down and come."

"You know my thoughts," said Lindores; "I did not speak."

"Your mind spoke, and spoke justly. Put down that emblem of brute force and superstition together. Here it is the intelligence that is supreme. Come."

Lindores stood doubtful. He was calm; the power of thought was restored to him. If this benevolent venerable patriarch was all he seemed, why his father's terror? why the secrecy in which his being was involved? His own mind, though calm, did not seem to act in the usual way. Thoughts seemed to be driven across it as by a wind. One of these came to him suddenly now —

How there looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright,
And how he knew it was a fiend.

The words were not ended, when Earl Robert replied suddenly with impatience in his voice, "Fiends are of the fancy of men; like angels and other follies. I am your father. You know me; and you are mine, Lindores. I have power beyond what you can understand; but I want flesh and blood to reign and to enjoy. Come, Lindores!"

He put out his other hand. The action, the look, were those of kindness, almost of longing, and the face was familiar, the voice was that of the race. Supernatural! was it supernatural that this man should live here shut up for ages? and why? and how? Was there any explanation of it? The young man's brain began to reel. He could not tell which was real — the life he had left half an hour ago, or this. He tried to look round him, but could not; his eyes were caught by those other kindred eyes, which seemed to dilate and deepen as he looked at them, and drew him with a strange compulsion. He felt himself yielding, swaying towards the strange being who thus invited him. What might happen if he yielded? And he could not turn away, he could not tear himself from the fascination of those eyes. With a sudden strange impulse which was half despair and half a bewildering, half-conscious desire to try one potency against another, he thrust forward the cross of the old sword between him and those appealing hands. "In the name of God!" he said.

Lindores never could tell whether it was that he himself grew faint, and that the dimness of swooning came into his eyes after this violence and strain of emotion, or if it was his spell that worked. But there was an instantaneous change. Ev-

erything swam around him for the moment, a giddiness and blindness seized him, and he saw nothing but the vague outlines of the room, empty as when he entered it. But gradually his consciousness came back, and he found himself standing on the same spot as before, clutching the old sword, and gradually, as though a dream, recognized the same figure emerging out of the mist which — was it solely in his own eyes? — had enveloped everything. But it was no longer in the same attitude. The hands which had been stretched out to him were busy now with some of the strange instruments on the table, moving about, now in the action of writing, now as if managing the keys of a telegraph. Lindores felt that his brain was all atwist and set wrong; but he was still a human being of his century. He thought of the telegraph with a keen thrill of curiosity in the midst of his reviving sensations. What communication was this which was going on before his eyes? The magician worked on. He had his face turned towards his victim, but his hands moved with unceasing activity. And Lindores, as he grew accustomed to the position, began to weary — to feel like a neglected suitor waiting for an audience. To be wound up to such a strain of feeling, then left to wait, was intolerable; impatience seized upon him. What circumstances can exist, however horrible, in which a human being will not feel impatience? He made a great many efforts to speak before he could succeed. It seemed to him that his body felt more fear than he did — that his muscles were contracted, his throat parched, his tongue refusing its office, although his mind was unaffected and undismayed. At last he found an utterance in spite of all resistance of his flesh and blood.

"Who are you?" he said hoarsely. "You that live here and oppress this house?"

The vision raised its eyes full upon him, with again that strange shadow of a smile, mocking yet not unkind. "Do you remember me," he said, "on your journey here?"

"That was — a delusion." The young man gasped for breath.

"More like that you are a delusion. You have lasted but one-and-twenty years, and I — for centuries."

"How? For centuries — and why? Answer me — are you man or demon?" cried Lindores, tearing the words, as he felt, out of his own throat. "Are you living or dead?"

The magician looked at him with the

same intense gaze as before. "Be on my side, and you shall know everything, Lindores. I want one of my own race. Others I could have in plenty; but I want *you*. A Randolph, a Randolph! and *you*. Dead! do I seem dead? You shall have everything — more than dreams can give — if you will be on my side."

Can he give what he has not? was the thought that ran through the mind of Lindores. But he could not speak it. Something that choked and stifled him was in his throat.

"Can I give what I have not? I have everything — power, the one thing worth having; and you shall have more than power, for you are young — my son! Lindores!"

To argue was natural, and gave the young man strength. "Is this life," he said, "here? What is all your power worth — here? To sit for ages, and make a race unhappy?"

A momentary convulsion came across the still face. "You scorn me," he cried, with an appearance of emotion, "because you do not understand how I move the world. Power! 'Tis more than fancy can grasp. And you shall have it!" said the wizard, with what looked like a show of enthusiasm. He seemed to come nearer, to grow larger. He put forth his hand again, this time so close that it seemed impossible to escape. And a crowd of wishes seemed to rush upon the mind of Lindores. What harm to try if this might be true? To try what it meant — perhaps nothing, delusions, vain show, and then there could be no harm; or perhaps there was knowledge to be had, which was power. Try, try, try! the air buzzed about him. The room seemed full of voices urging him. His bodily frame rose into a tremendous whirl of excitement, his veins seemed to swell to bursting, his lips seemed to force a yes, in spite of him, quivering as they came apart. The hiss of the *s* seemed in his ears. He changed it into the name which was a spell too, and cried, "Help me, God!" not knowing why.

Then there came another pause — he felt as if he had been dropped from something that had held him, and had fallen, and was faint. The excitement had been more than he could bear. Once more everything swam around him, and he did not know where he was. Had he escaped altogether? was the first waking wonder of consciousness in his mind? But when he could think and see again, he was still in the same spot, surrounded by the old cur-

tains and the carved panels — but alone. He felt, too, that he was able to move, but the strangest dual consciousness was in him throughout all the rest of his trial. His body felt to him as a frightened horse feels to a traveller at night — a thing separate from him, more frightened than he was — starting aside at every step, seeing more than its master. His limbs shook with fear and weakness, almost refusing to obey the action of his will, trembling under him with jerks aside when he compelled himself to move. The hair stood upright on his head — every finger trembled as with palsy — his lips, his eyelids, quivered with nervous agitation. But his mind was strong, stimulated to a desperate calm. He dragged himself round the room, he crossed the very spot where the magician had been — all was vacant, silent, clear. Had he vanquished the enemy? This thought came into his mind with an involuntary triumph. The old strain of feeling came back. Such efforts might be produced, perhaps, only by imagination, by excitement, by delusion —

Lindores looked up by a sudden attraction he could not tell what: and the blood suddenly froze in his veins that had been so boiling and fermenting. Some one was looking at him from the old mirror on the wall. A face not human and lifelike, like that of the inhabitant of this place, but ghostly and terrible, like one of the dead; and while he looked, a crowd of other faces came behind all looking at him, some mournfully, some with a menace in their terrible eyes. The mirror did not change, but within its small dim space seemed to contain an innumerable company, crowded above and below, all with one gaze at him. His lips dropped apart with a gasp of horror. More and more and more! He was standing close by the table when this crowd came. Then all at once there was laid upon him a cold hand. He turned; close to his side, brushing him with his robe, holding him fast by the arm, sat Earl Robert in his great chair. A shriek came from the young man's lips. He seemed to hear it echoing away into unfathomable distance. The cold touch penetrated to his very soul.

"Do you try spells upon me, Lindores? That is a tool of the past. You shall have something better to work with. And are you so sure of whom you call upon? If there is such a one, why should He help you who never called on him before?"

Lindores could not tell if these words were spoken; it was a communication rapid as the thoughts in the mind. And

he felt as if something answered that was not all himself. He seemed to stand passive and hear the argument. "Does God reckon with a man in trouble, whether he has ever called to him before? I call now" (now he felt it was himself that said): "go, evil spirit!—go, dead and cursed!—go, in the name of God!"

He felt himself flung violently against the wall. A faint laugh, stifled in the throat, and followed by a groan, rolled round the room; the old curtains seemed to open here and there, and flutter, as if with comings and goings. Lindores leaned with his back against the wall, and all his senses restored to him. He felt blood trickle down his neck; and in this contact once more with the physical, his body, in its madness of fright, grew manageable. For the first time he felt wholly master of himself. Though the magician was standing in his place, a great majestic, appalling figure, he did not shrink. "Liar!" he cried, in a voice that rang and echoed as in natural air—"clinging to miserable life like a worm—like a reptile; promising all things, having nothing, but this den, unvisited by the light of day. Is this your power—your superiority to men who die? is it for this that you oppress a race, and make a house unhappy? I vow, in God's name, your reign is over! You and your secret shall last no more."

There was no reply. But Lindores felt his terrible ancestor's eyes getting once more that mesmeric mastery over him which had already almost overcome his powers. He must withdraw his own, or perish. He had a human horror of turning his back upon that watchful adversary: to face him seemed the only safety; but to face him was to be conquered. Slowly, with a pang indescribable, he tore himself from that gaze: it seemed to drag his eyes out of their sockets, his heart out of his bosom. Resolutely, with the daring of desperation, he turned round to the spot where he entered—the spot where no door was,—hearing already in anticipation the step after him—feeling the grip that would crush and smother his exhausted life—but too desperate to care.

CHAPTER III.

How wonderful is the blue dawning of the new day before the sun! not rosy-fingered, like that Aurora of the Greeks who comes later with all her wealth; but still, dreamy, wonderful, stealing out of the unseen, abashed by the solemnity of the new birth. When anxious watchers see that

first brightness come stealing upon the waiting skies, what mingled relief and renewal of misery is in it! another long day to toil through—yet another sad night over! Lord Gowrie sat among the dust and cobwebs, his lamp flaring idly into the blue morning. He had heard his son's human voice, though nothing more; and he expected to have him brought out by invisible hands, as had happened to himself, and left lying in long deathly swoon outside that mystic door. This was how it had happened to heir after heir, as told from father to son, one after another, as the secret came down. One or two bearers of the name of Lindores had never recovered; most of them had been saddened and subdued for life. He remembered sadly the freshness of existence which had never come back to himself; the hopes that had never blossomed again; the assurance with which never more he had been able to go about the world. And now his son would be as himself—the glory gone out of his living—his ambitions, his aspirations wrecked. He had not been endowed as his boy was—he had been a plain, honest man, and nothing more; but experience and life had given him wisdom enough to smile by times at the coquetries of mind in which Lindores indulged. Were they all over now, those freaks of young intelligence, those enthusiasms of the soul? The curse of the house had come upon him—the magnetism of that strange presence, ever living, ever watchful, present in all the family history. His heart was sore for his son; and yet along with this there was a certain consolation to him in having henceforward a partner in the secret—some one to whom he could talk of it as he had not been able to talk since his own father died. Almost all the mental struggles which Gowrie had known had been connected with this mystery; and he had been obliged to hide them in his bosom—to conceal them even when they rent him in two. Now he had a partner in his trouble. This was what he was thinking as he sat through the night. How slowly the moments passed! He was not aware of the daylight coming in. After a while even thought got suspended in listening. Was not the time nearly over? He rose and began to pace about the encumbered space, which was but a step or two in extent. There was an old cupboard in the wall, in which there were restoratives—pungent essences and cordials, and fresh water which he had himself brought—everything was ready; presently the

ghastly body of his boy, half-dead, would be thrust forth into his care.

But this was not how it happened. While he waited, so intent that his whole frame seemed to be capable of hearing, he heard the closing of the door, boldly shut with a sound that rose in muffled echoes through the house, and Lindores himself appeared, ghastly indeed as a dead man, but walking upright and firmly, the lines of his face drawn, and his eyes staring. Lord Gowrie uttered a cry. He was more alarmed by this unexpected return than by the helpless prostration of the swoon which he had expected. He recoiled from his son as if he too had been a spirit. "Lindores!" he cried; was it Lindores, or some one else in his place? The boy seemed as if he did not see him. He went straight forward to where the water stood on the dusty table, and took a great draught, then turned to the door. "Lindores!" said his father, in miserable anxiety; "don't you know me?" Even then the young man only half looked at him, and put out a hand almost as cold as the hand that had clutched himself in the secret chamber; a faint smile came upon his face. "Don't stay here," he whispered; "come! come!"

Lord Gowrie drew his son's arm within his own, and felt the thrill through and through him of nerves strained beyond mortal strength. He could scarcely keep up with him as he stalked along the corridor to his room, stumbling as if he could not see, yet swift as an arrow. When they reached his room he turned and closed and locked the door, then laughed as he staggered to the bed. "That will not keep him out, will it?" he said.

"Lindores," said his father, "I expected to find you unconscious, I am almost more frightened to find you like this. I need not ask if you have seen him —"

"Oh, I have seen him. The old liar! Father, promise to expose him, to turn him out — promise to clear out that accursed old nest! It is our own fault. Why have we left such a place shut out from the eye of day? Isn't there something in the Bible about those who do evil hating the light?"

"Lindores! you don't often quote the Bible."

"No, I suppose not; but there is more truth in — many things than we thought."

"Lie down," said the anxious father. "Take some of this wine — try to sleep."

"Take it away; give me no more of that devil's drink. Talk to me — that's better. Did you go through it all the same, poor

papa? — and hold me fast. You are warm — you are honest!" he cried. He put forth his hands over his father's, warming them with the contact. He put his cheek like a child against his father's arm. He gave a faint laugh, with the tears in his eyes. "Warm and honest," he repeated. "Kind flesh and blood! and did you go through it all the same?"

"My boy!" cried the father, feeling his heart glow and swell over the son who had been parted from him for years by that development of young manhood and ripening intellect which so often severs and loosens the ties of home. Lord Gowrie had felt that Lindores half despised his simple mind and duller imagination; but this childlike clinging overcame him, and tears stood in his eyes. "I fainted, I suppose. I never knew how it ended. They made what they liked of me. But you, my brave boy, you came out of your own will."

Lindores shivered. "I fled!" he said. "No honor in that. I had not courage to face him longer. I will tell you by-and-by. But I want to know about you."

What an ease it was to the father to speak! For years and years this had been shut up in his breast. It had made him lonely in the midst of his friends.

"Thank God," he said, "that I can speak to you, Lindores. Often and often I have been tempted to tell your mother. But why should I make her miserable? She knows there is something; she knows when I see him, but she knows no more."

"When you see him?" Lindores raised himself, with a return of his first ghastly look, in his bed. Then he raised his clenched fist wildly, and shook it in the air. "Vile devil, coward, deceiver!"

"Oh hush, hush, hush, Lindores! God help us! what troubles you may bring!"

"And God help me, whatever troubles I bring," said the young man. "I defy him, father. An accursed being like that must be less, not more powerful, than we are — with God to back us. Only stand by me: stand by me —"

"Hush, Lindores! You don't feel it yet — never to get out of hearing of him all your life! He will make you pay for it — if not now, after; when you remember he is there, whatever happens, knowing everything! But I hope it will not be so bad with you as with me, my poor boy. God help you indeed if it is, for you have more imagination and more mind. I am able to forget him sometimes when I am occupied — when in the hunting-field, going across country. But you are not a

hunting man, my poor boy," said Lord Gowrie, with a curious mixture of a regret, which was less serious than the other. Then he lowered his voice. "Lindores, this is what has happened to me since the moment I gave him my hand."

"I did not give him my hand."

"You did not give him your hand? God bless you, my boy! You stood out?" he cried, with tears again rushing to his eyes; "and they say—they say—but I don't know if there is any truth in it." Lord Gowrie got up from his son's side, and walked up and down with excited steps. "If there should be truth in it! Many people think the whole thing is a fancy. If there should be truth in it, Lindores!"

"In what, father?"

"They say, if he is once resisted his power is broken—once refused. *You* could stand against him—you! Forgive me, my boy, as I hope God will forgive me, to have thought so little of his best gifts," cried Lord Gowrie, coming back with wet eyes; and stooping, he kissed his son's hand. "I thought you would be more shaken by being more mind than body," he said, humbly. "I thought if I could but have saved you from the trial; and *you* are the conqueror!"

"Am I the conqueror? I think all my bones are broken, father—out of their sockets," said the young man, in a low voice. "I think I shall go to sleep."

"Yes, rest, my boy. It is the best thing for you," said the father, though with a pang of momentary disappointment. Lindores fell back upon the pillow. He was so pale that there were moments when the anxious watcher thought him not sleeping but dead. He put his hand out feebly, and grasped his father's hand. "Warm—honest," he said, with a feeble smile about his lips, and fell asleep.

The daylight was full in the room, breaking through shutters and curtains, and mocking at the lamp that still flared on the table. It seemed an emblem of the disorders, mental and material, of this strange night; and, as such, it affected the plain imagination of Lord Gowrie, who would have fain got up to extinguish it, and whose mind returned again and again, in spite of him, to this symptom of disturbance. By-and-by, when Lindores' grasp relaxed, and he got his hand free, he got up from his son's bedside, and put out the lamp, putting it carefully out of the way. With equal care he put away the wine from the table, and gave the room its ordinary aspect, softly opening a window

to let in the fresh air of the morning. The park lay fresh in the early sunshine, still, except for the twittering of the birds, refreshed with dews, and shining in that soft radiance of the morning which is over before mortal cares are stirring. Never, perhaps, had Gowrie looked out upon the beautiful world around his house without a thought of the weird existence which was going on so near to him, which had gone on for centuries, shut up out of sight of the sunshine. The secret chamber had been present with him since ever he saw it. He had never been able to get free of the spell of it. He had felt himself watched, surrounded, spied upon, day after day, since he was of the age of Lindores, and that was thirty years ago. He turned it all over in his mind, as he stood there and his son slept. It had been on his lips to tell it all to his boy, who had now come to inherit the enlightenment of his race. And it was a disappointment to him to have it all forced back again, and silence imposed upon him once more. Would he care to hear it when he woke? would he not rather, as Lord Gowrie remembered to have done himself, thrust the thought as far as he could away from him, and endeavor to forget for the moment—until the time came when he would not be permitted to forget? He had been like that himself, he recollected now. He had not wished to hear his own father's tale. "I remember," he said to himself; "I remember"—turning over everything in his mind—if Lindores might only be willing to hear the story when he woke! But then he himself had not been willing when he was Lindores, and he could understand his son, and could not blame him; but it would be a disappointment. He was thinking this when he heard Lindores' voice calling him. He went back hastily to his bedside. It was strange to see him in his evening dress with his worn face, in the fresh light of the morning, which poured in at every crevice. "Does my mother know?" said Lindores; "what will she think?"

"She knows something; she knows you have some trial to go through. Most likely she will be praying for us both; that's the way of women," said Lord Gowrie, with the tremulous tenderness which comes into a man's voice sometimes when he speaks of a good wife. "I'll go and ease her mind, and tell her all is well over——"

"Not yet. Tell me first," said the young man, putting his hand upon his father's arm.

What an ease it was! "I was not so good to my father," he thought to himself, with sudden penitence for the long-past, long-forgotten fault, which, indeed, he had never realized as a fault before. And then he told his son what had been the story of his life—how he had scarcely ever sat alone without feeling, from some corner of the room, from behind some curtain, those eyes upon him; and how, in the difficulties of his life, that secret inhabitant of the house had been present, sitting by him and advising him. "Whenever there has been anything to do: when there has been a question between two ways, all in a moment I have seen him by me: I feel when he is coming. It does not matter where I am—here or anywhere—as soon as ever there is a question of family business; and always he persuades me to the wrong way, Lindores. Sometimes I yield to him, how can I help it? He makes everything so clear; he makes wrong seem right. If I have done unjust things in my day——"

"You have not, father."

"I have: there were these Highland people I turned out. I did not mean to do it, Lindores; but he showed me that it would be better for the family. And my poor sister that married Tweedside and was wretched all her life. It was his doing, that marriage; he said she would be rich, and so she was, poor thing, poor thing! and died of it. And old Macalister's lease—Lindores, Lindores! when there is any business it makes my heart sick. I know he will come, and advise wrong, and tell me—something I will repent after."

"The thing to do is to decide beforehand, that, good or bad, you will not take his advice."

Lord Gowrie shivered. "I am not strong like you, or clever; I cannot resist. Sometimes I repent in time and don't do it; and then! But for your mother and you children, there is many a day I would not have given a farthing for my life."

"Father," said Lindores, springing from his bed, "two of us together can do many things. Give me your word to clear out this cursed den of darkness this very day."

"Lindores, hush, hush, for the sake of heaven!"

"I will not, for the sake of heaven! Throw it open—let everybody who likes see it—make an end of the secret—pull down everything, curtains, wall. What do you say?—sprinkle holy water? Are you laughing at me?"

"I did not speak," said Earl Gowrie, growing very pale, and grasping his son's arm with both his hands. "Hush, boy; do you think he does not hear?"

And then there was a low laugh close to them—so close that both shrank; a laugh no louder than a breath.

"Did you laugh—father?"

"No, Lindores." Lord Gowrie had his eyes fixed. He was as pale as the dead. He held his son tight for a moment; then his gaze and his grasp relaxed, and he fell back feebly in a chair.

"You see!" he said; "whatever we do it will be the same; we are under his power."

And then there ensued the blank pause with which baffled men confront a hopeless situation. But at that moment the first faint stirrings of the house—a window being opened, a bar undone, a movement of feet, and subdued voices—became audible in the stillness of the morning. Lord Gowrie roused himself at once.

"We must not be found like this," he said; "we must not show how we have spent the night. It is over, thank God! and oh, my boy, forgive me! I am thankful there are two of us to bear it; it makes the burden lighter—though I ask your pardon humbly for saying so. I would have saved you if I could, Lindores."

"I don't wish to have been saved; but I will not bear it. I will end it," the young man said, with an oath out of which his emotion took all profanity. His father said, "Hush, hush." With a look of terror and pain, he left him; and yet there was a thrill of tender pride in his mind. How brave the boy was! even after he had been *there*. Could it be that this would all come to nothing, as every other attempt to resist had done before?

"I suppose you know all about it now, Lindores," said his friend Ffarrington, after breakfast; "luckily for us who are going over the house. What a glorious old place it is!"

"I don't think that Lindores enjoys the glorious old place to-day," said another of the guests under his breath. "How pale he is! He doesn't look as if he had slept."

"I will take you over every nook where I have ever been," said Lindores. He looked at his father with almost command in his eyes. "Come with me, all of you. We shall have no more secrets here."

"Are you mad?" said his father in his ear.

"Never mind," cried the young man.

"Oh, trust me; I will do it with judgment. Is everybody ready?" There was an excitement about him that half frightened, half roused the party. They all rose, eager, yet doubtful. His mother came to him and took his arm.

"Lindores! you will do nothing to vex your father; don't make him unhappy. I don't know your secrets, you two; but look, he has enough to bear."

"I want you to know our secrets, mother. Why should we have secrets from you?"

"Why, indeed?" she said, with tears in her eyes. "But, Lindores, my dearest boy, don't make it worse for *him*."

"I give you my word, I will be wary," he said; and she left him to go to his father, who followed the party, with an anxious look upon his face.

"Are you coming, too?" he asked.

"I? No; I will not go: but trust him — trust the boy, John."

"He can do nothing; he will not be able to do anything," he said.

And thus the guests set out on their round — the son in advance, excited and tremulous, the father anxious and watchful behind. They began in the usual way, with the old state rooms and picture-gallery; and in a short time the party had half forgotten that there was anything unusual in the inspection. When, however, they were half-way down the gallery, Lindores stopped short with an air of wonder. "You have had it put back then?" he said. He was standing in front of the vacant space where Earl Robert's portrait ought to have been. "What is it?" they all cried, crowding upon him, ready for any marvel. But as there was nothing to be seen, the strangers smiled among themselves. "Yes, to be sure, there is nothing so suggestive as a vacant place," said a lady who was of the party. "Whose portrait ought to be there, Lord Lindores?"

He looked at his father, who made a slight assenting gesture, then shook his head drearily.

"Who put it there?" Lindores said, in a whisper.

"It is not there; but you and I see it," said Lord Gowrie, with a sigh.

Then the strangers perceived that something had moved the father and the son, and, notwithstanding their eager curiosity, obeyed the dictates of politeness, and dispersed into groups looking at the other pictures. Lindores set his teeth and clenched his hands. Fury was growing upon him — not the awe that filled his

father's mind. "We will leave the rest of this to another time," he cried, turning to the others, almost fiercely. "Come, I will show you something more striking now." He made no further pretence of going systematically over the house. He turned and went straight up-stairs, and along the corridor. "Are we going over the bedrooms?" some one said. Lindores led the way straight to the old lumber-room, a strange place for such a gay party. The ladies drew their dresses about them. There was not room for half of them. Those who could get in began to handle the strange things that lay about, touching them with dainty fingers, exclaiming how dusty they were. The window was half blocked up by old armor and rusty weapons; but this did not hinder the full summer daylight from penetrating in a flood of light. Lindores went in with fiery determination on his face. He went straight to the wall, as if he would go through, then paused with a blank gaze. "Where is the door?" he said.

"You are forgetting yourself," said Lord Gowrie, speaking over the heads of the others. "Lindores! you know very well there never was any door there; the wall is very thick; you can see by the depth of the window. There is no door there."

The young man felt it over with his hand. The wall was smooth, and covered with the dust of ages. With a groan he turned away. At this moment a suppressed laugh, low, yet distinct, sounded close by him. "You laughed?" he said, fiercely, to Ffarrington, striking his hand upon his shoulder.

"I — laughed! Nothing was farther from my thoughts," said his friend, who was curiously examining something that lay upon an old carved chair. "Look here! what a wonderful sword, cross-hilted! Is it an Andrea? What's the matter, Lindores?"

Lindores had seized it from his hands; he dashed it against the wall with a suppressed oath. The two or three people in the room stood aghast.

"Lindores!" his father said, in a tone of warning. The young man dropped the useless weapon with a groan. "Then God help us!" he said; "but I will find another way."

"There is a very interesting room close by," said Lord Gowrie, hastily — "this way! Lindores has been put out by — some changes that have been made without his knowledge," he said, calmly. "You must not mind him. He is disappointed."

He is perhaps too much accustomed to have his own way."

But Lord Gowrie knew that no one believed him. He took them to the adjoining room, and told them some easy story of an apparition that was supposed to haunt it. "Have you ever seen it?" the guests said, pretending interest. "Not I; but we don't mind ghosts in this house," he answered, with a smile. And then they resumed their round of the old noble mystic house.

I cannot tell the reader what young Lindores has done to carry out his pledged word and redeem his family. It may not be known, perhaps, for another generation, and it will not be for me to write that concluding chapter: but when, in the ripeness of time, it can be narrated, no one will say that the mystery of Gowrie Castle has been a vulgar horror, though there are some who are disposed to think so now.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

THE period of English poetry which lies between the decline of Ben Jonson and the rise of Dryden was ruled with undisputed sway by a man whose works are now as little read as those of any fifth-rate Elizabethan dramatist. During the whole lifetime of Milton, the fame of that glorious poet was obscured and dwarfed by the exaggerated reputation of this writer, and so general and so unshaken was the belief in the lyrist of the day, that a royalist gentleman of Cambridge or an exiled courtier at Paris in the year 1650 would have laughed in your face, had you suggested that time could ever wither the deathless laurels of Mr. Cowley, or untune the harmonies of his majestic numbers. Yet in a very short space this work of destruction was most thoroughly done. The generation of Dryden admired his genius passionately, but not without criticism. The generation of Pope praised him coldly, but without reading him, and within fifty years of his own decease this nonpareil of the Restoration fell into total disfavor and oblivion. With the revival of naturalistic poetry, the lyrists and dramatists of the reign of Charles I. came once more into favor. Crashaw, Quarles, Lovelace, martyrs, pietists, and rakes, all the true children of the Muses, whatever their mode or matter, were restored and reprinted. Not these only, but some very

small and unattractive talents have lately been presented anew to the public; but Cowley, the one representative genius of the age, as his contemporaries supposed, still lacks an editor who will collect his scattered works and give him the chance of a new lease of life. His prose essays, it must be acknowledged, have held their ground in our literature, but as a poet he is a dead name, or living only in depreciation and ridicule. We hope to show that, however great his faults, this depreciation is unjust and this ridicule absurd, and in doing so it will be necessary to solve two questions — why Cowley ever attained so immense a poetic reputation, and why, having once gained it, he has so completely lost it.

A wealthy citizen of London, stationer or grocer, dying in the summer of 1618, left a sum of 1000*l.* to be divided among his six children and one other not yet born. In the autumn of the year this latter heir appeared, and was christened Abraham Cowley. We, looking back upon the history of the time, see that it was a period of rapid poetic decadence into which this baby was born. Shakespeare was dead; Jonson and the philosophic poets, to whom the newly awakened brain was to be so intimately indebted, were already past middle life. The years directly after the birth of Cowley were to be darkened by the deaths of many poets, but none were to be born, except Marvell, Vaughan, and, much later, Dryden, for nearly forty years. Of his immediate compeers, Milton was ten years of age, Denham three, Suckling nine years, and Lovelace only a few weeks older than himself. We know nothing of his early childhood but what he has himself told us with a charming simplicity — namely, that his mother's parlor was full of works of devotion, among which he was so fortunate as to find a copy of "The Faery Queen." This became his continual reading, and, without much understanding of the matter, he became so interpenetrated with the delicious recurrence of the rhyme and rhythm that he insensibly was made a poet. Before he was twelve years old he had read the entire works of Spenser. So much he himself tells us, but there can be no doubt to those who study his earliest writings that the magic of another name was added to the charm that woke him into verse. At ten years of age, the child composed an epical romance of "Pyramus and Thisbe," which is one of the most extraordinary instances of precocity in the whole annals of literature. Indeed, to find a

parallel to it, we must leave the art of poetry altogether, and note what was done by Mozart in music, or Lucas van Leyden in engraving. But this was but the prelude to fresh infantine exertions. The precocious boy was very early sent to Westminster School, and his intense interest in versification and the grace and charm of his manners won him many friends and patrons. To his schoolfellows he might well seem the prodigy that we know they considered him, and the masters of the school, with a gentleness unusual in those austerer times, encouraged his continued production of verses. In 1630, two years after composing "Pyramus and Thisbe," he attempted a bolder flight in his little epic of "Constantia and Philetus," being then twelve years of age, and by the year 1633 he had accumulated such a store of poems that his friends determined to hide the treasure no longer from the world.

The first edition of the "Poetical Blossoms, by A. C.," is a charming little quarto of thirty two leaves. It is now one of the chief prizes of book-hunters, and a great bibliographical rarity. It ought to possess, what is often lost, a large portrait of the author at the age of thirteen, as the frontispiece. Referring to this volume in after life, Cowley spoke of it as published at the age of thirteen, in all probability recollecting and being misled by this portrait; and this error has been repeated ever since. As a matter of fact, however, he was in his fifteenth year. It opens with a pompous little invocation to the Muse Melpomene, and is then introduced to the public, after the fashion of the day, by commendatory verses signed by two schoolfellows. One of these, Robert Meade, became a man of some note, and, twenty years after this, a candidate himself for poetic honors in his comedy of "The Combat between Friendship and Love." Cowley's contributions are five in number, "Constantia and Philetus," "Pyramus and Thisbe," "Elegy on the Death of Dudley, Lord Carlton," "Elegy on Mr. Richard Clark," and "A Dream of Elysium."

Let any reader of "Pyramus and Thisbe" consider how naïve, artless, and infantine are the writings of the very cleverest child of ten that he has ever known when compared with this first work of Cowley's. After more than two hundred years it remains still readable — much more readable, in fact, than many of its author's more elaborate poems of maturity. The story of that "palpable-gross play" that

well beguiled Theseus and Hippolyta to laughter, is here told in all tragic seriousness, but not without several signs, such as "the sucking of odoriferous breath," that show Cowley to have been familiar with the drama so unsuccessfully produced at Athens with Bottom for the heroine. The boy-poet has been ambitious enough to invent a new stanza, and a rather good one too, as will be acknowledged from this example. Thisbe finds Pyramus dead, and after tearing her golden hair —

She blames all-powerful Jove, and strives to take

His bleeding body from the moistened ground ;

She kisses his pale face till she doth make
It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake

His parting soul with mournful words, his wound

Washes with tears that her sweet voice confound.

"Pyramus and Thisbe" is a work which few of the adult poets of that day would have been ashamed of writing. It contains mistakes of rhyme and grammar that might be so easily corrected that they form an interesting proof that the poem was not touched up for the press by older hands, but in other respects it is smooth and singularly mature. The heroic verse in which it is written is nerveless, but correct, and the story is told in a straightforward way, and with a regular progress, that are extraordinary in so young a child. One conceit is startling enough to be commemorated : —

Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find :
Occasion once past by, *is bald behind*.

But no other such absurdity occurs in the whole of the fifty-three stanzas.

The amazing promise of "Pyramus and Thisbe" is hardly justified by the cleverness of the poem written two years later, "Constantia and Philetus." There is here hardly any sign at all of immaturity, but a far worse fault than childishness has stepped in. Instead of being like the puerile poem of a little boy, it is like the correct and tedious work of some man that never can be famous. In point of grammar and rhyme there is a great advance apparent, and we see the justice of the pretty phrase Cowley afterwards used in speaking of these juvenile pieces, "that even so far backward there remain yet some traces of me in the little footsteps of a child ;" for the language has already begun to take the same ingenious turns and involutions that characterize "The Mistress" and the "Odes." It is in-

deed singular that, at the age of twelve, the child should be so much the father of the man as to produce this most Cowleyan stanza, illustrative of the author's high-flown rhetoric as much as those I have just referred to are of his ingenuity:—

Oh! mighty Cupid! whose unbounded sway
Hath often ruled the Olympian Thunderer,
Whom all celestial deities obey,
Whom men and gods both reverence and
fear!

Oh, force Constantia's heart to yield to love,
Of all thy works the Master-piece 'twill prove.

"Constantia and Philetus" is an extremely tragical tale, not so briefly or so simply told as "Pyramus and Thisbe," and is padded out by "songs" and "letters" to the extent of nearly seven hundred lines, an extraordinary feat, of course, for so young a child. Of the other pieces in the volume, the "Elegy on Dudley, Lord Carlton," an imitation of Ben Jonson, must date from the year of that statesman's death, 1631; "The Dream of Elysium" is almost a very charming reverie on the poets of old and the dreams of neo-pagan romance; we say "almost," for something of the essence of poetry is wanting.

While Cowley was posing as the child-genius at Westminster, a youth ten years his senior was about to retire to a solitude at Horton which was to enrich English poetry with some of its most exquisite and most perfect treasures. It is possible that the fame of Cowley's precocity had reached the ears of Milton when he lamented, in his first sonnet, that no bud or blossom adorned his late spring, such as endued "more timely-happy spirits." However this may be, we have no reason to prefer to the slow maturity of such a manhood as his the exhausting precocity of Cowley's marvellous boyhood. His contemporaries, however, thought otherwise, and when the "Poetical Blossoms" appeared in 1633 it enjoyed an immediate popularity. A few months earlier, Milton's first printed English verses, the lines on Shakespeare, had appeared in front of the second folio. Whether Ben Jonson, now bedridden and almost blind, but still eager in poetic matters, expressed any favor for the verses of Cowley is not known. But various signs in the writings of the latter tend to show that he was increasingly influenced by the style of Jonson, and anxious to write like one of his poetic "sons." The very year that the public career of Cowley commenced, that of Jonson virtually closed in the publication of "The Tale of a Tub." But Randolph, that ad-

mirable writer and dramatic poet, whose early death cut short a career that promised great things in literature, was continuing the traditions of the school with the utmost brilliance. There can be no doubt that in longing to go to Cambridge, as we know that Cowley did, the desire of associating with Randolph was not the least inducement. His "Love's Riddle" proves that he was familiar with "The Jealous Lovers," printed in 1632. But we shall presently return to this.

Just as Cowley was leaving Westminster to go to Cambridge, in 1636, a second edition of "Poetical Blossoms" was called for, and appeared in a smaller form, much augmented. Among the additions was an ode containing these fine and thoughtful verses, written at the age of thirteen:—

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high;
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can ope the grave:
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures
yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

It was for strains of this elevated morality that Cowley won the enthusiastic praise of such later didactic writers as Denham and Roscommon, and in a certain sense originated a school. As an example of another class of gifts, we may read with pleasure the amusing piece called "The Poetical Revenge," the story of which may be here told in prose. Cowley, having made an appointment with a young companion to meet him in Westminster Hall at a certain hour, waited in vain, till he despaired of his friend, and out of curiosity went into one of the courts. Here he found a vacant seat, and made himself at home, when a fellow in a satin suit came and pushed him out. Whereupon Cowley expostulated so loudly that a barrister, "a neat man in a ruff," rose and said, "Boy, get you gone; this is no school!" To which Master Impudence replied, "Oh! no, for if it were, all you gowned men would go up for false Latin!" At this—

The young man
Aforesaid, in the satin suit, began
To strike me; doubtless there had been a fray
Had I not providently skipped away,
Without replying,

but not without inwardly murmuring this
curse:—

May he
Be by his father in his study took
At Shakespeare's Plays, instead of my Lord
Coke.

The additional poems are all far better than the first infantine verses. There is more eloquence, more enthusiasm, more power, and some of the odes are fully worthy, at least in extract, of a place in all collections of English poetry. They breathe a great pride in the art of poesy, great desire for and confidence of fame, and a scholastic turn of mind.

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone,
Though high as our ambition;
'Tis not a tomb cut out in brass, which can
Give life to the ashes of a man,
But verses only.

Throughout Cowley's life, however occupied with courtly intrigue or with public duty, he never failed to be true to this boyish declaration of faith.

He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and proceeded thither with the MS. of his pastoral drama of "Love's Riddle," written about the age of sixteen, in his pocket. Though Randolph was unhappily dead, there were others who would welcome the boy-genius to the banks of the Cam. Suckling, Cleveland, Fanshawe, and Crashaw were all at Cambridge; and with the last of these, at any rate, he struck up an immediate friendship. It is probable also that the needy and forlorn Butler, in some obscure corner of a college, was picking up such odd scraps of learning as vary the pages of "Hudibras." Cowley, with a different fate, came into port with flowing sails, and lost no time in winning a position. In 1637 a third edition of the "Poetical Blossoms" was published, and in 1638 his pastoral comedy of "Love's Riddle." This made what was then considered a very dainty little volume, adorned with a portrait of the young author, pretty but pertly smiling, while a florid angel descends from heaven with a great quill pen in one hand, and in the other a garland of laurel that he lays on the flowing silky locks. A prologue to Sir Kenelm Digby apologizes that

The style is low, such as you'll easily take
For what a swain might say or a boy make.

This boyish drama is one of the most readable things that Cowley ever executed, and is in distinct following, without imitation, of Randolph's "Jealous Lovers." It is written in good blank verse, with considerable sprightliness of dialogue, and with several threads of intrigues that are held well in hand, and drawn skilfully together at last. Callidora, the heroine, flies from her father's court, and Act I. describes her arrival and welcome by some vulgar but amusing shepherds; the next act shows how anguished at her loss every one at her father's court is, but especially her lover Philistes; and the rest of the action, of course, records the vicissitudes that prevent their reunion until the fifth act. I have no space to quote, but may in passing be permitted to refer to the last scene of the second act, as containing a passage of genuine and delightful humor. In "Love's Riddle" there is much, as I have said, to praise; but there is an absence of many qualities that Cowley never possessed, and which are essential to pastoral poetry. There is no genuine passion, no knowledge of the phenomena of nature, no observant love of birds or flowers or the beauties of country life. All the exquisite touches that illuminate the "Faithful Shepherdess" are eminently absent; nor have we in the precocious humor of the world-wise boy any equivalent for the sweet garrulous music of Chalkhill or Browne.

In February of the same year, 1638, was published a five-act Latin comedy, "*Naufragium Jocularis*," in prose and verse, the scene laid at Dunkirk, but the style and persons strictly imitative of Plautus. In emulation of the *Miles Gloriosus*, there is a loud boasting soldier named Bombardomachides! Later on in 1638, Cowley completed his twentieth year. At the age when youths of talent are usually beginning to dream of future enterprise, he found himself an admired and popular poet, author of three successful works, and highly esteemed as a rising scholar. With long fair hair falling on his shoulders, and with a fresh, intelligent face, he must without doubt have been an elegant youth in the fashion of the day, even if with none of the superlative beauty of John Milton, "the Lady of Trinity." With all the adulation which he received, his sensible young head does not seem to have been turned. Past all the praises of the present, he looked wistfully forward into the future; and with some inkling, perhaps, that his fine talents could not promise the lasting crown he sought for,

he set himself the memorable enigma that commences his "Miscellanies: " —

What shall I do to be forever known
And make the age to come my own?

With these same "Miscellanies" and with the preparation of the volume called "The Mistress" he seems to have been quietly and happily occupied until the breaking out of the civil war. We can at all events affix dates to the elegies on Sir Henry Wootton (1636) and Sir Anthony Vandyke (1641), each displaying increased facility in skilful employment of the heroic couplet. The visit of Prince Charles to Cambridge in 1641 gave occasion to the production of a more bulky work. In a great hurry Cowley was called upon to write a comedy, and "The Guardian," an ill-digested, unrevised performance, was acted before his Royal Highness on March 12. The prologue fiercely satirized the Roundheads, and sneered at Prynne, who had just published his ridiculous Jersey poem of "Mont-Orgueil." The farcical part of the piece is in prose, but the grand personages, Lucia and her lover Trueman Junior, talk in blank verse. The part of a poet, Doggrell, is amusing, but insisted on too much. One sentence put into the mouth of a girl, Aurelia, is worth recording: —

I shall never hear my virginals when I play upon 'em, for her daughter Tabitha's singing of psalms; the first pious deed will be to banish Shakespeare and Ben Jonson out of the parlor, and to bring in their rooms Marprelate and Prynne's works.

"The Guardian" was never included in the works of Cowley, and underwent some curious vicissitudes. It was not printed until 1650, when its author was in exile in Paris, and this, apparently, unauthorized edition is very rare. When Cowley returned to England, he entirely rewrote the play in the year 1658, and it was brought out on the stage as "The Cutter of Coleman Street," but proved a complete failure. Cowley finally tried the effect of his piece in print by publishing it in 1663 but again to receive the disapproval of the critics.

Happy in his work at the university, and in his newly attained fellowship, the young poet was busy on many literary schemes, and mainly on an epic, the "Davideis," on the sorrows and victories of King David, when the great civil war broke upon him like a wave. After the indecisive battle of Edge Hill, Oxford became for a while the headquarters of the

royalists. Thither Crashaw had already gone, in 1641, and Cowley was now fain to follow. Cambridge was now no longer a bed of roses to a royalist poet, and Cowley "was soon torn thence by that public violent storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest, for I was cast by it into the favor of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses of the world." These were Lord Falkland and Queen Henrietta Maria, to whom the sobriety and excellent fidelity of Cowley pointed him out as a fit staff to lean upon in such perilous times. Yet it was not in him not to cling to scholarship, and for two years more, or somewhat less, he pursued his studies at Oxford with no less ardor than before at Cambridge. But Newbury shook and Marston Moor broke the hopes of the Cavaliers. The queen fled to Paris, and Cowley followed her, leaving the Earl of Manchester and his Puritan divines to purge the university and eject the sixty-five fellows of whom Crashaw was one. The melancholy mystic repaired, like our poet, to Paris, where in 1646 Cowley found him in utter destitution, and, with characteristic warmth of heart, insisted on laboring for his relief. In the mean time Cowley himself was on terms of confidential intimacy with the queen and the heads of her party. All his time and thought was dedicated to delicate diplomacy, and he was despatched to various parts of Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland on private State business. But when the king was given up by the Presbyterians into the custody of Cromwell, in 1647, Cowley was recalled to Paris to undertake a yet more onerous duty. To no one less trustworthy than himself would Henrietta Maria delegate the preparation of those letters in cipher by means of which she communicated with her husband till his execution in 1649. Cowley was next occupied in corresponding with the leaders of royalist reaction in Scotland and Ireland. But when the young king Charles took refuge in Holland, and the Anglo-Parisian court was in some measure broken up, it was suggested that Cowley should return to England, "and, under pretence of privacy and retirement, should take occasion of giving notice of the posture of things in this country." He was immediately caught, however, and imprisoned, apparently in the year 1655; nor did he regain

his liberty on a less bail than of 1,000*l*. At Cromwell's death in 1658 he ventured back into France, and remained there until the restoration.

In the course of eighteen years of enforced inaction, much had occurred to literary men, though little in literature itself. Just before the civil war broke out, a whole group of eminent dramatists, among whom may be named Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Field, and Carew, had passed away. The years of contention saw the deaths of Suckling, Cartwright, Quarles, and Drummond. In 1650 Cowley's dear friend and brother, Richard Crashaw, had breathed his last at the shrine of Loretto. A new generation had meanwhile been born — Shadwell, Wycherley, Southerne, and Otway. Even in the civil wars, moreover, poetry was read and published. In 1647, the year before the "*Hesperides*" was brought out, an edition, probably pirated, of Cowley's love-cycle, called "*The Mistress*," was issued in England. From the last of these pieces we learn, or are intended to believe, that Cowley wrote them in three years, during which time he was tormented with a love-passion that he saw at last to be hopeless. It is just possible that, like Waller, he was really devoted to some lady of rank beyond his reach, but the poems themselves breathe no ardor or tenderness, and such a supposition is directly at variance with his own singularly frank exposition of the genesis of the book. "Poets," he says, "are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love. Sooner or later they must all pass through their trial, like some Mahometan monks that are bound by their order, once at least in their life, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca." "*The Mistress*" was fated to become one of the most admired books of the age. It was a pocket compendium of the science of being ingenious in affairs of the heart; and its purity and scholastic phrase recommended it to many who were no judges of poetry, but very keen censors of sobriety. To us it is the most unreadable production of its author, dry and tedious, without tenderness, without melancholy, without music. Here and there we find a good rhetorical line, such as,

Love is the soul of body and soul of me ;

and, what is very curious, almost all the pieces lead off with a sonorous and well-turned phrase. But not one is readable throughout; not one is even ridiculous enough for quotation. All are simply

dull, overloaded with ingenious prosaic fancy, and set to eccentric measures of the author's invention, that but serve to prove his metrical ineptitude. It is not correct to say that these poems continue and cultivate to excess the over-ornate style of the philosophical poets of the generation before. When Habington loads his pages with tasteless conceits, he over-colors his style in the manner learned from Ily, Marini, and Gongora. So Donne, in a more brilliant and masculine way, errs in the introduction of unsuitable and monstrous ornament. But Cowley is hardly ornamented at all, and his heresy is not so much that of Marini as that of the inflated, prosaic French poets of the class of Saint Amant. He seizes an idea, perhaps sensible, perhaps preposterous, but in no case beautiful; he clothes this idea with illustration, drawn, not from external nature or objects of any kind, but from the supposed phenomena of the human mind. I think we can trace all this pedantic ingenuity to the personal training and example of Dr. Henry More, who was the great oracle of English Platonism at Cambridge during Cowley's residence there, and whose extraordinary volume of "*Philosophical Poems*," published in 1640, may, I think, be constantly found reflected in the lyrics of the younger poet. And in considering why these poems of Cowley's were popular, we must not forget to note that the prose writings of More and others of his stamp were greatly delighted in by the seventeenth century, and now entirely unread. The taste for these ingenuities and paradoxical turns of thought came like a disease, and passed away. So Cowley, who confidently believed that time to come would admit him to have been "*Love's last and greatest prophet*," and who was quoted as having written what ensphered the whole world of love, is now justly denied the humblest place among the erotic poets. One piece alone must be excepted in this sweeping condemnation. The poem called "*The Wish*" is so simple, sincere, and fresh, that we are disposed to wonder at finding so delicious a well in such an arid desert. Thus it begins: —

Well then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy,
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave,
 May I a small house and large garden have !
 And a few friends and many books, both true,
 Both wise, and both delightful too !
 And since Love ne'er will from me flee,
 A mistress moderately fair,
 And good as guardian-angels are,
 Only beloved, and loving me.

The moral purity of Cowley's muse in so licentious a time must not pass without praise, if only to rebut the foolish and fanatic rage of such critics as the Rev. Edmund Elys, who sought, after his death, to persuade the public to the contrary. As a matter of fact, Cowley seldom forgot to write as became a gentleman.

In 1648 a very inferior satire, "The Four Ages of England," and again a piece of doggerel called "A Satire against Separatists," were printed, with the name of Abraham Cowley on the title-pages. With these productions he had nothing to do, nor with the printing of "The Guardian" in 1650. The increased demand for his unpublished writings and the fear of piracy determined him, as soon as he was released on bail, to set about revising his genuine writings for the press. The result was the appearance, in 1656, of a very important volume, "The Works of A. Cowley," in small folio. This contained many things long ago written or imagined, and never before presented to the public. The opening section of the book consisted of the "Miscellanies," poems the composition of which had extended over many years. Among the most notable pieces are "The Motto," an admirable poem on his artistic aspirations and ambitions; "The Ode of Wit," which contains an odd reference to a "Bajazet" on the stage, which seems just too early to be Racine's; a horrid "Ode to Dick, my Friend," which is worthy of study as a perfect summary of Cowley's sins of style; a prettily conceived poem called "Friendship in Absence," which is unhappily spoiled by an inherent wooden ingenuity that never ceases to obtrude itself; "The Chronicle," an amusing *jeu d'esprit*, in which he feigns to make for himself such a list of conquered hearts as Leporello quotes on his master's account in "Don Giovanni;" an epistle to Davenant from Jersey, complimenting him on the publication of "Gondibert," and making fun of Prynne's absurd verses, and finally two really splendid elegies on William Harvey and on Richard Crashaw. These two poems, as perhaps the finest wheat that the winnowing of criticism will finally leave on this wide granary-floor, we must examine

more at leisure. William Harvey, who is not by any means to be confounded with the great physiologist, was a young friend and fellow-student of Cowley's with whom he was on terms of sympathetic and affectionate intimacy. This excellent and gifted lad, like another Hallam, was taken away suddenly by fever in the midst of his hopes and labors. Cowley celebrated his memory in an elegy of unusual directness and tenderness:—

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge,
 say
 Have ye not seen us walking every day?
 Was there a tree about, which did not know
 The love betwixt us two?
 Henceforth, ye gentle trees, forever fade,
 Or your sad branches thicker join
 And into darksome shades combine,
 Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

This seems to prophesy of that later lovely dirge of "Thyrsis," and the tree that knew the soul of the Scholar-Gipsy. Cowley was incapable of long sustaining these level flights, and the poem grows didactic and flat as it proceeds, but gathers fire and force in the last stanza:—

And if the glorious saints cease not to know
 Their wretched friends who fight with life
 below,
 Thy flame to me doth still the same abide,
 Only more pure and rarified.
 There whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
 Thou dost with holy pity see
 Our dull and earthly poesy
 Where grief and misery can be joined with
 verse.

But the fine elegiac qualities of these memorial verses on Harvey are quickened into ardor, nay, we may almost say fired into rapture, in the lines on the death of Crashaw. In the first case, the poignant regret of an intimate and private sorrow inspired the poem; in the second, the public loss of a poet whom Cowley might be well forgiven for fancying absolutely supreme, combined with personal grief at the loss of a friend. Friendship and poetry were the two subjects that alone set Cowley's peculiar gifts on flame. Languid or insincere on other subjects, on these two he never failed to be eloquent. In the elegy on Crashaw these combined to stimulate his lyric powers to their utmost, and the result was most brilliant. Crashaw, after suffering so much after his ejection from Oxford, had been helped, as we have seen, by the noble exertions of Cowley. Henrietta Maria had gained him a lucrative post in the Vatican or near it,

and in 1650 Crashaw had been made a canon at Loretto, only to die there almost immediately in the sacred precincts. Outcast and reviled as a renegade clergyman and a Papist, hardly a voice in England was raised to his honor save that of Cowley, who never failed in manly and courageous acts of fidelity. "Poet and saint," he begins, braving all criticism in the outset, thou art now in heaven, companion of the angels, who, when they call on thee for songs, can have no greater pleasure than to hear thine old earthly hymns. "Thy spotless muse," says Cowley, "like Mary, did contain the Godhead;" and did disdain to sing of any lower matter than eternity. In this strain he proceeds half through the elegy, and then in a sudden ecstasy of contemplation he cries:—

How well, blest Swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms! thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where like some holy sacrifice to expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire,
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air,—
'Tis surer much they brought thee there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.

But he feels it needful to apologize to the Anglican Church for saying that angels led Crashaw when from her he went, and thus the elegy finally winds up:—

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right,
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great Saint, to pray to thee.
Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the poets militant below,
Opposed by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attacked by Envy and by Ignorance,
Enchained by Beauty, tortured by Desires,
Exposed by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies,
Elisha-like (but with a wish much less
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo, here I beg,—I whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love,—
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me,
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee
to sing.

The reader will not want to be persuaded that these are very exquisite and very brilliant lines. Had Cowley written often in such a nervous strain as this, he had needed no interpreter or apologist to-day; nay more, Dryden, his occupation gone, would have had to pour the vigor of his genius into some other channel. The tenderness of the allusion to Crashaw's sufferings and persecution, the tact and sweetness of the plea for his saintship, the sudden passion of invocation, the modest yet fervent prayer at the close, all these are felicities of the first order of rhetorical poetry.

At the close of the "Miscellanies" were printed, in the volume of 1656, twelve translations or imitations of the "Odes of Anacreon" done into octosyllabic verse, or rather into that iambic measure of either seven or eight syllables, but always of four cadences, which Milton used with such admirable effect in his minor poems and "Comus." Cowley, whose ear was certainly not sensitive, could ill afford to compete with Milton in melody, and made some sad discords with this delicate instrument. Stanley, again, in 1651, had introduced this kind of writing to the public with a great deal of spirit. Still Cowley's "Anacreontics" are frequently pretty and sparkling, and they have been praised even in our own time, at the expense of all his other writings. In this judgment, however, I can by no means coincide.

The second division of the folio is occupied with "The Mistress," reprinted from the edition of 1647. This, again, is followed by the "Pindarique Odes." In publishing these odes Cowley performed a dangerous innovation; nothing at all like these pompous lyrics in *vers libres* had hitherto been attempted or suggested in English. In his preface he acknowledged this with a proud humility characteristic of the man. "I am in great doubt whether they will be understood by most readers, nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common roads and ordinary tracks of poesy. The figures are unusual and bold even to temerity, and such as I durst not have to do withal in any other kind of poetry: the numbers are various and irregular, and sometimes, especially some of the long ones, seem harsh and uncouth, if the just measures and cadences be not observed in the pronunciation. So that almost all their sweetness and numerosity, which is to be found, if I mistake not, in the roughest, if rightly repeated, lies in a manner wholly at the mercy of the reader." The readers

of the day were very merciful or very uncritical, for it was chiefly on the score of those raucous odes that so many sweet words were said about "the majestick numbers of Mr. Cowley." They became the rage, and founded a whole school of imitators. Bishop Sprat states in his "Life of Cowley" that the poet was set thinking on this style of poetry by finding himself with the works of Pindar in a place where there were no other books. It seems likely that this place was Jersey or some other temporary station of exile, while his headquarters were at Paris. The fashion of irregular inflated verse of a rhetorical character was just coming into fashion in France. Although condemned by Boileau, it was frequently practised by Corneille, and still more characteristically in the last years of Cowley's life, by Racine in "*Esther*" and "*Athalie*." But to Cowley is due the praise of inventing or introducing a style of ode which was a new thing in modern literature, and which took firm hold of our poetry until, in Collins, it received its apotheosis and its death-blow. After a hundred years appeared the "Pindaric Odes" of Grey, the last and greatest follower of Cowley. But though the chaster form of ode designed by Collins from a Greek model has ever since his day ruled in our poetic art, there has always been a tendency to return to the old standard of Cowley. As lately as our own day, Mr. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" is a specimen of the formless poem of unequal lines and broken stanzas supposed to be in the manner of Pindar, but truly the descendant of our royalist poet's "majestick numbers." Keats, Shelley, and Swinburne, on the other hand, have restored to the ode its harmony and shapeliness. Until the days of Collins, however, the ode modelled upon Cowley was not only the universal medium for congratulatory lyrics and pompous occasional pieces, but it was almost the only variety permitted to the melancholy generations over whom the heroic couplet reigned supreme. Dryden, whose "Song on St. Cecilia's Day" directly imitates Cowley's "Ode on the Resurrection," used it with grand effect for his rolling organ-music. The forgotten lyrists of the Restoration found it a peculiarly convenient instrument in their bound and inflexible fingers. Pope only once seriously diverged from the inevitable couplet, and then to adopt the ode-form of Cowley. Yet so rapidly had the fame of the latter declined that Pope could ask, in 1737, —

Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

The language of the heart has not much to do with the "Odes" of 1656. They are fifteen in number, and open with two paraphrases of Pindar himself, the second Olympic and the first Nemean. Following these is a praise of "Pindar's Unnavigable Song," in imitation of Horace. The remaining twelve are supposed to be original, but two are taken from the prophetic Scriptures. One on "Destiny" contains the following lines, which form a favorable example of Cowley's style of Pindarizing and of the construction of his odes. In a series of grotesque and rather unseemly images, he declares that he was taken from his mother's childbed by the lyric Muse, and that she addressed him thus, as he lay naked in her hands: —

"Thou of my church shalt be;
Hate and renounce," said she,
"Wealth, honor, pleasures, all the world for me.

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the
wrangling bar.

Content thyself with the small barren
praise

That neglected verse doth raise."

She spake, and all my years to come

Took their unlucky doom.

Their several ways of life let others choose,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.

The star that did my being frame
Was but a lambent flame.

And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence.

No matter, Cowley, let proud Fortune see
That thou canst her despise no less than she
does thee.

Let all her gifts the portion be
Of folly, lust, and flattery,
Fraud, extortion, calumny,
Murder, infidelity,
Rebellion, and hypocrisy.

Do not thou grieve or blush to be

As all the inspired tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were from Homer
down to Ben.

With such a sonorous alexandrine he loves to wind his odes up in a stormy close. Else, in spite of much well and nobly said, and in spite of occasional lines and couplets such as —

Whether some brave young man's untimely
fate

In words worth dying for he celebrate,

which linger in the memory, the grandiose language and the broken versification unite to weary the ear and defy the memory; nor can the "Odes" ever again take a living place in literature. But to the student they are very interesting as the forerunners of a whole current of loud-mouthed lyric invocation not yet silent after more than two centuries.

The folio of 1656 closed with the sacred epic of "The Davideis," on the sorrows and achievements of David. We have already seen that this poem was conceived, and in great part written, while Cowley was at Cambridge. It is in four books, and composed in the heroic couplet, varied with occasional alexandrines, another innovation introduced by Cowley and accepted by Dryden, but excluded from the rules of verse by Pope. The first book of "The Davideis" opens with an invocation, couched in language very similar to that employed in the "Elegy on Crashaw," and bearing internal evidence of being of a later date than the rest of the piece. These lines may be quoted as exceptionally tuneful and earnest:—

Lo, with pure hands thy heavenly fires to take,
My well-changed Muse I a chaste vestal make!
From earth's vain joys, and love's soft witchcraft free,

I consecrate my Magdalene to thee!
Lo, this great work, a temple to thy praise,
On polished pillars of strong verse I raise!

The action commences in hell, where the devil calls for a spirit who will tempt Saul. Envy replies, and her figure is described in lines of great power and realistic horror, which were evidently studied by Milton before he wrote his far finer description of Sin and Death. Envy flies up to Saul's palace, and whispers jealousy of David in his ear.

With that she takes
One of her worst, her best-beloved snakes:
"Softly, dear worm, soft and unseen," said she,
"Into his bosom steal, and in it be
My vice-roy." At that word she took her flight,
And her loose shape dissolved into the night.

We are then transported to heaven, and into the presence of God himself, who sends an angel to David. In consequence, David goes to play before Saul, and Saul in vain tries to kill him. The book closes with a lengthy description of the Prophet's College, which appears to have been closely modelled on the University of Cambridge. In certain passages, such as the pretty description of David and his

wife walking among the lemon-trees, Cowley approaches nearer than usual to a naturalistic style in poetry. The other three books of this epic are tedious and redundant beyond all endurance. It is, in fact, the sort of poem with which, if you sit on the grass in a quiet place some summer afternoon, you cannot by any means fail to slumber soundly. This is indeed its only merit, save that of marking a distinct step in the process of the ossification of the English heroic couplet. I must not omit, however, to acknowledge that in the third book there is a serenade, "Awake, awake, my lyre," which ought to rank among Cowley's most accomplished lyrics. At the end was printed a translation, by the author, of the first book only, into Latin hexameters.

While the volume we have been examining in detail was being prepared for the press, Cowley's position was considered so equivocal, that he was urged, by way of diverting political suspicion, to study for some profession. He chose that of medicine, and although he was now forty years of age, worked like a young student at anatomy and materia medica. In December 1656 he passed a final examination at Oxford, but it does not appear to be recorded whether he ever practised as a physician. The principal consequence of this line of labor was to interest Cowley in botany, which henceforward became increasingly his favorite study. At the death of Cromwell, as we have seen, he took occasion to slip back to his friends in France, and returned in 1660, only just in time to see through the press an "Ode on his Majesty's Restoration and Return," a Pindaric poem of immense length, very bombastic and rhetorical, but no doubt earnest enough, and, for those fulsome times, not extremely grovelling in its address to royalty. It was to be supposed that if any man deserved reward, it was he who with so much purity of purpose and devoted service had given the best years of a flourishing youth to the despairing cause of the king, and who, in spite of all temptations, had never wavered in his active fidelity. But Cowley was not the man to win honors in such a court as that of Charles II. Of austere life, a sincere and even rigid religionist, an earnest lover of scholarship and holy living, he was looked upon with suspicion by the gay butterflies that flocked to Whitehall. Charles himself, who admired his genius and respected his character, was prejudiced against him by spiteful tongues, who pointed to certain pacific passages in his

writings, as if they proved his lukewarmness in the royalist cause. Nothing could be more wantonly unjust. In point of fact, Charles was too ready to embrace his enemies and let his friends shift for themselves. The poets, however, managed to provide for themselves. The easy turncoat, Waller, came skipping back to court; Herrick regained his vicarage, and Roscommon his wealth and influence. "In that year when manna rained on all, why should the Muse's fleece only be dry?" lamented Cowley, who found himself alone unwatered by the golden shower of preferments. In his despair, he had resolved to go to America, and seems to have made arrangements for so doing, when he discovered that his fortunes were at so low an ebb that he had not money enough for the outward voyage. He had two faithful friends, however, Lord St. Albans and the young Duke of Buckingham, afterwards author of "The Rehearsal." By the united efforts of these noblemen, a generous provision was made for the poet, who was by these means relieved from all anxiety, the world being all before him where to choose. In the language of Bishop Sprat, "He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court, which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Immediately he gave over all pursuit of honor and riches in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remained in his mind, he might justly have expected to have them readily satisfied. In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which from his very childhood he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not as an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the banks of the Thames."

In 1661 he published "A Discourse by Way of Vision concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell," one of his finest prose works, containing several pieces of verses, of no very striking merit; and in 1662 two books of plants in Latin verse, the result of his enthusiastic but somewhat pedantic studies in botany. These

"books" were printed after Cowley's death by Nahum Tate, in an English translation by the latter, by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a great imitator of the style, though not the ethics, of Cowley, and by certain other persons whose names are now forgotten. It must have been about this time that he made the acquaintance of "the matchless Orinda," Mrs. Katherine Philips, with whom he corresponded at great length, and for whom he seems to have shared the popular admiration. Orinda was a poetess of the new school, who preferred force of thinking in poetry before harmony or tenderness of style, and her verses were expressly modelled upon those of Cowley. This remarkable young woman, who was but twenty-nine years of age at the time of the Restoration, had already a great reputation, and Elys declares that Cowley was no less enamored of her poetry than impressed to a still more serious pietism by her devotional austerity. When she died, still young, in 1664, Cowley mourned her in an ode that passes all bounds of discretion and moderation, in which he sets her above Sappho, and, what is still more funny, above Pope Joan! In an ode on her poems, a year earlier, he had paid her a more just, and indeed a very fine compliment, —

I must admire to see thy well-knit sense,
Thy numbers gentle and thy fancies high,
Those as thy forehead smooth, these sparkling
as thine eye.

'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis angelical,
For, as in angels, we
Do in thy verses see

Both improved sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more strong, and more
than Woman sweet.

In 1663 he reprinted some poems that had appeared in his "Essays on Verse and Prose," with other miscellaneous pieces. The publication of this volume, which he entitled "Verses on Several Occasions," was forced upon him by the piratical printing of a volume of his inedited poems at Dublin. This small quarto contains fourteen copies of verses of an occasional kind. We find an ode on the death of Dr. William Harvey, the great anatomist; an "Ode Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Relics of Sir Francis Drake's Ship" is a capital instance of the author's fantastic wit. He further included a number of gracefully-turned paraphrases from the Latin poets, particularly Horace, Martial, and Claudian. The solitude he had so long desired suited his body less than his mind, and about the

time that this volume was published, when he was living at Barnes, he fell into a low fever, from which with great difficulty he recovered. He therefore removed, in 1666, to Chertsey, where he took the Porch House, towards the west end of that town, and bought some fields in the vicinity. He seems to have suffered again much during the one winter he spent there, but to have recovered in the spring; but through staying over long in the meadows one summer afternoon, superintending his laborers, he caught a cold, which he neglected. Within a fortnight he died, on July 28, 1667, not having quite completed his forty-eighth year.

With his death his glory flourished. King Charles declared that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him. On August 3 he was laid in Westminster Abbey, beside the ashes of Chaucer and Spenser. The Earl of Orrery composed a funeral poem, and Sir John Denham, himself in a few months to die, wrote an elegy, beginning, "Old Chaucer, like the morning star," which is quoted in all works on English literature. All the poets of the day wrote "Pindarique Odes," in imitation of the transcendent poet of that form of verse, and his heroic couplet became the despair of all gentlemen who wrote with ease.

He who would worthily adorn his hearse,
Should write in his own way, in his immortal
verse,

said Thomas Higgins, who indited a very good Pindaric ode to his memory. His fame was more materially served by Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, who published a life of Cowley, which is one of the very best examples of memorial prose or elegiac monograph in the language, being pure, elegant, and forcible in style, and full of fine thought. George Duke of Buckingham raised a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and so, crowned with unusual honor, and lighted by the funeral flambeaux of temporal and spiritual peers, this poet also, like his obscurer brethren, went down into the place where all the incidental advantages of life are as if they had not been.

If it be held that the two questions with which I started have not been wholly answered, and that I have still to show why Cowley once was the most popular poet of his age, and why he is now forgotten, a few words may, at all events, suffice to complete the reply. Every student of English poetry will admit that two great opposite influences have alternately ruled

the writers of our verse. Before the age of Elizabeth, it is not quite so easy to mark the difference between the fresh and natural spirit of Chaucer and some of his Scottish followers and the wholly didactic and scholastic spirit of Lydgate, Barclay, and Skelton; but at least from the "Mirror for Magistrates," when poetry once more burst into sudden blossom, and every branch upon every tree rang with melodious voices, it is easy enough to trace down to Herrick the unbroken chain of objective and naturalistic poets, born to teach through singing, and not through rhetoric. With Cowley a wholly new influence came in. From Cowley to Darwin all the poets made oratorical effect take the place of the observation and inspired interpretation of nature. With Collins, through Cowper, and first fully in Wordsworth, there came that return to primal forms and primal feeling which still breathes in our latest poetry. Cowley gave the reading public a new experience. Tired of the exotic and over-jewelled style of the religious and philosophical lyrists, tired of the romantic epic which had slipped from Shakespeare and Marlowe down into such hands as Chamberlayne's, tired of the Cavalier song-writers, who harped forever on the same strained string, and with no ears or hearts for Milton's glorious revival, the public of the day rejoiced in Cowley as Parisian society of a generation before had welcomed Malherbe. Versification had lost all nerve and shape in the lax lips of the last slovenly dramatists. In France the great Corneille was making the stage resound with the harmonious cadences of his heroical couplets; why should not England also aspire to such sublime eloquence, to such chaste numbers? Feeling, passion, romance, color, all these had been poured out so lavishly that the public palate was cloyed with sweetness. The severity of Cowley's writings, their intellectual quality, their cold elevation and dry intelligence, were as charming as they were novel. But the charm was not to last. A far greater man, Dryden, with assimilative genius of the most marvellous kind, was to tarnish the glory of Cowley by sheer superiority of imitation. No form of verse that the elder poet cultivated, with the single exception of the elegy, but was to be carried to far greater perfection in the same line by the younger. Even to the technicality of the occasional use of an alexandrine in heroic verse, Dryden was to illuminate the discoveries of Cowley, not to strike out new paths for himself. Three writers of less influence than Cow-

ley gave in their adherence to the new school, and strengthened the determination of Dryden. These were Davenant in his stilted, Gallicized dramas, Denham in his correct, but cold and measured descriptive poem of "Cooper's Hill," and Waller in his smooth, emasculated lyrics. Neither of these had Cowley's genius or power, but they all had the tact to seize the turn of the tide to put out into new seas. To Cowley, and to Cowley alone, belongs the doubtful honor of inaugurating the reign of didactic and rhetorical poetry in England.

It may be asked, why restore a memory so justly dishonored, why recall to our attention a writer whose verses were but galvanized at the outset, and now are long past all hope of revival? In the first place, if the judgment of a whole generation has unanimously set an unambitious man on a pedestal of supreme reputation, I am more ready to doubt my own perception than to stigmatize so many cultivated persons with folly. No poet universally admired in his own age can be wholly without lasting merit. In the second place, Cowley in particular, whether judged as a man or as a *littérateur*, or even as a poet more or less malformed, has qualities of positive and intrinsic merit. I trust that my citations have at least proved so much. For the rest, I confess that I find a particular fascination in the study of these maimed and broken poets, these well-strung instruments upon whose throbbing strings destiny has laid the pressure of her silencing fingers. The masters of song instil me with a sort of awe. I feel embarrassed when I write of Milton. But Cowley has surely grown humble in the long years of his exile, and he will not exact too much homage from the last of his admirers.

E. W. G.

From The Spectator.

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTER TO YOUNG GIRLS.

MR. RUSKIN has reprinted from a recent number of his curious *Fors Clavigera* a very striking little letter to young girls, which deserves attention on many accounts. In the first place, it is full of that delicately mixed playfulness and *sæva indignatio* against the world as it is, which has always characterized those who have tried to combine the gospel of righteousness with an attempt to interpret the claims of beauty on the human heart. It characterized Socrates. There never was a

more delicate mixture of playful irony with a passionate sense of the interior clingingness of moral evil, than in the Socrates of Plato. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, in our day, has been the great spokesman of the duty of combining the Greek teaching as to perfection and wholeness of purpose and action, with the Hebrew teaching as to righteousness of life, has shown precisely the same tendency to combine playfulness of manner with a deep belief in the value of self-renunciation or, as he calls it, "the secret of Jesus;" and here we have Mr. Ruskin inculcating in the same breath on young girls the duty of accepting even joyfully their disappointments and troubles, as trials coming straight from the hand of Christ, — teaching them that they must be literally ready to forsake all they have to be Christ's disciples, — and yet enjoining upon them to open their minds to the fullest degree to all the play and humor in life, "to cherish without straining the natural powers of jest in others, and yourselves;" and even inculcating on them that if their parents permit it, they are to dress in bright colors (if becoming), though in plain materials. His style, too, is full of irony. Irony, indeed, appears, in its higher sense, to be of the very soul of Christianity, if only because the teaching that this world is ruled in its minutest details by the divine will, implies in itself so many ulterior and covert meanings for human destiny, — meanings of which the human instruments cannot possibly be conscious. There was assuredly a strange and mystic irony in Christ's words to James and John, when they asked to sit on his right hand and his left in his kingdom, and assured him that they could drink of the cup that he would drink of, and be baptized with the baptism with which he was baptized, and when he, in reply, declared to them that they would indeed drink of that cup and be baptized with that baptism, though in a sense and with results of which they had then no dream. But the irony of prophets of the beautiful has necessarily more of playfulness in it than the irony of the prophets of the good taken alone. The little incongruities of life strike the former as keenly as the greater incongruities of moral paradox. Mr. Ruskin, for instance, not perhaps in the best taste, calls his young friends "little monkeys" when he bids them, whatever they do, not dream of preaching to the poor, of whom, he says, the chances are that they are, without knowing it, infinitely truer Christians than their young-lady patrons; and he evidently

has a very graphic picture in his mind's eye of the naturally didactic redundancy of schoolgirl virtue, when girding itself up to do the work of God. He quizzes, too, not without point, those who go about "with white crosses" "in an offensively celestial uniform, as if it were more *their* business or privilege than it is everybody's to be God's servants." And in general, it may be said that Mr. Ruskin puts his advice to these young girls into a somewhat playfully parabolic form, calling his letter "a splinter of the lance of St. George," — the society which Mr. Ruskin has founded is called the "St. George's Society," — and inveighing against "the present basilisk power of society," — all which, we suppose, he intends his young friends to accept spiritually, and not in its most literal sense. In a word, the first characteristic of Mr. Ruskin's teaching may be said to be that it unites with a very high doctrine of self-renunciation, a strong desire to recommend the constant and very active enjoyment of the brighter side of life, of its glowing colors, its quaint conceits, its ineradicable and sometimes pathetic illusions, its grotesque contrasts. Indeed, the preacher earnestly represents this enjoying spirit as not only perfectly consistent with righteous zeal, but in some sense of positive obligation, if only by way of using reverently a divine gift which, instead of diminishing the earnestness of life, helps to renew and increase it by interrupting that perpetual strain after a single purpose, for which assuredly human nature — at least as we now know it — was never intended.

In the next place, it is remarkable that Mr. Ruskin, though you might have expected him to be more of a disciple of the beautiful and less of a purely spiritual teacher than Mr. M. Arnold, yet, unlike Mr. Arnold, has the religious instinct to see that in pressing self-renunciation — what Mr. Arnold calls "the secret of Jesus" — on his young friends, he must rest it on the same sure foundation on which it was based originally by the Saviour of mankind; that he cannot ask the human conscience to surrender itself to a fate or destiny, or "a stream of tendency not ourselves," with any prospect of turning a habit of surrender directed to such blind agencies as these, into a source of peace and serenity of spirit. Mr. Ruskin makes no such hopeless attempt : —

Keep [he says] absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming

directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is like to provoke you, thank him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you, — whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The *one* thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently. Say to yourselves every morning, just after your prayers, "Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple." That is exactly and completely true; meaning, that you are to give all you have to Christ, to take care of for you. Then if He doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not, indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets; but you may perhaps break your favorite teacup, or lose your favorite thimble, and might be vexed about it, but for this second St. George's precept.

It is striking enough to see that Mr. Ruskin's insight into moral beauty is so deep, that he perceives at once that the whole serenity and joy which accompanies the abandoning of what is precious, however trifling, or however priceless, can only come of the faith that it is abandoned to One who knows exactly what is needful and what is hurtful to those whom he thus asks to abandon it. Without that profound conviction, there might be wisdom, there might be the highest triumph of self-control, there might be the truest economy, in quietly accepting an inevitable loss, but there could not be joy, there could not be inward happiness, there could not be the serenity which comes of following implicitly the guidance of an inexhaustible love, in such an act. Mr. Ruskin sees what Mr. Arnold does not, — that the beauty of this willingness and even gladness to lose, lies entirely in the faith that it is the act of love, and not the mere operation of a law, which demands the sacrifice. True feeling even for beauty will tell us that a light without a source of light, joy without a fountain of joy, peace without an object of trust, is anomalous and unmeaning, warranting not admiration, but aversion. It is wise not to fret at the inevitable; it is noble not to withhold sacrifices which the general well-being calls for; it is brave to make them without hesitation, and without giving more pain than is necessary to those for whom they are made. But it is not wise

to feel the happier because the "stream of tendency not ourselves" has swept a new treasure out of our grasp; it is not noble to persuade ourselves that we are the better for that for which we are the worse; it is not brave to assure our own hearts that we are the richer for being positively poorer. Only if the loss is really balanced by a greater spiritual gain, only if the treasure lost is more than restored by the love of Him who takes it away, is this joy through sorrow, this springing-up of a new gladness in affliction, really reasonable. Mr. Ruskin sees this, which Mr. Matthew Arnold does not see, and it does credit, we think, to that fine instinct for beauty which no one carries on more truly than he does into the region of spiritual imagination.

Finally, it is curious to perceive how even in advice "to young girls," Mr. Ruskin's partly, no doubt, doctrinaire abhorrence of great cities breaks out. Nothing can be better than his advice as to their dress. He encourages them to be gay, he allows them to be swayed by the fluctuating flow and ebb of social taste, though he prohibits their being either expensive, or disposed to follow fashion into its wasteful caprices. But then he teaches even these young girls, so far as he can, to abhor London, as the Jewish prophet taught the women of his people to abhor the Moabish or Amorish women:—

Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you, but in bright colors (if they become you), and in the best materials,—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it (or make it) in the fashion; but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colors or dark, short petticoats or long—in moderation—as the public wish you, but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground; and your walking-dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal

delicacy of the present race of average Englishwomen, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection; but let this good dressmaker be a poor person, living in the country, not a rich person living in a large house in London. "There are no good dressmakers in the country?" No; but there soon will be, if you obey St. George's orders, which are very strict indeed, about never buying dresses in London. "You bought one there the other day for your own pet!" Yes; but that was because she was a wild Amorite, who had wild Amorites to please; not a companion of St. George.

One does not exactly see why poor dressmakers who live in London are to be punished for living there by getting no employment, unless it be regarded as a sin in itself to live in London, which is probably Mr. Ruskin's real view. He most likely believes society concentrated in such great masses as the great towns collect to be entirely incapable of any true organization; and wishes, therefore, by every means in his power to discourage such moral and spiritual crushes. But it is hard to conceive that great cities have not arisen as a consequence of action quite as inevitable, and therefore quite as certainly overruled by Providence, as any loss or gain which befalls the individual human life, and Mr. Ruskin would have taught, we think, what was more in consistency with his other lessons, if he had suggested the best way of alleviating the abuses of city life, instead of advising his pupils to ignore them. But his artistic genius is, we suppose, so much more revolted by the soiling and hiding of all the noblest detail, of all moral individuality, in these great dust-heaps of the world, than it is by still greater evils which admit of clear study and intelligent insight, that we are bound to make allowance for this little blot on the really fine taste and noble moral enthusiasm of Mr. Ruskin's "Letter to Young Girls."

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LET IT BE.

LET be the river! What does it avail
To struggle with the current's destined
course?

The strongest effort does but faint and fail,
Skill yields, out-tired, to resistless force.
The highest rock is overleapt by spray,
The silent waters fret each bar away.

Vainly the bulwark fashioned deep and wide,
New bed contrived, new turn by cunning
wrought;

Steady, resistless, onward flows the tide,
Each gathering wave with gathering pur-
pose fraught,
Till, full and free, rejoicing in its strength,
It sweeps to ocean's mighty arms at length.

Let be the river! Let the loved alone
To meet the fate, and shape the circum-
stance.

We dream the future, fancying all our own,
What does but wait the call of time and
chance;

Foredoomed, the path before the pilgrim lies,
The sunset lurking in the morning skies.

Let be the river! Hail its rippling smile,
Listen its song, and shiver to its sigh;
Let its chafed beauty weary hours beguile,
Watch how it darkens to the darkening sky;
We cannot cloud or brighten, speed or check,
Nor alter on its way the tiniest beck.

Let be the river then! Where lilies float,
And blue forget-me-nots beside it shimmer,
Take gladness in its suns' reflected mote,
And soothing from its moonlights' dreamy
glimmer;
Happy if still your faltering footsteps tend
Beside its varying currents to the end!

All The Year Round.

HALIDON HILL.

A BORDER BATTLE-FIELD.

A SUN-CLAD slope of living green
Under a cloudless autumn sky —
Say, can it be that this sweet scene,
So bright, so sheltered, so serene,
Once echoed with a battle-cry?

Broad, golden fields of waving corn
Tremble before the wind's soft breath,
While through the air is gaily borne
The reaper's song at early morn —
And this was once a field of death!

No sculptured stone nor marble fair
Now marks the spot where warriors bled;
Only kind spring's returning care,
As though she knew who slumbers there,
Bids her first primrose raise its head.

What though this battle has no place
In Scotland's roll of victories won —
The noblest of her patriot race
Here met their foemen face to face,
And bravely was their duty done.

Stern fate is theirs who, conquering, die;
But his an anguish keener far
Who on the gory field must lie,
And hear the foe's exulting cry:
"Our arms have turned the tide of war!"

Then tenderly let Scotland weep
Over her unrequited brave,
And in her heart their memory keep,
All restfully the while they sleep
In nature's lone and peaceful grave.

HARVEST.

THE corn-land is lying in brief, deep rest,
While tempest is sullen, or sunshine blithe;
Sweet is the scent of the furrow refreshed
After the raid of the pitiless scythe.
Now recks it little — come shower or sun —
The harvest is carried, the work is done.

The jubilant summer has yielded its sway,
And August has lavished its gold on the
year;
Magic of moonlight, dazzle of day,
One long laughter with never a tear!
Harvest of happiness, gathered and stored,
Winds cannot scatter the ample hoard.

Awe of the mountain, and calm of the lake,
Mirth of the valley, and sigh of the breeze;
Freedom of upland, and moorland, and brake,
Music of forests, of torrents, of seas:
Harvest of memories, golden and gay;
Fear not for dearth in the wintry day.

Smooth out the seaweed, and dream o'er its
spells;
Tighten and tie up the salt-laden tresses;
Little ones, lay by the basket and shells,
Put on the shoes again, turn down the
dresses.
Harvest of health, in its happiest guise,
Rosy-brown faces and laughter-lit eyes.

Ah! but the woods in their midsummer green!
Bright with the flow of the musical river:
Shading soft blushes with tenderest screen,
Touched with an echo of voices that quiver.
Harvest of love! Is it anything new?
Should Cupid not gather his harvest too?

All The Year Round.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE MICROSCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.*

THE advance of human knowledge, during the past quarter of a century, has been nowhere so remarkable as in the regions of biology and physics. This has been due in both sciences to the rapid and almost complete perfection to which special instruments of research have been brought. In physics the spectroscope has suddenly wrought a revolution, and almost endowed physical and chemical research with a new sense. Science is only beginning to discover the immense possibilities which this instrument opens up. Already it has, with unerring precision of analysis, discovered the constituent elements of sun and stars; estimated approximately their molecular condition; given evidence of the diverse thermal intensities of stellar bodies; furnished proof of the existence of suns in such a state of heat that compounds have not yet been able to form, of others cooler but still in a state of inconceivable thermal intensity, and of others distinctly cooling. It has been employed, too, to detect what no other means could discover, the actual advance towards or recession from us of great stellar bodies and groups, and to indicate their speed. In the elements that lie around us on our own globe, it has been used to discover new metals which must have eluded all other processes; and to demonstrate the

presence of chemical substances in quantities so minute as to be practically non-existent to the ordinary analyses of the chemist.

Scarcely less remarkable have been the rapid perfection and wonderful revelations of the microscope. It is now probably the most perfect physical embodiment of exact abstract science existing. It certainly is the rival, if not the peer, of the telescope in this sense. It almost absolutely *realizes* theoretical optics, and a certain group of mathematicians and physicists, at least, strongly incline to the opinion, which they believe they can approximately demonstrate, that we have reached the limits of power possible by this means: that, in fact, the vibrations of the luminiferous ether are too coarse to reveal minuter objects than those at present reached by our most powerful and refined lenses. Even if this be so — which, from practical evidence, put into contrast with calculations based upon hypotheses, we are inclined to doubt — the resources placed at the disposal of science by this instrument have a value and importance the limit of which no sagacity or penetration is competent to measure. Indeed, at the present time, the finest English and American lenses are greatly in advance of the skill and competence of the majority of microscopists and specialists who employ the microscope. Our text-books are almost silent on the subject of the employment of lenses exceeding in magnifying power a thousand diameters. Yet we do not hesitate to say that at least one English house furnishes an instrument, with almost perfect corrections, which magnifies ten times this amount; but an instrument like this, just as it involves incomparably higher skill in its device and manufacture, so it demands patience, perseverance, and suitable culture, in a far more than ordinary degree, to employ it as a real aid to vision. It cannot be doubted that remarkable results have been attained in the past, in all suitable departments of science, by the use of what are known as “low powers.” But these results, which now often astonish the possessors of far more powerful instruments, depended upon the fact that the investi-

* 1. *The Microscope and its Revelations.* By W. B. CARPENTER, M.D., LL.D., etc. Fifth Edition. London: J. and A. Churchill. 1875.

2. *The Border Territory between the Animal and the Vegetable Kingdom.* By Prof. HUXLEY, F.R.S., etc. *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1876.

3. *Insectivorous Plants.* By CHAS. DAEWIN, M.A., F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1875.

4. *Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants.* By CHAS. DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S. London: John Murray. 1876.

5. *On British Wild Flowers Considered in Relation to Insects.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S., M.P. London: Macmillan and Co. 1875.

6. *Evolution and the Origin of Life.* By H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, M.A., M.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1874.

7. *The Optical Condition of the Atmosphere in its Bearings on Putrefaction and Infection.* By Prof. TYNDALL, F.R.S., etc. Abstract Printed for the Annual Volume of the Proceedings of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. 1875-1876. And *Nature*, January 27, p. 252, and February 3, p. 268, 1876.

gators who used them did, by incessant labor, make themselves masters of their instruments. It too frequently happens, now, that the purchaser of a good microscope supposes himself forthwith competent to make manifest its utmost powers. But the truth is that there are thousands of "microscopists," possessed of costly instruments, who obtain a reputation as good "exhibitors," but who pass their fine instruments on to their heirs without ever having discovered the full powers of even their moderate lenses. Instead of employing them in original research, and thus discovering their capacities, and devising means, which practice and patient labor are always suggesting, for utilizing them in the most efficient manner, they are content to exhibit brilliantly what may dazzle but fails to instruct, and the qualities of the lens, which only the cunning of practice develops, is undiscovered. But if the users of microscopes, both for amusement and for scientific purposes, do not exhaustively master the use of moderate and moderately high lenses, how can they successfully manipulate and make the best of such instruments as Powell and Lealand's lenses, capable of magnifying from three to twenty thousand diameters? The men who, as true scientific workers, can employ the "one-fiftieth" of an inch lens, or even higher powers, with the same ease as they can a "one-eighth" of an inch, or a "one-twelfth" of an inch, are extremely few in England, fewer still in America, and scarcely to be found at all on the Continent. All this arises from a repugnance to enter upon the laborious apprenticeship which their successful employment involves, and without this even the benefit of their employment cannot be seen. Hence amongst the most skilful and competent histologists there is a constant advocacy of "moderate powers," with occasional reminders that the best of work has been done by their employment. Without doubt they have done much, and there remain generations of work for them yet to do. But they have their limits; and that the highest powers now made can, in the hands of practised experts, go immeasurably beyond them, we need only the records of

recent microscopical research to demonstrate.

To Dr. Carpenter we are indebted for a concise and thoroughly able summary of these. His "Microscope and its Revelations" is undoubtedly the most complete and trustworthy book which has yet appeared on the whole subject in any language. We question whether that part of the work which details and discusses the results of microscopical work could possibly, in the space allotted, be better done. The matter cannot fail to be interesting to any reader, and it certainly has not suffered in its mode of presentation. But with this testimony of thoroughly deserved commendation, we cannot withhold an expression of regret that this — the best book on the subject — should be silent on the method and advantages of using the highest powers which our opticians can produce. It is only from such a treatise as this that we can hope that the skilful and ardent student, who has mastered the use of lenses magnifying six or eight hundred diameters, will be induced to attempt the use of the highest lenses the optician can provide. But the difficulties must be shown, and, as far as they can be, met in a practical manner; and if this were fairly done, and some of the advantages of high-power research simply illustrated, as they might be, from recent labors in several departments of science, there can be little question that the utmost benefit would accrue, especially in biological inquiries. We would not be understood to imply that Dr. Carpenter should himself have mastered all the detail; the matter for surprise is that he is practically acquainted with so much; but if this part of the book had been put into thoroughly practical hands — been given to men who had specialized themselves as workers with high powers — as the theory and general practice of microscopy has been, it would have given the book a freshness and a real value which, excellent as it is, it does not now possess. It may be added that Dr. Carpenter's beautiful series of illustrations of the "revelations" of the microscope will of themselves not only indicate, but in several instances show clearly the vast fields of

research, and the rich harvest of facts, which are open only to the highest and best combination of lenses which the first English opticians can produce.

The extremely interesting lecture of Professor Huxley, delivered at the Royal Institution so recently, is an illustration in point. He gathers up and summarizes, in his own clear and concise manner, all that is now known of the border territory between the animal and vegetable series. The question is rich in interest from any aspect. What is an animal, what a vegetable? Is there a sharp partition between them, or do they insensibly graduate into each other until they meet, and their continuity is seen? There can be little doubt that such continuity exists throughout organic nature, and it may exist beyond; but before this can be scientifically announced it must have received irresistible proof. To ordinary observation there is an apparent demarcation of the strongest kind between animal and vegetable organisms. The oak, the fern, and the fungus appear to have nothing in common with the ox, the swallow, and the cheese-mite. "But in the fourth and fifth decades of this century the greatest and most rapid revolution which biological science has ever undergone was effected by the application of the modern microscope to the investigation of organic structure; by the introduction of exact and easily manageable methods of conducting the chemical analysis of organic compounds; and finally by the employment of instruments of precision for the measurement of the physical forces which are at work in the living economy."* And the result is that, speaking scientifically, the difference between an animal and a plant "is one of degree rather than of kind; and the problem whether in a given case an organism is an animal or a plant may be essentially insoluble."

The truth is that there is not a single feature belonging to either series of organic forms which is not in some measure shared by some representative of the other.

* "On the Border Territory between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom." *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1876, p. 374.

There are animals, with which every zoologist is familiar, definitely understood to be such, which are so low in the scale of being that they possess no definite form, and reveal to our most refined scrutiny only the feeblest traces of organization; they move, but without framework or muscles, they creep without limbs, they feel without discoverable nerves, they eat without mouths, they digest without stomachs: in short, they have all the properties of life, but without a trace of organized structure.

Because such a creature is ranked as an "animal" we are prone to associate with it a measure at least of consciousness and volition. But, on the other hand, there are plants of the highest and most complex structure, in which delicacy of organization, refinement of mechanical contrivance, and exquisite adaptation of means to ends, are combined with majesty and grace, form and elegance, and even splendor of product; and yet, because they are labelled "plants," or "vegetables," we assume that they are without consciousness, and wholly devoid of will. Do the facts of nature justify such an inference? We venture to think that they go a long way towards making such an inference void.

Let us consider carefully some of the facts. Cuvier relied on motion—volitional change of place—as a feature by which the animal might be clearly distinguished from the vegetable. But the distinction is not true of all animals. The sponge and the corals are made up of colonies of animals as incapable of change of place as the cedar or the sycamore; while the modern microscope has revealed to us a realm of vegetable organization of which individual motion is as essentially an attribute as it is of the eagle or the swallow. The earliest forms of true vegetable life—minute single cells of protoplasm—spend a large proportion of their little lives in intense activity. But when we leave the simple cell, and look upon it as grouped into complex forms, the life-history of such forms is one of unceasing activity. The well-known *Volvox globator* is one of an assemblage of minute plants—common inhabitants of the pond—whose minuteness and beauty of form vie

only with its inexpressible grace and power of motion. It is a minute sphere, elegantly reticulated and covered with fine vibratile hairs, or "cilia," and by their united and harmonious action its motion is effected. At times it whirls like a top upon a rigid axis; again it rolls forward with the combined motions of a planet in space, or darts with almost lightning rapidity across the field. Nothing can surpass the ease and beauty of its movements, and the joyous sense of freedom it suggests. Yet it is a plant of the lowest structure, and millions of them would find an ample ocean in a wineglass.

Not less wonderful and even more beautiful are the still minuter desmids. These are the commonest and most persistent dwellers in our ponds and streams of all their invisible inhabitants. They are a rich green in color, and of every conceivable form: the crescent, the cross, the sphere, the triangle, the straight line, the curve, and every possible combination of them, is to be found in the symmetrical forms of these invisible atoms of beauty. All these delicate plants *can* move; and many of them do so habitually with apparent purpose, and a grace that cannot be surpassed.

But even these are exceeded in minuteness and delicacy of structure by the closely allied *Diatomaceæ*. These differ from the desmids in the possession of an imperishable siliceous skeleton; and although some forms are so minute that twenty thousand of them, if placed between the finger and thumb, would be invisible to the eye and impalpable to the most delicate touch, yet they have lived for such a vast period in the history of the earth that the myriads of successive generations have laid their imperishable skeletons down and actually built up solid rocks. They are found now in every quarter of the globe, in our oceans and rivers, and ponds and ditches, and moist places, from the arctic to the antarctic pole. And these little vegetables — chased and engraved as many of them are with a delicacy which surpasses the analytical power of even the modern microscope — are in many cases free to move, and do so with the utmost elegance and ease.

How such minute atoms of matter effect their unerring and evidently controlled movements, the utmost power of research yet brought to bear upon them has failed to discover. But two recent observers* of the minutest living forms at all amenable

to even the great powers of our modern lenses, have demonstrated that these minutest organisms — the bacteria, rod-like bodies present in putrefaction — effect their movements, which are intensely rapid, by means of a pair of motile filaments or "flagella," one at either end of their rod-shaped bodies. Professor Huxley says that "as to the vegetable nature of these there is now no doubt;" and therefore it is extremely probable that some such organs of locomotion might, with sufficient power, be found to belong to the desmid and the diatom. Be that as it may, voluntary motion is as clearly, although not as universally, an attribute of the vegetable as of the animal kingdom.

Nor is it only in minute vegetable forms that this is seen. The exquisite researches of Mr. Charles Darwin upon the habits of the climbing plants have made manifest something nearly akin to "instinct" in their deportment and motion. When a climbing plant first springs from the ground, the extremity of the shoot performs slow gyrations in the air, as if searching for a support, a motion clearly voluntary. The climbing plant twines round its support either with or against the sun. The object is to expose as large a surface as possible to the sun and air, but how the motion is accomplished cannot be determined; yet it is impossible to study the deportment of the whole group of "creepers" without becoming assured of their possession of some almost sentient controlling power. The tendrils of some of these plants coil, others are sensitive to a touch and bend, while others yet secrete a glutinous fluid which attaches it to its support. The tendrils of a bignonia, for example, are sensitive; hence in growing and revolving amid the branched twigs of some supporting tree the tendrils wanting supports soon get touched, and at once they clasp the twig like a bird when perched. The tendrils of another species were seen to slowly travel over the surface of a piece of wood, and when the apex of one of them came to a hole or fissure it inserted itself; the same tendril frequently withdrew itself from one hole to insert itself into another, as if seeking for what exactly pleased it; and Mr. Darwin has seen a tendril withdrawn from a hole after having chosen it and remained fixed there for thirty-six hours. And this apparent selective power is carried still farther in some climbing plants of tropical forests, which will travel on, prolonging their growth indefinitely, and avoiding all other supports that present themselves, until

* *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, vol. xiv., p. 105.

they reach the tree which they peculiarly affect, and then they will at once attach themselves. It is not too much to say that the same behavior in a definite animal would be taken as an evidence of "instinct."

But even commoner instances of locomotion amongst plants present themselves. In the deep ponds and watercourses of England the common bladderwort is often found. This plant is usually at the bottom of the pond, its roots immersed in the mud. But it cannot expand its flowers and be fertilized in this position. At the right time, therefore, it rises to the surface of the water, opens its flowers, the pollen is shed upon the pistil, and once more it sinks to its former position.

Yet more remarkable are the habits of the *Vallisneria spiralis*, a plant common in the rivers of the south of France. The female, or seed-bearing parts, and the male, or pollen-bearing parts, grow on separate plants. The female flowers grow on spiral stems, so that if the stream in which they grow should receive an accession of water and rise, by a simple lengthening or pulling out of the corkscrew stem they rise with it; if the water diminishes, by simply compressing the spiral stem they sink with it. Thus they are always on the surface of the water. But the male flowers of the plant grow on short stalks in the water. How, then, is fertilization effected? When the pistils are ripe to receive the pollen, the male flowers absolutely break off, rise to the surface, and, floating round the female flowers, shed their pollen and fertilize the seed. Clearly then motion, and even motion directed to a distinct object, is not absolutely a monopoly of the animal kingdom, and in no way serves to distinguish it from the vegetable.

Not less remarkable is the fact that *sensitiveness* and reflex movement is as strikingly possessed by the vegetable as by the animal world. It has long been known that certain plants exhibit intense susceptibility to external influences. The *Mimosa pudica*, or sensitive plant, is one of these. Not only do the leaflets fold their upper surfaces together, the branches of the leaf-stalks bend to each other, and the whole leaf-stalk falls, instantly, when touched; but if the leaves are only breathed upon, if one of them is touched with a speck of acid, or sunlight focussed upon it by a lens, the same results ensue. Nay, it has been affirmed by Dr. Masters that in the savannahs of tropical America, where this beautiful plant abounds, the

vibrations caused by the hoofs of an approaching horse will cause all the mimosas instantly to contract; and, just as in the animal organism a cessation of sensation supervenes, and "numbness" results, from a diminution of temperature, so if this plant be placed in an atmosphere below 15° centigrade all sensibility is gone.

Now, we must no longer suppose that this plant is singular, or in any very remarkable sense an exception. The researches of Charles Darwin and others now prove irresistibly that sensation, or what is a remarkable approach to it, is very widely distributed in vegetable organisms. Nothing can be more remarkable than the sensitiveness or irritability displayed by some plants as a means employed to secure fertilization.* In the common berberry, for example, the stamens lie down upon the petals, and the nectar which the insect seeks is produced by six pairs of honey-glands at the bases of the petals; but the stamens are at their bases highly sensitive or irritable, the consequence being that when the insect touches them they spring forward and throw their pollen upon the intruder, to be carried to another flower. Still more striking is the sensitiveness of a group of orchids, of the genus *Catasetum*. In these plants the pollinia, or pollen-caskets, and the stigmata — the surfaces prepared for the reception of the fertilizing pollen — are in different flowers. Of necessity, then, the pollen must be carried by some active agent to the stigma. This is done by insects, but the adaptations are remarkable in a high degree. The flower containing the pollinia, which is highly elastic, carries it under considerable tension in a part which the insect visiting the flower for nectar never approaches; but in obtaining the nectar the insect comes into contact with a delicate spur, which is so sensitive that the excitement of the touch is carried along the tissues of the plant until it reaches the extremely thin membrane which confines the pollen mass; the membrane is instantly ruptured, the pollinia, with a force that will carry it three feet from the flower, flies out, and, being armed with a gummy disc, it sticks to the insect, which carries it to the next flower, and thus eventually fertilizes the female flower.

In other genera of plants the same means conserve another end. The *Dionaea muscipula* (Venus' fly-trap), for example, is one of the plants which affects

* Fertilisation of Flowers by Insects. Lubbock.

bogs and swamps, and derives but small nourishment, little else than water, from its roots, and is therefore dependent on some other source for pabulum. This is secured by the sensitiveness of the leaf. This organ is bi-lobed; it is capable of being closed like a book. On each lobe there are three delicate spikes, which are exquisitely sensitive. If one of these be touched with a cotton fibre, or even a hair, the lobes snap together like the sudden closing of a book, the act being instantaneous. The object of this is the securing of animal food in the shape of insects, for the *digestion* of which the closed leaf or sensitive trap is specially endowed.

Nor can there be any very remarkable difference in such an organized action in the plant and the animal; for Dr. Burden Sanderson has shown that the same electrical changes ensue in the substance of the plant on contraction, as ensue when the muscle of an animal is similarly affected.

But all this is surpassed by the almost inconceivable susceptibility which the investigations of Darwin have shown to be possessed by the common sundew. This elegant little plant is dependent upon animal food. Its root contributes but little to its support; but the leaf is a beautiful organ for entrapping and digesting food. The insects on which it preys are not secured as in the *Dionæa* by a sudden mechanical action, but by means of a viscid fluid, to which, on the slightest contact, it adheres. The leaf itself is nearly round, and is armed with tentacles crowned with glands, on the top of which the clear, colorless, viscid fluid rests. There may be as many as two hundred tentacles upon a leaf, and each of these is intensely sensitive, and has a power of reflex motion. As soon as an insect alights upon the glands, the irritation is conveyed from tentacle to tentacle, until they have all curved over and directed their glands with their viscid secretion upon the prey, and digestion ensues.

If an insect alight upon only a few of the glands of the exterior tentacles, the results are the same; they become inflected or bent, and carry it with a rolling motion to the centre of the leaf. And this action will be excited by the presence of the minutest insect; nay, by the presence of particles both the size and weight of which are too minute for appreciation. A piece of soft thread, the one-fiftieth of an inch in length, weighing the eight thousand one hundred and ninety-seventh

of a grain, and a particle of human hair, the eight-thousandth of an inch in length, weighing less than the seventy-eight thousandth of a grain, have been proved sufficient to excite a tentacle to action, and cause it to bend or arch over one hundred and eighty degrees. Yet it must be remembered that the minute pressure thus so remarkably perceived does not directly affect the gland; but it has to come through the cushion of viscid fluid which crowns it, and on which the particles rest. In fact, therefore, the pressure exerted by the smallest of these bodies does not exceed the millionth of a grain!

But, if so large a particle as the one-fiftieth of an inch of human hair be placed upon the human tongue or in the eye, it is actually unperceived. In sensitiveness, then, the vegetable actually surpasses the most complex and refined animal! But this is by no means the limit of susceptibility in the sundew. Drops of water containing the minutest quantities of organic compounds or ammoniacal salts placed on the leaves, or the leaves immersed in them, produce still more wonderful results. The most remarkable may suffice for illustration. A quantity of phosphate of ammonia in solution not more than the *thirty millionth of a grain*, suffices not only to incurve the whole of the tentacles, but to cause a bending of the entire leaf itself. This is a fact which repeated experiments by the present writer have fully corroborated.

At present the mechanism by which this wonderful susceptibility and reaction are effected is not known. It is one of the problems which await solution with the highest powers of the microscope, and we have reason to believe that it is already fairly attacked. But, in the mean time, it is abundantly clear that if there be a distinction between animals and vegetables, it must be sought outside of the phenomena of sensitiveness or irritability.

Even sleep, apparently so peculiarly a feature of animal organization, is almost as characteristic of the vegetable. The phenomena are caused by the organs which produce spontaneous movement, and the nocturnal position or position in sleep is generally the opposite of that taken in waking. This is specially clear in the *Leguminosæ*. The great water-lily of the Amazons, when it slumbers, closes its gorgeous corolla, and sinks into the water. Almost every flower of the field has its hour for slumber; and in virgin forests, or vast savannahs, the difference

of aspect between the sleeping and the wakeful state is not only unmistakable but impressive.

A remarkably characteristic feature of the vegetable kingdom is the power which the organisms constituting it possess of being propagated by artificial division. A "slip" cut from a healthy plant it is well known will "strike" root in suitable soil, and become a distinct individual. But even this has its counterpart in the animal series. The common *Hydra* of our ponds may be cut into twenty or even forty pieces, and each will become a distinct and perfect individual: if the body be cut into two lengthwise, the parts will become re-soldered, and form a perfect hydra; while, if the dissevered parts be kept asunder, each half will become complete. The same is true of another and better known order of the class. Writing of the *Medusidæ*, or jelly-fishes, Haeckel says, "In several species of the family *Laodiceæ*, I could divide the umbrella into more than a hundred pieces, and from each piece, provided it only contained a portion of the margin of the umbrella, grew in a few days a complete small medusa." The present writer has grafted the body of a *Hydra vulgaris* on to the mouth and tentacles of a *Hydra viridis*, and the blending was perfect, the two creatures becoming one, just as a graft of *gloire de Dijon* will retain its distinctive vitality soldered to a wild-rose stem. Indeed, the records of vivisection, and even surgery, give evidence of "budding" and "grafting" that proves even these to be no distinctive attribute of plants.

Respiration and circulation are both simulated in a striking way by vegetables. The circulation so clearly seen in the web of a frog's foot with a moderate power of the microscope, is a remarkable sight to those who first behold it. But the circulation of protoplasm with its contained chlorophyl granules in the cells of *Vallisneria spiralis* or *Nitella* is as clear, and certainly as striking. On the other hand, there are animals, such as the *Foraminifera*, the *Radiolaria*, or the *Paramæcia*, in which there is either no circulation at all, or the most shadowy semblance of it.

Plants, like animals, may be rendered unconscious by anæsthetics, intoxicated by narcotics, and killed by electricity. Indeed, although a nervous system proper has not been yet found as belonging to any distinctive vegetable, yet there are many unmistakable animals in precisely the same condition. But "the results of recent inquiries into the structure of the

nervous system of animals converge towards the conclusion that the nerve fibres, which we have hitherto regarded as ultimate elements of nervous tissue, are not such, but are simply the visible aggregations of vastly more attenuated filaments, the diameter of which dwindles down to the limits of our present microscopic vision, greatly as these have been extended by modern improvements of the microscope, and that a nerve is, in its existence, nothing but a linear tract of specially modified protoplasm between two points of an organism — one of which is able to affect the other by means of the communication so established. Hence it is conceivable that even the simplest living being may possess a nervous system."* Thus, the sensibility of plants, like that of animals, which to our present instruments of research are "without a nervous system," may, in fact, be the result of delicate tracts of nerve substance distributed over the entire organism. Nor does the physical basis of the vitality of the vegetable differ in the least from that of the animal. The protoplasm of both is the same. It was long firmly held that plants were made up of *ternary compounds*; cellulose, dextrine, starch, and so forth. In animals these were said to be subordinate, the body being mainly composed of albumen, fibrin, gelatine, etc. But it is now well known that starch and sugar are always present in the higher animals, whether normal or morbid; while chlorophyl — so distinctively vegetable — has been found in the bodies of the *Stentor* and the green hydra, — which are without question animal — and cellulose, the product of vegetables, has been found in the testa of ascidians.

It is clear, then, that no discoverable distinction, which will include the whole of the animal and the whole of the vegetable series, has yet been found; and only one other test remains. It is the nature of the materials assimilated by both classes of organisms. Are they distinct? Must they be of one kind for the animal, and of another kind for the vegetable?

It is here that Professor Huxley finds the "borderland." As a broad generalization it is undoubtedly true that animals depend directly upon plants for the materials of their bodies; that is, either they are herbivorous, or they eat other animals which are herbivorous. On the other hand, plants can work up mineral matters into complex organic compounds. But

* "The Border Territory between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February, 1876, p. 376.

broad as the basis of this distinction is, it does not cover all the facts. All the higher animals assimilate salt — a mineral — while plants, such as the mistletoe, can only exist on the organic juices provided by the trees on which they are parasitic. But besides this it has now been demonstrated beyond dispute, that vegetable organisms entrap and assimilate animal food; that it is indeed essential to their existence. For fifty years neglected observations have been on record concerning the carnivorous habits of a genus of plants known as *Sarracenia*. There are only eight species, and they are all natives of the eastern states of North America. Like most of the carnivorous plants they affect bogs, and even land covered with shallow water. Their leaves are modified into inverted trumpets or ewers. The flower is solitary. In some of these plants the ewer-shaped leaves are furnished with a protecting lid or cover; in other species, although the lid is there, its position is such that it cannot protect the contents of the leaf. Speaking generally, there is placed at the bottom of these hollow leaves a mucilaginous and somewhat astringent fluid. This has been satisfactorily ascertained by Dr. Mellichamp, from observations upon native specimens in their natural state; though it is rarely true of cultivated specimens in this country. But these tubes are veritable traps for insects. The flying prey are attracted to the leaf, in several instances, by the fact that the cover of the ewer-shaped leaf is colored like the flower. Now the flower contains nectar, which the insect seeks. This is peculiarly the case in an allied form known as *Darlingtonia Californica*. In this plant the cover of the leaf serves as such, and is developed into a long and brilliantly colored flap, marked just like the flower. Further than this, the only openings into the hollow leaf are shaped like the openings into the nectar-bearing parts of the flower. Thus, doubtless, many an unwary fly takes the leaf for the flower; and so far as the object of its search is concerned it suffers no disappointment, for the whole of the cover of the leaf and the rim for some distance down into the tube is richly smeared with honey, secreted by glands specially designed to this end. Once in this rich feasting-ground, the animal is lured farther down. But having reached a certain point the tube becomes delicately enamelled, consisting of glassy cells. No insect can retain a foothold here, so that it inevitably glides down. But the tube narrows rapidly now

— wings are useless from want of space — and the body of the insect becomes pressed all round by the narrow neck of the trumpet, which is thickly set with stiff needle-like hairs, all pointing downwards, so that every struggle to be free simply drives the animal down, until, in the cases where it is provided, reaching the fluid which is said to be anæsthetic in its effects, it speedily succumbs. The enormous number of insects thus entrapped is almost incredible. We have carefully watched one of them named *S. flava*, and are convinced that it is a most successful lure. An old leaf cut open will always show the shells and remains of insects, as well as their eggs and chrysalides, pressed closely together for several inches up the tube. We cut recently twenty old leaves from a *S. flava* that had been in the same place for seven years, and had thus become thoroughly “at home,” and certainly the number of flies in a recognizable condition, in all the leaves, could not have been less than four thousand; while for some distance at the base of the tubes was a black unrecognizable *débris*. As a rule, in their native state, these plants, in consequence of the animal matter in decay which they thus contain, emit a strongly noxious odor; and there can be no question that the leaves, thus heavily laden with rich manure, fall to the ground and provide the plant with the sustenance which, from the nature of the soil, it would not otherwise obtain. In order to attract wingless insects into these tubes they are furnished almost to the root with a honeyed tract, up which animals such as the ant are lured until they too reach the fatal snare and perish in its depths.

This, it will be seen, is not an instance of the actual *digestion* and assimilation of animal food, although it closely approximates to it. Cases, however, are now well known and carefully attested, in which not only the organ for securing the prey is complete, but the function of digestion is added, so that the plant, like the animal, is supported by animal food. The *Nepenthes*, or true “pitcher-plants,” are an instance in point. These are climbing shrubs growing freely in the regions of the tropics. They produce the pitchers, or vase-like appendages, at the ends of their leaves; and these are provided with tendril-like stalks, by means of which the plant can climb. Some of the pitchers are very large and strong, and might even entrap small birds. The rim of the pitcher is richly smeared with honey, and is often attractive in color. The honey-

glands are continued a small distance into the vase, and then the surface becomes exquisitely glazed, so that the insect, attracted in by the nectar, glides down its sides until it reaches an acid fluid contained in the bottom of the vase, into which it falls and is killed.

The glands for secreting this fluid are enormous in number: in one species not less than a million are found in every "pitcher," and, in fact, they are nothing less than stomachs. As is well known, the digestion of albuminous compounds by animals is effected by a ferment called pepsin, which is the active agent, together with weak hydrochloric and lactic acids. And both are essential to the act of digestion. The fluid in these pitchers is a weak acid; and as soon as an organic body is put into the pitcher *pepsin* is poured out in addition, and digestion proper takes place. If an *inorganic* substance be dropped in, *no effect is produced* — the pepsin is not poured out; but if a fragment of beef or mutton, or an insect, be placed in the fluid, precisely the same changes take place as occur when the same substances are put into the stomach of a dog or a man. Nor can digestion be effected by the fluid alone when withdrawn from the pitcher, because then we have the acid only, and the pepsin, which the pitcher would be stimulated to pour out, is wanting.

Darwin has shown the same to be the case with Venus' fly-trap. When the leaf has closed upon its prey, pepsin and acid are poured out in such quantity as actually to fall off the leaf in drops. In this way the toughest insects are digested, and the digested matter is thus transformed into the protoplasm of the plant.

But the same careful observer has shown that even a more striking instance is presented to us in the common sun-dew. It is not only furnished with a beautiful apparatus for entrapping its prey, and a perfect digestive apparatus for the digestion and assimilation of the same to its own support; but it possesses to some extent at least a discriminative power, and can distinguish between what is nutritive and what is not. A piece of beef or mutton, or an insect, placed upon the tentacles leads to their speedy action, and the tentacles do not relax until digestion is complete. But if a piece of cinder, or cork, or glass, or other non-nutritious substance be put upon the leaf, it is probable that no action at all will take place in the tentacles; or if they should move towards and close upon it, they are speedily withdrawn.

Mrs. Treat, of America, who has experimented upon them, affirms that not only the tentacles but the leaf will move a minute distance upwards *after* a fly, which is fixed in a position very near to it, but not in contact with it.

In this case, too, the components of the digestive fluid have been most carefully analyzed, and are found to consist of pepsin and acid; and Mr. Darwin has proved it capable of digesting not only raw and roast meats, but cartilage, bone, and even enamel. But digestion may be completely stopped if the acid in the fluid be neutralized by an alkali, or the alkali be rendered neutral by an acid. Thus the analogy is complete.

Hence it will be seen that although it is generally true that plants are characterized by their power of working up mere mineral matters into complex organic compounds, it is yet not true without exceptions, and some of these are significant in a very high degree. But on the other hand, it is simply impossible in the present state of science to prove that in the comparatively unknown "borderland" there are not animals which, with equal facility, manufacture *only* inorganic elements into the life-stuff of which they consist.

During the past four years some carefully digested observations of an exhaustive character have been made upon the extremely minute living forms that people almost the outmost fringe of the area over which our optical aids, as at present provided, extend. The importance of exact knowledge of the whole life-cycle of even a few of these excessively minute organisms is extremely great. Dr. Carpenter tells us that "such a study has recently been very carefully prosecuted, with really important results, by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale, who have worked not only with the highest powers, but with appliances specially devised to keep the same drop of water under continuous view."* And Professor Huxley has carefully, and with his usual penetration, applied the information thus afforded to a most critical analysis of the points, if any, in which in this region of minuteness — the last refuge — the animal may differ from the vegetable. His attention was specially drawn to it by the fact that Professor Tyndall some months before asked him to examine a drop of hay infusion placed under an excellent and powerful microscope, and to tell him what some organisms visible in it were. Besides bacteria — the special or-

* The Microscope, p. 494.

ganism present in putrefactive processes — there were other organisms attaining “the comparatively gigantic dimensions of one three-thousandth of an inch.” Each of these had a pear-shaped body with the small end slightly incurved, and produced into a long filament of extreme tenuity; and behind this another filament, equally fine, trailed. By lashing the front flagellum, motion was effected, and sometimes it was anchored by the hinder one. These tiny creatures carefully avoided collision when in full career towards each other, and often collected in crowds and jostled one another “with as much semblance of individual effort as a spectator on the Grand Mulets might observe with a telescope among the specks representing men in the valley of Chamounix.” Professor Huxley continues: “The spectacle, though always surprising, was not new to me. So my reply to the question put to me was that these organisms were what biologists call *monads*, and though they might be animals, it was also possible that they might, like the bacteria, be plants.” To any but the close and critical student of such vital forms, this reply would appear almost absurd; we believe it would have done so to many a well-read biologist a very short time since. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that Professor Tyndall “received this verdict with an expression which showed a sad want of respect for authority.” For “he would as soon believe that a sheep was a plant.” This led Dr. Huxley carefully to reconsider the subject; and he is obliged to adhere to his former view that it is impossible to determine whether the monad is an animal or a plant.

Professor Huxley was not, however, able to afford the weeks or months required to work out the life-history of this form; but he regrets this the less as the “remarkable observations, recently published by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale on certain monads, relate in part to a form so similar . . . that the history of the one may be used to illustrate that of the other.” That history is briefly this: — At first the normal, almost oval form divides into two, even to the exquisitely delicate cilium. This was accomplished in six or seven minutes. “At this rate a single form would give rise to a thousand like itself in the course of an hour, to about a million in two hours, and to a number greater than the generally assumed number of human beings now living in the world in three hours. . . . The apparent suddenness of the appearance of multi-

tudes of such organisms as these in any nutritive fluid to which one obtains access is thus easily explained.” This method of multiplication by division has, however, been long known as characteristic of such organisms, although the details of the method were never before explained. But a still more remarkable fact is the discovery by these observers, in this and the five other monad forms they so persistently worked out, of a true sexual method of increase. Two of the monads meet, come into contact, and coalesce; the whole of each flowing into the other. The result of the fusion is a triangular body, at first retaining the activity of the component bodies, but at length falling into a state of rest. Eventually the apices of the triangle open, and give exit to a dense yellowish glairy fluid, filled with inconceivably minute granules. These were watched, and seen to develop into the parent form, commence self-division, and once more indeed repeat the cycle.

Professor Huxley says that the form shown him by Dr. Tyndall “very closely resembled” this one, but he is not certain that it is the same. First, because the nucleus or “central particle” described by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale could not clearly be made out; and second, because nothing is said by these observers of the existence of “a contractile vacuole” in this particular monad, “though they describe it in another.”

We are, however, inclined to think that the form seen by Professors Huxley and Tyndall is identical with that described by those observers. The presence or absence of the “central particle,” we gather, can only be determined by very continuous observation at times, and may, perhaps, be dismissed. But on referring to the paper in the “Proceedings of the Royal Microscopical Society,” we find that they do describe “a contractile vacuole” in this organism, but not by that designation. It is thus pointed out: “A large disc is constantly present in this stage, and exhibits an opening and shutting motion like that of the eyelid, opening at either hand from a median line, and *snapping* with great force.”* This is evidently the description of a contractile vesicle or vacuole having, as in the *Amœba*, some remote relation to circulation or its equivalent; but not being described as usual, might readily escape notice.

This being so, it would appear that Professor Huxley’s monad is identical with

* *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, vol. x., p. 248.

the one he aptly uses to illustrate its nature.

Now the question is, Does this group of minute organisms, of which we now have some accurate information, throw any light upon the question of what an animal is, as contradistinguished from a vegetable?

When Professor Huxley wrote his paper in *Macmillan's Magazine*, he had only seen *four* out of the seven papers which we now find Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale have contributed on this subject. Hence he says: "I am not aware that the investigators from whom I have borrowed this history have endeavored to ascertain whether their monads take solid nutriment or not; so that, though they help us very much to fill up the blanks in the history of my heteromita,* their observations throw no light on the problem we are trying to solve, Is it an animal or is it a plant?" But in the last paper contributed by these gentlemen, we find an extremely instructive passage:—

We do not profess [they write] to decide what is the true nature of the monads we have studied—that is, to decide whether they be animal or vegetable. We nevertheless strongly believe in their animal nature. But if this be so, they afford another illustration of the inefficiency of the distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, which assumes that animals can only assimilate organic compounds, while vegetables can elaborate their protoplasm from those that are inorganic. We made a series of experiments on the transplantation of known forms to Cohn's "nutritive fluid," which contains no *albuminous matter*, but *only* mineral salts and tartrate of ammonia. The result was that we found that not only the bacteria but the flagellate monads lived, thrived, and multiplied in it, although supplied with no other pabulum. If it be affirmed that this is a proof of their vegetable nature, we can only say that the same must be said of the *Kerona* of Ehrenberg and Dujardin, which flourish side by side with the monads, with this nutritive fluid as the sole source of pabulum. And both alike lived and multiplied in the dark.†

Now Professor Huxley shows clearly, that, as to their mode of development, these minute creatures are simulated by definite plants; and there is no reason why they may not be such, save the very cogent one that there is also no reason why they should not be animals. But by the above quotation another fact is pre-

sented. A definite animal, the *Kerona*, lives in a purely inorganic fluid *with* the monads, and, therefore, whether the monads be animal or not, it is now clear that animals *can* assimilate purely inorganic nutriment. Thus the last distinction of a scientific nature is gone; and we are obliged to look upon the entire region of biology—the whole realm of vital existences—as without absolute distinction. The continuity is complete; and organically considered, the difference between animal and plant is "one of degree rather than of kind."

This is a generalization to which all the investigations of recent years have pointed. The chemistry of the ultimate substance in which life inheres in both plant and animal is alike; this gives them the same physical basis. It might, therefore, be anticipated that similarity of function would display itself in an almost infinite diversity of manifestation.

But in "Evolution and the Origin of Life" Dr. Bastian would lead us to conclude that because an organic continuity can be scientifically shown to exist, that continuity must be continued from the organic to the inorganic, and that *he has found the link*. He affirms that the minute organisms present in decaying matters originate *de novo*; and that even inorganic, that is mineral, matter suitably combined will give rise to them. Now it is unfortunate that Dr. Bastian is obliged to make the testing ground of his hypothesis a region of organic forms so minute that our most powerful lenses cannot fully reach them, and concerning the life-history of which nothing of real value for generalization is known; while, on the other hand, the hypothesis itself is directly adverse to *all* the facts furnished by experimental biology. We apprehend that there is no man of science and no lover of truth living, who would either reject or wish to refute the spontaneous origin of living things from things non-living, if the facts of nature warranted. But it is too large a question to be lightly treated, and involves too much to allow of unjustified generalization. Nothing can be clearer than the fact that Herbert Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley, for example, would, as believers in the doctrine of evolution, gain much by the *proof* that there was a demonstrable continuity—a visible point of junction—between the now sharply separated organic and inorganic realms. But it is a clear proof of their proverbial honesty that they will not admit the hypothesis upon doubtful data. Dr. Bastian crosses from the

* This is the name Professor Huxley uses in preference to *monad*.

† *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, vol. xiii., p. 190.

organic to the inorganic world, not by the aid of facts, but upon the most transparently fallacious assumptions. There are scores of prominent biologists willing enough to cross from the inorganic to the organic—from the non-living to the living—under the leadership of facts; but it is a fatal feature that, with all Dr. Bastian's almost passionate enforcement of his so-called facts, there is not an English biologist of note who accepts his doctrine.

In the last published volume (the third) of the "Encyclopædia Britannica,"* there is a fine article by Huxley and Thystleton Dyer on "Biology." It is there distinctly stated that "the biological sciences are sharply marked off from the abiological, or those which treat of the phenomena manifested by not-living matter, in so far as the properties of living matter *distinguish it absolutely* from all other kinds of things, and as the present state of knowledge furnishes us *with no link between the living and the not-living.*"† This, of itself, is enough; it is not a statement of opinion, but of fact. But we have statements of this fact in detail in all the recent writings of competent biologists. And this has greatly exercised Dr. Bastian. He pleads with them as if it were a matter to be determined by their own will. He asks why they should dare to take up a position so adverse to his "facts."‡ As if the consensus of the finest intellects in Europe specially devoted to the phenomena of life, and knowing all that Dr. Bastian *can* know, were not an answer that makes the very question absurd!

Dr. Bastian evidently prefers what to his mind would be the coherence of the doctrine of evolution to a patient discovery of nature's own methods. To make evolution a satisfactory means by which the inorganic and the organic realms are alike developed, there must be *to his mind* a visible pathway. So he chooses the bacteria-organisms, as we have said, quite unknown, and almost inaccessible to us; and from some undigested and conflicting "facts" obtained by dubious methods, he tells us that the chasm *is* crossed. The bacteria originate spontaneously, originate without parents, in dead matter—and, therefore, evolution is established! In other words, as a recent writer has indicated,§ evolution requires spontaneous generation, and therefore spontaneous generation must be true!

The evidence on which Dr. Bastian relies for his hypothesis is in itself utterly incompetent, even if it were trustworthy. In conspicuous living forms it is not difficult to discover what the mode of origin really is. But in more obscure and less accessible organisms imagination has free scope. There was a time when water-birds were believed to originate in trees! But without any knowledge of such minute and puzzling organisms—as bacteria, manifestly peopling in some form air and water, and deposited on every solid, it might be supposed that a scientific biologist would interpret their mode of origin by the mode of origin of all other living things, down to the limit of man's present knowledge, and not attempt to infer from questionable experiments that "spontaneity" of origin which research has gradually exploded and narrowed down amongst organized beings until it can now be assumed concerning no other form *than* the bacteria. Yet Dr. Bastian relies for the truth of his hypothesis simply on thermal experiments on these minute creatures, of whose development we are ignorant. Certain flasks containing them are boiled and sealed while boiling: no air—nothing, indeed, containing Bacteria or their germs—can now come into contact with the fluid. The organisms are said to be killed at a much lower temperature than the boiling-point, so that now if they reappear in the flask they must have originated in dead matter. Now the fact is, that the most careful and precise experiments agree in proving that these specks of organized matter do not survive the boiling-point if the infusion be filtered, carefully boiled, and the vessel carefully closed. But a few very exceptional instances are on record, in which, although the boiling has been continued for some minutes, yet, on the opening of the flasks after the lapse of a suitable time, bacteria have appeared. And it is *only* on the evidence of these "facts" that Dr. Bastian requires that the biological world receive the doctrine of "spontaneous generation"!

Two assumptions lurk in every instance presented to the world by this writer. The first is that a given heat destroys every form or condition of bacterial life: this he has never either proved or taken means to prove. The second is, that in the given instance he had raised every part of a given infusion to this required temperature: a matter needing the utmost caution in a fluid charged with solid matter.

* Ninth edition.

† P. 679.

‡ Evolution, pp. 13-16.

§ Popular Science Review, May, 1876, p. 115.

A striking instance of the looseness of the method has recently been presented to us.* Dr. Bastian put an infusion of cress with some of the leaves and stalks of the plants into a flask, and while it was boiling hermetically sealed it, and then raised it to a temperature of 270° to 275° Fahr. It was not opened for nine weeks; but when it was opened the experimenter found "more than a dozen very active monads." He took these and heated them, and found that he could kill them absolutely at a temperature of 140° Fahr. So he triumphantly concludes that they must have originated in dead matter.† Indeed he declares any other conclusion to be in effect absurd, and advises his opponents that their only refuge is to "doubt the facts."

Now, we have seen above, that the monads have recently been most fully and carefully examined, and typical life-histories completely made out. In all the forms studied, after a most rapid and curious series of metamorphoses, evidently all conserving the great end of rapid multiplication, they all, without a single exception, were found to produce myriads of spore or eggs. These were submitted to thermal tests to discover the amount of heat they could bear, and yet develop into perfect monads. It was well established that the creatures themselves were killed at 140° Fahr. or thereabout. But now it was demonstrated that two out of six of the monads produced spore, which developed *under observation*, after exposure to 300° Fahr., and that the average heat-resistance possessed by the spore was nearly double that of the adult.

Now, Dr. Bastian drew, measured, and described his monad — the triumphant product of spontaneous generation — and it has since been absolutely identified as one of the forms whose life-history is now so completely known. It is no other than one of the two forms whose spore were proved to be able to resist 300° Fahr. But since Dr. Bastian only raised his infusion up to 275° Fahr., 25° less than this, it is obvious that his conclusion as to its "spontaneous" origin — so triumphantly and even defiantly flourished before his scientific opponents — is a delusion and a snare. The monads were not parentless waifs, but the natural products of the heat-resisting spore.

But having established the existence of genetic products — eggs — in the monads,

the series next in order to the bacteria themselves, and having shown what fallacies may arise from want of knowledge of this fact, we are the more fully prepared to perceive the weakness of Dr. Bastian's method and his inferences. But this is what *he* wholly fails to do; and the same kind of reasoning as was employed to transform a naturally begotten monad into a "spontaneous" product, is now employed — though certainly, whether Dr. Bastian knows it or not, with diminished effect — upon the bacteria.

The most speedy way in which to render futile any further efforts to establish the hypothesis of the transition of not-living into living matter by way of the bacteria would be to demonstrate the germs through which they ultimately multiply. We say ultimately, because they increase at an enormous rate by self-division. But the discovery by the microscope of even the germs of the *monads* evidently taxed the utmost powers of the finest modern microscopes, worked in the most delicate way. It is manifest, therefore, that, since these are comparatively giants to the bacteria, the germs of the latter must be ultra-microscopic. Hence, although they have been indicated distinctly by all the best and most careful experimenters, yet they have never been seen. But their existence was made almost absolutely certain when it was shown that the organisms nearest them in form, size, and deportment produced and emitted germs, out of which the perfect form developed.

The matter must have rested here, so far as our present optical appliances were concerned, but for the fact that Dr. Tyndall devised another method of solving the important problem. It is well known that the passage of a powerful beam of light through a dark room is made strikingly manifest by the presence of dancing motes. The beam is more or less manifest in proportion to their size and multitude. But if the air of any chamber be allowed sufficient time, these motes will deposit themselves upon the lowest surfaces of the chamber, leaving the air clear; so that the intensest beam of light is absolutely *invisible* in its passage across a chamber in such a condition, while the most inconceivably minute particles are capable if they still remain in the air of being made manifest by light condensed and sent in a beam across it.* Dr. Tyndall immediately saw that this might be applied to the discovery of the presence

* *Popular Science Review*, April, 1876.

† *Evolution*, pp. 175-180.

* *Nature*, January 27, 1876, p. 252.

or absence of bacterial germs. To put it into practice air-tight chambers were prepared, in which filtered infusions of every kind might be boiled, when, by the passage of a beam from the electric light, it was shown that the air in the chamber was moteless. The result was that such infusions, however long exposed, produced no bacteria. What bacteria and germs they had contained had been destroyed by the boiling temperature; and the surrounding air being deprived of germs or particles of matter carrying them, the infusions were sterile to the end, proving clearly that it was by the presence of germs the putrefactive organism originated; for no sooner were these same infusions exposed to the open air—to the extent of six hundred cases—than they were “infallibly smitten,” while in the air freed of its motes there was absolute immunity—the infusions were free to the last.

Clearly then the motes are a determining cause of the presence of bacteria, and it is amongst the least and most densely packed of these particles—immensely beyond the reach of any lens—that Dr. Tyndall discovers the essential precursors of these organisms. Now, the question is, What are they? To suppose they are inorganic is in itself absurd; but it is rendered more so by the fact that calcined air, however much charged with motes, is as powerless as optically pure air to determine the presence of the putrefactive organisms. And, therefore, if what is *known* of the monads as to their ultimate origin in germs be taken beside what is here given, the fact that the germs of bacteria have been reached, approaches much nearer to certainty than many things which even science unhesitatingly accepts.

But even this certainty has been strengthened by an investigation into the deportment of the germs of the monads treated in precisely the same way. This investigation has been conducted by Mr. Dallinger.* The decaying animal matter in which the monads thrive after being in a putrescent state for a year or more may be dried, and becomes then, it appears, a porous flaky mass, friable in many parts, and specifically very light. Now the presence of two well-known monads was demonstrated in a putrescent mass of this kind, and it was seen by careful observation that they were actively depositing germs or spore. The mass was then dried, and heated up to a temperature of ten de-

grees higher than that required to kill the adult forms, but much lower than was needed to destroy the germs. The fine light powder resulting from the breaking up of the baked mass was then distributed through a chamber, such as Dr. Tyndall used, and an *inorganic fluid*—the “Cohn’s nutritive fluid” referred to on p. 77—which had been shown to be capable of sustaining the monads was inserted, when the beam of light showed that the air in the chamber was full of motes. The whole was then left for five days. After that time had elapsed, the fluids were taken out and examined. The two monads were found to be copiously present in all the cups of fluid. But the air in the chamber was now *moteless*; it had deposited all its particles—this the “beam” demonstrated—so more fluid, perfectly clean, was inserted. At the expiration of five days this was examined, and not a trace of monads was to be found. More dust from the baked mass was now diffused through the chamber, and these sterile cups of fluid again inserted. At the expiration of five days more each of the cups swarmed with monads.

Nothing can be more decisive than this. The germ—known to be such—acted in the production of monads precisely as the motes—*believed* to be germs—acted in the production of bacteria. The inference is irresistible. The lowest organisms known to science are the product of anterior life, and the line of continuity connecting the living and the non-living—spite of Dr. Bastian’s hypothesis—has, on the evidence of the most accomplished biologists in the world, yet to be discovered.

This is an important fact. In living matter as such, whether animal or vegetable, there is no sharp line of demarcation. But when we reach the outmost border of the “living,” we find no demonstrable connection with the inorganic. That there are lines of continuity from the non-living to the living is in one sense certain, for both states inhere in matter. The living state of matter differs from the dead state in only one essential—the *property* of vitality, a property which by its very nature cannot be destroyed. This property is not found in the proximate principles or constituents of an organized body when dead. So that the property of matter called life results from no known or even conceivable combination of these, but is an entirely new, peculiar, and unknown combination isometric with the sum of them. When this combination breaks up

* *Popular Science Review*, April, 1876. *Monthly Microscopic Journal*, vol. xii., p. 262.

into what are known as the organic elements, that is the act of death. However this property was acquired, it is only matter possessing it that can endow other matter with the same property. Hence, philosophically, we might have anticipated what experiment demonstrates — the non-living and the vital present us with no visible link. The one cannot become the other by any combination or adjustment of atoms, except under the control of matter endowed with the vital property, any more than lead could become gold by any process of the alchemist.

That matter at some remote period in the past history of this globe was endowed with this property is certain. But palpably it was endowed with it once and for all. By whatever process the great Creator wrought out the universe, there was a period when dead matter had to receive a new property — *sui generis* — and, once given, it could no more repeat itself without the same original power acting — whether a “first” or a “second” cause — than inorganic elements can now become organic without the intervention of a living thing. This is true whatever theory of the universe be maintained. It is as true of evolution as it is of the doctrine of distinct and separate creations. There can be no question about this fact. So that when the eager advocate of spontaneous generation urges upon evolutionists that they are bound to believe it if they would be consistent, Professor Huxley properly answers, “If it were so, it would be so much the worse for the doctrine of evolution.”* But the truth is that no conceivable mode of origin of the present universe — whether it be projected upon the assumption of either a direct or indirect action of the first great cause — requires to postulate spontaneous generation if it be in any sense logical. There was a period when all conditions and forces, however directed, converged to the endowment of matter with a new — the highest — property, life: and life was the *product* — the “work” done by the forces expended. It was not an indefinite power given to non-living matter to become *vital* when it chose. The conception is absurd. It is no more to be looked for, than that a crystal of quartz should have the power to become a diamond, or a molecule of water to become a molecule of sulphuric acid.

It is clear then that the hypothesis of Dr. Bastian is without foundation, alike in

philosophy and in fact. Nature is not capricious; and by whatever means evolution may, under Dr. Bastian’s consciousness of necessity, be spurred across the chasm which divides the not-living from the living, he must henceforth abandon the “spontaneous” origin of bacteria.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF “LADY BELL,” ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

RICA’S PRIVATE MISSION.

WHEN Pleasance was back at Stone Cross for the weeks that were left her there, she consented to go through the form of paying a visit to her aunt, amidst the dignities of Gable House.

Such a visit was no pleasure, but a penalty to Pleasance; but she could not in her conscience withhold it, when she took into account that Mrs. Wyndham was her father’s sister, and actually, save Pleasance’s husband, her nearest surviving relation. Pleasance could not comply even in the most restricted manner with the requirements of society where other recent visitors were concerned and leave out Mrs. Wyndham, without inflicting on her a marked slight. It might even involve a false suspicion on the part of the world of the close, and the neighborhood, that Pleasance accused her aunt of having been in some measure privy to the will which had so long lain in abeyance.

All Pleasance’s rampant justice rose up in arms against subjecting Mrs. Wyndham or any member of her family to so unfounded a suspicion. Pleasance would call every day of her life at the Gable House and have the Wyndhams calling every day back again at Willow House, invading her privacy and disturbing her peace, sooner than do them or any other human being such a wrong in cold blood. Pleasance would rather sit half an hour with her aunt and endure the associations which she recalled. The younger woman would look at the elder’s slow, pompous movements, and at the traces of the beauty which had remained so long unfaded and unforgotten. Pleasance would listen to Mrs. Wyndham’s confidently imperious apologies and excuses in reference to the past, and her labored attempts at promoting greater friendliness for her family’s ends in the future. The listener would

* Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. iii., p. 689, ninth edition.

endure the speaker's lengthened emphatic dissertations on her children's merits, and her half-indignant remonstrances against, and lamentations over Pleasance's perversity in not grasping at their overtures. She ought to make it her very first arrangement to go to Rome for the coming winter, to live with Nelly in her palace and see the first society in Rome. Pleasance should seek to pick up such a tolerable foreign style, that, on her return to England Mrs. Wyndham and Rica might have no difficulty in taking her up and going out with her. Of course, Pleasance was too young, and above all too peculiarly situated to dispense with influential countenance.

Rica never stayed much beside the mother, who idolized her, so that in consenting to sit with Mrs. Wyndham, Pleasance was at least safe from Rica's more direct assaults, whether of mere flippant levity or reckless importunity. For Pleasance had learned to take the true measure of Rica's hilarity and frankness. But the best-established inferences sometimes fail, so Pleasance was forced to admit, when after doing her utmost to bear and forbear with her aunt at Gable House, she returned home to find Rica established in the drawing-room at Willow House. There she was turning it upside down for her own convenience and amusement, flinging any market flowers with a suspicion of herbs in them out of the window, tossing about Pleasance's books, meddling with and scaring her birds, and inserting the most villainously destructive stitches into a little bit of old and fine embroidery which Pleasance was trying to repair.

"Here you are, cousin Pleasance, and here I am sick to death of waiting for you," the culprit hailed the mistress of the house. "What can you find to say to the poor poky old *mater* with whom you were not such great friends, to begin with? But you had better take a chair," she invited Pleasance to a seat in her own house, "before I open my budget, which happens to be a long and special one. I wonder if I feel like the chancellor of the exchequer when he prepares to lay his before the House? I dare say I am a great deal more in earnest, since, except in the light of his office, he cannot care a straw for what no more concerns him than it concerns the other millions in the kingdom."

"I hope people are sometimes in earnest about what concerns their neighbors. I need not say, I hope, I don't doubt that

there are such feelings as philanthropy—even true patriotism," said Pleasance with something between a twinkle and a sparkle in her eye.

"Well, there are such hobbies," said Rica, "and people mount them and ride them to death, pretending all the time that they are disinterested; but what is a hobby, unless a man's way of entertaining himself, and proving his superiority to his fellows? I should like nothing better than to come out as a public benefactress, but then I should always be candid, and own that I did it for a whim and to amuse myself. The new Lady Bountiful, with her woman's rights, her advanced education, and her extended charities, has a good deal of go in her, and is great fun. She is not half such a 'do' to herself, at least, as her predecessor was."

"Do you mean," asked Pleasance, "that you cannot conceive of any real wrongs which any class or section of women may suffer, with redressors of such wrongs, working in the dark and making mistakes and messes, doubtless, but perhaps working towards the light all the same. Do you intend me to believe that you cannot imagine an actual amount of shallow, narrow ignorance which well-instructed people have a genuine desire to lessen? Have you no faith in much patent sore suffering which the friendly souls in the world would seek on the highest authority to relieve? Is it to you an idle play of shams and by-words, assumptions and fashions, of which you can freely make game? Do you see nothing above and beyond the folly of it?"

"Not I," said Rica with unabashed coolness. "But, although I don't believe in saints and martyrs since the time of the apostles, I suppose—and if I had lived in the days of these old gentlemen I dare say I should have had a crow to pluck with them too—still, I have no particular quarrel with the one-ideal souls who think they are serving God and man, when they are only airing their own sneaking good-nature and fondness for popularity, or their spite against some neighbor who goes and does the reverse. I think they are worthy enough—a little blind, that is all."

"They are much obliged to you, Miss Wyndham," said Pleasance; for she had never been able to give Rica the right hand of intimacy, in responding to her freedom of address, by calling her cousin by her Christian name.

"What would you have?" said Rica, a little impatiently; "I am a humorist. As

for you, if you cannot see a joke, you should make a pretence you do. Your solemn people, who take everything *au grand sérieux*, are too terrible, even when they are not atrocious hypocrites. I do not think I could stand them."

"I used to fancy I could see a joke," said Pleasance, "but to turn everything into a joke is being too much of a light princess to suit my conscience. It seems to me that it is left for the most modern humorists—or those who profess to be so—to put irreverent, unfeeling hands on human nature, as a whole, and treat it as beneath respect, if not beneath contempt."

"Well, so it is," said Rica with a yawn, "there is no great thing in it—I am sure you have lived long enough to find the truth of my words—except that it is mostly good for a laugh. But spare me sermonizing; it ain't quite fair to impose it just yet. By-and-by I shall take my doses, but I need not anticipate the horrible process, need I? I assure you that while I thrust my tongue in my cheek and laugh in my sleeve—you will not be so tyrannical as to refuse me so much liberty—I shall turn out a good, fat, jolly associate sister of a morning, if you make reforming the world your cue, when we keep house together."

"Keep house together!" exclaimed Pleasance astounded.

"Yes, my dear child, that is just what we are going to do," said Rica with frank decision, "and if I were not stupidly honest, I might come over you by hinting that you would do me no end of good. To win such a light-minded, worldly sinner to the side of earnestness, self-denial, and good works would be a grand tribute to your power. But you see I am honest, and I don't hint at having lost my senses, and fallen over head and ears in love with you and your Christian socialism, or whatever it is, though you are very handsome, and have grown rich—at our expense, alas! The utmost that I propose is to make a highly judicious *mariage de convenance* between us two. Seriously, cousin Pleasance, I do not wonder that you have repulsed mamma's heavy artillery of proposals. It is trial enough for me to be tied to her apron-string, and dragged about in her cumbrous, slumbrous way. Then the idea of you going to Nelly, which was so plausible at the first glance, and to which I lent my support, had its disadvantages. You might be gone ever so long, and Nelly and her count might appropriate you altogether, since you have no near tie, or none the holder of which

cares to claim it. That is my side of the objection. For yours, the count is exquisitely noble and high-bred, like his palace; but he is as empty of all, save ancestral distinction, as the wide staircase and vast rooms of his dwelling. I have already told you that he is as proud as Lucifer, and as vain as a peacock; he is not easy to get on with. Poor Nelly has her own trials. She is apt to be dismal and occupied with calculations concerning the death of the old count, and she cannot understand why the last should not be as interesting and enlivening to her audience as to herself. Honestly, I think it would be pleasanter for you to stay at home, or merely to travel here and there with me for your duenna, governess, whip—what shall I call it?"

"But I have no idea that I want a duenna or a governess, not to say a whip, whose duties to me I cannot fathom."

"Oh, I should keep in order, fight, and bring recalcitrant members of society to vote that you would not only pass muster, but that you were quite 'good style,'" explained Rica, "as the Parliamentary whips serve their leaders."

"And where would your mother be?"

"Oh, mamma would learn to do without me, as she has to do without Tom and Nelly, as she must do if I can manage to marry to suit me—I make no secret that it is a question of management and suitability. Home is the best place for dowagers, and if mamma is not a dowager, it is all Tom's fault. He ought to have provided me, long ere this, with a presentable, tolerably energetic sister-in-law to take me about. Nelly is *hors de combat*, and I protest mamma makes a spectacle of herself, dragging on some unhappy man's arm, at breakfasts and garden parties, and nodding on her seat during the last waltz after supper," cried Rica in pettish disgust. "As for yachting, she and I together would sink any yacht of light burden; and as for fishing in Norway, or scrambling and roughing it among the Dolomite or any other mountains, or doing anything that one really cares to do, or that is worth doing, it is as entirely beyond her capacity as a flight to the moon. I am always preaching that to sit still is the strength of age, but she will not appropriate the text. Now, you may come in quite handy—you are a matron in name at least, which is all that is necessary. If we can persuade her that it will be for Tom and Nelly's good as well as for mine, I have no doubt that mamma may be induced to depute the care of me

to you, and you to me. I should write to her of course, and Jobbins, my new maid, writes a legible hand, and could keep her still more *au fait*, with regard to our movements."

"And where should we move to?" inquired Pleasance curiously.

"Oh, wherever there is anything good going on. You are a free woman without any encumbrance, as people take care to advertise, but you do not half prize your freedom. To town in the season, of course, for I have had just enough of country society this summer, at Stone Cross, to whet my taste for blood again. Where shall we go — do you ask? wherever there are worlds and men to conquer, to be sure; and it will go hard with us, if with your beauty, money, novelty, and strange eventful history — I am too modest to say anything of my poor little attractions, centring in my tongue — we do not revenge ourselves on Archie Douglas, and take the world by storm."

"But Archie Douglas is my husband; and I do not care in the least for taking the world by storm. Besides, Rica Wyndham, if I were so happy as to have a mother, or even a loving old friend left to me, I should not think there was any pleasure in the world worth being with her."

"Do you mean to say that you reject my suggestion as you did mamma's?" questioned Rica, speaking slowly and seriously, for her.

"Yes, I do, absolutely," answered Pleasance. "I should have said that I was obliged to you for coveting my company, or caring to serve me, only that I might appear to be mocking you, for you have been telling me in every word it was your own greater freedom and fancied better entertainment you coveted, and that it was to serve yourself you spoke."

"Quite so, you are perfectly right, Mrs. Douglas," said Rica, getting up with a laugh which sounded harsh.

Rica's face had till now been looking its best, in its dimpling, rippling laughter, with only the slightest tinge of excitement coloring its ivory hue; but as she rose to go, a purple flush of passion spoilt the delicacy of coloring, and the curves of the mouth were drawn into a sneer which looked bitter and fierce upon a face that was young, and a woman's.

"What," she said, "you can decline every favor we demean ourselves to ask of you, after we forgave your supplanting us in Heron Hill and its wealth, by a base piece of intrigue on the part of your low-

minded and cowardly father! But I do not wonder at it, for you, too, have had something to forgive — something that no woman ever can forgive."

"I do not understand you," said Pleasance, standing up stiff and cold, taken aback by the sudden burst of rage and its reviling.

"I mean," said Rica, "that you drew Archie Douglas into a low marriage, which was no sooner committed than it became detestable to him, and which he did his best to ignore and escape from. I mean that he sought his solace in me, that he would fain have taken refuge in a pursuit — idle it must have been since, like your father, he could only have been half a villain — of me and my society; but you, perhaps, because you condemn fine ladies on principle, were not burdened with a lady's scruples of pride or delicacy — you followed and exposed him."

"It is not true," said Pleasance in vehement indignation, but calming down even while she spoke. "You know that you are not speaking the whole, or even the least part of the truth, that you are twisting and distorting facts to suit your own bad purpose."

"I believe, however, that mine is the general version of the story," said Rica, recovering her self-control in part, and smothering the rage she felt in addition to every other ground of offence, at having been betrayed into a rage — for was not her *rôle* that of a laughing philosopher, and did it not detract from her mercurial philosophy to show feeling of any kind? "My theory was held at the time by the persons who should have known best — Mrs. Douglas amongst the rest. If you take my advice, cousin Pleasance, you will have nothing to say to your gentle, enthusiastic mother-in-law when she comes to the neighborhood of Stone Cross next week, that she may be no longer able to avoid making your acquaintance, and when she is so charmed with you at first sight, as to fall into your arms. She has been very fond of you, all along, has she not? stood by you and taken your part? She has not come to you late in the day, when by the shameful misappropriation of grandpapa's property, you are a rich woman? You snubbed poor little Jane Douglas, you know, when she took it into her foolish head to patronize you. But really Jane could do it much more gracefully, for you were only Archie's poor, low-born wife in those days. Archie Douglas has not been particularly strong-minded, honest, and faithful in the course of the his-

tory, in spite of his juvenile heroics. It is so easy to be heroic before the time. However, he has left it to a refined, sensitive model woman, like his mother, to be shamelessly mercenary. Or is it that his objections are insuperable? You should know, since it seems I have given a garbled version of your relations. Do you know you have given me the lie direct; but of course you were in jest — you said you could jest, not a very polite jest, but you despise politeness. It may pass between cousins — only I had better take my leave for the present."

Pleasance was left alone to realize what an insulted woman feels, and to ask herself was this really the world's version of Archie Douglas's conduct and hers? Did the light-minded and ill-natured — and how many people were light-minded and ill-natured in her world! — judge him especially according to this definition?

Pleasance was certain that it was false. She had told herself down at Shardleigh the other day, listening unperceived to his light-heartedness, that Archie Douglas had forgotten her. She had accused him of being cruel and heartless in the completeness of his forgetfulness; but now she indignantly repelled Rica Wyndham's insolent assertion, and told herself that she knew better.

He might have learned to laugh since then, so that she, listening to the light laughter, had said that his love was dead, and he had never loved her. But she had slandered him, and that true love which could never die, and that had once ruled his heart. It must awake, stir, and fill him with vain longing, whenever his better nature spoke to him out of the silence.

Could the world not see the difference between the truth and Rica Wyndham's malicious statement? Could it be that the difference might cease to exist, and that in the course of years, in the void in his heart, and the sense of failure in the life, to which he was sentenced in the middle of his outward prosperity, Archie Douglas would harden, sour, and sink into seeking ever lower and lower compensations, until she who had thought to save him, still more than herself, from the consequences of his folly, would have too surely wrought his destruction?

In addition, was Mrs. Douglas really coming soon to Stone Cross, confirming the report of one of Pleasance's visitors, to mock Pleasance with advances, to bring upon her all the evils of an unsuitable connection, from which she had fled with

everything that was hateful rendered positively loathsome by mean hypocrisy being joined to resentful scorn? Ah, how Pleasance wished she could get away from the strife, take to herself the wings of a bird, and flee into the wilderness and be at rest!

CHAPTER LVII.

SPEEDING THE WILLING TRAVELLER.

PLEASANCE was more fortunate than most people, when they desire to go aside for a season, and leave behind them the conflict of their lives. An opportunity presented itself to her at that time to quit Stone Cross and forget her troubles, as she hoped, in the renewal of old ties.

A letter came from Lizzie Blennerhasset, in which the writing, in place of being blurred with the dismay of a false alarm, like Mr. Woodcock's, was all tremulous performing fantastic flourishes with justifiable exultation.

Lizzie had received another letter from Dick Blennerhasset, detailing his rapid rise in the world beyond the Atlantic, and, as if that were not sufficient to swell Lizzie's tender, unselfish heart with gratitude, the letter said a great deal more. Long Dick promised stoutly that he was taking care not to risk the success of which he was so proud, and had entirely left off sprees, when he had no village cronies. He did not seem, thank God, so much as to feel he wanted sprees any more; he was so thundering busy with his forge, his lot of land and his shanty; only he drove his Whitechapel cart every Sunday a dozen miles to the nearest church, not merely to see his neighbors, but to say his prayers, as he had done at home.

But his log house, which he was taking so much trouble with, and his garden which he was clearing and sowing with English seeds, were a thought lonesome. He had taken it into his head that if his cousin Lizzie would come out to him and be his wife, she might cheer him a bit, and give him all that he missed. He did not fear that he could give her a return for what he got, and the two be as happy as the day was long. All that was past was like a dream to him — he did not mean that it could be dreamed over again — but he had begun to think that Pleasance might have been right, since she had not only come of gentlefolks herself, but had found a gentleman for her husband in Joel Wray. As to Joel's thinking light of her, and being parted from her by his friends, Dick could not take that in; he knew a

thing worth two of that. Joel was not made of such miserable stuff; he had been as sweet as man could be on Pleasance. And where could he find among all his grand belongings of fine kin, a lass like Pleasance Hatton?

However, Long Dick was not writing about Pleasance, who had dropped out of his horizon, and in dropping had carried away all the burning pain, and left but the pensive memory of his first love. He had thought that the wild fresh air of these far western woods might do wonders for his cousin Lizzie's health. Somehow he had always seemed to have a special interest, equivalent to a right of ownership in her, since he had saved her life when she was a child. And in the gradual fading and dying out of his passion for Pleasance, he could recall, in his lonely well-doing, nothing so sweet and satisfying as the devoted presence of his little cousin.

To say that Lizzie was acquiescent, to say even that she was happy, was to say literally nothing in the presence of what she felt. Even under all the labor and restraint which a written letter cost to Lizzie, the pride and joy of her heart danced and sung so as to ring through the heart of the reader.

"To think that I d' be to be married at all! I as everybody thought were a owd maid, branded and told off as any shorn sheep, and before Nancy and Kitty, as are well favored, and hale in wind and limb, and as never looked to dance at my bridal, or at my way-goin', which is all the same. Well, it d' sound stammin', kinder hard on en, and I wonder, I do, they bean't more spitefuller than they be at times; but married right off to sich a man! I am to be lady of three cows, not to speak on Dick's pair of hosses; and there d' be a servant man; and us is to drive in the Whitechapel cart—dev you remember driving me, Pleasance?—like gentlefolks or farmers to church on Sundays: but that's nowt to the man. Why, Pleasance, it's not for me to sing his praises not no longer; but you d' know there bean't Long Dick's marrow not in Saxford, nor Applethorpe, nor Cheam, nor in the world! I 'a done nor'n to deserve such a fine lot.

"I'm like to go crazed along on pride, I am; but the thought do keep me down a bit, that he as were evened to you, is only to get a poor silly lameter like me, whose wery passage he 'a offered to pay. But I 'ould not rob him in money, me as is to get all and bring so little to him. I up and tow'd far'er I could make out part on the passage with my savings in the dress-

making, and if he 'ould not give me the rest, to get me off his hands, and well cared for in time to come, I 'ould bide till I could work for the money. At the same time it were not very likely Long Dick, when he came to take second thoughts, 'ould bide by so fine an offer, and so a grand chance for far'er's own darter—and his poor cripple darter as were not, by no manner on means, every man's bargain—would be lost. Then mor'er, and even Kitty and Nancy, backed me up.

"And so I am to sail in ten days for 'Merika—no less; and if so be you 'ould care to see me once more afore I go, now's the time, for I 'a come to be a lass in request. Folk d' say you mun be growed too grand a lady to care to see me again, or to hear on Dick; but I'll believe none on it of the gal as knew my Long Dick as you knowed he, and as he cared for oon-common, as were nat'ral the days when you were both wanters, and were the likeliest lad and gal far or near.

"And if you d' think on comin', Pleasance, I 'a spoken to Missus Gooch as 'a taken Missus Balls's place up in your owd house at manor; and her is a quiet, purpose 'oman, and says they 'a a room and to spare, and 'ould not objec to a lodger for a week or thatten."

It has been said no woman hears that a man who has once loved her, is consoled for her loss, and has replaced, or is in the act of replacing her by another woman, without a little recoil of mortification and displeasure. But Pleasance only thought, "If Archie Douglas has forgotten me in part Long Dick may well have forgotten me altogether."

"I will come, Lizzie; I shall see one woman under God's sun perfectly happy. I shall get away from Stone Cross, from society with all its claims, from mocking mischief-makers and furious assailants like Rica Wyndham, from the speciously bland apparition of my mother-in-law, to something simpler, ruder, truer. I shall return to the folk of Saxford whom I know, to Lizzie whom I love, and who does not in her day of triumph bear me a particle of malice because I was Long Dick's original choice, but has love to spare for me even from the huge mountain of love that is his due.

"I have the advantage of being free, as Rica Wyndham said. There is some good in being a woman of independent fortune, after all. I shall write to Mr. Woodcock. I am afraid he will disapprove; but I must vex the friendly old gentleman on this occasion. There is no help for it, that

'the nest is flown,' and the bird has gone back, with her clipped wings and encumbered feet, to the spot of earth whence she took flight."

Pleasance was as good as her word, and arrived at the nearest station to Saxford within several days of Lizzie's sailing. Pleasance did not take a cab, like Mr. Selincourt, when he was on his mission of inquiry, and was forced to invade the precincts of the Brown Cow. She did not come down in style and impress her grandeur on the natives, as they had predicted she would do from the moment they had heard of her expected arrival. She walked to the manor-house, as she had walked from it, though she left her luggage, rendered more bulky by special marriage-gifts — a travelling-suit to Lizzie — the last improved set of harness to Long Dick, and by sundry other gifts to old acquaintances and allies. And Pleasance wore her plainest striped calicot morning-gown, the nearest in material to the old gowns which she had worn when she was a dairy-maid, deputy housekeeper, and farm servant under her cousin at the manor.

It was just about the equinox when the bare pastures and the abounding water of the east country were being scoured and tossed out of their last remnant of summer verdure and tranquillity.

The manor-house had undergone changes since Pleasance had quitted it in early spring. Its yellow walls had been subjected to a process which had removed its weather-stains and restored its pristine ochry hue in somewhat glaring contrast to its wavering, bulging out, sunken-down outline. A great part of its old olive thatch, with its luxuriant houseleek, had been removed and replaced by new bristling straw, hard in outline and pale in tone.

At the lattice window, instead of stout, hearty Mrs. Balls, there looked out the quiet "purpose," Mrs. Gooch, a young, thin, hesitating woman, shrinking from the responsibility which she had incurred. She curtsied to Pleasance, and did not usher her into the great kitchen, where Anne and Pleasance had once done their best to fill the two oaken chairs, and round whose walls Pleasance's crows' scratches of drawings had been wont to flutter. It had long been her home, but it had ceased to know her, and she ceased to know it as the house-place of Joe Gooch, his missus and family.

Pleasance was shown — she could no longer take it upon her to walk where she

would — into the best room, made up of cast-off relics of ancient gentility, and of out-of-keeping, coarse bits of modern Cheam upholstery — the room which Pleasance had always avoided as the least habitable and likable room of the manor-house.

Pleasance had a meal there — no longer of souse cheese, apple turnover, cyder and ale, but of a slice of stale, shop-bought cake, with a glass of sour wine. She found it discomposed Mrs. Gooch, when Pleasance crossed the threshold of the room assigned to her. Mrs. Gooch, and even her husband, could by no means comprehend, but were inclined to be suspicious — though they were themselves honest people enough — of Pleasance's eager interest in the farm-stock and of her impulse to go and greet every animal that had been there six months before. "She be in Lawyer Lockwood's interest; she be here to report any shortcomings; you never oughtn't to have had her here; 'ware on her, missus," was Joe Gooch's warning to his missus.

Pleasance had to put up with the altered lines in the house and its inhabitants — with the oblivion into which she had begun to fall where the bucolic, equine, and canine memories of Daisy, Dobbin, Growler, and their compeers were in question.

She was the sooner reconciled to it, that she felt with a mixture of proud regret, of half-sorrowful diversion, and nascent unconfessed hopefulness, that there was a change in herself. The little world of the manor farm could not be to her, any more than she could be to it, what it had been. She had gone beyond it; her bands were enlarged. The place no longer fitted her, nor she the place. It was like her own image in Long Dick's mind — a vision of the past to be fondly remembered, but to be left behind.

She stood in that room to which regard for the Gooches' feelings confined her, and looked out with the greatest interest on all the operations in which she had once taken so prominent a part, but with no great desire to resume them. She felt as if she had engaged in them in another state of existence and another world.

It was the same in her intercourse with the natives of Saxford, always excepting Lizzie Blennerhasset. Upon the whole, Pleasance thought the villagers — the girls — took it less amiss that she should have been carried back to her natural sphere, by Joel Wray's doing her justice in money matters, or by her coming into a fortune — they were not at all particular which —

than they had regarded her presuming to wear spectacles while she stood in the rank of a working-girl. But they were shy of her, while interested in her, as the better specimens of the poor people of Stone Cross had been shy.

True, in this instance the shyness wore off a little, and the girls got the length of asking Pleasance, and of listening with curiosity to her answer, what she did when she was no longer called upon to dirty her fingers. They required a catalogue of her wardrobe, were amazed and a little scandalized to find it no finer than it was, but were greatly pleased when Pleasance showed them a new fashion and offered them a pattern. Still, it was as impossible for Pleasance and them to go back and reoccupy the old footing, as it was impossible to gather up the drops of water which had flown miles in their progress to the sea, and restore them to their place at the source of the brook.

Only Lizzie Blennerhasset, with Anne and Mrs. Balls in their graves, remained the same as ever to Pleasance.

Great joy, like great grief, smooths out artificial distinctions. Lizzie in her exaltation could not realize that Pleasance had been removed from her sphere. And where there was no realization there was no removal.

So far from Lizzie feeling that Pleasance was raised above her, Lizzie, in her glory of rewarded, satisfied love, recognized that Pleasance had suffered a great, irremediable loss, and was far below her old companion whom she had helped and favored.

What was Pleasance, the grand lady living in alienation as Lizzie comprehended by instinct, from Joel Wray — though Pleasance never said a word — to Lizzie, the thrice-happy bride of Long Dick? Lizzie intensely pitied Pleasance, to whom she was stooping; she almost reproached herself, only Pleasance encouraged her, for pouring out, as Lizzie poured, her bliss in Pleasance's ears.

The strain rang always with the same changes. Who would have thought that Lizzie would have been married at all, and to such a man — Lizzie's king of men! Not as she had once been fain to crave when he was worn and worsted, soiled and beggared of all that men and women prize, but while still in the flower of his youth, in his conquest over his lower inclinations, in that worldly victory of which men approve so highly under the name of success. Even Lizzie's cool and but slightly sympathetic neighbors readily

owned that the girl's luck had been prodigious.

Pleasance was wrong in begging Lizzie to say no more of her — Lizzie's — unworthiness, because it moved Pleasance strangely, and brought the tears to her eyes to hear it, since it was a safeguard to keep the fragile human heart from bursting, as it has been known to burst under a mighty flood of happiness. As it was, Lizzie's health had never been so good as on the eve of her voyage and marriage; a little color flickered in her cheek, her blue eyes were bluer and sweeter than ever. Pleasance even fancied that, by dint of sheer happiness, Lizzie limped less, or else the limp was less perceptible.

It was a small matter to quit her parents who were pleased to get rid of her creditably, who had never taken much heed of, not to say pride in her, till now, and whose very pride at present was mingled with doubtful apologies. She did not mind parting from her sisters, with whom she had little in common — even from Clem, who had his music at last to his heart's content, and needed her no longer — or from Pleasance, who had become again outwardly the lady that she had always been inwardly. Nothing was any trial worth speaking of to Lizzie Blennerhasset, when it was counterbalanced by her going a thousand and odd miles to marry her cousin, Long Dick.

Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, beyond the day,
Through all the world she'd follow him.

Although Lizzie had never been on a sheet of water bigger or more exposed than the Saxford Board, while she had seen the sea and heard of its wild work at Cheam, she was not afraid to propose, in the middle of a raging equinox, to cross an ocean, a sickly little steerage passenger, alone, unprotected, save by her very weakness, in an unruly crowd, to reach Dick. The discomforts and hardships of a voyage, however prosperous, even to a homely girl like Lizzie, would pass lightly over her, in her long ecstasy. Doubtless, she would entertain all her fellow-passengers who would listen to her, for the whole length of the voyage, with tales of her matchless felicity and her grand man. And the strangers would listen and marvel, and laugh in her poor little face. They would ask each other if she were crazy, or if some rascal were taking "a rise" out of her, so that she would find him gone out of sight and sound, or married to

another woman when she arrived — till the last moment, when they might chance to see Dick, stalwart and faithful, ready prepared with a tender welcome.

Lizzie would have been willing to pass again through fire as well as through flood, to attain that bourne.

Pleasance became familiar with the end of the story in anticipation, until in a short time it ceased to fill her imagination, which would stray irresistibly to her own affairs and those of Archie Douglas.

It was a bad choice that Pleasance had made of a place to forget herself and him in. She had come back unwittingly to the very locality where their short, close connection had its beginning and ending. Every spot was associated, not only with the tranquil years which had succeeded the one great tempest of Pleasance's youth, but with the halcyon days of Joel Wray's coming a poor stranger and day's man to Manor Farm; of their working together and knowing each other as if by intuition; of his swiftly developed, openly-shown preference and frank, fearless rivalry with Long Dick; of his wooing and winning her, up to the disastrous exposure in the church, and the bitter parting which followed.

Why had the love, so much more spontaneous and equal — after all been so much less fortunate than Lizzie's one-sided worship and her cousin Dick's mild liking? Was the contrast between the two women's experiences a case of Dives and Lazarus? Had Pleasance's and Lizzie's gifts, their good and evil things, been apportioned in the beginning to be reversed in the end?

It was close upon the very season of Pleasance's wedding only a year before, that season whose sober and chastened charms Archie Douglas in the wilful and headstrong passion of his youth, had been able to teach her fully to perceive.

How kind he had been then, not only in his keen sympathy with the shipwrecked sailors at Cheam, or in the first devotion of the love which she had accepted and returned, but in his patience with the obligations which she had asserted, and his indulgence to her partialities and prejudices.

These arrangements had been but a makeshift; he had been consciously deceiving her all the while. Therein had lain the fatal flaw. But he had been so eager to spare, so reluctant to thwart, so fain to gratify her to the last moment, when concealment came to an end, and when she had repaid his wistful breaking

of the blow with unmixed scorn and reprobation.

That girl of whom he had told her, in the play, — that beautiful, ambitious girl whom the gardener lad had wedded under the guise of a prince, though she had met the discovery with furious revilings, had relented, after it was too late, indeed, but still long within the proverbial year and a day. Had she been less upright, or had she been more loving than Pleasance? Was it true, what he had said, that she had not only been unforgiving, but that she had suffered the accidents of fortune, which he had refused to count where she was concerned, to come between and part them? — that she, the poor woman, had shown herself more influenced by the world in the end, than he, the rich man, had proved in the beginning? And by her incapacity for forbearance had she forsaken the man whom she had chosen as he had chosen her, — failed in her obligations and her solemn vow, and left him to struggle and to perish as he might in the weakness of his error?

Was death more sacred than life? Would she have gone to him for a brief reconciliation and a passing satisfaction, and would she continue to stand aside and let two lives be wasted? Within the sight and sound of Lizzie's primitive bliss, primitive passions took larger proportions.

Pleasance turned from the ceaseless wearing reiteration and discipline of these questions to go with Lizzie to Cheam, to see her on board the ship, and be the last of her friends to leave her.

Lizzie's happiness underwent no cloud; the dull October evening was a June morning to her; and the tar-smelling, confusion, and noise on the deck of the emigrant ship was already Dick's white-washed house in the lone green woods. Notwithstanding, she was touched by the assiduity of Pleasance's friendship, and she suggested, —

"Happen you'll come out and pay us a visit, Pleasance — you, who are your own mistress, and 'a more money than you can spend, else I 'ould never 'a let you spend so much on me. Dick and me as are one now, eh, we 'ould be mortal glad to see you out there. Or happen we'll come back and see how all you owd folk d' be farin.'"

To Lizzie, in spite of her modesty, Dick and herself, in their approaching honeymoon, were invested with a kind of perennial youth, in keeping with the new and fresh land in which their lots were cast. The people and the world she was leaving behind her, were alike old and faded — to

be regarded with gentle patronizing toleration and pity, which in a less meek little woman would have been allied to contempt.

"There is something to come before that," said Pleasance. "Dick will have word of the arrival of the vessel, and be in the port waiting for you."

"I hope not," answered Lizzie seriously, "if there be his hay to take in, or his patch on corn to sow, or his cows ailin', or any press on hoss-shoein'. Whatten for should he take the trouble? Arter I 'a gone so far alone, I can go a bit far'er, it stands to reason. And I should not like to begin by burdening he, that 'ould be a bad, oonhandsome, and ooncalled-for beginnin'."

"How should you like to find him then? What circumstances would you choose for those of your meeting?"

"Wool, I 'a no petickler choice; if so be hisself is there, anything will do famously," said Lizzie brightly, as she looked with dazzled eyes over the side of the vessel, out to the heaving, moaning sea, and not back to England. "Tell 'ee what though, Pleasance, I mean to lay up the pretty gownd, cloak, and bonnet you 'a gin me to travel in — anything is good for salt water and ship's company, Dick not bein' there. I'll put 'en on spick and span the day we land, for I 'a a fear sometimes, though you are good enough to say 'appiness d' be main settin', Dick mun 'a forgotten my looks, my limp and that; and I 'ould giv' en all the help I can for the first day. Arter that — wool, I can lay my hair among 's feet to prevent him ever mindin' he were that generous and kind."

"He'll never rue it, Lizzie, nor will you."

"I? I dessay not," exclaimed Lizzie in laughing disdain. "I 'a been born under what folk call a lucky star; and its luckiest shinin' were when our 'owd smithy went on fire, and Dick — he thought on me, wakened me up, and carried me out with the stair cracking aneath his brave feet. I remember, that I do. Tell 'ee what, Pleasance, I should like just to find Dick a-sleepin' soun' hisself, that he should a-waken up and fin' me in his own house-place, with nobody but our two sens to see. I think he 'ouldn't be disappointed then — not as if he 'ad been a-waitin' and a-watchin' with folk a-speakin' and a-twitin' him about his gal."

CHAPTER LVIII.

PLEASANCE DOUGLAS'S OBLIGATIONS.

PLEASANCE struggled a little longer with the gall and fret of the obligations to which she was gradually awakening, and

which the sight of the manor-house and of Lizzie Blennerhasset's willing feet starting on their loving pilgrimage, quickened to tormenting activity. Then Pleasance yielded to the compulsion which was on her, and took another desperate resolution, carrying it out in her uncompromising fashion.

She did not write and ask the advice of her friend Mr. Woodcock; she did not appeal to Mrs. Douglas, who, as she had been told, was now much inclined to play the part of peacemaker; she did not solicit the more unsophisticated kindness of Archie Douglas's sister. These were the old *bêtes noires* of Archie's friends and kindred, whom she would face at the proper time and place, but she would never seek their help. Pleasance would have no go-betweens, no mediators between her and Archie Douglas.

She left the manor-house where she had still lingered, and travelled straight across the autumn country to Shardleigh. She passed through the same woodlands that she had traversed in early September, when she had come from Stone Cross, believing Archie Douglas lying near to death in his house. The sombre monotony of the late summer green, had been broken up by October into a splendid wealth and variety of color. The beeches were red gold, the chestnuts yellow gold, the hedge-maples straw color, the oaks tawny, while the ash had regained, in fading, a vivid apple-green. Where ornamental trees of foreign origin had been recently introduced into some of the gentlemen's parks which she passed, the sumach was a flaming crimson, and the last imported oak a royal scarlet. The bracken seen between the trees was a rusty brown or a pale maize. Pleasance was sure that there must be a new spell of life in the woods after the slumbrous pause of overblown summer; acorns and chestnuts must be dropping on every side, rabbits and hares must be scudding, squirrels leaping, and little robins trilling from bough to bough. It was the Indian summer before the nightly frosts grew sharper and more biting; before mists gathered earlier in the evening, and lingered later in the morning, and the branches stood picked out in their thinning leaves, and waxed barer and barer — till what with the mists and the darkness, wanness, and greyness contrasting with the black-green of such foliage as was left, brown October waned into a chill, shadowy forerunner of the dreariness and deadness of November and December.

It was still far from the desolation of the year, and Pleasance, spurred on to a great effort at self-abnegation, to an entire yielding up of her will, and a full atonement, took some comfort from the beauty which was born of rough wind and weather, of icy frost as well as of genial sunshine. Pleasance did not go to Westbrook this time. There was not a prince every day at Westbrook to divide and distract public attention, and coming deliberately, as it were, of her own free-will, knowing her purpose, Pleasance shrank more than ever from observation, and seemed to apprehend detection in every encounter.

She travelled by a slow train, and came out at the little Woodgreen Station, near the farmhouse, where the gentleman who had suffered from the accident had lain for several weeks.

It was too late to go further that night, and Pleasance, asking where accommodation could be had near at hand, was referred to that very farmhouse, and permitted to lodge in the same rooms where Archie Douglas had watched. She was entertained, as a matter of course, by the farmer's sister, who served her with the great story of the gentleman's accident, danger, sufferings, and recovery, and the attention paid to him by the squire. The chair which Archie Douglas used to occupy during the watches of the night was pointed out to Pleasance. When she was alone she went and sat down in it, and leaned back her head, with her eyes fixed on the bed, saying, "So I might have sat here, and he lain yonder." Then she started up in fright lest her senses had forsaken her.

In the morning Pleasance found on inquiry that there was a little pony-carriage kept for the farmer's old mother, and which she might have for a consideration to the boy who drove it, to take her over to Shardleigh.

No one wondered that after she had been ciceroned to the corner of the field where the gentleman was accidentally shot, she should go on to Shardleigh, the show-place of the neighborhood. With Westbrook and its abundant railway opportunities in the immediate vicinity, there seemed no occasion for her to return to Woodgreen, and its little station, where few trains stopped.

Something in Pleasance's beauty, her independent mode of travelling, and perhaps, — who knows? — an utterly unconscious tragic element in her simple speech and manners at this time, put it into her last hostess's head that the stranger was

"a play-acting lady," wonderfully civil and quiet for her kind, connected with a company of actors in the neighboring town.

Unaware of the inference, which she would not have heeded had she guessed it, Pleasance, in the intensity of her determination, stepped "like a queen" (albeit a stage-queen, to the mind of her hostess) into the little carriage. She was driven along the pleasant shady road to Shardleigh, up to the great old stone gateway, old and stately enough to dispense with armorial bearings.

The lodgekeeper threw open the gates, as it was a public day. When Pleasance dismissed her little curricule and driver with his gratuity, and announced that she meant to walk up the avenue, the woman prepared to chat affably with the newcomer, to tell her the points of interest in the views of the house and conservatories, and to indicate the special groups of trees which she was to look at on the road.

Pleasance interrupted the speaker to ask briefly if the family were at home.

Yes, some of the family were staying at the house, but that made no difference, not the least in the world, on a public day. "I hold the place on trust, don't you know, Jenkins?" the squire had once said to the lodgekeeper's husband, when, as under-gamekeeper, he had objected to visitors straying as far as the head-keeper's cottage, and disturbing the young pheasants, "and I wish I could give the public more enjoyment than they get in Shardleigh." "Them were the squire's very sentiments, and his father's before him," the speaker continued to recount. "Of course visitors don't ought to go and abuse such kindness, picking and stealing flowers, and disturbing any game as is about."

Pleasance only responded to the hint, if it were meant for her benefit, to respect her husband's property by saying, "Is the squire —" The word spoken by her sounded so strangely in her ears that she stopped and began again, "Which of the family is at home?"

"The squire himself," the woman answered promptly, and Pleasance's heart gave a great throb; she could not have told whether of thankfulness or reluctance.

"But he is going to-morrow for a great way, and a long while, tho' more's the pity," the servant volunteered the information.

Pleasance was silent, considering how nearly she had missed her object.

The lodgekeeper liked a gossip. She

had by this time made up her mind that she would pay the handsome, solitary lady who had come so early, the compliment (the squire liked the visitors to be attended to) of strolling with her as far as the road which turned aside to the offices, where the woman had, or imagined she had, business with half-a-dozen satellites. Her little girl "Hemmar" would look to the gate, as well as her mother could, in her absence. The squire objected to fees paid to his servants, but he was not the hard-hearted gentleman to find fault with pence chucked to a child.

If Pleasance pleased, the lodgekeeper would take her the length of the sycamores, which were older than the house, and the stone-pines, which had been planted by the former family.

Pleasance could not choose but please; and as they walked, she kept asking herself where her feet were carrying her, and getting giddier under the knowledge, while her companion furnished an under-current of monologue by way of conversation, out of which Pleasance caught snatches of information that nearly concerned her.

The squire was going away as far as Queensland, if the lady knew where that was. The lodgekeeper was aware that it was a deal further off than France or Italy, where Mrs. Douglas had often gone for her health. But it was nothing that the ladies of the family should not make any stay at Shardleigh—the neighbors and servants were used to that; and as it happened this year, Mrs. and Miss Douglas were gone to pay visits before meeting the squire in London to see him off, after which they were to try wintering at Torquay. But everybody had depended on the squire's remaining at home when he was done with his college and his travelling, and since all connection had been broken off with the great Lancashire mills on his father's death. His mother was not the least disappointed of all at this last flight; she had done what she could to prevent it, and she quite "took on" about it. So fond as the squire had been of the country when he was young, too, and so little as he cared for a fine gentleman's life in London. People had hoped that he would have stayed still, though his misfortune, which was not connected with the place, prevented him settling in life as he might have done.

The speaker caught herself up, and broke off her confidences for a moment. With all her communicativeness, she was too well disposed and honestly attached to her master to desire to impart the slur

of the squire's unhappy marriage to a stranger.

Pleasance need not have kept her eyes riveted on the ground, and felt her cheeks begin to burn, in anticipation of a repetition of the farmers' talk in the railway carriage six weeks before.

She could tell—the lodgekeeper hastened to resume the one-sided, and, on that account, all the more enjoyable, conversation—why the squire had fixed on Queensland for his present destination. He had a friend—one of his many friends, whose father had been made head man of some sort (governor it was called) of that end of the world, and the squire he would go and help him and his son. The squire was mad to help to govern, to see after the emigrants who sailed there, and to find whether it was a good settlement for any poor bodies who could not get on at Shard Common or in Westbrook. It was like the squire, and his going might be of service to many, the woman owned; but it was disheartening to the folk at home, and the servants at the house—she for one, would miss him. He had always been coming and going, with a pleasant word for everybody, and an interest in everything. He overweighted himself with interest. Only this last night there had been word of poachers about; and though the squire might have trusted Warwick, the head-keeper, who had been in the place before his master was born, and her husband, a keeper's son, bred to the work, nothing would serve the squire but he would go with the men to hinder mischief, and speak the rogues fair in the first place, if the gamekeepers fell in with their enemies; but of course the prowling scamps took good care to be out of the way, when they were sought for.

The guide had forgotten to point out to Pleasance the sycamores and the stone-pines, and she was at the road which led to the offices, where she turned off with a parting assurance to Pleasance that she could not lose her way. She had only to hold straight on, when she would have fine views of the house and conservatories. Just as she was close upon them, she would come to the laurel walk, which would lead her to the south garden door, and there one of the under-gardeners would be sure to be in waiting.

Pleasance did not think it necessary to say that the laurel walk and the gardens, even the winter garden, had no place in her plans.

She walked on alone through all the stateliness, beauty, and sweet scents of an

old avenue of fine trees, in one of the two seasons of the year when such an avenue is most attractive. The flowering shrubs of spring had put on their wealth of berries, which the birds had not yet plundered. The gloss and bloom, and subtle or splendid tints of these berries were hardly inferior to the loveliness of the flowers, while the glory of the leaves could be compared to nothing save that sunset glory which is too beautiful to last.

Pleasance walked along as in a dream, with a dim sense of harmony and grace all around her; but she failed altogether to mark the fine porch, after Inigo Jones, which was the pride of Mr. Woodcock's heart.

The hall-door was standing open, and as she put her hand on the bell, the butler, who was crossing the hall, came to her.

"There is no order required for seeing the gardens on Toosdays, madam," he told her courteously, before her lips could frame a question.

He was a stout, elderly man in an undress of grey, instead of the "cloth" of his order, and looked more hearty and less solemn than butlers generally look. He struck Pleasance with a passing, ridiculous sense of acquaintance, from a slight resemblance which he bore to the manor-house bailiff.

As he stood, speculating what she wanted farther, and feeling disinclined, though he was an obliging man, to go out, and that on an October morning, in his slippers, only to take one of the already sufficiently indebted public — even a handsome young lady — round to the gardens, Pleasance managed to say in a low voice, "Can I speak with Mr. Douglas?"

Then he concluded that she had some special favor to ask of the squire, perhaps had brought a letter of introduction, though it was odd that she should deliver it in person, betimes of a morning. Only ladies were learning to do their own errands nowadays, and were less mealy-mouthed than they were formerly.

"Will you walk in?" said the butler, following up this idea, "till I send some one to inquire. We were late up last night; indeed, I do not know if Mr. Douglas went to bed at all, or if he has not lain down now."

He did not explain why the head of the house had been at large during the small hours. Probably, though he was remarkably free from official pride, he had a conventional prejudice that it would be more to Mr. Douglas's credit as a gentleman, and less to his discredit as an eccentric,

rich democrat, to let it be supposed that he had been racketing the night away.

Mr. Debree took Pleasance to the library, and after glancing round, showed her in, and shut the door behind her, while he proceeded to look up a footman to look up his master.

Pleasance stood for a moment staring in her agitation at the bookcases, with their volumes and busts, the long table covered at this moment with maps, the chair standing empty before it.

Something, she could not tell what, made her turn quickly round the next moment, and there on a couch behind the door lay Archie Douglas with his arms above his head, fast asleep, undisturbed either by the opening door, or a presence he little wotted of.

The very circumstances which Lizzie Blennerhasset had idly projected in the height of her happiness, as those in which she should choose to meet Long Dick in the backwoods, were those in which Pleasance found Archie Douglas at Shardleigh, in the midst of their trouble, and while she was altogether uncertain what his awakening might bring forth.

Archie Douglas slept, and Pleasance held her breath, to feed her famished eyes on the traits which had been and were so dear to her. There was no chance of his offending her with his levity and indifference at this moment. He did not look a fellow who could be extravagantly gay, though there came back to his face in sleep, in contrast to the fast-maturing lines which Mr. Woodcock had remarked in Glen Ard, a certain abiding youthfulness which hardly leaves some faces. Still Archie Douglas looked sad, even stern, with the set muscles of the face relaxed and unformed into the pleasant look which they were wont to wear, for the benefit of his fellows, in his waking moments.

In his dress, and in his wearied air, he was infinitely more like the Joel Wray — the footsore tramp that had first presented himself to Pleasance — than the joyous, gorgeous young yeomanry officer just come from entertaining his prince. He had put on an old shooting-jacket to be "neighbor-like" with his gamekeepers, in whose company he had spent the night, when he had gone out to keep the peace, and speak a last protesting word to the inveterate delinquents against his own and his father's liberality. The night's adventure, foiled as it had been in so far as a close encounter with the poachers was concerned, had taken him through hedges and ditches, and along byways muddy

after recent rain, so that though he had changed his boots, his shabby, disordered dress was full of earth-stains. They went at once to Pleasance's heart, reminding her of the traces of a laboring man's toil, for which she had seemed to love Joel Wray more passionately, than for the grace of his address and the softness of his speech, or the cleverness of his resources, and the amount of his book-knowledge.

He slept soundly, and such sleep in its defencelessness and unconsciousness appeals strongly to the bystander, be he friend or foe. "Death's twin brother" sometimes simulates death wonderfully. Pleasance's heart began to flutter with indescribable awe, terror, and anguish, when the lively dark eyes continued closed and immovable. As it seemed to her, she could no longer distinguish the rising and falling breath on the lips, pale with recent fatigue, and grave with an absolute gravity, which had struck Pleasance with the first sensation of timidity that Archie Douglas had inspired in her. But she began to feel that she would not mind, though he should prove hard and unbending in his reception of her submission—as she never could have imagined him; nay, that she would welcome cold rebuke and harsh repulse with delirious gratitude, if he would but stir and give some sign of life.

Only a few weeks ago she had been in a degree prepared for seeing her old lover, her husband, dead or dying. Then she had set out for Shardleigh with small prospect before her eyes of a more merciful conclusion. Now when she had come on a different errand, with other thoughts in her heart, was she to find the threatened dread awfully fulfilled? Was she to be too late after all?

In her paroxysm of fear and despair, Pleasance did not call out, or touch him to put her ghastly doubt to the test; she did not summon help, or drop down senseless herself. She drew nearer and nearer to the recumbent figure, as if drawn by an irresistible fascination. She bent over it for a second, with a face as blanched and lips as breathless as its own.

From Fraser's Magazine.

OUR ARCTIC VOYAGE.

(AN UNSCIENTIFIC ACCOUNT.)

BY THE CHAPLAIN OF THE "DISCOVERY."

IN the spring of last year, a few weeks before the Arctic Expedition was to leave

England, some old shipmates from the Naval College at Greenwich were dining with me, and told me that a question would be asked in the House that evening relative to the appointment of chaplains for the ships. My friend advised me to make application to the Admiralty to go in that capacity, if there appeared to be any chance of success; and I at once resolved to do so, for I had been rusting on half-pay for nearly a year and a half, and despaired of ever getting work again. On consulting the paper next day, I saw a report of a discussion in the House, from which it appeared that want of space was the only hindrance to the appointment of chaplains. So I at once wrote off to say that if they would only allow me to go I should be contented with a sea-chest and a hammock, as room was of so much importance. In a few days I was summoned to the Admiralty, where the first lord most kindly promised to nominate me to the "Discovery," provided I could satisfy the doctors. I accordingly went to Spring Gardens, and reminded the director-general that when invalided from the East, a few months before, he had jokingly told me that as I could not stand the tropics, the North Pole was evidently the place for me to visit next, and I begged him to allow me to act on his advice. I was pronounced to have just the constitution for the Arctic regions, and was dismissed with kind wishes and congratulations. At the Admiralty I was told that my appointment would be sent to me that evening, and that I should at once proceed to Portsmouth to join my ship. So the next morning saw me rapidly whirling past the sunny hills of Surrey on my way to the great naval port. Strolling from the station towards the dockyard, I saw alongside the jetty a little ship, with a band of green paint running round her hull, and the word "Discovery" inscribed in letters of gold on her stern. I stepped on board, but was at once ordered out of the ship by a young officer on deck, who doubtless took me for a British tourist. But I found the captain, and delivered to him my commission; and, kindly welcoming me, he introduced me to such of my future messmates as were present, and showed me the ship and my own cabin (for the hammock and sea-chest arrangement was unnecessary), introducing me to the foreman of the joiners, and giving him instructions to fit it up according to my directions. My new comrades advised me to get my outfit from Mr. Lack, of the Strand, as every one was employing him,

and I should see by his books what others had ordered.

So on my return to town to Mr. Lack's I repaired, and ordered an extensive stock of flannel, chamois-leather, and lambswool clothing, which served me well in the cold Arctic winter.

Preparations on board the ships, though energetically pushed on, were not completed till within a day or two of the expedition's departure. But for weeks before that time numbers of visitors daily presented themselves at the dockyard, anxious to see the ships. The good people crowded the two vessels in the dinner-hour and at other vacant times, regardless of paint, coal-dust, crushed hats, and other inevitable drawbacks, which they always submitted to with cheerfulness and even amusement. One day a special train ran from Victoria Station to Portsmouth for the convenience of London sightseers. The naval cadets from the "Britannia" training-ship were brought to Portsmouth to see the Arctic ships, and so were the boys from the Naval School at Greenwich. Among the visitors were the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh, who paid us a visit about a week before our departure, and brought us valuable presents of books. The ex-empress of the French also visited the ships, and her thoughtful kindness in supplying us with comfortable woollen head-dresses, or Welsh wigs, for the cold weather, was much appreciated. In fact, we received quite a number of presents — piano, billiard-table, books, Christmas gifts, eatables, and articles of clothing. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown us on all hands, by strangers and friends alike.

Dinners were given us by all sorts of societies, naval and military, scientific and civic, and many invitations we were compelled to decline, not having sufficient time at our disposal to enable us to accept them. Amongst others, one may mention a dinner given at the Admiralty by the first lord, at which were present, in addition to the officers of the expedition, several Arctic heroes, such as Admirals Back, McClintock, and Richards, and other distinguished persons. Also a splendid banquet given by the mayor of Portsmouth to the officers of the expedition ought not to be forgotten. A day or two after this the mayor gave a dinner in the same hall to the crews of the Arctic ships. After the dinner the men were joined at the tables by their wives, toasts were proposed and speeches made, and some of the men sang songs. All seemed thoroughly to enjoy

themselves, and to appreciate the mayor's kindness and hospitality; and the entertainment was remembered and talked of long after, when living on pemmican in the frozen north.

But May 29, the day fixed for our departure, at length arrived, and all was ready for sea. It was a magnificent day, and the country looked lovely, causing a half-regret at having to leave it, perhaps for years.

Of course, as the queen's birthday, this is a general holiday at Portsmouth, and the dockyard was closed to every one, except those belonging to the Arctic ships and their friends. In the forenoon the lords of the Admiralty came down from town, and inspected the ships and their companies, examining everything and shaking hands with the officers on parting with kindly good wishes and hopes of a successful cruise. After this two photographs were taken on the upper deck — one of the officers, the other of the men. We then bid farewell to our friends, many of whom had formed a colony at Southsea for the last week or two. But some of them insisted on accompanying us to the dockyard, and once more going on board, so that we were pleasantly employed till the last. The indefatigable carpenter, who had superintended the fitting of our cabins, was still with us, not a little proud of the cheerful appearance that his paint and gilt work had given them, and ready as ever to drive in a nail or re-hang a picture. At the last a telegram arrived from the queen addressed to the commander of the expedition, wishing us success in the kindest terms.

Four in the afternoon was the hour fixed for our departure; and a few minutes before that time visitors had to leave the ships. Seamen embraced their wives and kissed their children; officers waved adieus to their friends; and, punctual to the appointed hour, we left the jetty, and began to pass through the harbor. This was a signal for cheers from the ships in the neighborhood. As we passed them, we were greeted with shouts from the huge Indian troop-ships. Further on we found the "Duke of Wellington" and "Victory" gay with bunting, their yards manned by seamen, who cheered in true naval style. Nor were the future sailors in the "St. Vincent" training-ship at all behind, but raised their voices as only boys can. Our men, their caps decorated with "royal oak," were in the shrouds, and replied to their comrades' greeting with hearty good-will. Now, approaching

Southsea beach, we see the old ramparts and the pier and common, thronged with people, the garrison drawn up amongst them looking like a scarlet thread on a black ground. The cheering was deafening, and was joined in by people on board the numerous boats and yachts with which the water was studded. The "Alert" led, followed by the "Discovery." At Spithead we were joined by the "Valorous," which was to accompany us to Disco with stores. As we approached Warren Lights, we sheeted home topsails to a breeze from the N.E., and lifted the screw. The yacht "Heather Bell," with the mayor of Portsmouth and many of his fellow-townsmen, was still with us; but after a time they left, and night began to close in as we dropped pleasantly down channel with a fair breeze.

Now that we are left alone, though hoarse from shouting, we surround the piano, and employ what remains of our voices in singing choruses and old sea-songs. At length we go to dinner, which is served to-day in our best style, in honor of the occasion, champagne sparkling on the board, and the table covered with roses and spring flowers.

Now that we are fairly off, let us take a view of our own ship—the "Discovery." The upper deck is literally crowded, for there is a deck cargo of coals, and ice-saws, gouges, chisels, planks, boats, and live stock are found everywhere. As she was built for a whaler, the arrangements below are quite different to those of an ordinary man-of-war. Beginning at the stern, one first finds the captain's cabin, with first lieutenant's adjacent. Then comes the engine-room. Passing this by a narrow wing passage, one arrives at the ward-room, a low chamber lighted from above. It measures about twenty two feet in length by eighteen in breadth, reaching from the mainmast for'ard. Great part of this apartment is occupied by the table, which takes up all the centre space. Beneath it is a great box, or jolly-boat, crammed with potted-meat tins, and causing considerable perplexity to those seated at the table as to the bestowal of their nether members. Woe to the luckless wight who thoughtlessly attempts to walk upright in the ward-room, for his head will assuredly make the acquaintance of a beam or stove-pipe, and be none the better for the encounter! Surrounding the ward-room are seven officers' cabins, each measuring but six feet in all three directions. Notwithstanding this small size, it

is made to contain a chest of drawers, bed, wash-stand, table, chair, bookcase, bath, etc., etc., besides clothing sufficient for several years of the thickest and most cumbersome kind. Some of the junior officers' cabins, although two feet narrower, were found to afford sufficient accommodation.

Passing for'ards, we arrive on the lower deck, and the first thing we come to is the galley, where cooking goes on for all hands. Overhead a number of poles, spars, and other things are stowed, and even some cutlasses. The crew are divided into six messes, and on each side of the ship, suspended from above, are three mess-tables. These run athwart ship, and are flanked by lockers, covered with Brussels carpet, in which the men stow their clothes, and on which they sit at their mess-tables. These messes have a cheerful, homelike appearance, as the men have decorated them with pictures and photographs of friends. You will find the hands sitting here in their leisure hours, mending their clothes, or reading, playing games, or accompanying a nigger melody with the banjo in St.-James's-Hall style. The first mess we come to on the port side is occupied by the marines, who are the officers' servants. The seamen, and remainder of the ship's company, have the other five. Going on towards the bows, we reach the sail-room. Beneath the lower deck is the hold, where the ships' stores are placed, and in one part of which hammocks are stowed during the day.

Rising the morning after leaving Portsmouth, and going on deck, one found that we were dropping down channel with a fair wind, and at eight o'clock we passed the Start. Being Sunday, there was church service on the upper deck at ten o'clock. At noon we were off Plymouth, the breakwater being just visible in the distance. We then saw a small steamer coming out towards us, with the admiral's flag at the main. It was the "Princess Alice," bearing Sir Harry Keppel, port admiral of Plymouth, accompanied by a few friends. These visitors came on board each ship, staying an hour with us. Amongst them was a sailor of a former generation, a naval officer who had joined the service in 1804, and been on duty at Nelson's funeral. The enthusiastic nonagenarian declared that, had he been forty years younger, he would certainly have accompanied us if possible, and that his hearty sympathies went with us; on gaining his boat he waved his hat, and gave us three cheers. About seven in the

evening we were off the Lizard, and the "Valorous" left us for Queenstown. She was to fill up with coal there, and to take charge of the letters which she might find awaiting us. After that she would join us in Bantry Bay.

Next morning at seven o'clock we were between the Scilly Islands and the Seven Sisters. The day was bright and fine, the two ships keeping well together, and sailing seven knots an hour with a N.E. breeze. All hands were in capital spirits, and one constantly heard the sound of drum and fife on the lower deck, whilst the officers enlivened their leisure by playing the piano. Next morning Cape Clear was seen on the starboard bow; at noon the Mizen Head was in sight, and at three in the afternoon we anchored at Castle Town, Beer Haven, Bantry Bay. The country here is wild and mountainous; Hungry Hill, the highest point, having an altitude of more than two thousand feet. Of course we soon went ashore, and walked about the single street of the little town, chiefly of poor white houses, with a few small shops. Those of us who were acquainted with the west of Ireland were much struck by the beautiful deep blue eyes of the inhabitants, and also by the Irish language, which appears to be very generally spoken here. The stewards busied themselves in procuring milk and poultry, and different visitors came off to the ships. A solitary coast-guard officer is stationed here, who was pleased to meet with some comrades in this remote part of the world. The "Princess Alexandra," one of the Dublin Trinity House boats, was lying in Beer Haven, and her officers hospitably entertained some friends of theirs whom they found to be in our ship. In the evening some betook themselves to bathing, and a race was rowed between two boats, one from the "Alert," the other from the "Discovery," which terminated in the victory of the latter.

The next day about noon we steamed out by the western passage, having received some letters and telegrams at the last moment. About one o'clock we fell in with the "Valorous," bringing us more letters — the last we were to have. They also lent us a signal-boy, who was to return to them at Disco. The "Princess Alexandra," which had accompanied us out of the harbor, gave three parting cheers to each ship. We then shaped our course N.W. There was little wind, but an easterly swell, which caused the ship to roll considerably towards evening. About 5 P.M. we left some small rocky islands,

belonging to County Cork, which was the last land we should see till we reached Greenland.

Now that we were fairly at sea, sou'westers, sea-boots, and other articles of clothing began to be issued, and the men, with their usual love of new things, to appear in them, presenting a different appearance to ordinary man-of-war's-men. The weather was fair during the first week; but became bad on June 9, from which time we had it rough for nearly three weeks. This caused much delay, as the wind was almost always against us, though it occasionally shifted, and we sometimes went back one day over the course of the previous one. We parted company with the other ships, and did not see them again till we had crossed the Atlantic. We shipped many heavy seas, which often found their way to the ward-room or lower deck, causing much discomfort, but no one seemed to mind it. Sometimes we had to abandon the idea of a regular meal, and eat hashed meat out of soup-plates anywhere that we could place ourselves most steadily, some choosing to stand in their cabins, whilst others sat on the ward-room deck, leaning against the bulkhead. June 13 was the worst day that we had; we were in a cyclone, and the force of wind and wave was tremendous. A whale-boat which hung from the davits parted in two and had to be cut adrift, and two other boats were damaged, but afterwards repaired. We subsequently heard that in the matter of boats the "Alert" suffered as much as we did. Going on deck, I was astonished to see a white ball rolling along it pursued by a wave. This proved to be the officer of the watch, who had borrowed a mackintosh a foot too long for him, and whose dignity had been discomposed by a heavy sea breaking over the bulwarks and striking him full on the back. Hardly had I ceased laughing at the misfortune of my friend, when Nemesis overtook me in the form of a sea, drenching me to the skin, and compelling me to rush below and shift my clothes. But the real grievance is when a sea comes through the skylight and drenches you as you are peaceably sitting at table. One such time I well remember, when I had just been dealt a fine hand at whist, and was on the point of drawing the adversaries' trumps, when several buckets full of salt water suddenly fell into the middle of the table, spoiling my design, and, indeed, reducing the cards to a pulp. But as our cabins had no ports, we avoided the acme of misery, which, I take it, is a

shower-bath in bed. Oh, the horror of waking, with a yell, to find gallons of water streaming over you! I once experienced it three times in a fortnight. Several were more or less ill during the whole of our passage across the Atlantic, for there are some men who never can quite conquer the feeling of sea-sickness. Our unhappy signal-boy, being on his first voyage, was naturally very ill, but he struggled on bravely and stuck to his work, which is, after all, the only way to meet this evil. However, the rough weather was occasionally varied by a calm day, when we were able to steam and make some progress towards Cape Farewell, and on June 27 were seventy miles south of it. During our whole passage across the Atlantic we had only sighted one sail. This was a barque flying British colors, which passed us at some miles' distance on the 22nd. On June 28 we came upon the ground-ice for the first time. This ice comes down the east coast of Greenland and rounds Cape Farewell. It is different to the ice which comes south from Baffin's Bay, which passes more to the west side of Davis Strait. The next two days we were in the pack, and we felt the difference in more ways than one. The sea became quite calm, for the wind dropped. Sometimes we had sleet and drizzle; and in the middle watch the glass marked as low as 36°. This ice is a magnificent sight, and most striking when seen for the first time. Some pieces of it appear like monstrous toadstools, being eaten away from beneath by the water. The delicate blue tints on the lower part of these are most beautiful, resembling those seen on the Rhône or Grindelwald glaciers. Some bergs were imposing from their size, for we already began to observe them as high as our main truck. Yet for every foot out of water there are, I believe, seven beneath the surface, and as they are often very long, their dimensions are huge. We also saw a number of bottle-nose whales, spouting large jets of water into the air. The crow's nest was now hoisted to the top of the main-top-gallant mast, for the use of the look-out. This is indispensable in passing through ice, for one can only see a short way ahead from the deck, and without a look-out aloft it would be impossible to select the right channels or lanes of water, by which ships pass through the floes.

We sighted the coast of Greenland for the first time on July 1, and steamed northwards, having the land at about fourteen miles' distance on the starboard side.

These hills, the "icy mountains" of Heber, are very bleak and bare, and were powdered with snow when we saw them. Occasionally a glacier is seen in a fiord, running down to the sea, and it is these glaciers which shed the large bergs. The land here exceeds twelve hundred feet in height. Later in the day we sighted the "Alert" about eight miles distant. We had not seen her since we parted in the cyclone on June 13. The next day we came up with her, and it appeared that her course had been much the same as ours. Both ships lay to for some hours in the afternoon, and some of our officers and men fished for halibut, of which we caught seven very fine ones. They are caught by letting down a baited hook to the bottom, and when a bite is felt, the fish is drawn up to the surface, and then harpooned. Four days after this we arrived at Godhavn (Port Lieveley), Disco Island, on July 6, at 1 P.M., the "Alert" having preceded us by about two hours. We found the "Valorous" in the harbor, she having arrived on the previous day. This ship was only to accompany us as far as Disco, there to fill us up with coal, and then to return to England. We found the "Alert" alongside the "Valorous," taking in coal. Some scientific gentlemen, who had come in the "Valorous," were in a boat dredging for marine animals.

The island of Disco is about sixty miles long, and of the same breadth. It is separated from the Greenland coast by the Waigattet, a strait of some twelve or fifteen miles broad. Godhavn is situated in the southern extremity of the island, between the 69th and the 70th parallels of latitude. It is a Danish trading settlement, placed in a commodious harbor. To the left, as one enters it, are rocky mountains, covered with snow at the top. When we arrived, quantities of snow still remained in the ravines, through which torrents, formed by the melting of the snows, rushed down to the more level, grassy land between the mountains and the sea. These mountains, which are about two thousand or three thousand feet high, may easily be ascended by the ravines. On the right hand, or opposite side of the harbor, is the settlement. It is built on hilly, rocky ground. It has nearly a hundred inhabitants, and is therefore a place of some importance — in fact the governor of north Greenland has his residence here. His house is a good type of the better class of dwellings in the settlements which we visited. Both walls and roof are of wood, and, for the most part, painted black.

The house is low, consisting only of ground-floor and attics in the roof, which is very high, like those in old German towns. In front of the residence is a flagstaff with the Danish flag; also a battery of three small guns, which are used for firing salutes—we were greeted with nine on our arrival. Within one finds the arrangements of a European house—varnished floors, white porcelain stoves, tables, pictures, and bookshelves. There is a similar house at which two Danish merchants reside, one of whom is governor of Godhavn. The other inhabitants live in smaller black wooden houses, with a room below for the family, and a loft above, reached by a ladder from without, for stores. Entering a cottage, you find yourself in a comfortable apartment, lighted by glass windows, and decorated with pictures of Copenhagen or scenes from the war of '64. Along the whole of one side runs a raised platform, on which the family sleep at night and sit in the daytime. There are also other seats and benches. In the centre of the room stands a stove, making the place unpleasantly warm; added to which discomfort, there is a disagreeable odor of the sealskin clothes, so that one makes only a short visit of it. The people always seem pleased to receive strangers, display their different treasures, and offer for sale model kyaks, slippers, and tobacco-pouches of home manufacture: all made of sealskin. You may even be entertained by a tune played on a concertina, and you often find a clock and several books. The people are of a mixed race, in some the Danish and in others the Esquimaux characteristics preponderating. Thus some of them have blue eyes and fair hair, and others stunted forms not much above five feet high, huge flat brown faces and coarse black hair. Some of those who look least European live in rude, low huts, built of stones and turf. These are entered on hands and knees by a long, low passage, or rather tunnel. Yet even these huts are well lighted by large glass windows; walls, roof, and floor, on the inside, being lined with wood, and the internal arrangements the same as in the other houses. The dress of the people is mostly Esquimaux, but the Danes partially retain the European costume. The habit of both sexes is very similar, but one soon learns to distinguish between them. Both men and women wear sealskin jacket and trousers, the jacket having a hood to be drawn over the head. The women wear high sealskin boots, made of dressed leather,

dyed yellow white, or pink, and above them, round the knees, is often worn a small piece of white linen about five inches broad. The women wear cotton jackets over their sealskin ones—blue, green, or pink in color—and so do the men sometimes. Unlike the men, the women have the hair gathered up in a knot at the back of the head, bound round with a piece of ribbon, and they wear a colored handkerchief round the head. About the houses, or near the beach, one sees the dogs, basking in the sun. Sometimes there is a tremendous noise, when they fight, or all set on one unfortunate animal, and worry him without mercy. They are fine animals, with shaggy thick coats, rather wolfish though in their appearance. They are possessed of great strength, and are most useful in dragging sledges over the snow and ice. One also sees kyaks placed on a rock or on the roof of a shed. These are long, narrow canoes, made of sealskin stretched over slight frames, and very light. They are dyed black when new, but lose this in time and become white. The legs must be introduced through a small hole in the centre, which is so narrow that few people unaccustomed to a kyak can get into one. The Esquimaux manage them with great adroitness; they can turn a somersault in one, their bodies passing beneath the canoe, immersed in the water, and the canoe making a complete revolution on its shorter axis. But if an inexperienced person capsized in one he would, in default of help, be drowned, as he could neither extricate himself from the kyak nor right her again. Two only of our party were able to manage these canoes. One officer attempting it was half drowned by the canoe capsizing.

There is always a store at a settlement to supply the wants of the inhabitants. They buy cotton and linen for clothes, rice and flour for food, and tobacco. Powder and shot are sold to them for hunting at a very cheap rate, and with a small rifle, which they obtain for 30s. from the governor, they make certain of a seal at a short range. This animal is the main support of these people. It provides good wholesome food for themselves and their dogs; the skin being made into clothing, and the oil from blubbers supplying light and warmth. But they shoot many more than would suffice for their own wants, and the surplus skins and oil are exchanged for articles of European manufacture, and form the principal exports of Greenland.

The weather was splendid during our week at Godhavn, and those who were free to do so availed themselves of the opportunity of rambling about the mountains and valleys, and shooting the eider-ducks on the sea. One was well repaid for a hard climb by a splendid view from the snow-covered plateaux at the top of the mountains. On the day after our arrival I set out with three companions to ascend the neighboring heights. I chose one of the ravines, which I found pretty severe climbing, it being filled with snow. A little more than an hour sufficed to reach the summit, where I was knee deep in snow. My friends had hoped to find an easier ascent round a shoulder of the mountain, but they had very hard work, and were compelled to take twice as long. We saw no signs of life up there, except a solitary ptarmigan, still wearing its white winter plumage. Our descent by glissade over the snow in a ravine was most rapid, and at the base of the mountains we found more vegetation than we saw anywhere else in the Arctic regions. By the sides of the rapid streams was an abundance of velvety moss, of the most beautiful green that can be imagined. A number of dwarf willows several inches high were also seen, and a quantity of small, though lovely Arctic flowers, of which the red saxifrage makes the most show. A number of stacks of peat were standing here; the people using it for fuel and for building-purposes. On reaching the sea one of my comrades was venturesome enough to bathe, but he did not remain long in the icy water. This excursion was our first experience of Arctic mountaineering.

Duck-shooting is very good fun. The best way to get at the water-fowl is to take a small boat at night and paddle up to them as they are feeding on the water. It hardly does to shoot them on shore, for though one may get a shot as they fly past, the birds mostly fall into the water.

Outside the harbor a number of icebergs floated about, which looked very beautiful, especially when the sun was at its lowest at night; for of course it never set now: we had been enjoying perpetual daylight for some time. Frequently there was a beautiful mirage, doubling the size of the bergs on the horizon, and showing the mainland very plainly; about midnight, tinged by the glorious orange and crimson hues in the sky, this appearance was magnificent. We were somewhat troubled by gnats, or mosquitos, as they are sometimes called, though they are much smaller and

less formidable than the pests of tropical marshes which go by that name. Still they were able to attack one or two to such purpose that they were unfitted for work, and had to be put on the doctor's list.

There are two graveyards at Godhavn, and the graves are marked by wooden crosses, painted black and white, with names and ages of the deceased. The names appear to be all Danish, with the exception of a few Scotch ones — marking the resting-places of men who have belonged to whalers. But these cemeteries are neither of them situated near the church — a plain, black, wooden structure, with low sash windows and high-pitched roof. Within one finds the arrangements customary in a Lutheran place of worship. Opposite the entrance is a small altar with candlesticks, pewter paten and chalice, and plaster-of-Paris image of Christ after the celebrated statue of Thorwaldsen. Behind this hangs an engraving of the Ascension. There are plain deal benches for the accommodation of more than fifty people. The services are performed by the schoolmaster, a worthy man of mixed race; and such ceremonies as marriages and baptisms are deferred for an occasional visit from the pastor of Upernavik. The use of this humble fane was borrowed by us on the Sunday that we spent at Godhavn, and holy communion was celebrated there by the chaplains of the three ships, the service being attended by a large portion of the officers and men.

The inhabitants of Disco resemble the German peasants in their love of waltzing. There is a shed adjoining the store, which is sometimes used as a ball-room in the evening, and on different nights during our stay officers and men from the Arctic ships led out the fair Esquimaux. We finally adjourned to the green sward outside, as the atmosphere in a small room full of sealskins proved very oppressive.

After a stay of nine days we quitted Godhavn on the evening of July 15. The "Alert" took the governor of north Greenland to Ritenbank, our destination. Before leaving, salutes were fired on shore, and replied to by the "Valorous." There being no wind, the "Alert" steamed and towed the "Discovery," the "Valorous" following. The sea was as smooth as glass, but the weather cold and foggy, so that it was necessary to keep sounding the fog-horn from time to time. On starting we steered to the north-east, and reached Ritenbank at eleven o'clock next morning.

This settlement consists of a few turf hovels, and one or two wooden houses. It is situated on an island between Disco Island and the mainland. Here we took in twenty-five dogs. The "Alert" had obtained the same number at Godhavn. The day being beautifully fine and bright, each ship sent a boat party to a "loomery" in the neighborhood. We sailed and rowed in our boats for several hours before reaching it. There we found numbers of looms and gulls flying over our heads, and thousands of them perched in long rows on the ledges of the fine lofty cliffs. It was a most remarkable sight, and we expected at first to fill our boat with birds. But most of them were out of range, and of those that we did shoot many remained on the ledges of the rocks where they were perched. However, we bagged a fair number; but, hoping to obtain more, landed, and tried to reach them. I left my boots behind, thinking that bare feet would hold the rock better than hobnailed boots, but had them lacerated for my pains by the sharp stones. Attempting to approach the looms by a narrow ledge on the face of the cliff I lost my balance, and picked myself up, cut and bruised, among the rocks below. We then proceeded to the head of the bay, where we found another loomery, and got more birds, also some eggs. At the extreme end of this bay a mountain stream runs down to the sea through beautiful mossy banks. Here we landed, and climbing the hills for some distance, arrived at a position from which we obtained a glorious view. At a great depth immediately beneath us was an extensive sea of ice, hardly distinguishable from water, so smooth was its surface. Large bergs appeared at intervals on this icy lake, and in the centre stood a rocky island. On the farther side of the lake a glacier flowed into it, from which the bergs are shed. This was one of the most striking sights that we saw in the Arctic regions. On our way back we made another halt at the great loomery, and got a few more birds. A great many cartridges were fired with little effect. I had purchased an old-fashioned fowling-piece from the governor at Godhavn, such as is used by the Esquimaux, paying for it the enormous sum of 17., and had now an opportunity of testing its powers. But it was all to no purpose that I perseveringly loaded the piece time after time, laboriously pouring powder and shot from rude horns, after the manner of our grandfathers, and ramming down newspapers as a wad. The only result of firing was a

great noise, which, however, did not at all discompose the dignified gravity of the looms, who continued perched on the ledges of the cliff, solemnly surveying the whole affair. Growing discouraged, I at length handed the gun over to one of the men, but after four repeated essays to knock over a bird, he gave it up as useless. A wag remarked that the looms evidently thought that we had come to bring them the latest news from the outer world, and that he could see them curiously peering down the gun-barrel with one eye, to read the newspaper. We afterwards found that this gun scattered the shot so much as to be of very little use, and it was consequently called the "distributor." I had also bought a small rifle at Godhavn for 30s., of the sort which the Esquimaux use for seal-shooting. Its fire is most accurate at a short range, as I have often proved; but as the only bullet-mould I could obtain made a bullet far too large, this weapon was of little service. It was derisively named the "tickler," and Disco smooth-bore and rifle were both put on the shelf, with sincere pity for the unhappy natives who are compelled to use these primitive weapons.

But to return to the boat excursion. Having collected the looms, and stowed them at the bottom of the boat, we rowed for the ship, and tried to enliven the time with songs, every one taking his turn, and "Three Jolly Post-Boys," "When we were boys together," "Ten thousand miles away," and sea-songs too numerous to mention, were shouted out with great enthusiasm. As I was toiling at a cutter's oar in the bows, a halt was called to drink the last of the grog, and a little was passed to me in the cup of a flask by my messmates in the stern. Being rather fatigued with rowing, and not wishing to keep them waiting, I finished it at a draught, and returned the empty cup. I heard nothing of it at the time; but it afterwards transpired that I had unconsciously swallowed all the remaining liquor, on which my friends had been reckoning for some time, and though I vainly pleaded ignorance, it was many a long day before I heard the last of the Ritenbank grog. But as everything has an end, we at last reached the ship at three o'clock in the morning, and foraging parties immediately commenced to explore the recesses of the steward's office and the meat-safe. Thence we at length procured meat-pies, poultry, mutton, and *pâté de foie gras*, which, together with our allowance of beer and sherry, formed a sumptuous repast, which we im-

mediately attacked in a ravenous manner; for, with the exception of a few sardines and such like trifles, we had taken nothing since the previous morning.

Thus ended a delightful little excursion, in which we were well repaid for our labors by a small addition to our stock of fresh provisions and by most magnificent scenery. About an hour after our return to the ship, the "Valorous" left us and proceeded up the Waigat to coal at a mine there. Two hours after we weighed anchor and followed her, signalling farewell as we passed her in the evening. There is fine scenery in the Waigattet, the mountains being bold and lofty; also many fine bergs were on the sea when we passed through it. Proceeding northwards, we arrived at Proven on the evening of the 19th. This is a settlement of much the same size as Godhavn. It is on a small island a little north of the 72nd parallel. We only stopped here for two days, taking a number of soundings and making a rough survey of the harbor. Before leaving, we took on board Hans Christian, our Esquimaux hunter and dog-driver, a most useful man, who had accompanied Kane, Hayes, and Hall in their expeditions. He brought his kayak and rifle with him, for, like David, he preferred the rude weapon which he had proved to the more finished arms of strangers. And right well did he use his muzzle-loader, and many times we had to thank him for a meal of seal-meat, when otherwise we should have been compelled to content ourselves with navy salt beef. He wore a rather rueful countenance on leaving home for his fourth expedition, introducing himself to us by saying, "My wife she plenty cry all night; she lovvey me too motch." The "Alert" had shipped an Esquimaux at Disco, named Frederik. At Proven we found the governor's wife rather in distress about her baby. The annual brig from Copenhagen had not yet arrived, and there was consequently a dearth of suitable food. We were happy to be able to supply a few tins of Swiss milk for the baby's use, for which the mother was exceedingly grateful. One would think that life in these little isolated places must be misery to a lady accustomed to the amenities of European civilization. The governor received us with hospitality, and gave us some beer of native manufacture — not quite equal to Bass, but still a very tolerable beverage. In a shed I saw a large iron tank filled with seal-oil for exportation; it appeared to be particularly clear and good. A few hours after leaving Proven, we stopped at

a loomery for an hour or two, and managed to bag a couple of hundred birds. Shortly after we anchored at Upernivik, where we left our letters, to be forwarded to Europe by the Danish vessels which annually visit the Greenland coast. This was our last opportunity of communicating with home. Going on shore, we were hospitably received by the governor and pastor. We only stayed here for the day, leaving in the evening, and passing through a quantity of ice amidst rocky islands.

At night we saw the Upernivik glacier, stretching away on the eastern horizon mile after mile. We could hardly believe it to be a glacier at first, so immense did it appear. Yet I suppose it is as nothing compared with the great tracts of ice in the interior of the continent. As seen in the far distance it has the appearance of an undulating extent of arable land. In the morning we stopped for a few hours near the Esquimaux village of Kangitok, where our Hans had once acted for a short time as schoolmaster. Some of the natives came off to the ships in their kyaks, hoping to barter fish or sealskin boots.

The next day we saw a bear on an extensive floe near which we stopped, and several officers went in pursuit. But being alarmed at so many assailants, the bear went off at a quick, shuffling trot, and was soon out of range. This was most unfortunate, as we never saw another. So the bear which had been selected as a crest for our crockery proved to be rather inapposite. Yet traces of these animals were once or twice seen near our winter quarters; but it must be rarely that one ventures so far north, as they would find hardly any seals. We not only lost the bear, but also one of the dogs, which ran away over the floe, and refused to return or to allow himself to be caught.

On the evening of the next day, July 25, we reached Cape York. This is the north-western point of Melville Bay. Here are high bold cliffs, having a little moss on the slopes. A number of huge bergs were seen, they having been shed from a neighboring glacier. One part of the sea was covered with ice, and over this we soon saw several Esquimaux approaching. They picketed their dogs, driving their spears into the ice, and walked to the ships, which were anchored to the floe. They were much finer men than their cousins of the Danish settlements, but are quite uncivilized, for they do not communicate with the settlements, and only have a chance visit from the whalers. We gave them some matches and a few other

trifles, and a little sugar gave them great delight. In the course of the night they returned with a few others to the ships, which had moved some miles. They had four sledges drawn by twenty-four dogs. Their weapon is a spear six feet long tipped with narwhal ivory. Their dress is similar to the Esquimaux that we had already seen, except that the trousers are of bearskin. We gave them some of the skin and blubber of a narwhal, and they ate it most voraciously, cramming as large a portion as possible into their mouths, and cutting it off, close to their noses, with their knives. In fact they are as thorough savages as one could find anywhere. These people were very friendly with Dr. Kane, and Hans at that time chose one of them for his wife. We wished to take a brother of hers with us, but that was impossible, as he was absent on a hunting excursion. The narwhal of which I spoke was a female of about twelve feet in length, with a beautiful straight horn four feet long. It was speared by a harpoon gun from one of the boats. A number of seals were seen, and a great many little awks were shot. However, we did not stay many hours at Cape York, but continued our voyage northwards, with fine, lofty cliffs on the starboard side. In the fiords, descending to the sea, are glaciers, from which huge masses of ice became detached. We now saw bergs much larger than those which we had previously met with, some being about three hundred feet high. On July 26 we passed by the Crimson Cliffs, and Cape Dudley Digges of Baffin, and arrived next morning at the Carey Islands. Here we stopped for a couple of hours, whilst the "Alert" landed a dépôt of provisions, in case of need on our return to the south. Dépôts were to be established at different places on our way. A little after leaving the Carey Islands, we passed between Hakluyt and Northumberland Islands. The day was fine and bright, and the effect of the high cliffs was magnificent. Huge bergs floated on the sea, on which numbers of little awks were seen. Thousands of them also perched on the cliffs at one part of Hakluyt Island.

The next morning we anchored in a bay a little to the north of Port Foulke, the winter quarters of Dr. Hayes' expedition in 1860-61. Several excursions were made, and a few hares were obtained. Little awks were shot on the sea. One party had a very long, but most interesting day, crossing the magnificent Brother John glacier, which flows to the sea from an

enormous Mer de Glace. One of them had the luck to shoot a reindeer, the only one we ever obtained. It was cut up, and the haunches, and most of the meat, carried back to the ship. Deer are said to be most abundant here in the winter, and we saw a number of horns, but only four of the animals themselves. The skull of a musk-ox we also found. We only stayed at Port Foulke one day, continuing our voyage next morning. We were now in the narrowest part of Smith's Sound; there is less than thirty miles between the east and the west land, a little to north of Port Foulke. We crossed over to the west land, somewhat encumbered by large masses of floe, which were drifting about in mid-channel. The next day, July 30, we reached Cape Sabine, the southern point of Hayes' Sound. Here we stayed for some hours to raise a cairn, and place a dépôt. Hayes' Sound is a wide channel leading from Smith's Sound westward. We tried to leave this place, but were soon compelled by the state of the ice to put back again, and remain for four or five days in a small harbor near Cape Sabine, thence named Wait-a-bit Harbor. After this, we cruised about in the south part of Hayes' Sound for about five days more, being still prevented by the ice from going north. The weather was now becoming bleak, snow falling at times. Excursions on shore were made, but only a few hares were obtained. Some ruined Esquimaux huts were discovered, surrounded by musk-ox and reindeer bones; a fox-trap and knife-handle were also found near them. However, we at last found a lead across the sound, and anchored to the floe in Franklin Pierce Bay on August 9. This is near Cape Prescott, the north-east point of Hayes' Sound. We were detained here for another three days. Several walrus were seen, lying in groups on the floe. Two of them were shot by harpoon guns from the boats' bows. Their flesh was very useful as food for the dogs—a year later we would gladly have eaten it ourselves. On our voyage, whether from want of exercise, or from some other cause, a number of the dogs went mad, and a great many died. This was a most unfortunate thing, as they are invaluable for sledging. During these tedious delays we whiled away the time by sledging over the floe, learning to manage the dogs. In the evenings we got up football matches between the two ships' companies, and a game of rounders was sometimes attempted. We then crept a few miles further along the

coast to Dobbin Bay where we had to remain some days. A few ptarmigan and hares were shot here, and a sledge party went one day to Cape Louis Napoleon, some of the men getting thoroughly wet from falling into the sea through cracks in the ice. At Dobbin Bay docks had to be cut in the floe, in which to place the ships. This was to prevent them being nipt between the floe and moving masses of ice. A dock is made by cutting the floe with ice-saws, suspended from wooden tripods which were erected on the ice. The masses of ice thus detached from the floe are then pushed out with long poles, or ice-points as they are called. A sheltered place is thus formed, in which the ship may lie secure.

For some time we continued to move slowly to the north along the west coast of Kennedy Channel, travelling a few miles when the ice opened out from the shore and left a passage, and then anchoring to the floe again. Sometimes a hare would be shot on shore. We were now able to skate in the evenings, on the pools of frozen fresh water which are found on the floe. These pools are formed by the melting of the snow on the surface of the ice in warm weather. From time to time dépôts of provisions were landed.

At last we got into open water, and arrived at Bessel Bay, on the east side of the channel, on August 23. But we only remained one day there, and then crossed over again to the west land, anchoring in a convenient bay somewhat farther to the northward. We reached this early in the morning of August 25, and it was fixed upon as a good place for us to winter in. So in that harbor we remained for nearly a year, and it was thence named "Discovery Bay." It is a large, well-sheltered harbor, separated by a large island, called Expedition Island, from Lady Franklin's Channel, or Bay, as it was afterwards shown to be. The harbor can be entered on either side of the island; we came in by the eastern entrance, where a long breakwater, running from the island, narrows the mouth of the harbor. Mountains of two thousand feet high surround the harbor, but close to the ship's anchorage a gently sloping valley gave access to the land. This place is situated in lat. $81^{\circ} 44m$. N., long. $65^{\circ} 3m$. W., so that the winter quarters of the American ship "Polaris" were nearly opposite on the east side of Hall's Basin. The "Alert" accompanied us in, but left next day, her object being to proceed as far north as possible before winter set in. She took

with her an officer and seven men from our ship, with a sledge and its equipments. They were to return to us as soon as possible, bringing us news of the "Alert's" position, but were unable to reach us before the spring. Cheers were given by the crew of each ship as the "Alert" left us. She was prevented by the ice from going more than a couple of miles for some days, but on the 28th she found a lane of water leading north, and we finally lost sight of her.

As soon as we had settled down in our winter quarters, the captain ordered the crew to fall in on deck, and told them that we had reached our final destination. On this they gave three cheers for winter quarters, and three more for the captain, and were thankful that such a good place had been selected, as it was, without exception, the best harbor that we had met with for hundreds of miles. The winter was fast approaching, snow already lying several inches thick on the land. Without loss of time all hands commenced carrying boats and spare spars on shore. Also timber, sledges, and everything that could be got rid of. A large tent was made of yards and sails, in which part of the provisions, ammunition, and other stores were placed. This work occupied several days.

In the mean time such of the officers as were free to do so were exploring the neighboring country, making long excursions over the mountains, and through the valleys, and often returning with fine hares hanging from their belts. Our Esquimaux hunter was now in his proper element, and of course did better than any one else. He procured a few seals which were given to the dogs. But the game of most importance was the musk-ox. We managed to shoot thirty or forty of these animals during the first fortnight, but after this saw no more of them till the next spring. A herd of oxen was close to the shore as we entered the harbor, and some of the "Alert's" officers landed and shot nine — in fact, nearly all that were there. Very few were ever permitted to escape. If the bull, who is the leader of the herd, be shot, the others seem to be uncertain what to do. They may then be approached and slaughtered at pleasure. When attacked, they defend themselves by keeping close to each other, with their tails together, and heads outwards, which they toss defiantly. But there is little sport in musk-ox hunting — it is mere butchery, and as such we regarded it, for the fresh meat was of course invaluable for winter use. The frozen carcasses, hung in the shrouds,

would keep fresh for an indefinite period, and were well out of reach of the dogs. The "Alert," being further north than we, hardly got any musk-oxen, for they probably travel south before winter sets in. They are not unlike Kylo cattle in appearance, being small, sturdy animals, with enormous heads, and massive horns. Their hair, which is black, slightly tinged with a reddish brown, is very long, and in the winter, beneath this, is a quantity of thick wool. The oxen are very active, ascending the steep rocky hills as easily as goats. The flesh is occasionally nearly as good as English beef, but it often has an unpleasant musky smell and flavor, at times so strong that some people are unable to eat it. We could not account for this muskiness, neither age, sex, nor time of year, appearing to regulate it. In the same herd some of the animals would have perfectly sweet meat, whilst others would be atrociously musky. But if the cooking be thorough, this evil is much modified. We were obliged to make several sledge journeys, with strong parties of men, to bring home the game from places where they had been shot, sometimes miles distant from the ship. When skinned and cleaned, and the head taken off, the carcase would often weigh nearly three hundred pounds. This preparing the slaughtered beasts for carrying off was most repulsive work, to say nothing of the cold. There can be few things more unpleasant than standing for hours in several inches of snow, with a biting cold wind blowing, skinning a frozen carcase, redolent of musk. This task completed, we would stand round the small stove, and eat hot steaks which the cook had been frying for us. Then nothing would remain to be done but to load the sledges, and proceed homewards. We had several such laborious, but most satisfactory days, and only wished that we had occasion for yet more of them. But the winter was rapidly approaching; and the musk-oxen were leaving us. Once some which had been skinned, and left on the hillside where they had been shot, were found by the party going to fetch them to be so strongly frozen to the rocks that six or eight men hardly sufficed to tear them off by means of a rope — in fact, part of a rock came off adhering to the ribs of one of the carcasses. Most of the sheep had been killed on the voyage, but the few which remained on reaching winter quarters were landed, whereupon a great uproar was heard, the dogs having attacked them. Some of them being nearly wor-

ried to death, had to be killed out of hand, and were hung up in the rigging with the frozen hares and musk-oxen.

The winter began in earnest soon after our arrival, as 20° was about the average temperature at the commencement of September, and something below zero at the close of the month. Consequently the sea began to freeze rapidly, and the ice would bear by the 10th of September. In the course of the winter it became three feet thick. We tried skating on the newly-formed ice, but found it hard work for the shins, very different to skating on fresh-water ice. After a week or two we made a rink, which we kept in order and used during the whole winter. We formed it by making a hole in the ice, drawing water out in buckets, and pouring it over a large circular path, which we had previously marked out. This path was about eight feet broad, and some hundreds of feet long. The water poured on to the floe formed very good ice. After a gale of wind or snow-fall we had to brush the snow off the rink, and this snow at last formed a regular wall round it. The country now became completely covered with snow; but we had no heavy snow-storms, and it never was thicker than a few inches, except in hollows and drifts. "Toboggoning" now became a favorite amusement. Sitting or lying on a small sledge, one descends the hillsides at a tremendous pace, amidst a cloud of snow, and, on reaching the bottom, the beard and eyebrows are found to be caked with it.

A little preliminary sledging was done in the autumn, in the early part of October, but the important work was reserved for the spring. The survey of the harbor was, however, made on our arrival in winter quarters, flags being taken in boats, and erected at conspicuous points, as marks. As soon as the ice would bear, the surveying officers set out in a dog-sledge, putting up more marks, and taking measurements and angles. One party tried a journey over the hills with a light cart instead of a sledge, but this proved quite impracticable, the wheels sticking in the snow, and the party soon had to return. The cart proved more useful in the summer, when the hills were bare of snow. We now built several houses on the floe, near to the ship. They were made of blocks of ice, cut from bergs which were frozen into the floe. The blocks were properly squared, and the walls formed of them by cementing them together with a sort of mortar made of snow and water mixed.

The roof of the building could be made of sails and spars. The largest of these buildings had a chimney, and was employed as a smithy. It had a beautiful appearance in the winter, when illuminated by the fire from within. A smaller house was the magnetic observatory, and a small roofless building contained the large telescope. Some wooden observatories, brought from England for the purpose, had been already erected on shore, and, as the weather became colder, were banked up with snow for warmth.

At the end of October the ship's sides were also banked up, and the upper deck covered with eight or ten inches of snow. The effect of this snow covering was at once apparent, the temperature inside the ship being considerably raised. Some time previously an awning had been spread over the upper deck and curtains hung from the awning to form sides, so that the upper deck was formed into a large tent. This gave secure protection from wind. Outside the ship staircases were made of large slabs of ice by which to walk out on to the floe.

On October 16 we lost the sun for one hundred and forty-two days, though we had daylight for some time after. The tints in the sky and on the snow-clad hills about this time were most lovely — orange, crimson, and purple. But one cannot say that we were ever without signs of the existence of the sun. Even on the shortest day a very faint glimmer could be seen towards the south at noon. We always had some light from the stars, and for ten days in each month we had the moon. The white snow of course forms an excellent reflector, and economizes the light wonderfully. We were too far north to witness a good aurora borealis, though there was sometimes a faint white appearance in the sky, rapidly changing in form and position. A periselene was occasionally seen, also a parhelion, on the sun's return.

After the ship was housed in for the winter, the daily divisions, or inspection, was held outside on the ice. Muster and prayers in the open air with the glass as low as -50° would be decidedly unpleasant were not the ceremony made very brief.

A space was measured on the floe for exercise; at first, by a flag half a mile off, but afterwards a triangular path of a mile in length was marked out, having the ship at one of the angles. From this road the snow was cleared by means of pickaxes and shovels. The path had occasionally

to be recleared, especially after a gale; and the snow thus shovelled off was useful, as it formed a wall round the walk, which could otherwise not have been seen. Every one used this path daily in the winter, more from duty than pleasure, for walking continually over the same track in cold and darkness proved cheerless work. The men used to cut fresh-water ice from pieces of berg, and bring it to the ship on sledges, to be melted for use.

A man looks a singular object when dressed in Arctic winter costume. Out of doors the outer garments mostly consisted of sealskin articles, supplied by Jeff of Regent Street. Heavy duffel boots were universally worn, and the feet never got cold in them. The duffel reached to the knee, where it was tied to the leg to support it, and beneath the foot was a cork sole, more than an inch in thickness. And great need there was for the warmest clothing, for the cold was very searching at times. Yet we had sudden and great changes of temperature. There was little wind, but when it did come it was mostly from the south, and brought warm weather. Thus on December 4, the temperature was raised to 27° by a wind, whereas the average was perhaps -40° . As an instance of a very sudden change on February 4 the glass stood at -46° at midnight, and in 9 hours' time it was at -1° : a difference of 45° in a morning, the difference in fact between a cold winter and a hot summer day in England. The cold became decidedly disagreeable when below -40° . March 4 was the coldest day we had, the glass marking $-70^{\circ}\cdot5$ at night. This was too much even for the dogs, who live comfortably in the open air almost all the winter. One poor creature was frozen to the floe by his tail, and another had his tongue frozen to the inside of a meat-tin, from which he had been eating. The unhappy brutes showed that the cold ice pained their feet, by continually raising them, like a cat on hot bricks. So they were taken on board, and thawed for a day or two till the worst was over. "Thawed" is the right expression, for their long hair got frozen into icy lumps, which rattled against each other as they moved about, like lustres on a chandelier. But though our Esquimaux built some ice-kennels the dogs were never seen to use them. Hans himself seemed to have no regard for the cold. I saw him working outside the ship on the coldest day, with his hands uncovered, and on expressing my surprise, he only replied, "You Englishman feel plenty cold, me Esquimaux man no feel cold."

Another instance of the hardiness of an Esquimaux constitution. One very cold night in January this worthy was nowhere to be seen, and parties were sent out to find traces of him. After a long search in the dark, his footsteps were made out in the snow, and several men set off to find him. After several hours' heavy walking through deep snow in duffel boots, they found the truant comfortably asleep, burrowed into a snowdrift on the side of a hill. When aroused, he declared that he was "plenty warm." What put this freak into his head we could never discover, but at our next entertainment one of our seamen gave us a song which he had composed, narrating the incident in a comic style.

The frost has one recommendation, viz., that it preserves meat. Musk-oxen when required for use had only to be taken down from the rigging and chopped up like wood. A barrel of pork would have the staves of the cask torn from the meat, and the solid mass, looking like a great lump of ice, would then be sawn up. One does not feel the cold for the first minute or so, but after the body is deprived of its warmth, the change from 60° down below, to -40° in the open air, is very apparent. One can *see* the body, and the clothes too, losing their heat, thick vapor rising from both, on going in the cold air. But we never wished for a warm spell, for we then had a thaw in our cabins. The ice forms over the iron bolt-heads, and on the walls and part of the ceiling nearest to the outer air. Sometimes one's drawers would be glued in, the water having run down at the back on occasion of a thaw and afterwards frozen. There was a constant drip on the lower deck, which was very disagreeable for the men, making bedclothes and everything else wet, and causing colds. Sometimes one could hardly get to sleep at nights on account of water dripping into one's face from the ceiling.

But though cold weather was best for the inside of the ship, it was so keen in the air that the slightest breath of wind, which could not ordinarily be perceived, was distinctly felt. One has then to be on the look-out for frost-bites. These attack some people much more than others; but if one is properly clothed, and keeps moving, none but the exposed part, that is a portion of the face, will suffer. The nose or cheeks are the parts usually affected. The blood leaves the place, and a yellowish white patch is formed like tallow in appearance. The circulation is easily restored, if taken in time, by pla-

cing the hand on the part affected; this is much better than rubbing it, as is sometimes advised. The effect of frost-bite is something like that of a burn, a scar being left for a time, or the part turning black or the skin coming off. But in slight cases this does not happen. On sledge journeys some of the men got severe frost-bites, often in the feet, by getting them wet and not being able to change their stockings and boots. In this way several men in the "Alert" lost toes, or portions of them.

Now that cold and darkness were upon us we settled down quietly to our winter routine. At first the men were not sorry to lose the sun, as an extra glass of grog was to be served out daily till its return; however, they were as thankful as any one else when it appeared again. Every one was obliged to leave the ship daily for air and exercise. If no other employment could be found for the men, they were marched round the mile after divisions. Ice had to be brought for water, and the mile and rink kept clear of snow. Also the fire and tide holes had to be kept clear of ice. The fire-hole was an opening in the ice, near the ship, of about four feet square, its object being to provide water in case of fire breaking out; but this, happily, never occurred. The tide-hole was for measuring the rise and fall of the tide, and was under the stern of the ship. A graduated scale was placed in it, and the height of the tide noted at stated intervals. The temperature of the water was also observed. A quartermaster was always on the upper deck, and he broke the ice which formed on these holes every half-hour. But they gradually closed up from the sides, and had then to be cleared by cutting out the newly-formed block of ice. As it was three feet thick, this was tiresome work, whether pickaxes or ice-saws were used. Sometimes a tin of blasting-powder was placed beneath the ice, and then exploded, a large hole being thus readily formed. The temperature was observed by the officer who undertook that duty, twice in every twenty-four hours, one time being midnight. The thermometers were placed in a stand on shore, whither the observer went in all weathers, and the daily maxima and minima were always stated in the newspaper. So also of barometric observations. But the hardest work was that of the officers who worked in the magnetic and astronomical houses. To be out at all in such extreme cold is unpleasant, but to remain quietly working in it, observing and noting

results, requires a strong sense of duty, or great enthusiasm for science.

It will be seen that most of the officers were fully employed, but that the men had little work. We therefore had to get up different amusements to employ the time and banish idleness. We utilized all anniversaries. The observance of the Fifth of November has much declined since we were boys. But the old times were revived in more than pristine splendor on the ice in Discovery Bay on November 5, 1875. A guy was made and arrayed in black clothes suitable to a deed of darkness. His hair and whiskers were formed of tow, a pipe placed in his mouth, and a tin cup in his hand. At seven in the evening he was placed on a sledge outside the ship, and a procession was formed, headed by the band playing the "Conspirators' Chorus" from "Madame Angot." After the guy was drawn, an officer walking on each side of him, bearing a flag, and the ship's company brought up the rear. As it was quite dark blue-lights were burned to illuminate the scene, and they proved most effective. Having marched round the ship, the procession halted at the place of execution, where the first lieutenant delivered an oration, received with loud applause. The guy was placed on a large tar-barrel, filled with combustible matter, which was placed on some blocks of ice, and fired by the public executioner, who first despoiled the guy of his wide-awake hat, and placed it on his own head. This executioner was one of the most popular of the men, who is said to have once applied for Jack Ketch's billet, but to have been rejected as too young. The guy and barrel burnt well and brightly, lighting up the masts and rigging of the ship, illuminating the floe, and giving to the whole a singularly weird appearance. Finally, a 3-lb. tin of gunpowder which had been placed in the barrel, exploded with beautiful effect, and the guy was no more. Meanwhile, the band played, rockets were let off, and maroons discharged from a small brass mortar. Our indefatigable photographer tried to get a view of the scene, but this was found to be impossible. The ship's cook, an inimitable mimic, walked about amongst the crowd, shouting out well-known cries, "Ten a penny walnuts," "Two shies a penny," etc., and doing it to the life. One of the officers slipped quietly about, armed with a formidable truncheon, and apprehended several seemingly quiet and inoffensive individuals for having been seen with their hands in other people's pockets, and for

being notoriously suspicious characters. Then the first lieutenant told everybody to join hands and dance round the fire, which was done by all, captain, chaplain and doctors not excepted. Waltzes and polkas followed, and a few of our most accomplished dancers did their best under the adverse conditions of duffel boots on ice. And then we had comic songs with roaring choruses, and jack-pudding tricks, such as eating burning pitch from the tar-barrel. It was well that the weather chanced to be comparatively warm, or loitering for two hours on the ice in an Arctic November night would have been rather chilly work. After the outdoor amusements, the officers had a sumptuous repast in the ward-room, the supper being mainly provided by the liberality of the captain and first lieutenant, and consisting of soup, tongues, brawn, and *pâté de foie gras*; also apricots, French plums, and all sorts of preserved fruits. Unlimited port, sherry, beer, and whisky were supplied—a rare event in those days of short allowances of liquor. Altogether, illuminated by numerous lamps, the scene was a most festive one, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. After supper, we adjourned to the steerage and surrounded the piano, and music and song were kept up till a late, or rather an early, hour.

But the chief festival of all was that of Christmas. We then enjoyed a week's amusement, the men having hardly any work, and concerts, plays, or something of the sort, occurring every day. A barrel of strong beer was broached and served out daily till it came to an end. Christmas-day was first announced by some of the choir singing carols in different parts of the ship; the usual prayers were read in the morning; and after that the officers made the round of the lower deck, admiring the decorations, tasting the men's pudding, and exchanging Christmas greetings with all. Huge boxes of toys for all hands, the presents having owner's name affixed, were then produced and distributed by the captain amidst shouts of laughter. The choir then sang suitable ballads, cheers were given, and the men commenced their dinner. The ward-room dinner later in the day was served in a style that would not have disgraced any mess, and the evening was passed in jollity, songs being sung, punch brewed, and choruses shouted; and all agreed that they had never passed a pleasanter Christmas-day.

A theatre was built of ice for plays, lectures, and concerts. It was on the floe close to the ship. The foundation stone

(a large block of ice) was laid with great ceremony on November 18. In the forenoon the mayor and corporation waited on the governor (the captain), and an address was read, setting forth the objects of the building, and praying him to lay the foundation. This was accordingly done in due form, coins having been placed beneath the stone. The civic authorities were hard put to it for suitable robes of office. The mayor appeared resplendent in dressing-gown, fez, and brass chain; the mace-bearer was also suitably attired, and the *corporation*, with pillow in his waistcoat, seemed fully conscious of his importance. The building of the theatre was not completed before the end of the month. It was made of blocks of ice, and roofed over by a sail. The length was twenty-seven feet by fifteen feet. The auditorium was of sufficient size to contain the whole ship's company. Raised above this by one step was the stage, provided with green-room and wings. Half-a-dozen footlights, and a few lamps with polished reflectors, were sufficient to light the whole building. It was finally opened on the evening of December 1, the birthday of the Princess of Wales, and named the "Royal Alexandra Theatre." The whole ship's company attended, the officers sitting in front of the stage, and the men, with their band, behind them. The manager first appeared on the stage, and read the prologue, an elegant classical composition suitable to the occasion, written in verse. A committee had selected it on the previous day from four, which had been submitted to their decision. The prologue being concluded, loud shouts of "author" were raised, and that gentleman appeared on the stage to receive well-merited applause. Then followed the amusing farce "My Turn Next," the parts being taken by five officers. On the whole the piece was very well performed; one actor in particular displayed considerable dramatic talent, happily introducing several local allusions. Much amusement was caused by a female character appearing in a black beard, the gentleman to whom that part had been allotted having obstinately refused to part with that protection against the cold. Songs and recitations by some of the men followed, and the evening's entertainment was concluded by an original composition called "The Arctic Twins." This was the hit of the evening, and was sung and whistled everywhere for some time after. It was a dancing song, by two of the petty officers, who appeared in sledging-costume, and sang and danced, accompanied by the

band. Thus satisfactorily closed our first evening in the theatre. We had many more such during the winter, sometimes the officers and at other times the men giving a representation. The plays were usually followed by songs, recitations, and dances, the songs being not unfrequently original, composed on passing events by some of the seamen and marines. Some evenings were devoted to lectures; and in particular one on Malta, which occupied two evenings, and in which its history, siege, knights, and present state were fully treated of, was most interesting to all. A magic lantern was also employed on several occasions. But when our first enthusiasm had subsided, we began to think sitting for hours in a temperature of -20° rather an infliction. For though the theatre had a small stove, and was always much warmer than the outer air, it was often as cold as -20° . So we commenced a series of Saturday evening concerts on the lower deck, and agreeably passed many a dull hour during the tedious four months' night.

All these little breaks in the monotony of our existence supplied matter for our newspaper, the *Discovery News*, of which eight or ten numbers appeared. Some of the articles and smaller contributions exhibited considerable wit and humor, but they were often ludicrously misunderstood by the men. For instance, a wag, who subscribed himself "A Cantankerous Correspondent," made several complaints, as that in other ships he had been able to go on shore but seldom, whereas now he could do so every day; that he had only received news by infrequent mails, whereas now he read the papers weekly; and that he had been accustomed to night watches, but now had every night in. One of the seamen was heard reading this effusion to his friends, and it cast a gloom over the whole party. They commenced speculating as to who the discontented person could be, and asking indignantly why he should try to make other people miserable as well as himself. At last one of them said: "Why there's the fire-hole; if he's tired of life, let him jump down there, and a good riddance too:" and to this decision they all agreed! The paper was edited by one of the officers, and printed by a seaman, who had learned a little printing in London a short time before our departure. The press was also of use for printing songs, recitations, and playbills. We had provided a number of games — lawn-tennis, hockey-sticks and balls, foils, masks, and boxing-gloves — but these returned

to England in the same state as they had left it. I tried fencing with another officer in the winter, but it would not do. We illuminated the ice theatre with a few candles, but could not see when we had the masks on. We therefore tried the gloves instead, but with no more success, for in extreme cold the breath forms a dense opaque vapor, and this at times completely masked one's opponent and his attack. I was disagreeably surprised by a heavy blow issuing from this cloud and smiting me on the nose, so, similarly concealed, I retaliated on my opponent's chest. We then slipped on the ice floor and fell prostrate on our faces, and were obliged to confess that the noble art is no amusement for an Arctic winter.

Besides amusements, a night school was set on foot, as a means of usefully occupying some of our vacant hours. Half of the men joined it, but gradually dropped off, as the novelty wore away. In fact, that was to be expected, as the modern seaman has been already well instructed in the training-ships. Moreover, the sail-room where we held the school, the only available place, was very uncomfortable, as there was a constant drip from the ceiling, which put out the candles and blotted the copybooks. Yet some resolutely went on, one gaining some knowledge of algebra, and two men who were learning to read being thankful for a lesson whenever they could get it. There were also choir practice for Sunday, recitations for the theatre, and many other ways of filling up the time. However, it cannot be denied that the winter proved very long, and we were glad when signs of returning day began to appear. This was some time before the appearance of the sun, for we could just see to read at noon on January 27, but the sun did not come above the horizon till the 26th of the next month.

This time of returning light was also our period of greatest cold; the temperature was usually about 70° or 80° below freezing, and, as I have before stated, on March 4 more than 100° below. Still it was most cheering to regain the daylight. We saw the first lemming of the year on the 2nd of February. They afterwards were seen very frequently. They are little animals, something between moles and mice. They burrow into the snow and make nests of grass. The color is white in the winter, but it changes to mouse-color about the middle of May. Their tracks in the snow, winding about and interlaced, are seen all over the land, and even out on the floe. They form the food

of foxes and owls, and our dogs made but one mouthful of any unhappy lemming who had the misfortune to come within their reach.

On February 9 our hunter shot the first game of the season. He brought home three hares on that day, two the next day, and one the day after. • Even this modicum of fresh meat was a treasure after months of incessant preserved, or (*horresco referens*) salt meat!

At last the long-expected 26th of February arrived, and all hands fell in at divisions in duffel clothes and canvas boots, and then proceeded to the hills overlooking Hall's Basin to see the sun rise. The men carried pickaxes and shovels, and with them grubbed up the frozen stones, and raised a large cairn on the crest of the hill, forming a conspicuous mark. We found it heavy walking, the snow being deep in the hollows, and frozen so hard on the hill-slopes that it was difficult to ascend them — sliding down again was quite another matter. But we were disappointed in our expectation of seeing the sun, and could not even obtain a good view, as the weather was thick and foggy; in fact, the sun did not appear till three days later. Our energetic photographer, who had taken so many views on our voyage northwards, now brought out his camera, and began taking the ship and surrounding houses from the floe and from the land. About this time walks, and short trips with the dog-sledge, commenced. Surveying officers were indefatigable in ascending hills to take bearings of prominent features of the country. In spite of the cold, these trips were enjoyable; one grew quite warm with the exercise, and on a fine day the views were magnificent. The deep blue of the sky was so beautiful that, combined with the glistening white hills, and the glorious flood of sunlight, it almost compensated for the absence of water and foliage. On the ice-foot cracks often appear, caused by the rising of the tide, and through these openings water flows over the surface of the ice-foot, which soon becomes frozen and very slippery. This is soon covered with ice-flowers, and little tufts of snow, resembling weeds or tufts of grass. From icebergs, ship, and houses, hang festoons of snow, something like the fruit of the lime-tree in form. The air is seen to be filled with minute particles of snow, which glisten in the bright sunlight, and there is a shimmer in the air above the ground and floe, such as one sees over the shingle at Brighton on a hot summer's day.

In the middle of March Hans caught a fox, the first that we had obtained. The Esquimaux take them in stone traps, but they are very wary animals, and, though there were signs of the presence of a number of them near our winter quarters, we saw very few, and obtained still fewer. This one had beautiful long white fur, but one shot in the summer had a brown coat. Our first fox was hashed and eaten for breakfast, and was passable — nothing more. Arctic foxes are very much less than English ones, not being larger than hares. Soon after the sunrise, we enjoyed perpetual daylight; in fact, two or three weeks after the sun first appeared the thermometers could be read at midnight by natural light.

We were still going on in the same humdrum fashion when we were astonished, on March 25, by the arrival of a sledge from the "Alert." It was drawn by seven dogs, and accompanied by the officer who left us in the autumn, one of the "Alert's" officers, and two seamen. They had left the "Alert" on the morning of the 20th with the glass at -34° , so that they had had a cold journey. Still, beyond a slight case of frost-bite, they were all perfectly well, and reported that the dogs had worked famously. They had attempted to reach us a week previously, having left the "Alert" on the 12th; but the wind was blowing, and the glass as low as -45° , and after a day or two Petersen, the Danish interpreter, who was one of the party, was severely frost-bitten, and they had to return with him to the ship. They were with difficulty able to get him back alive, which they did on the evening of the 15th. (This poor fellow suffered amputation of parts of each foot and of the nose, and, though every care was taken of him, his life could not be saved. He lingered for a long time and then died, and was buried at the "Alert's" winter quarters.) Of course we were most eager to hear news of our comrades in the sister ship, and, I am afraid, did not allow the new arrivals to shift and enjoy dinner in peace. It appeared that the "Alert" had been stopped by heavy ice a few days after leaving us in the previous year. She wintered on the same coast as we did in lat. $82^{\circ} 27m. N.$, long. $61^{\circ} 22m. W.$, the distance between the two ships by the road taken being a little more than fifty miles. The ice to the north of the "Alert" was so heavy that a ship could not possibly proceed further in that direction. They also saw no land to the north, but the trend of the land was east and west. They had evidently got to

the end of the land to the north; vegetable and animal life had almost died out there. They had shot but three musk-oxen and four or five hares. Also the land about them was very flat and uninteresting. They had attempted more sledging than we in the autumn, and a number of cases of frost-bite in the feet had occurred, caused by getting them wet. Thus several men had lost parts of toes. Putting these mishaps on one side, all were well, with the exception of poor Petersen, and looking forward to the approaching sledging. Their winter had been spent in much the same way as our own.

Our preparations for sledging now began in earnest, crews being told off for each sledge, and the sledges and sledging gear overhauled. The men were busied in their spare time in marking and mending their clothes and personal fittings.

Our first sledge party left three days after news had reached us from the "Alert." This was an excursion with dog-sledge to Polaris Bay, to take stock of the stores left there by the United States steamship "Polaris." These stores had been placed at our disposal by the American government. The sledge party consisted of two officers, two seamen, and the Esquimaux Hans as dog-driver. They were only a week away, having taken three days to reach Thank God Harbor, but a day and a half only to return. They had cold weather, and in going had one windy night on the floe. But they found a wooden house at their destination, which they cleared of snow after half a day's labor. Here they found abundance of biscuit, besides hams, bacon, preserved meats, pemmican, and molasses. Captain Hall's grave, with tablet made of a cabin-door, looked quite fresh. A copper cylinder, containing records left by Captain Buddington, was dug up. The party saw little worthy of note besides — no open water or signs of animal life, with the exception of a bear's track. The ice in the centre of the channel was found to be comparatively free from snow, and therefore good travelling.

Two days after this sledge's departure the "Alert's" party set out on their return journey, having had four days' rest. All hands turned out and gave them three parting cheers, and most of the officers accompanied them for some miles. The dogs pulled splendidly, though they drew 76 lbs. each. Some one must walk in front of them to show the way; but they are very willing, and need little driving. If they are given a rest, they lie down and

roll on their backs in the snow for a minute, and then jump up and go on again without being told to. However, they know when they must give in. If the sledge sticks fast against ice or in deep snow, they immediately lie down and wait till it is liberated for them, when they at once go on again. The dogs are harnessed to the sledge by light leather thongs, and arranged all abreast, not two and two, as in Siberia. We travelled along the ice-foot till out of Discovery Bay; but after a short time the ice-foot in Hall's Basin was left, and we struck off over the floe to Distant Cape. On reaching the middle of Watercourse Bay, after passing the cape, we gave three cheers, and parted from our friends. We had been pretty warm, as the dogs kept us walking at a smart pace, and the wind had been at our backs. But now we struck overland to make a short cut of five miles to the ship, and had the wind in our teeth. Our road lay through the valleys, in which the snow is deeper than on the hills. We were often up to our knees or deeper in snow, which made walking very laborious. The snow was blown into our faces by the wind, and frost-bites kept on appearing—hardly had one been removed by the warmth of the hands, when another would break out somewhere else. We thus gained a slight idea of the discomforts of sledging in cold weather, and felt for our friends who would have to spend the night in tents on the windy floe.

I may here describe the equipments of a sledge party. First, comes the sledge itself, which is made of Canadian elm. It is constructed strongly and lightly, and is raised about a foot above the ground by the runners, which are shod with iron. The sledge is drawn by a drag-rope, to which the sledge's crew are attached by rueraddies, or ropes which pass over their shoulders. The men walk two and two, with a leader at the angle of the drag-rope if they form an odd number. On the sledge the tent, bedding, clothing, and provisions are placed, the tent covering all, and being firmly lashed to the sledge with ropes. A sledge crew consists of five or eight men, including the officers. We had one twelve-man sledge. Each sledge has its own tent, which is just large enough for all the crew to sleep in. The breadth of a tent is little more than six feet. There is a small canvas porch at the entrance, in which is placed the cooking apparatus, and here the cook for the day prepares the meals. A waterproof sheet forms the floor of the tent. On this the duffel sleep-

ing-bags are arranged, parallel to each other, across the tent. At night a thick coverlet is spread over the whole. Each man has a canvas knapsack, in which he keeps a change of under-clothing in case of a wetting. He also has duffel coat and trousers, but these are too heavy for travelling in, and are used in the tents only. The day's work is done in warm under-clothing, covered by a thick grey guernsey, a loose canvas suit being put on over all. The feet are protected from the cold by blanket wrappers, and canvas boots or moccasins are worn over them. Horn spectacles with colored glass are worn on a journey to guard against snow-blindness; but cases of this unpleasant disorder often occur, in spite of all precautions. The daily ration per man consisted of one pound of pemmican, fourteen ounces of biscuit, six ounces of bacon, a pint of cocoa, a pint of tea, and a quarter of a gill of rum. A small quantity of stearine was provided for cooking. The cook for the day had no sinecure, as he had to rise a couple of hours before the other men to light the fire, and make cocoa or pemmican for breakfast. When these were ready he would serve the pemmican to the men in metal pannikins holding a pint each. The men were all provided with one of these, and also with a huge horn spoon. The pemmican finished, the pannikins were passed out to the cook, and returned full of cocoa. At lunch bacon and tea had to be prepared, and after the day's work the unhappy cook had again to melt snow to make tea, and to cook more pemmican. Grog was given as the last thing, after which all would endeavor to forget the cold in sleep, but often with indifferent success.

A couple of evenings after the departure of the "Alert's" sledge, the captain read a lecture by Captain Nares to the ship's company on the lower deck. The men employed the time in sewing and preparing their clothes for sledging. This lecture had been delivered by Captain Nares in the "Alert." It explained the objects of the expedition, the work already accomplished, and the approaching sledging; many practical hints as to clothing, and precautions against frost-bite and snow-blindness being introduced.

A few days after this all was ready, the ship's company being divided into two parties. The first of these, under the first lieutenant and Dr. Coppinger, started on April 6. This expedition's work was the exploration of the Greenland coast. The party consisted of two sledges, with eight

men each. They were to proceed to the "Alert," where they would find a third eight-man sledge belonging to our ship, which had been in the "Alert" since the previous autumn. The whole party would then cross over to the east side of Robeson Channel, and explore as much of the coast as possible to the northward. The photographers took a photograph of the sledges and their crews, as they stood on the floe ready for a start. The sledges looked gay with their silk flags fluttering in the breeze, and hearty cheers were given, as they left the ship, by their messmates who stayed behind. The officers accompanied the party on the ice-foot for several miles. We afterwards heard that they reached the "Alert" after a journey of twelve days; and, having enjoyed a short rest, proceeded across the floe towards Greenland. But of this anon.

Two days later started the second party to explore Lady Franklin's Strait. This party consisted of a twelve-man and an eight-man sledge, the former being intended to support the latter, and to return to the ship when their provisions were exhausted. The captain accompanied this expedition for several days, taking a dog-sledge, and not returning for a week. After twelve days' absence the large sledge returned to the ship, being damaged. They had experienced some very cold weather, the glass one night having shown -40° . One man was severely frost-bitten in the heel, and had been dragged on the sledge for the last two days. They had seen about a dozen hares on Expedition Island, a few miles from the ship. The hares were sporting on a sunny slope, and they had shot two of them, which they brought to the ship. The other sledge returned on May 2, having been absent twenty-four days, and completed the survey of Lady Franklin's Bay. It proved to be a fiord nearly sixty miles deep, surrounded by high mountains, which could only be descended in places, and that by the branch fiords. Lieut. Archer ascended a mountain of thirty-eight hundred feet high, but spoke of yet higher points. Three glaciers and a *mer de glace* were seen. Large rocks were found on the ice, sometimes at a considerable distance from the base of the mountains, so that it was necessary to encamp well out from shore to be safe from stones rolling from the cliffs. Thirteen musk-oxen were seen, the first this year; but they were very wild, and, when followed, took to the mountains, and ascended to the top, sending the large loose stones over which they walked

rolling down the mountain-side. With the exception of a couple of hares, no game had been shot. One of the men was badly frost-bitten in the nose, which was quite black. With this slight exception all were perfectly well.

A couple of days after this party's arrival the dog-sledge returned from the "Alert." It had set out sixteen days before. We thus obtained news about the "Alert," but it was too early to learn the success of their sledging parties. A few days after the eight and twelve man sledges set out for Polaris Bay. They started at eight in the evening, intending to travel by night, so as to avoid the full glare of the sun. Their object was to take supplies, which would be left for the North Greenland party at Hall's Rest. They also took a life-boat, to transport that party across the channel in case they should not be able to cross before the floe had broken up. Several days after this the dog-sledge followed, and caught up this party. The 18th of May was pleasantly warm, the sun having great power, and even the air being as warm as 18° . About six o'clock in the evening three sledges, with about thirty men, returned from Polaris Bay. Two officers and two men had remained there with the dog-sledge, to lay out dépôts to assist the north Greenland party, and then to attempt the exploration of Petermann Fiord, which is a little to the south of Hall's Rest. The men were very tired when they reached the ship, as they had made a day's march of twenty miles, having started at seven in the morning. They had left Hall's Rest on the morning of the previous day. One man, who was prevented from walking by a strain, was dragged on a sledge, and four others were snow-blind. The party had been detained for five days at Hall's Rest by a strong wind, during which time they remained sheltered in their tents, hardly any one caring to venture out. Yet some interesting fossils and geological specimens were picked up. A five-man sledge, which had been detached from the north Greenland party, met the sledges from the ship on their arrival at Hall's Rest, and they all returned together. Three of these men had been in the "Alert" all the winter. They had left the north Greenland party, consisting of a large and a small sledge, on May 5, at a place called Cape Stanton. These sledges were still journeying northwards, but with difficulty, the travelling being excessively rough. In some places the number of hummocks presented a very

serious obstacle, and it was difficult to select the right path. Thus in seven days they had only made twenty miles, and that with great labor. The returning sledge had found some things which had been left at Cape Sumner by Captain Hall, of the "Polaris." There were two boats and some muskets. They brought away two Remington rifles, the barrels covered with leather as a protection against the cold metal. At Cape Brevoort a copper cylinder was dug up, containing a record left by Captain Hall, in which he spoke of seeing an appearance to the northward which *might* be land. Our people had taken with them from the ship a beautiful little monument in memory of Captain Hall, having an inscription on a brass plate. This they erected on his grave; it had been brought from England on purpose. Four days after this party's return a five-man sledge set out for the "Alert." This was on the evening of May 22. We did not see them again till the "Alert" joined us some months after.

As I have already stated, our coldest weather was in the month of March: it began to grow warmer in April, and the end of May was the period of the sun's greatest power. The awning was removed from the upper deck on April 3, and the snow shovelled from the engine-room skylight. This enabled the sun to shine on the deck during the day, yet at night the glass often showed more than 70° below freezing. But on April 26 the temperature reached 4° , and some of us ventured to dig the snow away from our skylights, so as to let daylight into our cabins. On May 5 we tried the experiment of shovelling the snow off part of the deck, but the effect was to materially lower the temperature of that part of the ship, so the rest was allowed to remain a fortnight longer, till the glass had attained a maximum of 18° . But the sun had so much power in the daytime that the ice-houses were fast melting away, and already presented a very dilapidated appearance. The returning warmth gradually brought back more signs of animal life. A ptarmigan was shot on April 10, and it was in good condition, its crop being full of young grass shoots and other sprigs of herbage. It was still white, but beginning to change color, for it had some black feathers in its tail and about the eyes, and a few yellowish-brown ones on the breast. Our Esquimaux shot two more a month afterwards, but as he struck them in the body with bullets they were nearly annihilated. They were sitting together on the snow-

covered hillside, and allowed him to approach close to them, and fire away till he hit them. We obtained a few more of these birds during the next two months, but they were never numerous.

On May 16 the pretty little black-and-white snow-buntings, which are so common in the Arctic regions, made their first appearance, and two days after a couple of snowy owls were seen sailing majestically along through the air. On May 23 one was astonished to see a caterpillar, covered with long hair, crawling over the snow. These became exceedingly common, especially after the thaw. Of course one found a number of cocoons, the chrysalis frequently devoured by insects. The butterflies were all of the same sort, brownish in color and rather small. A few seals began to make their appearance, now that the ice had opened in places near the land and permitted them to rise and breathe. The fire-hole near the ship was a favorite place with them, and here several met their fate. The Esquimaux shot one there on May 8 and another on the 23rd. As the seal lay bleeding on the floe one of the men who had a touch of scurvy was seen scooping up the blood with an old meat-tin and drinking it. He declared that in flavor it resembled milk, and I believe that it is an excellent remedy for scurvy. The Esquimaux are most careful to preserve the seal's blood. They carry plugs with them to stop the bullet-holes when they have shot one. But very few seals were seen, and they were exceedingly shy. They make a circular hole in the ice, where they rise to breathe, and on a sunny day they lie near it, and bask and sleep in the sunshine. The Esquimaux stalk them by crawling over the snow, hidden behind a small white screen. Having a strong desire for fresh meat, we tried seal steaks and liver, and were astonished to find them excellent juicy meat. The flesh is very black, and somewhat resembles beef in flavor. I afterwards found seal mentioned, in Mr. Froude's "History of England," as having formed one of the dishes at the installation banquet of George Neville, archbishop of York and brother of the Kingmaker. But I confess that I should prefer English roast beef.

By the end of May the weather was quite warm — 120° in the sun and 69° in the shade beneath a glass frame. Encouraged by this, we commenced to make a garden. The ground was very stony, but by using the pick for an hour or two a pretty good bed of forty square feet was prepared. This was sown with cress, and

covered by a glass frame. In four or five weeks' time there was a nice crop of green meat, enough to give several meals to all on board. A little cress had been grown in the ship during the winter in a wooden box full of earth; but being grown in the dark, it had a yellow, sickly appearance.

The sun did not melt the snow till June, but when the thaw had once set in it was very rapid. The land became marshy and muddy, especially in the valleys; and rapid streams, becoming continually larger and larger, rushed down the watercourses with which the hills are furrowed till they reached the sea. Some of these streams, or rivers, as we called them, were several feet deep in places, and of considerable breadth. One boisterous torrent, rushing madly through a narrow gorge in the rocky hills, formed a fine waterfall, the roar of whose waters could be heard for miles. So great was the force of the water that another stream left its old course, and tunneled a passage through the frozen cliff of earth which formed one of its boundaries, coming out at length into the old channel.

As the ground was uncovered by the disappearance of the snow, patches of herbage appeared, but for the most part very brown and dry. But on some well-watered slopes one saw velvety green or red moss. Dwarf willows and grass are the most common plants, the former creeping on the ground like ivy. The bright red saxifrage enlivened some favored spots, and forty or fifty different varieties of plants were discovered.

With the exception of a few hares and one or two ptarmigan, we did not get any game till the middle of June. A small shooting party left the ship on the 6th, and returned a week later, but they hardly shot anything. They went to the head of St. Patrick's Bay, which opens out of Robeson Channel, and is a few miles north of the ship. The party only consisted of two officers and three men. They took a five-man tent and rations for eight days, and the dog-sledge carried their gear, returning with its driver next day. As the ground was then covered with snow, and the travelling overland very heavy, especially up-hill, where it is sometimes almost impossible to get a footing on the slippery hard snow, a halt had to be called after a short time, and fresh hands fetched from the ship to assist. Dogs and men had a severe day's work, not reaching their destination till six in the evening. In one valley we crossed a lake of more than a mile in length, but the thick coating of

snow over land and water gave everything so uniform an appearance that no one would have suspected the lake's existence if we had not remarked it in the previous autumn. This party went rather too early. Still some geological specimens were obtained, and a few hares shot. The dog-sledge fetched the party home on the 13th. About this time brent geese and eider ducks made their appearance, and some of the men would obtain leave to take a gun in the evening and try their luck. They often returned with several fine birds for the good of their mess. On the 15th a snowy owl was shot, and her nest of nine eggs taken. The nest, however, is of the scantiest; these owls laying their eggs on the ground, with only a few feathers as protection. A lot of dead lemmings are found round an owl's nest, placed there by the cock bird for the use of the hen, who sits on the eggs. On the 16th two of the men came across a couple of musk-oxen — young bulls. They shot one and wounded the other, which escaped, as they had no more ammunition. We were delighted to hear of this, as it was the first beef of the season, and a sledge was sent next day to drag home the game. On June 23 another shooting party set out in a new direction. It consisted of three officers and two men, and was absent about ten days. Our tent and other gear were carried on a dog-sledge, and the first four miles lay over the floe. This was already wet travelling, as the surface snow had melted, forming large pools. But being provided with knee-boots, we did not mind this. The dogs, however, have a great aversion to the water. It is curious to watch how the leader will turn aside to avoid a pool, the others obediently following. At the ice-foot the ice was much broken, and we had some difficulty in gaining the shore. We found a place where the ground-ice was a couple of feet lower than the floe, and separated from it by a channel of water six or eight feet wide. The dogs were made to jump this, going soue in the water and swimming out on the other side, and the sledge was easily shoved over after them. Travelling over the floe was easy work, but on land, where the snow had disappeared and left thick mud, it was a difficult matter. We were obliged to partially unload the sledge, and carry the things piecemeal on our shoulders. We shot some geese and found an owl's nest on our way, but as most of the eggs were already hatched we left it for another time. We now came to a large lake, a couple of miles long at

least, covered with ice. This ice was completely broken away from the shore, and we had to find a ford by which to gain the ice, and another to leave it on the other side. The surface ice was melted by the sun, and covered with sharp edges, — it was just like a honeycomb, in fact. This caused the dogs much suffering, as it cut their feet, and one of them had a fit. But this is a common occurrence with Esquimaux dogs. I believe that the Esquimaux cover the dogs' feet with little leather shoes when they travel over rough ice.

We reached the far side of the lake in the evening, and pitched our tent, a breeze of wind blowing it down again, but at last it was set up all right. The floor-cloth was then spread, and on this the duffel sleeping-bags, and we commenced changing our wet clothes for dry ones from our knapsacks, hanging the others outside the tent to dry. The dogs were fed and picketed, and lay down to sleep. Our cook lit the fire in the cooking-stove in the tent's porch, and prepared our evening meal of preserved meat and potatoes, which we ate with huge horn spoons, using the tin covers of old preserved-meat cans as plates. A pint of tea in pewter pannikins followed, after which they were washed out and replenished with grog, and after a game of whist and a chat we settled ourselves to rest. The cook, who stayed in charge of the tent during the daytime whilst we were away shooting, was the drollest fat little fellow that ever was seen. He did all the talking in the evening, telling "Canterbury Tales," he having been brought up in that city; and I hope Chaucer gave his contemporaries as much amusement as we derived from our cook in the Arctic regions.

Next morning we sent the sledge and dogs back to the ship, after a breakfast similar to the dinner of the previous day. We sent back half-a-dozen geese for our friends on board. Then we performed our scanty ablutions at an icy mountain stream which flowed past the tent on its way to the lake. After this we filled our pockets with cartridges, taking also bacon and biscuit for lunch, not forgetting a small drop of rum to wash it down, and started up the valley to try for game. A river ran through this valley, connecting our lake with others higher up. Through this river we had sometimes to wade to reach the geese, and we soon were accustomed to wet feet and legs, though snow-water is rather chilly. We soon shot a number of geese, and took a lot of their

nest. These are found on low marshy ground near the streams, and are beautifully made of the down from the breast of the hen. The eggs were all blown and kept as specimens, the contents being fried with bacon, or even made into egg-flip, as a little whisky was found in one of the flasks; and we unanimously decided that egg-flip must have been the Olympian nectar of antiquity. We not only found geese, but also a number of hares; and everything that showed itself was knocked over and buried in an ice-house near our tent. We found a nest of nine young hares, which proved as toothsome as the old ones. One of them we kept alive in the tent for some days, till it met with an accident and died. The young hares are of the same color as an English rabbit; half-grown leverets are a mixture of russet and white, and they are perfectly white by the time that they are full grown. After two or three days we came close up to a young musk-ox, which was instantly despatched by two well-directed bullets. My friends continued their walk, and shot some geese. I returned to the tent, three miles off, and fetched the men who were there. We brought with us saws and choppers, and cut up the musk-ox, and found that it was the one that had been wounded not a fortnight before. It had three bullets in it, in addition to those that we had fired. One of these had broken its jaw and gone clean through the tongue. Yet all the wounds had healed, and the animal appeared to be grazing quite comfortably. We cut the whole animal into six parts — two shoulders, two hind quarters, and two sides, and staggered back, each carrying his share.

Next morning I returned to the ship, shooting two brent geese on the way. Arrived at the sea, I found the floe rapidly breaking up near the shore. Cautiously stalking some eider ducks, and unfortunately treading on a detached floe-piece, to my horror I found myself in the water. Having first secured the safety of my gun by throwing it on to the floe, I with some difficulty managed to scramble out myself. About this time two of our party, meeting with a similar accident, were not fortunate enough to save their pieces. I was singularly lucky in this respect, having fallen into the water twice during the previous autumn, and saved my rifle on each occasion. Oh, the luxury of a bath and dry clothes on reaching the ship! One heard no news, except that a musk-ox had been shot on the crest of a deep ravine. It fell more than a thousand feet on to the rocks

below, and every bone was broken. Next day I returned to the tent with dog-sledge and driver, shooting a musk-ox on the way, after an exciting chase. Having enjoyed another day's sport, I transported the game already shot to the ship by dog-sledge, crossing lake and sea with difficulty, the ice being so much broken up. A day or two after the rest of the party returned, their hunting-ground being by this time entirely denuded of game. On their way they took from the nest some young owls, already half grown; these we kept in cages for some months, but they all died at sea from exposure to wet and bad weather.

A large cairn thirty feet in height was constructed at this time under the direction of one of the engineers. It was formed of preserved-meat tins and oil-cans filled with earth, and stood on the shore close to the ship's anchorage, to mark the position of our winter quarters — the ship's name, the date and other particulars of our stay being inscribed thereon.

A bitch having littered five pups, died a day or two afterwards, and left a helpless progeny; these we resolved to raise by hand, employing bottle and preserved milk, and appointing Dougall the quartermaster head nurse, to his intense disgust. But they did not thrive under artificial treatment, their bodies increasing while their legs remained the same size; being landed some time after, they were torn to pieces and devoured by the dogs, who failed to recognize them as brethren. We were more fortunate in a litter born a month before these, whose mother brought them up with great care, instructing them assiduously in the art of lemming-hunting; but they all eventually came to grief, some falling overboard on our voyage to the southward, and the last dying between Queenstown and Portsmouth.

On July 10 a tent was pitched on Cairn Hill, and two men stationed there with a large telescope to look out for the "Alert," the sledge party from Polaris Bay, and also musk-oxen. A flagstaff was raised on a brow within sight of the ship, and a series of signals arranged. This tent also served as sanatorium for invalids who needed mountain air. Five days later Lieut. Fulford arrived from Polaris Bay, with two men and a dog-sledge, having crossed the broken floe with difficulty, if not danger, all of them having been immersed by falling through holes in the ice. He brought news of sad disaster, narrating the death of two of the north Greenland party from scurvy, and of extreme

suffering of the rest from the same disease. He, with Dr. Coppinger, the Esquimaux, and a seaman, taking the dog-sledge, had attempted the exploration of Petermann Fiord; but had been unable to proceed up it more than eighteen miles, being stopped by glacier ice, rendered perfectly impassable by deep crevasses. They therefore returned to Polaris Bay, which they reached on June 7, and were astonished to find a tent pitched there, the north Greenland party not being due till a week later. Lieutenant Rawson came out to meet them. His first words were, "Hand is dead!" He went on to say that he had been detached with three men from Lieutenant Beaumont's party to carry Hand, sick of scurvy, either to the "Alert" or Polaris Bay. This was on May 10, and they did not reach their destination, Polaris Bay, until June 3. On the way Bryant, one of the strongest and pleasantest men in the ship, utterly broke down. Being told to place himself on the sledge, he said, "I don't want to disobey orders, sir, but I'm not going to let you drag me." Next day, however, being unable to stand, he could resist no longer. Soon after O'Regan, a stalwart native of Cork, became crippled with scurvy, and could with difficulty drag himself along. Their distress was increased during the last few days by food falling short, the journey proving longer than had been expected, and but for the sick men's appetites failing them the party would have been reduced to a state bordering on starvation. Hand was brought in in a moribund condition, and died peacefully in the course of a few hours. The state of Bryant was critical, but he gradually began to improve. The arrival of Dr. Coppinger was most opportune; he promptly took in hand the scurvy-stricken sufferers, giving them strong lime-juice, molasses, corn-flower, blancmange, and rum, which were found amongst the American stores. Hans was able to shoot some seals, the meat and soup from which were excellent and most nutritious. The officers shot a few geese and ducks, but as cartridges were scarce they did not fire unless certain of their aim, and latterly only when they could get two birds in a line.

No special anxiety was felt for the safety of Lieutenant Beaumont's party, they being provisioned up to June 28; but Dr. Coppinger, Lieutenant Rawson, and Hans the Esquimaux took an eight-dog sledge, provisioned for sixteen days, with lime-juice and other antidotes and remedies for scurvy. This relief party set out on June

22, and on the 25th came up with Lieutenant Beaumont's party in a state of great exhaustion. Three seamen and a marine artilleryman were utterly prostrated, and had to be drawn by the remaining three — themselves much exhausted — two at a time. The whole party was suffering from scurvy. They had traced the Greenland coast to the north-east for sixty miles, as far as Cape Britannia, whence land was seen trending to the eastward. On their return journey, they had been compelled to cast away all superfluous gear — clothes, portions of the tent, instruments, and even knives, to such weakness were they reduced by disease. Their joy at seeing the relief party can hardly be imagined. It was resolved to halt here whilst Hans hunted for seals; but he finding it impossible to obtain any, after a day's delay, the journey to Polaris Bay was continued. Twelve miles from home Paul and Jenkins, the two worst cases, were comfortably bedded on the sledge, and drawn to Polaris Bay by the dogs in twelve hours, scarcely any halt being called on the road. The men seemed little exhausted by this long journey, and enjoyed a good meal of seal-soup and blancmange; but the next morning Paul began to sink, and died the same evening. The other man, Jenkins, though nearly as ill, ultimately recovered. The remainder of the party arrived on July 1. Dr. Coppinger treated the sick with great assiduity and skill, sleeping in a tent with the three worst cases, carrying them into the open air in the daytime, and placing them on couches in the sunshine. Funeral services were read over the graves of Paul and Hand, the one by Lieutenant Beaumont and the other by Dr. Coppinger; their graves were adorned, as well as might be, by bright red saxifrage being planted over them.

On July 12, Lieutenant Fulford started for the "Discovery," leaving at Polaris Bay seven sick men and four fit for duty, and arriving at the ship, as I have before stated, on the 15th. The captain immediately set about preparing a relief party, a sledge and a boat being loaded with suitable food, wine, and medical comforts, the seven strongest men in the ship being told off to accompany him to Polaris Bay next morning. That Sunday there was no service on board, every one assisting in dragging the sledge and boat placed on our light wagon over the land to Watercourse Bay, a distance of about four miles. This proved a heavy day's work. Arrived at the sea, the boat

ferried first the sledge, and then its crew across the open water in-shore on to the floe. A boat was now essential for sledge travelling, there being so many wide rifts in the floe.

Two days after Mr. Hart the naturalist and I, being out for a long walk, had occasion to pass down the long, weird gorge leading to Watercourse Bay. A rapid stream of snow-water dashes madly along the bottom, and through this we had to wade. After a time we arrived at Chatel's Cave, so called after one of our seamen. This was an immense low bridge, hundreds of feet long, spanning the ravine, and formed of drift snow which had slid down the mountain-sides in course of years. A little after, though we could scarcely believe our eyes, we saw before us in the stream a large lump of coal. Advancing farther, we saw a stratum of coal, twenty-five feet in thickness, in the bottom of the cliff which rose from the bed of the stream. We were able to break off the coal with our hands as we stood in the river, and large masses of coal lay in the bed of the stream. This was an astounding discovery, we having been within three miles of it for nearly a year without finding it. We appointed one of the engineers as chief-engineer of our coal-mine on our return, enjoining secrecy and showing him a specimen. Two days after we went again to the coal-mine provided with wood, paper, and matches. On my way, walking some distance before my friends, I slipped and fell into the bed of the stream, wetting myself completely. I immediately stripped, and commenced wringing my clothes dry, for snow-water is too chilly for comfort. In the midst of this operation I was conscious of screams of laughter higher up the stream. My friends had discovered my occupation, and gave me little comfort in my misfortune, and it was long before I heard the last of this little mishap. We lit a fire with difficulty, but when it once *did* burn it was splendid. The coal, similar in quality to the best Welsh, burnt with a clear flame and blue smoke. It is unfortunate that we were unable to utilize it, the distance being too great for transportation at that time of year. We stood round the fire for hours, heaping huge blocks of coal on to it, and making an enormous bonfire.

On the 20th of July, the ice being now broken up in the harbor, the ship was cleared of ice by blasting, and floated once more freely after more than ten months' imprisonment. But the quartermasters had to be always on the look-out,

as heavy pieces of floe frequently drifted foul of the ship or chain cable, and had to be blasted to get rid of them. An ermine or stoat of a dark color was shot about this time, and another was shot at Polaris Bay. From little salmonoids that had been seen in the lake near Musk-Ox Bay we fancied that larger fish might exist there. Going thither in a boat on August 1, with dredges and collapsable boat, we, after some labor, obtained half-a-dozen salmon-trout, the largest weighing between one and two lbs. These were interesting to the naturalist, but we could not catch enough for practical use. Curious marine animals were found by dredging in the sea, starfish, crinoids, and shrimps being the most common.

On August 3 the captain returned from Polaris Bay, bringing a few of Lieutenant Beaumont's men with him, and leaving the rest to be more perfectly healed by the careful treatment of Dr. Coppinger. The passage of the floe had been made with great difficulty. Three days later Sub-Lieutenant Egerton arrived from the "Alert." She had left her winter quarters on the last day of July, and worked her way down the coast with difficulty to within ten miles of our ship. Captain Nares had decided that, as nothing was to be gained by remaining out longer, an attempt should be made to return home at once.

This caused universal joy, and all began most willingly to prepare for sea, bringing stores on board and getting everything into shipshape.

A day or two after Lieutenant Rawson, coming from the "Alert" with two men, met a couple of musk-oxen. He had no rifle, but had no notion of sparing them. He managed to separate them so that they could not mutually defend each other, and then attacked one with his knife, which he had lashed on to his alpenstock. He managed adroitly to evade the charge whenever it was made, the men assisting by throwing stones into the beast's eyes. As it passed him he stabbed it in the side, and after a few such wounds it fell down dead. The other ox, though wounded, managed to escape. It was a more useful and, I should say, more exciting battle than a Spanish bull-fight.

On August 11 the "Alert" entered our harbor and anchored alongside the "Discovery." A few days before she had grounded on the shore, and the receding tide had left her high and dry; they were at one time doubtful about getting her off again, but it was managed by skill and determination. Some old Esquimaux

remains had been discovered on the coast midway between the "Alert" and the "Discovery's" winter quarters. These consisted of stone huts, fox-traps and such like. The Esquimaux to the south have a tradition that a long time ago some of their people migrated northwards, but found a paucity of seals and no sufficient sustenance. Anxiety was felt at the non-appearance of Lieutenant Beaumont's party, as the ice in the channel had now broken up; Captain Nares left more than twenty of his invalids in the "Discovery," borrowed some of our able-bodied men, and attempted to go out into the channel in search of the missing party. This they were unable to do, the ice keeping them close to the breakwater at the entrance of the harbor. However, the sledge party reached them in a day or two, viz. on August 14. They had been drifted on the ice to the westward, as we had feared, and with difficulty were able to make the "Alert." Lieutenant Beaumont, Dr. Coppinger, and some of the men had been absent from the ship 132 days, during which time, with the exception of one or two days in the "Alert," they had lived entirely under canvas. Lieutenant Beaumont's sledge party had had continuous and heavy sledging work, with a total lack of fresh meat, for near upon three months, which fully accounts for their sufferings. We were overjoyed to welcome them home again; their feelings of thankfulness were too much for words.

After a few ineffectual essays we escaped from our winter quarters on the morning of Sunday, August 20, passed without much difficulty through the loose ice, and finally gained open water on the west side of Kennedy Channel. We had been in Discovery Bay one whole year, with the exception of five days. That day every one was hilarious, the ice quartermaster prophesying no further obstructions, but a clear and speedy passage home. However, at seven next morning we were stopped by the floe in Scoresby Bay, to which we anchored. For nearly three weeks our progress was much impeded by the ice; some days we could only advance two or three miles, and on others not at all. The ice began to form thickly round the ship at times, and we began to fear that we were frozen up for the winter. Sometimes a nip had to be forced by charging it again and again at full speed, the good ship rising to the ice and crushing it with her weight. Tins of blasting powder were used to break up the ice, and once or twice all hands from

both ships, armed with long poles called ice-points, turned out on the ice, and literally made a channel for the ships, by pushing loose pieces of ice out of the way. The coast in these parts was bare and uninviting in the extreme, covered with snow, and showing hardly any signs of life; yet some few hares and ducks were shot, and the Esquimaux obtained a few seals. One of these, shot in Hayes' Sound, had a harpoon-head in its side, the same as that used by the natives of Proven, Upernivik, and the other settlements. It must have been speared, escaped, and travelled hundreds of miles northwards. More Esquimaux remains were observed on the coast at the beginning of September. It then showed signs of growing dark at night, and the first star was seen at midnight on the 6th.

At length we got clear of the ice and reached Cape Isabella, the southern point of Hayes' Sound, on the evening of the 9th. Here we found papers and a few letters left by the "Pandora" in a rum-cask. We were much interested by the accounts of the Prince of Wales's tour in India, and earnest discussions were held as to the probability of a European war. The sea became rather rough, and for some reason most of us felt more or less of sea-sickness, some having never experienced the feeling before. On the 12th we lay for some hours close to the Tyndall Glacier, the ice at the foot of the glacier, where it runs into the sea, rising at least forty feet above its surface and forming a perpendicular cliff. Some Esquimaux were seen near here with dogs and sledges, but the sea being rough we were not able to visit them by means of boats. We beat about for a long time, never getting a fair wind, the weather very rough, and being reduced to the greatest straits for want of coal. The magnetic observatory, spare planks, all empty cases, and even pork were sent down to the stoke-hole as fuel. At one time we found ourselves close to the land, between Lancaster Sound and Ponds Bay. Sometimes we towed the "Alert," and at other times she towed us—anything to economize fuel. But on September 25 we entered Lievely Harbor, between five and six in the evening. The natives brought us off ducks and fresh fish in abundance, which we thoroughly appreciated after our long deprivation of fresh food. Mr. Smith, the inspector of north Greenland, told us that the "Pandora" had left for England five days before. A few of the officers obtained letters, which had been brought by

the Danish brig from Copenhagen; but we heard with dismay that our letters were at Littleton Island, thirty miles from Cape Isabella, where we had obtained our first despatches.

The weather was glorious during our stay here, and a ramble over the hills clothed in fragrant heather was indeed a treat. We lay down on the turf, and basking in the sun, enjoyed the lovely prospect of the placid sea, in whose waters floated stately bergs, amongst which whales were seen playing and sporting in the sunshine. I visited the school, where I found pretty little children, some with blue eyes and fair hair, who seemed very well-behaved and wrote a fair hand in their copy-books. Having rewarded those mentioned by the schoolmaster with especial praise, I was invited to enter an Esquimaux hovel of the poorer kind, having to crawl on all-fours through a low and dirty tunnel; here I found fifteen or twenty people assembled, the heat from the stove being oppressive. On the floor lay the carcase of a huge seal, which the women were cutting up. After a little conversation with a man who had picked up a few words of English from the whalers, I bid farewell to my friends. But I had not yet done with them. Some pretty girls with jet black hair and eyes and rosy cheeks pursued me, and began to handle my black silk necktie, as a sign that they desired it. I never could refuse anything to ladies, be they Esquimaux, nigger, or English, so the neckerchief speedily changed owners, and a sealskin tobacco-pouch was pressed upon me in return by these pantalooned damsels. The next day we entertained the "Alert's" at dinner in our little ward-room, and were astonished to find it capable of containing all the officers of the expedition. That evening, and on several subsequent ones, we witnessed a magnificent aurora, the bright white lustrous cloud, constantly changing form, and darting rays in all directions, mounting rapidly from the horizon to the zenith, and spanning the ship as a huge bow.

We left Lievely after a stay of two days, and proceeded to Egedesminde, a neighboring settlement, containing a hundred and forty inhabitants. Here we obtained twenty tons of Scotch coal, the Danish brig having left more than sufficient for the use of the inhabitants. The "Alert" had taken in thirty tons at Lievely. Here we remained three days, the men enjoying dancing with the natives in the evenings. The governor showed us much kindness, and he and his family were in their turn

entertained by the ships. He had two beautiful little girls, and their governess, who had come from Copenhagen for three years' stay, was a most elegant and refined young lady. How she could exist with happiness in so desolate a region was more than we could understand.

Within two or three hundred yards of the houses we saw with horror a number of coffins on the ground, most of them broken and decayed, and exposing human skeletons; they were evidently very old, yet portions of clothing still remained in some coffins. I believe that some of our party persuaded the governor to see them decently interred. But there was a modern cemetery at some distance, where the dead are buried in a proper manner.

We left this place on October 2, and soon experienced bad weather again, which accompanied us nearly all the way home. The men had by this time become so thoroughly disgusted with preserved meats that they were unable any longer to eat them, and we gladly presented them with butter, cheese, Swiss milk, soups, and all our private stock that we could spare; it was evidently high time that we got home. On the 16th we came up with the "Pandora," but three days after lost her, and also the "Alert," in a heavy gale, and sighted them no more during the whole voyage. The next day one of our boats, hanging from the davits, was smashed by the sea, and had to be cut adrift. I thought I had never seen the sea so rough.

But at last we got into finer weather, and entered Cork harbor on the 28th of October. A pilot boat came off to us, wishing to take us into Queenstown. Asking from whence we came, a voice was heard to say, "The North Pole," and they were about as wise as before. Our appearance much puzzled them, for in the shabby figures clothed in sealskin and box-cloth, patched with green baize and duffel, they failed to recognize men-of-war's men, mostly so trim and neat. Still they thought the number of officers inconsistent with the merchant service; neither did our white ensign inform them of our real character. Next morning we entered Queenstown, and received an enthusiastic greeting; and as we gazed fondly on the green trees and verdant meadows of home, we felt fortunate and thankful at having brought our voyage to a happy conclusion, and escaped from the hardships and monotony of a second Arctic winter.

A PEASANT PROMETHEUS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE
FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

I HAD once a class-mate in Paris, a medical student, who when he graduated (being a Breton) settled down in what has been called the Land's End of France. He went to live at Commana, a little hamlet in the mountains, near the extremity of that peninsula which breasts the full force of the Atlantic Ocean. His nearest town was Quimper, to which there is now a railroad, but no railroad had been even projected in Brittany in that day.

The country in which he lived was more wild, and yet more lovely, more lonely and yet more full of recollections, than any country I have ever been in. Wide moorlands, often divided by great banks and hedgerows (for no purpose one can imagine, since nothing grows in these enclosures but furze, fern, and heather) terminate in cliffs that go sheer down into the ocean. Here and there, like cracks in the brown moorland, are valleys of the loveliest green, with fields of hemp and buckwheat, meadows of rich grass, willow gardens, teeming orchards, and homesteads nestled in great clumps of elms. The shore of the bay is a succession of black cliffs and exquisite small beaches of white sand. The whole terminated by that astonishing place Penmarc'h, or the Torch of the Horse's Head.

Soon after he had settled at Commana, my friend the doctor sent me an invitation to come and stay with him. The travelling public had not then found out the attractions of Brittany, but I was a Breton born, though not from that part of the country.

I went down to Quimper by diligence, whence I hired a horse and guide to take me by peasant tracks over the purple moorland. Near Penmarc'h we passed over the ruins of what in the Middle Ages had been a great commercial city. A city which it is said in history could equip three thousand fighting men, and shelter seven hundred craft in its wide harbor. It was partly destroyed by the English in 1404, and wholly desolated, a century and a quarter later, in the wars of the League.

As I rode over its ruins, fragments of which stuck up like boulders through the purple heath and pale pink pimpernel, my guide said, — even where I could not see a stone, — "This is the goldsmiths' street, — now we are in the smiths' street, — this is the street of the stonemasons."

I grew sad, as I always do when moving

among material ruins, but at Commana I was to see something sadder still, the ruins of a great genius chained by penury and circumstances to the rock of obscurity.

My friend the doctor was very glad to see me, and we spent a happy evening talking about Brittany, a subject always full of matters of discussion to her sons. In the course of conversation the doctor expressed great interest in a carpenter of the neighborhood, who, he told me, was gifted with an extraordinary turn for mechanics.

His rounds upon the morrow lying in the direction where his peasant genius lived, we agreed to go and see him the next morning.

The sun was just gilding the Black Range when we set out; the purple moorland stretched on every side of us, dotted with black sheep under the charge of children, but there was not a trace around of trees, or any verdure. The air we breathed was fresh, pure, and exhilarating, the birds sang gaily in the hidden valleys, the fragrance of some fields of flowering buckwheat, which lay also out of sight, perfumed the morning air. We walked on, chatting gaily, impregnated (if I may use the word) with the delicious freshness of so bright a morning.

When we came in sight of the little hill on which Jahona's house was built, the doctor paused and pointed it out to me. It was made out of a dovecote (a dovecote is a sort of stunted tower in Brittany) newly thatched, with windows broken through the walls at irregular intervals. My friend told me that Jahona's wife, who came of noble blood, had inherited this ruin, with half an acre of land attached to it, and that her husband had transformed it into a dwelling.

As we drew near we saw the master of the house at work before his door. My friend wished him good morning, and entered into conversation. While they were talking I took the opportunity of examining the work he was engaged upon. It was an oaken chest, very rudely executed, by no means corresponding to the idea I had formed of his workmanship. I expressed my disappointment to my friend in French, not supposing that Jahona knew any language except that of Brittany, but by his smile I saw I was understood.

"I do better than that sometimes, monsieur," he said. "But I cannot afford time over this common work, or my five little children would be crying for food. I have been two days already working over that

chest, and one cannot get much buckwheat for three francs, you know."

"Are you paid no more for all this work?" I said.

"Those who have to pay always think that labor's dear," he answered, in the sententious manner very common among the peasants of Brittany.

"You must not judge Jahona by a thing like that," explained my friend. "Jahona when he pleases can work like the saints, both fast and well. He has carved nearly every crucifix in the surrounding parishes."

"Do you carve crucifixes too?" I asked the carpenter.

"When I have no oak chests in hand," he replied.

"That is a higher order of labor, surely that is better paid," I cried.

"Not much. I carve by the day's work generally. Sometimes I am paid by the piece—five francs a foot. Some *curés* want the spear and crown of thorns thrown in besides," replied Jahona.

At this moment a clear metallic sound came from the interior of the house, and was repeated seven times successively. I turned round in astonishment.

"That is my clock, monsieur," said the carpenter.

"He made it himself, after studying over the old pendulum affair in my kitchen," said the doctor. "Come in and look at it."

Jahona pulled off his hat, with the politeness never wanting in a peasant of Brittany, and drew back, motioning us towards the door. We entered.

The wife was seated, rocking her baby's cradle, but busy with her spinning. As we came in she rose and bade us welcome, laying aside her distaff and pushing back her wheel. The doctor began talking to her about her children, while Jahona took me up to a sort of wooden coffin fixed up against the wall. It was his clock. He opened the tall door of the pine box, and I gave a cry of wonder, at the sight of the interior.

Having nothing fit to make use of in the construction of a clock, the poor fellow had employed every kind of strange material. Bits of iron, copper, and stone had been worked into his purpose. In the whole clock there were no two scraps of anything that could ever have been expected to come together. Everything had been intended for something else. The clock-face was a large slate. The figures, and some arabesques very well executed, had been scratched upon its surface. The striker, whose clear sound had attracted

my attention, was a bit of a copper basin, struck by a piece of iron with a brass knob, the remains of an old fire shovel. All the rest of the materials were equally incongruous. I was standing in mute astonishment before the case, when some one called Jahona.

"Well, *mon cher*," said the doctor, coming behind me. "What do you think of this thing?"

"It must be an abominable timepiece, but it is a marvellous creation. I am almost afraid to think how much imagination, calculation, skill, and perseverance it must have taken to accomplish it. Your workman has a true genius for mechanical invention."

"There is no telling what he might not have become," said my friend, "had he been born where he had greater opportunities. He made everything you see about you. He fashioned all the furniture, repaired the walls, and thatched his dwelling. He works as well in wood and mason-work, as he does in metal. It is easier to him to invent a thing than to imitate. He has an especial gift for simplifying the conveniences of life. See this lock on his cupboard. There is not a particle of iron in its composition, and yet it is a capital lock. The key you see is made of a big nail and a wooden peg. You know how Breton chimneys smoke — look at his."

I turned towards the hearth. Jahona had gathered together at the back a heap of broken pottery, fragments of great earthen jars used for making lye in Brittany. By this means he had given his fireplace a semicircular form, which concentrated the heat, and increased it by reflection. It was the same idea as that of Count Rumford.

"He must have seen some modern fireplaces," said I to my companion.

"Never," he replied. "So far as I know there is nothing of the kind anywhere in this neighborhood, and Jahona has never been a dozen miles away from his own village. As I tell you, he is a born inventor. Whenever you see anything in this part of the country which strikes you as convenient or ingenious, you may be very sure somebody will tell you, 'That was made by Jahona.' But his inventive talent keeps him poor. Were it not for that he might live very comfortably; that is he might eat bacon on Sunday, and bread every day in the year. But when an inspiration comes upon him he is apt to neglect his every-day work, and disappoint his customers. He studied three years for the priesthood, and acquired the rudi-

ments of Greek and Latin. I pity him profoundly. He must be an unhappy man. He would not tell you so. He may never have found it out, but watch him and you will soon see indications of his hidden struggle."

At this moment Jahona came back, accompanied by a priest, who I perceived at once was one of those (to be found even in Brittany), who rattle off God's work in a mere spirit of business, like a government official entrusted with local affairs.

When he saw us he pulled off his shovel hat and gave a jovial laugh as he accosted the doctor. He told us he had come to look after a statue of the Blessed Virgin which Jahona was carving for his church. He seemed very much annoyed by the unpunctuality of the workman, who had kept him waiting six weeks.

"You must make some allowance for Jahona," I said, "he is a very uncommon man."

"That's true," replied the *curé*, lowering his voice and whispering in my ear. "The poor devil, we all know, is three parts crazy."

Meantime Jahona had been getting out his statue, and brought it to the light for our inspection. He pulled off some coarse wrappings, and we perceived a statue of the Virgin nearly completed.

My first feeling was one of very great surprise. My idea of the Virgin Mother had till that moment never been dissociated from certain Raphaelesque forms, and I could hardly recognize her in this statue of Jahona.

I expected to see as usual a young girl with downcast eyes, holding a naked, smiling infant in her arms. But when I had got over my first surprise, and began to examine the work carefully, the idea impressed itself upon me.

The mother of our Lord was seated in a position that expressed profound depression. The babe was sleeping on his mother's breast, but his face was entirely concealed from the spectator. The Virgin's face was full of sadness and anxiety. She pressed the infant to her heart with a convulsive movement, as if protecting him from some great peril. In spite of her depression and her look of care, a simple loving-kindliness beamed from her features. Her attitude was true to nature, though devoid of grace. The statue bore the stamp of Brittany, and that impression was completed by the costume. She was dressed as a peasant woman of that part of the country.

I stood looking in astonishment at this new conception of the Virgin. I had seen many statues of the mother of Jesus — but till now I had seen no statue of the mother of the Redeemer.

It was the Virgin Mary overwhelmed by a sense of the dignity of her own offspring,—the child whom she had borne,—both God and man. It was the Virgin Mary face to face with the great mystery with which she was associated, with the sword piercing her own soul as she contemplated her son's fate and her own agony. It was a Virgin Mary whose woman's feelings made her shrink from the unknown, and made her for a moment oblivious of her divine mission, as she gazed into the darkness of the future, and beheld the great dim cross making ready for our redemption—the Virgin with a mother's instincts stirring in her heart, as she thought of the coming sacrifice of her beloved son.

It was not the usual Virgin, calmly glorious in a sweet consciousness of her divine maternity—it was a sad and troubled woman laden with cares and fears, the true type of peasant womanhood.

I was absorbed in the suggestions of this work, when the priest, who had been joking with my friend, came up and stood beside me.

"Well, monsieur," he said, "and what is your opinion?"

I could not answer him immediately. He began to examine it more closely.

"Why, what's the reason," he cried out, "that you have given the Blessed Virgin such a dismal look, Jahona?"

"I am sorry, *monsieur le recteur*, if it does not please you; but when the infant Jesus was that age the Blessed Virgin was escaping from the massacre of the innocents, and was afraid of King Herod."

I had not thought of this, which gave the statue a new charm of historical verity. The priest however did not see it so.

"What matter for that?" he said. "You ought to have made her smile, as she always does in pictures. Was not the Virgin a mother above everything?"

"Yes — *mater dolorosa*," murmured Jahona, with a peculiar smile.

"And the child Jesus," said the priest. "One can't see what his face is like, all muffled up in that way. Why didn't you let us see his face, Jahona?"

"Because I did not know how to make the face of the Son of God."

The priest shrugged his shoulders; then looking at the statue he resumed, —

"Well! luckily the house-painters are coming to paint our church in a month or two. A little paint will do wonders for your statue. We'll dress the Blessed Virgin in bright colors, and make her smile in spite of the massacre of the innocents!"

He laughed at his own wit, which he seemed to consider capital; and after directing Jahona to get it done as soon as possible, went away.

We staid on, talking with the artist, who showed us several half-finished carvings. We were just leaving when my eyes fell on a great lot of thick oak planks which I had noticed when I first came in, and which seemed to be intended for some kind of building or carpentry.

"What are those?" I asked Jahona.

He hesitated a little, and replied, —

"Part of a windmill."

"What! you build windmills too?" I exclaimed.

"He wants to build one for himself," said my friend, laughing. "Jahona wants to transform his dovecote into a windmill. There are not enough mills in this neighborhood to supply the wants of the inhabitants. Jahona is quite right in thinking that if he could build one he might make it very profitable. Unhappily time and money have been wanting thus far, though he began his mill long ago."

"Seven years ago this month, monsieur," said Jahona, "seven years ago!"

"Have you made much progress?"

His face assumed its saddest look, as he answered slowly, —

"I finished it all last year. I had nothing to get except the millstones. But the winter was very severe. There was no work, and fuel is scarce in this neighborhood. My good wife burnt up some of my mill to warm the poor little ones who were crying with cold. I had to begin all over again."

"You were not discouraged?"

"No, — if it should take another seven years, I mean to have my windmill. Long as the road is between Quimper and Commana, a child may walk it, just by putting one little foot — step after step — before the other."

"Have you never had any wish to leave your native place?" I said. "You might find that in some of the cities your genius, if recognized, might make you rich much sooner than here."

He shook his head.

"Money is seldom found where people go to look for it," he said quietly. "Good luck is where God means it to be found. The happy lark picks up her little grain

as often in the fields as in the courtyard of the *château*."

"But don't you sometimes feel sorry that you have never risen to be more than a country workman? Are you not grieved when you have finished anything as fine as your carving of the Virgin, to have people come here and tell you it is bad?"

Jahona shrugged his shoulders and smiled, but I thought his smile was very sad.

"Those who pay have a right to find fault, monsieur," he answered.

I cannot describe how his brave words affected me.

We left the house, and when we had gone a few yards we turned and looked behind us.

Jahona was standing outside his tall cottage looking up at it with an expression in his face, as if he saw in "his mind's eye" the great white sails of his windmill turning slowly in the air.

Our eyes met, and he saw I knew what he was thinking.

"Yes, monsieur," he said, smiling, "one of these days I make sure of seeing four strong arms up yonder doing my work for me,—great arms of oak and canvas which will work, and not grow weary; and when that comes to pass I shall live at my ease for the future. I shall be able to think and plan in peace without having my customers displeased because I have not finished the work I promised them. A miller's life is a very easy one. So long as he hears his sails creak he may make himself contented. The wind of the good Master is providing his daily bread. If you ever come back into this neighborhood, monsieur, and catch a glimpse from the hills yonder of four sails revolving in this direction, you may safely say, 'There lives a man who has nothing more to ask from the kind hand of his Heavenly Father.'"

After saying these words with a sort of rustic elegance, and great depth of feeling, Jahona took off his broad hat, and went back into his dwelling.

"Well!" said my friend the doctor, when we had gone a little way, "what do you think of him?"

"That he is a great genius, whose powers will result in nothing, alas! but a bad timepiece and a windmill."

"Provided he ever builds his mill," said my companion.

"Why shouldn't he build his windmill?"

"He has disease of the heart, but does not know it," replied the doctor. "In eighteen months from now he will be dead,

and will never have finished his windmill."

I stopped short, with a sharp cry, and gave a frightened glance back at the curious cottage.

Its poor proprietor had again come out, and stood before his door, looking upward with a smile, and his three little children were playing on the threshold.

From The Spectator.

POETRY AND CIVILIZATION.

LORD MACAULAY thought he had proved that as civilization grew, poetry must decline. But that, we take it, is a delusion of the same type as those which beset men as they grow old, and make them dream that it is the world at large which is losing its vivacity and freshness, and not their own individual life. We can, to some extent, understand the fear which Mr. Ruskin and others cherish that civilization and its mechanism are dangerously invading the field of true art. It is quite true, we take it, that the sphere of art is the sphere of free and pliant life, and that the factory, the engine, the machine, and all that the factory, the engine, and the machine produce, in bearing the impress of a strict and iron rule, exclude the free creative beauty which is the very life of art. But the same fear has really no application to poetry. Its sphere is so wide that as long as the will is free and the affections of man are fresh, there need be no fear in the world for any narrowing of the sphere of poetry. In the minutest crevices between the most rigid mechanism of life, poetry can grow as easily as the flower between the angles of a wall, or a swallow, destined to range the seas and migrate to the delights of an African winter, in the grim niches of a London chimney. The fears which periodically send a shiver through society lest the fountains of poetry be dried up, are only the hallucinations of men whose own imaginations are growing cold, and unable to enter into the vividness of the last breath that has stirred the hearts of men. In the growing complexity of life, there is, we think, a reason why poetry is likely to treat subjects of less massiveness and sublimity than of old, or, when it deals with subjects of a massive and sublime order, why it should be very apt to go back to the old days when life was large and simple, and no longer broken up into so many minute cells of separate interest and significance. But no one can really look carefully into the

literature of the day, and doubt that it is not the want of poetic subjects, but only the rarity of the minds fitted to treat those subjects poetically which limits our poetry; nor, again, that there have been few periods, — except those rare periods of poetical productiveness, when nations have seemed to discover in themselves a new energy and freedom and a new gift of speech for translating it into words, — when there have been, even relatively to the increasing number of the inarticulate masses, so many endowed with some poetic gifts, and able so to sing, that men delight to hear them, and live more genuinely for hearing them.

Here, for instance, lies before us a new illustration of the adaptation of the present age for poetry, whenever it can produce a living interpreter of its wants and feelings and perceptions. We refer to a little volume* of poems by Edward Dowden, which has just appeared, and which, we venture to say, no true critic will read through without discovering in it, in greater or less degree, according to the measure of his own faculty, the criteria of true poetry, nor yet without acknowledging that it is poetry which has sprung straight out of the very surface of modern thoughts and emotions. Mr. Dowden is, we believe, himself a fine critic. At all events, he is deeply saturated with all the currents of thought most familiar to our modern critics. Poetically, we should speak of him as formed in the school of Wordsworth, amongst whose very finest sonnets some of Mr. Dowden's might well be classed, without the separate origin of the authorship being discovered by any one who judged by internal evidence only. But this is not surprising, for Wordsworth has entered thus vitally into all the more thoughtful minds of our day. His mode of appreciating nature has educated modern England, till it has become almost a mark of alien culture not merely not to understand his poems, but not to speak his peculiar language. Again, Mr. Dowden has entered deeply into all the speculative questions which are of far later origin than the Wordsworthian age. "Darwinism" haunts him in his poetic reverie; he has sounded the weakness of democracy, and yet has a secret admiration for the naked power of the people's will; he studies the attitudes of Eastern fanaticism with the same kind of deep speculative interest with which he describes the gambols of the swallows; with

the true modern eye for what is characteristic whether of spiritual or natural states, he paints with equal care the spinning dervish and the prim fledglings of the swallow's nest; again, from the intensity of that deep and dreamy devotion which is natural to a metaphysical age, he carries us into the strait and frigid conventionalism of the modern young lady's *savoir-faire*; and last, though not least, with the delight of the present day of complex interests in the large and simple subjects of ancient legend, he treats a certain number of the great classical themes in the mode most natural to a modern who appreciates perfectly the antique point of view, but reflects it with all the special emphasis of one who at heart contrasts it with a very different modern view, of which the ancient world knew nothing. In all these various regions Mr. Dowden shows a true poetic touch, which we do not say will win him a permanent place in English literature, — for that he must do more and loom larger on the mind of the present* distracted generation than this little volume would accomplish for him, — but which we do venture to say is of the *kind* to win him such a place, if he can produce more volumes as pure and rare and delicate in flavor as this is. Take, for instance, this delicate sonnet on "Ascetic Nature," suggested by a most characteristic Irish scene: —

Passion and song, and the adorned hours
Of floral loveliness, hopes grown most sweet,
And generous patience in the ripening heat,
A mother's bosom, a bride's face of flowers,
— Knows nature aught so fair? Witness, ye
powers
Which rule the virgin heart of this retreat
To rarer issues, ye who render meet
Earth, purged and pure, for gracious heavenly
dowers!
The luminous pale lake, the pearl-grey sky,
The wave that gravely murmurs meek desires,
The abashed yet lit expectance of the whole,
— These and their beauty speak of earthly
fires
Long quenched, clear aims, deliberate sanc-
tity, —
O'er the white forehead lo! the aureole.

No one not a true poet could have written that line, "The abashed yet lit expectance of the whole." It is a line condensing a whole world of observation and emotion into one exquisite phrase. How true, too, is the appreciation of the most perfect phase of Irish scenery in this sonnet, — that subdued and pale, not to say pallid lustre, which seems to borrow something from "the melancholy ocean," but much

* Henry S. King & Co.

more from the self-refraining nature which will not merge in the creature the fulness of the heart that should be given to the Creator. Again, would not Wordsworth himself have felt his heart bound with the same kind of proud exultation which he felt when he had written such a sonnet as the grand one on Toussaint l'Ouverture for instance, if he had conceived the following, concerning the fear that when the heart has gained all in gaining God, it may lose him again by the mere intrinsic feebleness of its own wasting powers? —

LIFE'S GAIN.

"Now having gained Life's gain, how hold it fast?

The harder task! because the world is still
The world, and days creep slow, and wear the will,

And Custom, gendering in the heart's blind waste,

Brings forth a wingèd mist, which with no haste

Upcircling the steep air, and charged with ill,
Blots all our shining heights adorable,
And leaves slain Faith, slain Hope, slain Love the last."

O shallow lore of life! He who hath won
Life's gain doth hold nought fast, who could hold all,

Holden himself of strong, immortal powers.
The stars accept him; for his sake the sun
Has sworn in heaven an oath memorial;
Around his feet stoop the obsequious hours.

These four last lines, in the exaltation of their claim that God and all his creatures conspire to strengthen the man who has won the eternal for his own, may fairly be placed — nor will they lose by the comparison — with the grand lines in which Wordsworth assured the negro patriot of the powers which would sustain him even in the "deep dungeon's earless den: " —

Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee — air, earth, skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Again, to show how Mr. Dowden appreciates the world of limitation and convention which is bred of modern frivolity and fashion, take the fine sonnet alluding to the anger felt by David against Michal for laughing at the Oriental passion of his dance before the ark: —

DAVID AND MICHAL (2 Samuel vi. 16).

*But then you don't mean really what you say —
To hear this from the sweetest little lips,*

O'er which each pretty word daintily trips
Like small birds hopping down a garden way,
When I had given my soul full scope to play
For once before her in the Orphic style
Caught from three several volumes of Carlyle,
And undivulged before this very day!
O young men of our earnest school confess
How it is deeply, darkly tragical
To find the feminine souls we would adore
So full of sense, so versed in worldly lore,
So deaf to the eternal silences,
So unbelieving, so conventional.

Or for the mixture of sympathy with nature and the humor of its glance at human society of the religiously conventional kind, take the following graceful verses entitled, "In the Cathedral Close: " —

In the dean's porch a nest of clay
With five small tenants may be seen,
Five solemn faces, each as wise
As though its owner were a dean;

Five downy fledglings in a row,
Packed close as in an antique pew
The schoolgirls are, whose foreheads clear
At the *Venite* shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound,
But dreaming and digesting much,
They grow thus wise and soft and round.

They watch the canons come to dine,
And hear the mullion-bars across,
Over the fragrant fruit and wine,
Deep talk about the reredos.

Her hands with field-flowers drench'd, a child
Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair,
The swallows turn their heads askew, —
Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelusive touches sound within,
Straightway they recognize the sign,
And, blandly nodding, they approve
The minuet of Rubenstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk,
(Male birds flown wide from minster bell),
And blink at each broad term of art,
Binomial or bicycle.

Ah! downy young ones, soft and warm,
Doth such a stillness mask from sight
Such swiftness? can such peace conceal
Passion and ecstasy of flight?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
Under a white Greek architrave
At morn, or when the shaft of fire
Lies large upon the India wave,

A sense of something dear gone by
Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
For a small world embowered and close,
Of which ye some time were a part.

The dew-drench'd flowers, the child's glad
eyes,

Your joy unhuman shall control,
And in your wings a light and wind
Shall move from the maestro's soul.

The passages we have given are but specimens, and we will venture to say by no means exceptional specimens, of the poetry in Mr. Dowden's charming little volume. In fact, nothing we have given approaches in intensity some of the "New Hymns for Solitude," or in picturesqueness some of the modern studies from the antique, say, for instance, the very fine lines on Helen or on Andromeda. But what we have given is, we take it, quite sufficient to dispel the fear of any one who should be sufficiently faint-hearted to apprehend that modern civilization has any tendency to extinguish poetry, — nay, that it does not create at least as many poetical points of view as it tends to hide. A highly complex world will certainly be relatively deficient in massive and simple situations and groups, but it will be relatively abundant in those spiritual attitudes of the soul out of which the poetical impulse flows at least as freely as out of grand situations and heroic forms.

From Chambers' Journal.

ABSENCE OF WHITE COLOR IN ANIMALS.

SOME very curious physiological facts bearing upon the presence or absence of white colors in the higher animals have lately been adduced by Dr. Ogle. It has been found that a colored or dark pigment in the olfactory region of the nostrils is essential to perfect smell, and this pigment is rarely deficient except when the whole animal is pure white. In these cases the creature is almost without smell or taste. This, Dr. Ogle believes, explains the curious case of the pigs in Virginia adduced by Mr. Darwin, white pigs being poisoned

by a poisonous root which does not affect black pigs. Mr. Darwin imputed this to a constitutional difference accompanying the dark color which rendered what was poisonous to the white-colored animals quite innocuous to the black. Dr. Ogle however observes, that there is no proof that the black pigs eat the root, and he believes the more probable explanation to be that it is distasteful to them, while the white pigs, being deficient in smell and taste, eat it and are killed. Analogous facts occur in several distinct families. White sheep are killed in the Tarentino by eating *Hypericum criscum*, while black sheep escape; white rhinoceroses are said to perish from eating *Euphorbia candellabrum*; and white horses are said to suffer from poisonous food where colored ones escape. Now it is very improbable that a constitutional immunity from poisoning by so many distinct plants should in the case of such widely different animals be always correlated with the same difference of color; but the facts are readily understood if the senses of smell and taste are dependent on the presence of a pigment which is deficient in wholly white animals. The explanation has, however, been carried a step further, by experiments shewing that the absorption of odors by dead matter, such as clothing, is greatly affected by color, black being the most powerful absorbent, then blue, red, yellow, and lastly white. We have here a physical cause for the sense-inferiority of totally white animals which may account for their rarity in nature. For few, if any, wild animals are wholly white. The head, the face, or at least the muzzle or the nose, are generally black. The ears and eyes are also often black; and there is reason to believe that dark pigment is essential to good hearing, as it certainly is to perfect vision. We can therefore understand why white cats with blue eyes are so often deaf — a peculiarity we notice more readily than their deficiency of smell or taste. — DR. WALLACE, *British Association*, 1876.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY. — The *Liverpool Albion* says that "A Young Liberal" having written to Mr. Gladstone asking him to furnish a list of books the best calculated in his opinion to supply a knowledge of history bearing upon political questions of the present time, has received the following reply: "Sir, — Among the books you might read with advantage are 'Green's Popular History of England,' 'Hallam's

Constitutional History of England,' 'Ranke's History of England,' 'Guizot's History of the Great Rebellion,' 'Sir E. May's Parliamentary History of England.' These works are generally free from the spirit of partisanship. But let me observe that no one can effectually study history for present purposes without also examining into the accounts of other countries and of ancient times. — Your faithful servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."

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A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
 Frozen and dead,
 Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
 O doubting heart!
 Far over purple seas,
 They wait in sunny ease
 The balmy southern breeze,
 To bring them to the northern home once
 more.

Why must the flowers die?
 Prisoned they lie
 In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
 O doubting heart!
 They only sleep below
 The soft white ermine snow,
 While winter winds shall blow,
 To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
 These many days;
 Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
 O doubting heart!
 The stormy clouds on high
 Veil the same sunny sky,
 That soon (for spring is nigh)
 Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
 Is quenched in night.
 What sound can break the silence of despair?
 O doubting heart!
 Thy sky is overcast,
 Yet stars shall rise at last,
 Brighter for darkness past,
 And angels' silver voices stir the air.*

* From Adelaide Anne Procter's "Legends and Lyrics."

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago we walked the woods,
 A year ago to-day;
 The lanes were white with blackthorn bloom,
 The hedges sweet with may.

We trod the happy woodland ways,
 Where sunset lights between
 The slender hazel-stems streamed clear,
 And turned to gold the green.

Thrushes sang through the cool green arch,
 Where clouds of windflowers grew:
 That beauty all was lost to me,
 For lack of love to you.

And you, too, missed the peace which might
 Have been, yet might not be,
 From too much doubt and fear of fate,
 And too much love of me.

This year, O love! no thing is changed:
 As bright a sunset glows;
 Again we walk the wild wet woods,
 Again the bluebell blows.

But still our drifted spirits fail
 Spring's happiness to touch;
 For now you do not care for me,
 And I love you too much!

Good Words.

D. NESBIT.

SMILES AND TEARS.

You bid me sing a gay refrain,
 Win from my lyre a note more glad,
 And when I chose a brighter strain,
 Still — still you told me it was sad.

I did not mean it should be so,
 Nor was my wish to make you sigh;
 But you are young, and do not know
 How joy and grief together lie.

There ever is a minor chord
 Struck somewhere in our earthly lays,
 Ever a shadow on the sword
 Of brightest scenes whereon we gaze.

And while we may not heed the one
 Nor hear the other, each is there;
 Yet lurking in the blithest tone,
 Yet darkening the landscape fair.

Thus, often scarcely knowing why,
 We cannot look without a tear;
 And so it is we sometimes sigh,
 Tho' joyous be the song we hear.

Argosy.

CÆLI.

If stars were really watching eyes
 Of angel legions in the skies,
 I should forget the countless host,
 And seek your gazes still the most.

And if your eyes were really stars,
 With leagues of desert-space for bars
 To keep me from their longed-for day,
 I should not feel so far away.

Spectator.

F. W. B.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE HELLENIC FACTOR IN THE EASTERN PROBLEM.

PROBABLY for the first time during two thousand years, the silence of the Pnyx at Athens was broken a few weeks ago by the stir of an assembly comprising, as we are told, about ten thousand persons.* It had been preceded elsewhere, for example in Zante, by a similar and not much smaller meeting. It is interesting for us Englishmen to observe both the Greeks and the Romans of to-day following, like ourselves, the traditions of their remote forefathers, and handling matters of prime public interest in public assembly. In the millennium preceding the long term which I began by naming, such a proceeding would have been regular and familiar in any part of Greece.

The object of this rather notable gathering was to put forward a claim on behalf of the Hellenic provinces still in servitude, and not permitted even to speak authentically for themselves. The claim is for an equal share in the emancipation, which has been demanded in various quarters on behalf the Slavonic subjects of the Ottoman power. The meeting was first addressed by the professor of history in the University of Athens, who advanced this among his claims to speak on the occasion—that he had seen his brother and his brother-in-law beheaded, his father and his uncle hung. He noticed the general grounds, on which those of his own race are entitled to no less favorable consideration than their brethren in misfortune farther north. He noticed also the great distinction between them: “The Slavs have risen this year, the Greeks have not.” And the distinction is most important. Repudiating heartily the doctrines of the supreme right of overbearing might, which still appear to find some countenance among us, I must still admit a material difference between those who show that their enfranchisement is required for the general tranquillity and those who do not. It is much, if right be done in the first-mentioned class of cases; for human justice is ever lagging after wrong, as the

prayers of Homer came limping after Sin.* Even to the great Healer, during his earthly walk, the “sick folk” were *brought*. Gratuitously to search out all the woe of those who suffer in silence and inaction, desirable as it might be, is scarcely within the conditions of human strength.

But this is not disputed by the Greeks of, or beyond, the kingdom. It appears to be met by a plea of fact which, if it can be made good, is relevant and important. It is thus stated by Professor Papparrhigopoulos:—

The powers have made use of every means to repress the disposition of the Greeks to war, by promising that the Greek nation, which for the time refrained from complicating the situation, should at the settlement obtain the same advantages as the Slavs.†

Professor Kokkinos, following in the discussion, says that free Greece, loyal to the powers of Europe, had encouraged their brethren still in servitude to rely on those powers, and that Europe had praised the prudence and patience‡ which were exhibited accordingly. The minister Coumoundouros, in reply to a deputation appointed by the assembly, encourages them to hope that the enlightenment of the Porte, *and* the humanity of Europe, will not drive them to embrace the belief that the gates of justice may be shattered, but opened never.§

Of the steps thus alleged to have been taken by the European governments, the public, and also the Parliament, of this country, are, I apprehend, up to this time in ignorance. It does not appear to me that such steps, if taken, were necessarily wrong, or that, in the midst of the existing complications, it must have been wrong to postpone a statement of their nature. We have indeed, in the Parliamentary Papers of 1876,|| a communication from the consul at Canea, affirming the existence of general and deep-seated discontent in Crete, together with the draft of a large measure of change proposed by the

* Il., ix. 498.

† *Compte Rendu*, p. 6.

‡ Ibid., p. 14.

§ *Compte Rendu*, p. 22.

|| No. 3, p. 284.

* *Compte Rendu de l'Assemblée, etc.* Athènes, 1876.

Christians; but there is no indication of opinion, or account of any steps taken, at the Foreign Office.

I have thus stated the claim put forward by the Greeks themselves to a hearing at the conference of the powers on Eastern affairs, if such a conference should be held. There are signs which render it more or less probable that they may proceed to substantiate their claim by *voies de fait*. In any alternative it is not wise to attempt to get past the present disturbance without giving their existence even a thought.

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place.*

For months the Christians of Turkey, other than Slav, have been out of sight and out of mind. It certainly is not too early to examine a little into their cases.

There are four Christian races under the dominion of the Porte. The question of the Slavs is going to the conference, or the sword. The case of the Wallachs of Roumania is happily disposed of; one of the greatest and best results of the Crimean war. The case of the Armenians, who, like the Wallachs, are stated to be four millions, is presented argumentatively in a *Mémoire*† dated October, 1876, and laid before each of the great powers. The more proximate case of the Hellenic provinces of European Turkey is that which I shall now endeavor to unfold. And this not only because it is the portion of the house next to the present conflagration, and most likely to be caught by it; but also because the history of the proceedings, through which the kingdom of free Greece was established, affords most interesting precedents, and an admirable guidance for any government, or representative of a government, desirous to deal with the great Eastern problem in the spirit of the best traditions of his country. On their title to be dealt with by the conference I do not presume absolutely to pronounce. We may see applied to these populations the maxim, —

The voice of any people is the sword
That guards them; or the sword that beats
them down.*

I cordially hope that it will be deemed wise and just to consider their case. But without prejudging the point, I proceed to sketch in outline the most material parts of an interesting history.

In common with the Italians, but in a still more conspicuous degree, the Greeks have been remarkable among men alike for the favors and the spite of fortune. And it is no wonder if, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, and even such discouragements as arise from defects and vices of their own, they cling to the belief that the severity of their trials is in truth a presage of a happy and distinguished future, acting like the flame of the furnace on the metal which is to issue from it. The fall of the race was indeed from so great a height, and to such a depth of misery, as is without parallel in history. The first stage of their descent was when they came under the Roman dominion. But *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*. This first reverse was mitigated by the majesty of the power to which they succumbed, and by a continuous intellectual reign; such that, when Christianity went forth into the world, no sooner had it moved outwards from its cradle in Jerusalem, than it assumed the aspect of a Greek religion. That aspect it bore for centuries. In the Greek tongue, and by minds in which the Greek element predominated, was moulded that creed, which still remains the intellectual basis of the Christian system. In the second century, it was still the ruling Christian tongue in Rome, where Pope Victor was the first who wrote in Latin on the business of the Church.† Perhaps the greatest measure, ever accomplished by a single man at a single stroke, was the foundation of Constantinople; whose empire survived, by a thousand years, that of the elder Rome. Here, too, Greek influences acquired ascendancy: and we ought to wonder, not so much at the final fall of the

* Hamlet, iii. 4.

† *Mémoire sur la situation actuelle des Arméniens et sur leur avenir*. Dated from 74, Lancaster Gate, London.

* Tennyson's Harold.

† Döllinger, Hippolytus und Kallistus, chap. i., p. 28. Plummer's translation, p. 25.

great city, as at its long survival; a survival, only brought to its term by the appearance on the stage of foes far more formidable than those, before whom Italy and its proud capital had licked the dust.

But, all this time, *numerosa parabat excelsæ turris tabulata*. When still the exclusive mistress of the most refined learning of the world, she was called to bear, in common with other not yet patrician races, the fearful weight of the Ottoman yoke. By the far-sighted cruelty of Mohammed II., the aristocracy of the Greek lands was completely swept away. They exhibited, indeed, no case like that of the general apostasy of the landholders in Bosnia: the repetition of this infamy on a smaller scale in Crete took place at a much later period. Greeks were not only deprived of their natural leaders; they were assailed at every point, and in the very citadel of the family life, by the terrible exaction of the children-tribute. Not only was the system indicated by that phrase a most cruel and wicked one on the part of the conquerors who invented it, but it carried with it an amount of degradation to the sufferers who bore it, such, perhaps, as never was inflicted even on African slaves. Endured at first in the stupidity of terror, it laid wide and deep, during the two centuries for which it lasted, the foundations of baseness, and it is probably not too much to say that two centuries since its cessation * have not yet everywhere effaced its effects. Nor is effeminacy, especially where thus engendered, a guarantee for humanity. The fathers who gave over the bodies and souls of their children to the tyrant were, thus far, sunk into the region of the brutes, and acquired of necessity something of that habit of mind which is as ready upon occasion to enforce the law of violence, as to cringe before it.

While such was the condition of the Greek race, considered on the side of their Ottoman masters, their horizon was not a whit less black in every other quarter. There is no chapter of history more disgraceful to western Christendom, than that which exhibits the conduct of its

various governments with respect to the entrance of Turkish rule into Europe, and its continuance there. It made, indeed, vigorous and even noble efforts to repel the invaders; but this was when the Turks, having overrun that portion of the south of Europe which adhered to the Oriental Church, began at length to menace, and to some extent to occupy, European ground within the precinct of the Latin communion. These efforts were ultimately successful; but it was only towards the close of the seventeenth century, that the danger could be said to have passed away from western Europe. And it was during the same period, which witnessed the great overthrows of the Turks at Vienna (1685) and Peterwaradin (1717), that they were allowed to add to their empire by wresting Crete from the Venetians, and by finally recovering the Morea. The efforts made by Venice were remarkable as proceeding from so small a state, confident only in maritime resources; but they were neither liberating nor crusading efforts, so far as the Christian populations were concerned. They were commercial and territorial; and if the civil yoke which they imposed were lighter than that which they removed, it was sometimes found that they carried with them a new stumbling-block in the shape of religious rivalry,* whereas the Turks were, as a rule, in regard to questions between one form of Christianity and another, supremely impartial. At all events we find that, when the long war waged in Crete ended in 1669 with its surrender to the Porte, the Greek population of the island, who might have given the victory to Venice, did not think it worth their while † to bestir themselves for the purpose. In general, either Europe was indifferent to the subjugation of eastern Christendom, or at any rate, governed by their selfish jealousies, the powers could not agree on the division of so rich a spoil, ‡ and therefore they suffered a very unnatural oppression to endure.

But even political jealousy was not so keen and sharp-eyed an enemy as eccle-

* Finlay's Greece, from 1453 to 1821, pp. 194, 195.

* Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, i., p. 9.

† Finlay's Greece, p. 132.

‡ Pichler, *Geschichte der Kirchlichen Trunnung*, i. 500.

siastical ambition. Of this we have the most extraordinary proof in the letter addressed by Pope Pius II. to Mahomet II. shortly after the capture of Constantinople. The pontiff exhorts the victorious sultan (1461) to embrace Christianity, and not only promises, upon that condition, to confer on him, by virtue of his own apostolical authority, the legitimate sovereignty of all the countries he had conquered from the Greeks, but engages to use him for the re-establishment over those countries of the supremacy of the papal chair. "*Tuum brachium*," he says, "*in eos imploraremus, qui jura Ecclesiæ Romanæ nonnunquam usurpant, et contra matrem suam cornua erigunt.*"* Such was the consolation administered, on the Christian side and from the highest quarter, to those crushed under the calamity of Ottoman domination. It was their peculiar fate to be smitten on one cheek because they were Christians, and on the other because they were not Latin Christians. Had it not been, says Dr. Pichler, the learned historian of the schism, for the religious division of East and West, the Turks never could have established their dominion in Europe.† Finlay tells us that Greeks, prosecuting their calling as merchants in the West, used actually to assume the disguise of Turks, in order to secure for themselves better treatment than they could have received as Eastern Christians.‡ And yet we learn from the same author, that they suffered heavily for their supposed identity of religious profession with the Latins. The Moors, expelled from Spain, and taking refuge in the East, might not unnaturally pay off, when they found themselves in the ascendant, some of their old scores; part, at least, of what they had suffered from the victorious Christians of Spain. But the Jews also migrated in large numbers at the same time to the same quarter, and took a very high social position in the East as merchants, bankers, and physicians.

They were eager [says Finlay] to display their gratitude to the Ottomans, and the inhuman cruelties they had suffered from the Inquisition made them irreconcilable enemies of the Christians.§

Nor was this all. The Turks did not long enjoy a maritime superiority corresponding with their military power by land. They had not nautical in the same high

degree as soldierly aptitudes, and they were greatly dependent for manning their ships on the Greeks, of whom they had twenty-five thousand in the fleet defeated at Lepanto. Therefore the seas afforded the means of constant irregular attack on Turkey. They were covered with pirates; and the religious orders of St. John and St. Stephen found it a meritorious as well as profitable occupation to pursue buccaneering practices on the coasts of the countries and islands, which were mainly inhabited by the Greek race; as in so doing they were assailing the territories of the infidel, and diminishing his power. The Greeks were commanded into Turkish, and kidnapped into Christian, galleys. Barbary competed in these lawless practices. Devastation was spread over the coasts of Greece, which often became uninhabitable;* and this plague was not extirpated, until the epoch of political redemption came.

Nor was this singular complication of calamities materially relieved by the fact, that Greek intelligence had been largely drawn upon to bring up to par the scantier supply of Turkish brains. Among the viziers and other governing Turks no small numbers were of Greek extraction or mixed blood, but no trace of this relationship seems easily perceivable in their conduct. Still more remarkable was the creation of the class of Phanariots, so called from the Phanar, a quarter of Constantinople which they inhabited; an artificial aristocracy,† in whom selfish interests left little room for the growth of traditional feelings, so that their services to themselves were boundless, but to their nation rare. The opening for promotion tended to stir the desire for education so congenial to Hellenes, but as tax-gatherers the official Greeks were often the instruments of tyranny in detail; and a numerous body, possessed of influence, while on the whole they used it somewhat to alleviate oppression, at least in Greece, yet acquired an interest in supporting that Ottoman domination, upon which they personally thrived.‡

To the Greek race at large, these calamities were not only of an afflicting, but also of a most corrupting character. The song of Homer witnesses that the mild slavery of the heroic ages took away half the manhood of a man.§ But the slavery

* Pichler, i., 501.

† Ibid., i. 498.

‡ Finlay's Greece, p. 186.

§ Ibid., p. 132.

* Ibid., pp. 106-118.

† "A fictitious and servile noblesse." — Gordon, Greek Revolution, i. p. 34.

‡ Ibid., 293-296.

§ Od., xvii. 322.

(for this it really was) imposed by the Ottoman Turk, not only substituting will for law, but mutilating the sacred structure of the family, and clothing the excesses of tyrannical power with the awful sanctions of religion, was such as to take away even half the remaining virtue of a slave. It seems indisputable that the effect was to corrode very seriously the character of the race.* The fetter that eats into the flesh eats also into the soul. God made man free, yet doubtless in foresight of the mischiefs that would result from the abuse of freedom. The abuse of it is fault and guilt, but the loss of it is mutilation. Under Ottoman rule, and in exact proportion as it was unqualified and unresisted, together with intellectual, moral, and domestic life, the sense of nationality, and the desire of recovery, sank to the lowest ebb.

One treasure only remained to the Greek through the long night of his desolation; it was "the pearl of great price." Setting aside the involuntary victims of the children-tribute, only a most insignificant minority of the Christian races, or at least of the greater part of them, submitted to purchase by apostasy† immunity from suffering, with free access to the pleasures and advantages of life; especially to that most intoxicating and corrupting pleasure, the power of simple domineering over our fellow-creatures. That faith, which ought to bear fruit in the forms of all things fair and noble and humane, shrank into itself, as it often shrinks in cases less unhappy; and slept through the icy winter of many generations. But a twinkling light still marked the habitation it had not deserted; and it abode its time, bearing within itself the capacity and promise of a resurrection to come. While we admit and deplore the deep gloom of ignorance, and the widespread ravages of demoralization, let there also be a word of tribute rendered to the virtue of one heroic endurance and persistency, which is without parallel in the history of Christendom.

If we look to the means by which this great result was achieved, I cannot but assign the utmost value to the fact that even the popular services of the Eastern Church appear to be profusely charged with matter directly drawn from Scripture, and that access was thus given to a fountain of living waters, even where the voice of the preacher was unheard, and books

were almost unknown. Thus the ministration of the Christian rites was kept in some relation with that action of the human intelligence, which they encourage and presuppose. But I think that the impartial student of history must also admit that, in these dismal circumstances, the firmly knit organization of the Christian clergy rendered an inestimable service, in helping the great work of conservation. And it is not without interest to remark how many circumstances favor the belief that in this work the largest share belonged not to the monk in his cloister, or the bishop on his throne, but to the secular, or, as they are now called, the working clergy. The institution of marriage made and kept them citizens as fully as the members of their flocks: and "chill poverty," if it "repressed their noble rage," removed them from the temptations, to which the higher clergy were exposed by their often close and questionable relations with Constantinople. Mr. Finlay, who has exposed the results of this contact with, to say the least, an unsparing hand, has nevertheless placed upon record the following remarkable judgment:—

The parish priests had an influence on the fate of Greece quite incommensurate with their social rank. The reverence of the peasantry for their Church was increased by the feeling that their own misfortunes were shared by the secular clergy. . . . To their conduct we must surely attribute the confidence, which the agricultural population retained in the promises of the gospel, and their firm persistence in a persecuted faith. The grace of God operated by human means to preserve Christianity under the domination of the Ottomans.*

Let us now consider how the door of hope was opened, and the opening gradually widened, for the race. The decay and extinction of the children-tribute, in the seventeenth century, is to be considered as the removal of an insurmountable obstacle to all recovery. The contact with Venice, even in political subordination, maintained variously at various times and never wholly lost in the (so-called) Ionian Islands until the extinction of the long-lived republic, may at least have tended to maintain some sense of a common life, and common interests, with the rest of Christendom. The gradual loss by the Turks of their military supremacy was at least a negative advantage, a remote source of hope, to those whom they held in servitude. Some admissions, too, must be

* Gordon's History of the Greek Revolution, i. 32,

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† Ibid., i. 33.

* Finlay's Greece, p. 181.

made on behalf of Turkey. Whether to avoid trouble, or for whatever reason, in certain districts, as in the Armatoliks, in Maina, in Sphakia, a more or less wild local independence was permitted to subsist. And candor compels us to confess that the gradual inroads of Russia, with its rising power, upon the Ottoman empire, and its active interference in the Danubian principalities, suggested in idea the figure of a deliverer rising on the far horizon.

In the peculiar case of Chios, the large principles of local self-government, established under the Genoese trading company of the Giustiniani, were respected by the sultans after the conquest of the island in 1566. It became the home of comparative security and prosperity. It retained this character until the epoch of the Greek revolution, when all, or nearly all, was quenched in blood by a massacre even more sanguinary, though apparently in some respects less fiendish, than the Bulgarian massacres of the present year. By this condition of relative freedom, continued through generations, the inhabitants of the island rose to a superior level of intelligence; and it is indeed a remarkable fact, that Chios has supplied the chief part of those mercantile families, so full of intelligence, enterprise, and shrewdness, who have given in our day to Grecian commerce its very prominent and powerful position in the west, as well as in the east, of Europe. What a lesson, on the comparative results of servitude on the one hand, and even a very modest share of freedom with order on the other!

When the Morea returned, by the peace of Passarowitz in 1718, under Turkish dominion, the cessation of the children-tribute had for some time removed a powerful check upon the growth of the population, and the system came at least partially into vogue of commuting the personal services of the rayah, and exactions in kind, for money payments of fixed amount.* In the eighteenth century, and the nineteenth down to the time of the revolution, the population of the Morea would appear to have increased from two hundred thousand (1701)† to twice that number.

The consequence of this rising energy was soon exhibited in the activity of Russian influence, and in the readiness with which welcome was accorded to the rather selfish plans of Catherine II. In 1770,

her agents procured a revolt in the Peloponnesos and in Crete, but with the avowed intention of bringing them under the crown of the empress.* The result, as might be expected, was discouraging; and in the peace of Kainardji, which did so much to extend Russian power and influence over the Christians of Turkey in general, no other care was taken of the Greeks than the insertion of a clause of amnesty, which was left to execute itself; a process which requires no exposition in detail.† They shared, however, in principle, and they had qualities enabling them to turn to peculiar account, the strange but very valuable privileges of the *barat*, under which Ottoman subjects, residing in Ottoman territory, obtained a charter of denaturalization, and the privileges of the subjects of some friendly power, to whom their allegiance was transferred.‡ But the time soon arrived when the Greeks began to feel the moral influence of the French Revolution, of growing commerce, and of the improvements effected in their language by progressive approximations to the ancient standard. By the time of the treaty of Vienna, they had so far imbibed the spirit and sense of nationality, that it is said disappointment was felt on its being found that nothing was done for the Greek race. The influence of the mischievous combination, which daringly assumed the name of the Holy Alliance, was undisguisedly adverse to them. The Congress of Laybach, at the outset of the revolution, declared its hostility to every struggle for freedom. The Congress of Verona,§ which followed closely upon the great massacre of Chios, was not roused by sympathy or horror to authorize any positive measure or policy against Sultan Mahmoud; and the religious sympathies of the emperor Alexander were upon the whole overborne, in the direction of Russian policy, by his horror of democracy.||

But the opinion and sense of communities had now a larger influence than formerly on the course of affairs, and even on the action of governments. The Greeks were advancing in education and in wealth, whilst the process of decay had visibly attacked the proud empire of the Ottomans. Courage had revived among them, fostered partially by piracy and *brigandage*,

* Ibid., p. 308.

† Gordon, i. 31.

‡ Finlay's History of the Greek Revolution, i. 131.

§ Ibid., ii. 162.

|| A different view, to some extent, is taken in Joyneville's "Life and Times of Alexander I.," vol. iii., chapters vi. and vii.

* Finlay's Greece, p. 281.

† Ibid., p. 237.

but also by the formation of regular military bands, composed from the *armatoli*, or local Christian militia, who, in the strange and anomalous condition of the Turkish empire, had been allowed to exercise great power in parts of the peninsula; until in later times the centralizing operations of the sultans, endeavoring to circumscribe their action, threw them into an attitude of resistance to the government, and sometimes into habits of absolute rapine. From the materials thus supplied, several regular corps had been constructed in connection with various governments. On the sea, there had been formed a race of hardy mariners, who manned the Greek trading ships, and knew how to work the guns, that they carried for defence against the piracy still infesting their coasts. All these separate materials were brought into the possibility of combination by the Philikè Hetairia; * a secret society of considerable value, in whose bosom lay the seeds of the revolution, waiting the day when they should burst from the surface. This combination grew out of or replaced a literary institution called the Philomuse Society, which, like the agricultural gatherings at a more recent period in Italy, appears to have cloaked its aims under a title calculated to avert suspicion. The Hetairia had a decided relation to Russian influence, as well as to Greek independence, but to influence of a popular kind, such as we have witnessed in very energetic operation during the present year. All the European governments were alike hostile at the time. Still in the case of Russia there was this difference, that the Hellenes might not irrationally regard her as the natural enemy of their enemy. The ramifications of this society were wide, and its uses, at least its preliminary uses, would seem to have been considerable. †

It was not, however, by the advised counsel of the conspirators that the time of the outbreak was finally determined; but by the war between Sultan Mahmoud and his formidable vassal, Ali Pacha of Joannina in Albania, which appeared to offer an opportunity for action too tempting to be slighted. It was in the year 1821, and in the region of the principalities, that the movement began; but it was essentially Greek, ‡ and could only live and thrive on its own soil. In southern Greece it commenced, with fatal energy,

in a widespread massacre of the dispersed Mussulman population. It rose to nobler efforts, and to great exploits; but I am not required to attempt, for the present purpose, the details of military history. It offers in detail a chequered picture of patriotism and corruption, desperate valor and weak irresolution, honor and treachery, resistance to the Turk and feud one with another. Its records are stained with many acts of cruelty. And yet who can doubt that it was upon the whole a noble stroke, struck for freedom and for justice, by a people who, feeble in numbers and resources, were casting off the vile slough of servitude, who derived their strength from right, and whose worst acts were really in the main due to the masters, who had saddled them not only with a cruel, but with a most demoralizing, yoke? * Among the propositions, which seem to be applicable to the facts collectively, are these: first, that it lay beyond the power of Turkey to put down the rebellion, without the aid of Ibrahim's ability and of the Egyptian forces: † secondly, that gratitude for what Greece had once been and done produced much foreign aid, especially in the noble forms of individual devotion, as from Byron, Church, Gordon, Hastings, and others: thirdly, that the efforts made would have been ineffectual to achieve a complete deliverance, without foreign assistance of another sort.

Every traveller in Greece and its islands will speedily learn that upon the list of virtues obliterated from, or rather impaired in, the general Hellenic mind, the sense of gratitude is not included. Nowhere is it more lively.

One of the most brilliant names of our political history is also one of the names dearest to the heart of Greece. It is the name of George Canning. Let us now see by what wise and bold action that place in the fond and tenacious memory of a country and a race was obtained.

The war of the revolution reached at first very widely over the range of territories inhabited by the Hellenic race, from Macedonia to Crete; but after a time came to be contracted, as far as land operations were concerned, within limits narrower than those of the historical Greek peninsula. The moderate capacity and indifferent morality, but too observable among the Greek leaders, convinced the

* Gordon, i. 42; Finlay, i. 120.

† Finlay and Gordon seem to differ much in their estimates of the efficiency of the Hetairia.

‡ Finlay, i. 169.

* See, on this subject, a noble passage from Lord Russell's "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe," which is cited by the Bulgarian deputies at p. 25 of their recent pamphlet.

† Gordon, ii. 171.

acute and penetrating mind of Lord Byron that the difficulties of the enterprise were vast. In August, 1824, before Ibrahim with his Egyptian forces had taken part in the quarrel, the Greek government entreated England to take up the cause of independence, and frustrate the schemes of Russia.* Mr. Canning received this letter on November 4th, and answered it on the 1st of December. In his reply he only promised that Great Britain would mediate, on the request of Greece, with the assent of the sultan, a friendly sovereign who had given to this country no cause of complaint. The chief importance of this answer lay, first, in the fact that it included the recognition of a government † authorized to act for the Greeks, and thus of their latent right to form themselves into a State: secondly, that it indicated a step on which, when taken by them, he would be prepared to found further proceedings. He had indeed already, in 1823, by a recognition of the Turkish blockade of the Greek ports, given to the insurgents the character of belligerents.‡ But it seems plain on grounds of common sense, although in 1861 the question came to be clouded by prepossessions, that a measure of this nature is properly determined by considerations of fact, rather than of principle.

In August, 1825, the military pressure, through the invasion of the Peloponnesos by the Egyptian force, had become severe: and an act, as formal and authoritative as the condition of a State still in embryo would permit, then declared that "the Greek nation places the sacred deposit of its liberty, independence, and political existence, under the absolute protection of Great Britain."

Mr. Canning at once perceived the full significance of the step; and entered upon perhaps the boldest and wisest policy which has been exhibited by a British minister during the present century. It did not consist in empty but offensive vaunts of the national resources, or loud proclamations of devotion to British interests, of which Britons, like other nations in their own cases respectively, have little need to be reminded. Neither did it rest on those guilty appeals to national fears and animosities, which it is too much to expect that the body of a people can with-

stand when they come to them with the sanction of authority. On the contrary, its leading characteristic was a generous confidence in the good sense, and love of liberty, which belonged to his countrymen, and a brave and almost chivalrous belief that they would go right if their leaders did not lead them wrong. Before Mr. Canning took office in 1822, the British government viewed the Greek rebellion with an evil eye, from jealousy of Russia. According to Finlay,* its aversion was greater than that of "any other Christian government." Its nearest representative, Sir Thomas Maitland, well known in the Ionian Islands as King Tom, after breaking faith with the people there by the establishment of a government virtually absolute in his own hands, endeavored (but in vain) to detect by the low use of espionage the plans, yet in embryo, of the revolution. Nor had any individual more temptation to indulge feelings of hostility to the despotic governments of Europe, than a minister, who was more hateful in their eyes than any secretary of state who before or since has held the seals of the Foreign Office. But he saw that the true method of preventing the growth of an exorbitant influence, of disarming Russian intrigue, and shutting out the power of mischief, was for England to assume boldly her own appropriate office as the champion of freedom, and thus to present her figure in the eyes of those who were struggling to attain the precious boon. Invested with a sole authority by the address of the Greeks, and thereupon at once tendering, through Mr. Stratford Canning, his distinguished cousin, the mediation of England to the Porte, he at the same time sought to associate with himself as partner in his office that power, who, as he well knew, had it in her hands either to make or mar his work.† The circumstances were, in some respects, propitious. Alexander, who had been perplexed with perpetual balancing between his orthodox sympathies and his despotic covenants or leanings, died before the close of 1825: and Nicholas, his successor, expended the first fruits of his young imperial energies in repelling the mediation of England as to his own quar-

* Finlay's Greek Revolution, ii., 166; Gordon, ii. 283.

† Tricoupi, *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, vol. iii., p. 193.

‡ *La Russie et la Turquie, par Dmitri de Boukharow*. Amsterdam.

* Greek Revolution, ii. 161; Gordon, i. 315. Also compare Tricoupi, *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, i. 339, seqq.; ii. 219; iii. 267. On the change in the English policy, and its effect, see Tricoupi, iii. 191-194. The majority of Mr. Canning's cabinet did not sympathize with him: but he had the advantage of a thoroughly loyal chief in Lord Liverpool.

† Compare Tricoupi, *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, iii. 278.

rel with the Porte, but also in accepting, with all the energy of his nature, that partnership in the patronage of the struggling Greeks, which was tendered to him by the Duke of Wellington on the part of the British government.* In Greece itself, the effect is described by Tricoupi in few words: ἡ Ἑλλάς ἡγγλίζειν ὅλη: all Greece became English.†

Had Mr. Canning been a man of infirm purpose, or of narrow and peddling mind, he might readily have found excuses for disclaiming special concern in the quarrel between the sultan and his subjects. The party by which Lord Liverpool's government was supported did not sympathize with that or with any revolt. The Philhellenes of England were but a sect, limited in numbers and in influence. But, above all, there had been then no ground to fear lest Russia, by an affected or real protection, should shut out this country from her proper office. Russia had surrendered herself, in the main, to the debasing influence of Metternich.‡ She had, in 1823, in the character of an advocate for the Greek cause, produced a plan for dividing the country into three hospodariates, to be governed by native rulers, with the fortresses in the hands of Ottoman garrisons; and had even alleged, as a ground for its adoption, that it highly favored the principal families, and would detach them from the interests of the insurrection. Its single merit was, that it covered the entire range of the Hellenic lands; but it seemed to give ground for the accusation of Finlay,§ that its aim was to keep Greek feeling in a state of chronic irritation, and thus to perpetuate the need of Russian intervention. At the outset of the war, the attitude of this great State had been one of undisguised hostility.¶ It not only dismissed Hypsilantes, who commanded in the principalities, from the Russian army, and gave the necessary consent for the entry of Turkish troops into those provinces to put down the insurrection, but it ejected from Russian territory, under circumstances of great severity, a hundred and fifty Greeks, who were refused admission into Austria, and into the Sardinia of *that* day, and who only, by means of private alms, were enabled to return to their country.¶ But Russia had also controversies of its own

with the Porte, arising out of the articles of the Treaty of Bukharest (1812), and indirectly those controversies favored the cause of the insurrection, by requiring Turkish troops to be moved upon the northern frontier of the empire.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Canning made his far-sighted appeal to the czar. And it was by the concurrence of the two countries that the work received an impetus such as to secure success. In the month of April, 1826, an important protocol was signed at St. Petersburg, of which the leading terms are as follows. Greece shall be a tributary State, governed by authorities of its own choice, but with a certain influence reserved to the Porte in their appointment. The Greek people shall have the exclusive direction of their foreign relations. The lands of Turkish proprietors shall be purchased by the State. The second article provides for an offer of mediation with the Porte; and the third for the prosecution of the plan already declared, should the Porte refuse the offer. The delimitation of territory is reserved. The two governments renounce, by a happy covenant, imitated in 1840, and again at the outbreak of the Crimean war, all exclusive advantages, and all territorial aggrandizement. Lastly, the concurrence of the other three great powers is to be invited.* This protocol was followed, through the aid of British and French influence, by the treaty of Akerman, which settled the outstanding differences between Russia and the Porte, made further provision respecting the principalities, and re-established in principle the autonomy of Servia.†

The offer of mediation agreed on in the protocol was refused by the Porte, which now relied on its military successes, and which had not to deal with an united Europe; though the France of the Bourbons, much to its honor, had associated itself with the courts of England and of Russia. The refusal brought about the signature, in July, 1827, of the Treaty of London. This treaty was the great ornament of the too short-lived administration of Mr. Canning, as the policy, which it brought to decisive effect, was the crown of all his diplomacy. It provided for a renewed offer of good offices to the Porte, and for compulsory measures to give practical effect, in case of a renewed refusal, to the protocol of 1826. But, after not many days, Mr. Canning was no more.

* Ibid., iv. 2, 3.

† Ibid., iii. 267.

‡ *La Russie et la Turquie*, p. 82.

§ Greek Revolution, ii. 165.

¶ Ibid., i. 155, seqq.

¶ Ibid., ii., p. 166; Gordon, ii., p. 82.

* *La Russie et la Turquie*, pp. 92-94.

† Ibid., p. 95-101.

Then followed in rapid succession the declaration of a compulsory armistice, the consequent destruction of the Turkish fleet by the battle of Navarino in November, the dismissal of the ambassadors from Constantinople, the war declared in April, 1828, on Russian grounds, by the czar, and the advance of his conquering armies to the conquest of Adrianople in August, 1829. At that point the emperor Nicholas perceived from many signs, and doubtless among them from the attitude of England, the prudence of a halt. But to him and to his country, aided by the good offices of Prussia, redounded the final honor of including in the Russian treaty of peace the provisions of July, 1827. The tenth article of the Treaty of Adrianople is the international charter of the independent existence of Greece.* Though the sultan had vaguely agreed to the concession before the treaty, at the instance of England and France, yet his willingness to comply may be set down, in the main, to the formidable nearness of the Russian army.

A British subject can, as such, find little pleasure in tracing the later stages of the history. It is indeed easy to understand why in 1829, with Constantinople opened to the Russian armies, the British government should have been disturbed; but it is not so easy either to comprehend or to justify the rapid change of tone and feeling which followed the accession of the Duke of Wellington to power in January, 1828; and which stigmatized the battle of Navarino, in the royal speech at the commencement of the session, as an untoward, though it was certainly an unexpected, event. An error, not perhaps more striking, but yet more grievous in its consequences, was the narrow amount of territory accorded to the new kingdom, as if to abate at once the high hopes and rebuke the noble daring of its people, and to condemn the infant State to a deplorable weakness and perpetual tutelage.

Finlay says with truth that the revolution of Greece was the people's revolution. They exhibited a tenacity and valor, not less than that of the American colonists in their famous revolt, which some despotic sovereigns showed themselves very ready to assist. We need not resent that assistance. It brought to a sharper and speedier crisis a war, which would otherwise have been interminable between the two most tenacious and self-reliant races

in the world. The same service was done to Turkey by the three powers; and from higher motives. Their abstinence would not have replaced the sultan in a real sovereignty. Fortresses taken, armies discomfited, would have seemed to be, but would not have been, the end. The mountain and the flood would have given refuge to their hardy children, and the contest would have been dispersedly but resolutely maintained by a race, to whom as yet, except in the Black Mountain, no equals in valor have appeared among the enslaved populations of the East. But if this was a notable resemblance, there was another yet more notable contrast, between the cases of America and Greece. The populations directly interested were not very different in number. Of quick and shrewd intellect there certainly was no lack in either. But the solid statesmen, the upright and noble leaders, who sprang forth in abundance to meet the need in the one case, were sadly wanting in the other. The colonists of America had been reared under a system essentially free, and they rose in resentment against an invasion of freedom but partial and comparatively slight; the revolted Hellenic population had for four centuries been crushed and ground down under a system, far from uniform in a thousand points, yet uniform only in this, that it was fatal to the growth of the highest excellence. It is in and by freedom only, that adequate preparation for fuller freedom can be made.

The uneasiness of Greece in its provisional condition, under Capodistrias as the president of a republican government, was extreme; and diplomacy still did it a service, greater than perhaps it knew, in offering, or promoting the offer of, its crown to Prince Leopold* of Saxe-Coburg, first among the statesman-kings of his day, or perhaps his century. He accepted the Hellenic throne; but the intrigues of Capodistrias, in representing difficulties, and also in creating them, appear to have so far darkened the prospect as to have brought about his resignation. With that resignation passed away the hope of a brilliant infancy for Greece. The small number of princes, disposable for such a purpose as filling the Hellenic throne, was probably further reduced by the jealousies of reigning families and their States; and though the average capacity of the members of royal houses may be considerably above that of the community at large, but

* Finlay, *Greek Revolution*, ii. 222; *La Russie et la Turquie*, pp. 102-113.

* Finlay, ii. 224; Tricoupi, iv. 380, 381.

a very small part, out of a very small total, can be expected to rise to the standard of faculty and character required in order to meet the arduous calls of the situation. King Otho was neither a depraved nor a neglectful sovereign. But he had no conception of free government; the stage on which he had to act admitted only of its exhibition in Lilliputian proportions: there were no indigenous statesmen suited to supply his deficiencies. Strangers were brought in for ministers; the spirit of faction, and, worst of all, of foreign faction, prevailed at the centre; absolutism was the medicine applied to the infirmities of the country; weakness and disorder were the result. And when a constitution was established in 1843, it was alike premature and defective, both in itself, and in that it had to be worked by a sovereign incapable of comprehending it. In 1862 the patience of the people was finally exhausted, and King Otho disappeared. Perhaps it is only as from that year, that free Greece ought to be considered as put upon its trial. And even when the stage was thus cleared, and a sovereign of promise was at length secured for the country, it was the promise of boyhood only, and more years had to pass before the young king George attained the years of action.

This outline, so general and so slight, would require, of course, correction as well as development if made applicable to details. But some review of the past is necessary, in order to secure a fair chance of judging rightly of the present. And here we encounter a school of thought, whose maxim it is that the emancipation of Greece has resulted in a total failure. Let me now first show that competent judges have not thought so, and afterwards ask, whether this sentence of sweeping condemnation is warranted by the facts.

The seven islands, which bore the name of the Septinsular Republic, are scattered along the coast from Epirus to the extreme south of the Morea. They are independent in thought and feeling of one another, and in the partition of the offices of government, under the British protection, a keen rivalry prevailed. No one probably will be found to hold, that that chapter of our history is worthy of its general strain. Sometimes, when we preached constitutional doctrine to Continental sovereigns, the case of the Ionian Islands was cast in our teeth. It was at one time my duty to study carefully the history of the connection, and I must say that, though the general intentions of the protecting power were good, the reproach was in various

respects well deserved; even down to a period, when King Tom and his system had been apparently repudiated. To share a common subordination is not a principle of common life. The islands had no other principle, except one, that of their Hellenic nationality. And this, which was a reality and an honor, some Englishmen were led absurdly to deny, because the Italian language was in use among the ruling class, with a very limited infusion, if any, of Italian blood. Why did we not, on the establishment of a free Greece, seize the opportunity of putting an end to a relation manifestly provisional, and relieving them and ourselves from a position false from the root upwards, by allowing them to take their natural place as part of the newly constituted State?

The question appears a reasonable one; yet we have no reason to suppose that even Mr. Canning contemplated such a measure. It is probable, that he found himself bound hand and foot by a military tradition, supposed to draw its origin from the great Napoleon. If Napoleon did indeed teach, as is said, the great military value of Corfu, it would be interesting to observe at what period of his career he promulgated the doctrine. Was it after, or was it before, six or eight thousand of his veteran troops under Berthier were neutralized, for all the years from the French conquest to his abdication, by a couple (I believe) of small British vessels? * Even in the times of sailing-ships, and of an artillery which has since been not so much improved as transformed, and with reference also to the monopolizing schemes of an aggressive power, it may be asked, what element of strength did Corfu secure for a possessor who had not the command of the sea? and what real addition did it make to the military resources of one who had it? Of the military burden, for a country like this, of maintaining garrisons of six or eight thousand men, whether in Corfu or in the islands collectively, it is needless that I should speak.

No man was more keenly sensitive than Lord Palmerston on subjects connected with military power, or more alive to the defective state and qualified progress of free Greece. Yet, in 1862, when first the prospect of free government in an effective form was opened for that country, he with

* These troops returned to France in 1814; and I found it currently stated in the islands, though I have never been able to ascertain the facts, that they were among the very first to join his standard on the arduous occasion of his return from Elba.

Lord Russell proposed, and his cabinet promptly agreed, to make arrangements for the surrender of the protectorate, and the incorporation of the seven islands with the continental state. This was a practical witness to the judgment passed by that cabinet, and especially of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, on the hopefulness of the future for Greece. Had they not had confidence in her prospects, they could not have deemed it wise and right to promote the transfer of the Ionian population from British protection to the rule of the young king.

But this was not all. It is within my knowledge that they were most desirous, even at that late period, to retrieve the error committed at the inception of the Hellenic State by the deplorable restriction of its territory. In no spirit of unfriendliness to the Porte, they wished for the assignment of Thessaly and Epiros to Greece, subject to the conditions of sovereignty and tribute. Our own surrender of the protectorate gave us, in a measure, occasion to consider what arrangements might be most conducive to the general tranquillity of the East. Happy would it have been for all concerned if these opinions could have taken practical effect. But even with governments the most advanced in civilization, the standard of wisdom as to territorial questions is not uniformly high. As gold for individuals, so land has for States, a meretricious fascination.

Nothing could at that time have been gained by a public discussion of the subject. Indeed, it would have been ungenerous to Turkey, then, as was still hoped, seriously engaged in giving effect to the reforms she had so solemnly promised in 1856, to disturb the slumbering Eastern question by mooted a plan of which a refusal, if made known, would have placed her in an invidious position. The position is now wholly different. She has herself trodden under foot those promises, bought from her with such an effusion of Western blood and treasure. She has completely liberated for free discussion both friends and foes, and also such as, disclaiming either enmity or admiration, believe that her best chance of continuing to hold a position in Europe depends upon the speedy adoption of large and liberal arrangements for the virtual self-management of internal affairs in some or all of her European provinces. But I deem it also important to redeem, during the lifetime of his fellow-laborer, Earl Russell, the memory of Lord Palmerston from the

wrong done it by those, who believe or argue that, if now alive, he would have been found to plead the obligation of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman power as paramount to the duty of granting to her afflicted subjects simple, broad, and effective guarantees for their personal and civil liberties.

Mr. Finlay, publishing in 1861 the "History of the Greek Revolution," has complained that the progress of the country in industry and population had not then answered to the expectations formed of it. But he has nowhere uttered a word to imply that its emancipation was other than a great good conferred upon the Hellenic race, as well as a gain for Europe by the extinction of a flaming element of discord. I have adverted at various points to the faults, in Greece and out of it, which have restricted, but not destroyed, the fruits of the Canning policy. Yet let us not conceal from ourselves, that real and most important progress has, after all, been achieved.

At the time of the revolution, not only did the whole dominant class, or rather the collected fragments of a dominant class, present, as their leading features, weakness, selfishness, and venality, but the people was partially barbarized, both by servitude, and by the professions of the pirate and clepht; so that the war which they waged was terribly defaced by acts of cruelty. But the revolutions which they made, and justly made, in 1843 and in 1862, did them honor by their freedom from the taint of blood. Greece, internally considered, is now an element, not of disturbance, but of stability, in the Levant. As the country does not molest Europe, so the people, always sound at heart, do not molest the government; but obey the laws, which, indeed, are borne better, perhaps, than they deserve. The evil of transitory ministries and shifting majorities is but a secondary symptom; and has often found its parallel in our own substantially well-governed, and always orderly, Australian colonies. Brigandage has, indeed, been greatly favored both by the nature of the country, and by the strong countenance it received from traditions anterior to the revolution, when it wore the guise of patriotism. But it had long since become occasional and limited, at the time when England was shocked and harrowed by a deplorable but single outrage, of a kind from which Italy has been but lately purged, and Sicily, we must fear, is not yet purged altogether. The venality, unblushing and almost uni-

versal among public men at Constantinople, hides its head in Athens, much as it did in England under Sir Robert Walpole. Recently detected in the gross transactions between certain ministers and certain bishops, it was brought to trial, and severely punished by the regular unbiassed action of the courts. In this small and almost municipal State, the independence of the judiciary appears to be placed beyond question; of itself an inestimable advantage. The higher clergy live in harmony with the State, the lower with the people; and the correspondence of our Foreign Office would show instances of their liberal feeling, such as are likely to exercise a beneficial influence upon Eastern Christendom at large. Their union with the people at large makes them an important element of strength to the social fabric. It was indeed an union cemented by suffering. On Easter Day, in April, 1821, the patriarch Gregorios* was arrested in his robes, after divine service, and hanged at the gate of his own palace in Constantinople. After three days he was cut down, and his body delivered to a rabble of low Jews, who dragged it through the streets, and threw it into the sea. Gordon enumerates about twenty bishops, who were massacred or executed by the Turks in the early stages of the revolution.† As for the priests, they suffered everywhere, and first of all.‡

The statistical record, moreover, of the progress of Greece, drawn from public sources, is far from being wholly unsatisfactory.

The population, which stood in 1834 at 650,000, had risen in 1870 to 1,238,000; that is to say, it had nearly doubled in thirty-six years; a more rapid rate of increase than that of Great Britain, and far beyond the ordinary European rate. With the Ionian Islands, Greece must now contain a number of souls considerably beyond a million and a half.

In 1830, Greece had 110 schools, with 9,249 scholars. In 1860, it had 752 schools, with 52,860 scholars. The University of Athens, which in 1837 had 52 students, in 1866 could show 1,182.

The revenue, which was £275,000 in 1833, was £518,000 in 1845, and £1,283,000 in 1873; or probably about a million, after allowing for the Ionian Islands.

For the shipping and trade of Greece, the figures, though imperfect, are not un-

satisfactory. The number of Greek seamen, augmented by the addition of the Ionian Islands, was in 1871 no less than 35,000. But before that annexation they were 24,000: or almost three times as many, in proportion to population, as those of the United Kingdom. The tonnage is over 400,000 for 1871. Before the union with the Ionian Islands, the imports and exports averaged for 1853-7, £1,546,000; but for 1858-62, £2,885,000. For 1867-71 they had risen to £4,662,000. That portion of Greek trade which is carried on with the United Kingdom, and which was in 1861 £923,000, had risen in 1871 to £2,332,000.

Neither, then, in a material, nor in a political and social view, is there any ground to regret the intervention of the powers on behalf of Greece.

I will now resume the argument on the future of the Hellenic subjects of the Porte.

The title of the Armenians, and of the Hellenic provinces of the Ottoman empire, to have their case considered at the approaching conference, is not, as I have already stated, analogous to that of the Slavonic countries. For these have exhibited their claim in the most effective form, by rising against the sultan, and by defeating, in two of them at least, his efforts to pacify them through desolation. Perhaps, in reason, the identity of grievance might be taken for granted; but the Hellenes may justly be put to the proof. Will their *locus standi* so far be admitted at the conference, as to allow them the opportunity of making good their case? Without prejudice to the general merits, it is plain that this admission cannot be withheld, if they are able to sustain, by adequate proof, the statements which were boldly assevered at the meeting in the Pnyx, but for which the evidence has not been disclosed to the world. Let us suppose, now, the question to stand for decision, at a meeting of the conference, whether its care is to extend to any other than the Slavonic provinces. I will proceed to state some reasons, which might well give bias to an Englishman in favor of the affirmative; and especially to an Englishman slightly tinctured with Russophobia, or the kindred, but more advanced, disease of Turcomania.

In the first place, it is the judgment of the Ottoman government that the changes it may be required to make shall extend to all the provinces of the empire. It will not be easy for that government to claim that, when the immediate and primary case

* Gordon, i. 187. Finlay, i. 230. Tricoupi, *Hellenikē Epanastasis*, vol. i., pp. 102-107, chap. vi.

† Gordon, i. 187, 188, 190, 194, 306.

‡ Ibid., i. 193.

of the Slavs has been disposed of, the door shall be closed against others, whose equality of title she has herself asserted. Next as to Russia. It may be doubted whether her interests will render her anxious to widen the field of interposition. What generosity may prompt her to attempt, I dare not at present conjecture; but, as I believe she cannot always be exempt from the selfishness of which we ought sometimes to be very conscious in ourselves, so it has been well proved that the emperor and his people are open, certainly not less than we are, to the generous emotion which has recently, and I believe effectively, thrilled through this island.

With some very limited exceptions on the Austrian frontier, I apprehend it to be beyond doubt, that the hopes of the Christians in European Turkey have been directed either to this country or to Russia. As between the two, there are a variety of circumstances which might conceivably direct their hopes either to the one or to the other. It is too often and too hastily assumed, that they all work in the same line, the line leading towards Russia. My own belief is that these populations would all prefer aid from England, if it were to be had: all, even including Slavs and Wallachs. It is true that they both are united to Russia by a double tie; the Slavs by those of religion and of race, the Wallachs by the tie of religion and perhaps of recollection; for, though Russia may have used them in her own interest as tools against the Porte, it was to her power that they owed those local immunities, which put them in a condition to become, after the Treaty of Paris, a free state. But both even of these races have other ties with England: first, in the possession or desire of popular institutions; secondly, in that they have not to fear from her, even as possible, either absorption or aggression. But the Wallachs are happily out of the question; and as to the Slavs, I feel that it is vain to pursue the discussion with special reference to England, after the course which affairs have taken in 1875 and 1876.

The present inquiry is as to the Hellenic races; and here the matter stands very differently. Only in a single point have they sympathies which would lead them by preference towards Russia: it is the point of religion. Were these countries within the Latin Church, community of religion might greatly weigh, for it would imply some antagonism to all other forms of Christianity. Within the Greek Church this is not so, because it is consti-

tuted on the original principle of local distribution, rejects the doctrine and practice of supremacy, and claims no jurisdiction beyond its own borders. Mr. Finlay speaks of the strong leaning of the Ionian population to Russia. This may have been true, and with very good reason for it, in the time of Sir Thomas Maitland; or in the island which, according to Gordon,* "groaned for years under the iron rod of a wretch, whose odious tyranny would have disgraced a Turkish pacha." But, by degrees, the treatment of the islanders by the English was greatly altered for the better. Eighteen years ago, I was engaged in a mission to the islands, and became convinced that the notion of the prevalence of Russian leanings there was altogether visionary; that the desire of the people was to be Greeks in polity, as they were Greeks in blood and feeling, but that as long as they could not be politically Greeks they preferred an association with the British crown to any other association whatsoever.

Since that time events most important in their bearing on the present inquiry have occurred in the department of ecclesiastical affairs. If, on the score of religion, there was then a qualified affinity with Russia, there is now a positive antagonism. The four or five millions of Bulgarians, who were then in their traditional intercommunion with the patriarchal see of Constantinople, are now severed from it by an ecclesiastical schism; and of that schism Russia is believed by the Hellenic race to have been, through its ambassador, General Ignatieff, the most active and powerful fomentor. And this although it has been alleged that, a master of the *finesse* of diplomacy, and knowing the blind hostility of Ali Pacha to everything proposed or supported by Russia, he put the Porte on the side of the Bulgarians by advisedly taking himself the side of the patriarch.†

It is remarkable that so little has been said or heard on this important subject in the West. The reason is that its direct consequences have been purely negative. The hundred eyes and hundred hands of the Curia were directed from Rome to the Balkan peninsula, in the hope of profiting by the quarrel; but in vain. It is hardly asserted that M. Bourée, the French ambassador, supported with all the influence, if not with the wealth, of his country, the papal operations; but in vain.‡

* Vol. i, p. 318.

† *Attention aux Balkans*: Bucharest, 1876, p. 14.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 15.

The eighty or ninety millions of the Oriental communions, though partially severed in communion, and even to a very small extent in doctrine, among themselves, form an united and impregnable phalanx as against the claims of the papacy.

In the original outbreak of the Bulgarian quarrel we may recognize, on the part of that people, a genuine aspiration of nationality. Under color of obtaining more learned and competent men than could be found among an uninstructed population, a practice had grown up, dating from about a century and a half ago, of appointing Greek Fanariote bishops to Bulgarian sees. The demand of Bulgaria was, to take into its own hands the appointment of its bishops, and of a chief prelate with the title of exarch. If I am correctly informed, it happened in the course of this controversy, as of many others, that right changed sides as it went on. The patriarch offered that the Church of Bulgaria, like that of Russia and of Greece, should become an independent national Church; but stipulated that, like them, it should be limited within local boundaries. On the Bulgarian side it was contended that wherever there were Bulgarians, constituting a local majority, the jurisdiction of the national Church should extend. This claim directly traverses the principle of local distribution, on which the Oriental Church claims, in conformity with the Ante-Nicene Church, to be founded. The claim was refused. Excommunication followed. The Russian Church declined to support the sentence of the see of Constantinople. Another of the patriarchs took the same view, and was deposed. Russia, having the means in her power, took an active part against the successor who was appointed. In a word, although the religion of the Bulgarians remains in doctrine and rites precisely what it was before, the tranquil East has been thrown into the abyss of ecclesiastical disturbance; and with a chief share in producing such a state of things the Russian influence is, whether justly or unjustly, credited. It is even stated that, by confiscating the proceeds of estates in Bessarabia, Russia has deprived the patriarch, and the Greek establishments in Roumelia, of a large part of their means of subsistence;* not to mention the crowning allegation of this fierce Hellenizing adversary, which is that she desires to define an ecclesiastical Bulgaria reaching beyond

the Balkans, in order that she may thus herself eventually control the mountain passes.

Now it is with Constantinople that the whole Hellenic race feels itself in matters of religion to be inseparably associated; it is in the strictest sense, notwithstanding the undue subserviency to the overweening pressure of the Porte which has at times and in certain respects lowered the dignity of that great see, an ecclesiastical centre to the Hellenic race, which resents every disparagement inflicted on it. So far therefore as religion is concerned, it is at this moment a ground of real and strong revulsion from Russia, not of attraction to it.

No full and accurate view of the questions connected with the Christian subjects of Turkey can be obtained without taking into count the dualism that subsists among them, as between Hellene and Slav. They are sharers in a common religion, and this bond of sympathy is primary. They are also sharers in their sufferings; but they are to some extent rivals in their dreams. Between them, they conceive themselves to have the heirship of eastern Europe, and have some tendency to clash about the inheritance before the day of possession has arrived. The Slav is stronger in numbers: the Hellene feels that, during the long and rough night of the great calamity, the remaining genius of his race supplied the only lamps of light which flickered in the storm and in the gloom. As between Hellene and Turk, the czar has borne the aspect of a champion: as between Hellene and Slav, he has rather the position of a possible adversary; and all the circumstances of the present moment accentuate and sharpen the outlines of that position. Only when the place of advocate has been altogether vacant, has the Hellenic race been disposed to give to Russia that position. The prospect of Russian predominance in the Levant is just as oppressive to their rising hopes, as that of a Greek empire at Constantinople is distasteful even to the mighty and wide-ruling emperor of all the Russias.*

I am arguing for others, rather than myself. I find abundant reasons, altogether apart from those which I have last advanced, for desiring that the opportunity of the present crisis should be used, after meeting its primary necessities, to act

* The Greek conception of Russian policy is pointedly expressed by Tricoupi, in reference to the project of 1823. — *Hellenikè Epanastasis*, iii. 189, chap. xii. Also iii. 263.

* *Attention aux Balkans*, p. 21.

more broadly on ideas such as were unquestionably and strongly held by Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell in 1862, and to arrange with the Porte for the concession to the Hellenic provinces of all that may be found reasonable. I am firmly convinced that the antagonism of interests between them and the ruling power, which many assert and assume, does not in truth exist. The condition of Turkey is bad as matters now are: what would it have been if the festering sore of the Greek revolution had been permitted to pass, by neglect, into a gangrene? I believe that suzerainty over a large range of country would then have been better for both parties, than independence in a very small one: but that either the one or the other was better than the doctrine that we have no more to do with a quarrel between the sultan and his subjects than with any other similar quarrel, and than a practice in accordance with that doctrine. Why should we be alarmed at the sound of suzerainty? It is a phrase of infinite elasticity. Even in the present Turkish empire, suzerainty exists in half-a-dozen different forms, as over Tunis, Egypt, Samos, Roumania, and Servia. What it implies is a practical self-management of all those internal affairs on which the condition of daily life depends, such as police and judiciary, with fixed terms of taxation, especially of direct and internal taxation, and with command over the levy of it. Where these points are agreed on, there is little left to quarrel about.

There is, therefore, for any who think in this way, ample ground for belief and action without reference to the position of this or that European power. But, in the minds of many, the actors have, as to the Eastern question, a larger place than the acts. To them I desire to point out that, if they think it urgently required for England, in the face of Russia, to establish an independent position and influence in the Levant, by some more enduring means than vaunting menace or mere parade, or proclaiming schemes of the most unmitigated selfishness, they have now such an opportunity as never before was offered. Of that people who still fondle in their memories the names of Canning and of Byron, there are in the Levant we may safely say four millions, on whose affections we may take a standing hold, by giving a little friendly care at this juncture to the case of the Hellenic provinces. They want, not Russian institutions, but such a freedom as we enjoy. They want for their cause an advocate who is not likely

to turn into an adversary; one whose temptations lie in other quarters; who cannot (as they fondly trust) ask anything from them, or in any possible contingency, through durable opposition of sympathies or interests, inflict anything upon them.*

The recollections of Lord Byron have been recently revived in England by a well-meant effort. Among them there is one peculiarly noble. It is that of his chivalrous devotion to the Greek cause; a devotion, of which his unsparing munificence was far from being the most conspicuous feature. In the days which preceded the revolutionary war, when Greece lay cold and stark in her tomb, her history and her fate drew forth from him some precious utterances of immortal song:—

They fell devoted, but undying:
The very gale their names seemed sighing:
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay:
Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain;
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain:
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Rolled mingling with their fame forever:
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still and theirs.

These lines are from "The Siege of Corinth," † published in 1816. More beautiful still, if more beautiful be possible, were the lines of 1813 in "The Giaour" from the image of a dead body, which began, —

So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.

And his ever-wakeful muse stood ready to greet the first effort of resuscitation. In "The Age of Bronze," written in 1823, ‡ he hailed the revival thus:—

'Tis the old aspiration breathed afresh
To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
When Greece *was*—no! she still is Greece
once more.

But Lord Byron brought to this great cause, the dawn of emancipation, for the East then all in grave-clothes, not only the enthusiasm of a poet, or the reckless daring of a rover. He treated the subject, which both shaped and absorbed the clos-

* In the *Times* of November 18, will be found a report, copied from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, of a conversation, held by the reporter, with General Ignatieff. The degree of reliance due to it may be a question. But the sentiments towards the Greek provinces ascribed to that diplomatist were of the cold and discouraging character, which I should have anticipated.

† xv.

‡ vi.

ing period of his life, with the strongest practical good sense, and with a profound insight, which has not been shamed by the results. It is not unnatural to suppose, that the knowledge of the lofty part he played may have been among the encouragements which brought into action the bold policy of Canning; nor to hope, that the contemplation of it may yet supply a guiding light to some British statesman called to open its capabilities, as well as to encounter its embarrassments,

in una selva oscura
Che la diritta via era smarrita.*
W. E. GLADSTONE.

* Dante, *Inf.* i. 2.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PAINTER AND GROOM.

THE address upon the note Malcolm had to deliver took him to a house in Chelsea—one of a row of beautiful old houses fronting the Thames, with little gardens between them and the road. The one he sought was overgrown with creepers, most of them now covered with fresh spring buds. The afternoon had turned cloudy, and a cold east wind came up the river, which, as the tide was falling, raised little waves on its surface and made Malcolm think of the herring. Somehow, as he went up to the door, a new chapter of his life seemed about to commence.

The servant who took the note returned immediately and showed him up to the study, a large back room looking over a good-sized garden, with stables on one side. There Lenorme sat at his easel. "Ah!" he said, "I'm glad to see that wild animal has not quite torn you to pieces. Take a chair. What on earth made you bring such an incarnate fury to London?"

"I see well enough now, sir, she's not exactly the one for London use, but if you had once ridden her, you would never quite enjoy another between your knees."

"She's such an infernal brute!"

"You can't say too ill of her. But I fancy a jail-chaplain sometimes takes the most interest in the worst villain under his charge. I should be a proud man to make *her* fit to live with decent people."

"I'm afraid she'll be too much for you. At last you'll have to part with her, I fear."

"If she had bitten you as often she has me, sir, you wouldn't part with her. Besides, it would be wrong to sell her. She would only be worse with any one else. But, indeed, though you will hardly believe it, she is better than she was."

"Then what must she have been?"

"You may well say that, sir."

"Here your mistress tells me you want my assistance in choosing another horse."

"Yes, sir—to attend upon her in London."

"I don't profess to be knowing in horses: what made you think of me?"

"I saw how you sat your own horse, sir, and I heard you say you bought him out of a buttermilk cart and treated him like a human being: that was enough for me, sir. I've long had the notion that the beasts, poor things! have a half-sleeping, half-waking human soul in them, and it was a great pleasure to hear you say something of the same sort. 'That gentleman,' I said to myself—'he and I would understand one another.'"

"I am glad you think so," said Lenorme, with entire courtesy. It was not merely that the very doubtful recognition of his profession by society had tended to keep him clear of its prejudices, but both as a painter and a man he found the young fellow exceedingly attractive;—as a painter from the rare combination of such strength with such beauty, and as a man from a certain yet rarer clarity of nature which to the vulgar observer seems fatuity until he has to encounter it in action, when the contrast is like meeting a thunderbolt. Naturally, the dishonest takes the honest for a fool. Beyond his understanding, he imagines him beneath it. But Lenorme, although so much more a man of the world, was able in a measure to look into Malcolm and appreciate him. His nature and his art combined in enabling him to do this.

"You see, sir," Malcolm went on, encouraged by the simplicity of Lenorme's manner, "if they were nothing like us, how should we be able to get on with them at all, teach them anything, or come a hair nearer them, do what we might? For all her wickedness, I firmly believe Kelpie has a sort of regard for me: I won't call it affection, but perhaps it comes as near that as may be possible in the time to one of her temper."

"Now I hope you will permit me, Mr. MacPhail," said Lenorme, who had been

paying more attention to Malcolm than to his words, "to give a violent wrench to the conversation, and turn it upon yourself. You can't be surprised, and I hope you will not be annoyed, if I say you strike one as not altogether like your calling. No London groom I have ever spoken to in the least resembles you. How is it?"

"I hope you don't mean to imply, sir, that I don't know my business?" returned Malcolm, laughing.

"Anything but that. It were nearer the thing to say that, for all I know, you may understand mine as well."

"I wish I did, sir. Except the pictures at Lossie House and those in Portland Place, I've never seen one in my life. About most of them I must say I find it hard to imagine what better the world is for them. Mr. Graham says that no work that doesn't tend to make the world better makes it richer. If he were a heathen, he says, he would build a temple to Ses, the sister of Psyche."

"Ses? — I don't remember her," said Lenorme.

"The moth, sir — 'the moth and the rust,' you know."

"Yes, yes — now I know. Capital! Only more things may tend to make the world better than some people think. Who is this Mr. Graham of yours? He must be no common man."

"You are right there, sir: there is not another like him in the whole world, I believe." And thereupon Malcolm set himself to give the painter an idea of the schoolmaster.

When they had talked about him for a little while, "Well, all this accounts for your being a scholar," said Lenorme; "but —"

"I am little enough of that, sir," interrupted Malcolm. "Any Scotch boy that likes to learn finds the way open to him."

"I am aware of that. But were you really reading Epictetus when we left you in the park this morning?"

"Yes, sir; why not?"

"In the original?"

"Yes, sir, but not very readily. I am a poor Greek scholar. But my copy has a rough Latin translation on the opposite page, and that helps me out. It's not difficult. You would think nothing of it if it had been Cornelius Nepos or Cordery's 'Colloquies.' It's only a better, not a more difficult book."

"I don't know about that. It's not every one who can read Greek that can understand Epictetus. Tell me what you have learned from him?"

"That would be hard to do. A man is very ready to forget how he came first to think of the things he loves best. You see, they are as much a necessity of your being as they are of the man's who thought them first. I can no more do without the truth than Plato. It is as much my needful food, and as fully mine to possess, as his. His having it, Mr. Graham says, was for my sake as well as his own. It's just like what Sir Thomas Browne says about the faces of those we love — that we cannot retain the idea of them, because they are ourselves. Those that help the world must be served like their Master and a good deal forgotten, I fancy. Of course they don't mind it. I remember another passage I think says something to the same purpose — one in Epictetus himself," continued Malcolm, drawing the little book from his pocket and turning over the leaves, while Lenorme sat waiting, wondering, and careful not to interrupt him. He turned to the forty-second chapter and began to read from the Greek.

"I've forgotten all the Greek I ever had," said Lenorme.

Then Malcolm turned to the opposite page and began to read the Latin.

"Tut! tut!" said Lenorme, "I can't follow your Scotch pronunciation."

"That's a pity," said Malcolm: "it's the right way."

"I don't doubt it: you Scotch are always in the right. But just read it off in English, will you?"

Thus adjured, Malcolm read slowly and with choice of word and phrase: "'And if any one shall say unto thee that thou knowest nothing, notwithstanding thou must not be vexed: then know thou that thou hast begun thy work.' — That is," explained Malcolm, "when you keep silence about principles in the presence of those that are incapable of understanding them. — 'For the sheep also do not manifest to the shepherds how much they have eaten by producing fodder; but, inwardly digesting their food, they produce outwardly wool and milk. And thou therefore set not forth principles before the unthinking, but the actions that result from the digestion of them.' — That last is not quite literal, but I think it's about right," concluded Malcolm, putting the book again in the breast-pocket of his silver-buttoned coat. "That's the passage I thought of, but I see now it won't apply. He speaks of not saying what you know: I spoke of forgetting where you got it."

"Come, now," said Lenorme, growing more and more interested in his new ac-

quaintance, "tell me something about your life. Account for yourself. If you will make a friendship of it, you must do that."

"I will, sir," said Malcolm, and with the word began to tell him most things he could think of as bearing upon his mental history up to and after the time also when his birth was disclosed to him. In omitting that disclosure he believed he had without it quite accounted for himself. Through the whole recital he dwelt chiefly on the lessons and influences of the schoolmaster.

"Well, I must admit," said Lenorme when he had ended, "that you are no longer unintelligible, not to say incredible. You have had a splendid education, in which I hope you give the herring and Kelpie their due share." He sat silently regarding him for a few moments. Then he said, "I'll tell you what, now: if I help you to buy a horse, you must help me to paint a picture."

"I don't know how I'm to do that," said Malcolm, "but if *you* do, that's enough. I shall only be too happy to do what I can."

"Then I'll tell you. But you're not to tell *anybody*: it's a secret. I have discovered that there is no suitable portrait of Lady Lossie's father. It is a great pity. His brother and his father and grandfather are all in Portland Place, in Highland costume, as chiefs of their clan: his place only is vacant. Lady Lossie, however, has in her possession one or two miniatures of him, which, although badly painted, I should think may give the outlines of his face and head with tolerable correctness. From the portraits of his predecessors, and from Lady Lossie herself, I gain some knowledge of what is common to the family; and from all together I hope to gather and paint what will be recognizable by her as a likeness of her father; which afterward I hope to better by her remarks. These remarks I hope to get first from her feelings unadulterated by criticism, through the surprise of coming upon the picture suddenly: afterward from her judgment at its leisure. Now, I remember seeing you wait at table—the first time I saw you—in the Highland dress: will you come to me so dressed, and let me paint from you?"

"I'll do better than that, sir," cried Malcolm, eagerly. "I'll get up from Lossie House my lord's very dress that he wore when he went to court—his jewelled dirk, and Andrew Ferrara broadsword with the hilt of real silver. That'll greatly help your design upon my lady, for he

dressed up in them all more than once just to please her."

"Thank you!" said Lenorme very heartily: "that will be of immense advantage. Write at once."

"I will, sir. Only I'm a bigger man than my—late master; and you must mind that."

"I'll see to it. You get the clothes and all the rest of the accoutrements—rich with barbaric gems and gold, and ——"

"Neither gems nor gold, sir—honest Scotch cairngorms and plain silver," said Malcolm.

"I only quoted Milton," returned Lenorme.

"Then you should have quoted correctly, sir. 'Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold'—that's the line, and you can't better it. Mr. Graham always pulled me up if I didn't quote correctly. By-the-bye, sir, some say it's *kings barbaric*, but there's *barbaric gold* in Virgil."

"I dare say you are right," said Lenorme. "But you are far too learned for me."

"Don't make game of me, sir. I know two or three books pretty well, and when I get a chance I can't help talking about them. It's so seldom now I can get a mouthful of Milton. There's no cave here to go into and roll the mimic thunder in your mouth. If the people here heard me reading loud out, they would call me mad. It's a mercy in this London if a working-man get loneliness enough to say his prayers in."

"You do say your prayers, then?" asked Lenorme, looking at him curiously.

"Yes: don't you, sir? You had so much sense about the beasts, I thought you must be a man that said his prayers."

Lenorme was silent. He was not altogether innocent of saying prayers, but of late years it had grown a more formal and gradually a rarer thing. One reason of this was that it had never come into his head that God cared about pictures, or had the slightest interest whether he painted well or ill. If a man's earnest calling, to which of necessity the greater part of his thought is given, is altogether dissociated in his mind from his religion, it is not wonderful that his prayers should by degrees wither and die. The question is, whether they ever had much vitality. But one mighty negative was yet true of Lenorme: he had not got in his head, still less had he ever cherished in his heart, the thought that there was anything fine in disbelieving in a God, or anything con-

temptible in imagining communication with a being of grander essence than himself. That in which Socrates rejoiced with exultant humility many a youth nowadays thinks himself a fine fellow for casting from him with ignorant scorn.

A true conception of the conversation above recorded can hardly be had except my reader will take the trouble to imagine the contrast between the Scotch accent and inflection, the largeness and prolongation of vowel-sounds, and, above all, the Scotch tone of Malcolm, and the pure, clear articulation and decided utterance of the perfect London speech of Lenorme. It was something like the difference between the blank verse of Young and the prose of Burke.

The silence endured so long that Malcolm began to fear he had hurt his new friend, and thought it better to take his leave. "I'll go and write to Mrs. Courthouse — that's the housekeeper — to-night, to send up the things at once. When would it be convenient for you to go and look at some horses with me, Mr. Lenorme?" he said.

"I shall be at home all to-morrow," answered the painter, "and ready to go with you any time you like to come for me."

As he spoke he held out his hand, and they parted like old friends.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LADY.

THE next morning Malcolm took Kelpie into the park and gave her a good breathing. He had thought to jump the rails and let her have her head, but he found there were too many park-keepers and police about: he saw he could do little for her that way. He was turning home with her again when one of her evil fits came upon her, this time taking its first form in a sudden stiffening of every muscle: she stood stock-still with flaming eyes. I suspect we human beings know but little of the fierceness with which the vortices of passion rage in the more purely animal natures. This beginning he well knew would end in a wild paroxysm of rearing and plunging. He had more than once tried the exorcism of patience, sitting sedate upon her back until she chose to move; but on these occasions the tempest that followed had been of the very worst description; so that he had concluded it better to bring on the crisis, thereby sure at least to save time; and after he had adopted this mode with her, attacks of the

sort, if no less violent, had certainly become fewer. The moment, therefore, that symptoms of an approaching fit showed themselves he used his spiked heels with vigor. Upon this occasion he had a stiff tussle with her, but as usual gained the victory, and was riding slowly along the Row, Kelpie tossing up now her head, now her heels, in indignant protest against obedience in general, and enforced obedience in particular, when a lady on horseback, who had come galloping from the opposite direction with her groom behind her, pulled up and lifted her hand with imperative grace: she had seen something of what had been going on. Malcolm reined in. But Kelpie, after her nature, was now as unwilling to stop as she had been before to proceed, and the fight began again, with some difference of movement and aspect, but the spurs once more playing a free part.

"Man! man!" cried the lady in most musical reproof, "do you know what you are about?"

"It would be a bad job for her and me too if I did not, my lady," said Malcolm, whom her appearance and manner impressed with a conviction of rank; and as he spoke he smiled in the midst of the struggle: he seldom got angry with Kelpie.

But the smile, instead of taking from the apparent roughness of his speech, only made his conduct appear in the lady's eyes more cruel. "How is it possible you can treat the poor animal so unkindly — and in cold blood too?" she said, and an indescribable tone of pleading ran through the rebuke. "Why, her poor sides are actually —" A shudder and look of personal distress completed the sentence.

"You don't know what she is, my lady, or you would not think it necessary to intercede for her."

"But if she is naughty, is that any reason why you should be cruel?"

"No, my lady; but it is the best reason why I should try to make her good."

"You will never make her good that way."

"Improvement gives ground for hope," said Malcolm.

"But you must not treat a poor dumb animal as you would a responsible human being."

"She's not so very poor, my lady. She has all she wants, and does nothing to earn it — nothing to speak of, and nothing at all with good-will. For her dumbness,

that's a mercy. If she could speak she wouldn't be fit to live amongst decent people. But for that matter, if some one hadn't taken her in hand, dumb as she is, she would have been shot long ago."

"Better that than live with such usage."

"I don't think she would agree with you, my lady. My fear is that, for as cruel as it looks to your ladyship, take it all together, she enjoys the fight. In any case, I am certain she has more regard for me than any other being in the universe."

"Who *can* have any regard for you," said the lady very gently, in utter mistake of his meaning, "if you have no command of your temper? You must learn to rule yourself first."

"That's true, my lady; and so long as my mare is not able to be a law to herself, I must be a law to her too."

"But have you never heard of the law of kindness? You could do so much more without the severity."

"With some natures I grant you, my lady, but not with such as she. Horse or man — they never know kindness till they have learned fear. Kelpie would have torn me to pieces before now if I had taken your way with her. But except I can do a good deal more with her yet, she will be nothing better than a natural brute beast made to be taken and destroyed."

"The Bible again!" murmured the lady to herself. "Of how much cruelty has not that book to bear the blame!"

All this time Kelpie was trying hard to get at the lady's horse to bite him. But she did not see that. She was too much distressed, and was growing more and more so. "I wish you would let my groom try her," she said after a pitiful pause. "He's an older and more experienced man than you. He has children. He would show you what can be done by gentleness."

From Malcolm's words she had scarcely gathered even a false meaning — not a glimmer of his nature — not even a suspicion that he meant something. To her he was but a handsome, brutal young groom. From the world of thought and reasoning that lay behind his words not an echo had reached her.

"It would be a great satisfaction to my old Adam to let him try her," said Malcolm.

"The Bible again!" said the lady to herself.

"But it would be murder," he added, "not knowing myself what experience he has had."

"I see," said the lady to herself, but loud enough for Malcolm to hear, for her tenderheartedness had made her both angry and unjust, "his self-conceit is equal to his cruelty — just what I might have expected!"

With the words she turned her horse's head and rode away, leaving a lump in Malcolm's throat.

"I wuss fowk" — he still spoke Scotch in his own chamber — "wad du as they're tell't, an' no jeedge ane anither. I'm sure it's Kelpie's best chance o' salvation 'at I gang on wi' her. Stablemen wad hae had her brocken doon a'thegither by this time, an' life wad hae had little relish left."

It added hugely to the bitterness of being thus rebuked that he had never in his life seen such a radiance of beauty's softest light as shone from the face and form of the reproving angel. "Only she canna be an angel," he said to himself, "or she wad hae ken't better."

She was young — not more than twenty — tall and graceful, with a touch of the matronly, which she must have had even in childhood, for it belonged to her, so staid, so stately was she in all her grace. With her brown hair, her lily complexion, her blue-gray eyes, she was all of the moonlight and its shadows — even now in the early morning and angry. Her nose was so nearly perfect that one never thought of it. Her mouth was rather large, but had gained in value of shape, and in the expression of indwelling sweetness, with every line that carried it beyond the measure of smallness. Most little mouths are pretty, some even lovely, but not one have I seen beautiful. Her forehead was the sweetest of half-moons. Of those who knew her best, some absolutely believed that a radiance resembling moonlight shimmered from its precious expanse. "Be ye angry and sin not," had always been a puzzle to Malcolm, who had, as I have said, inherited a certain Celtic fierceness: but now, even while he knew himself the object of the anger, he understood the word. It tried him, sorely, however, that such gentleness and beauty should be unreasonable. Could it be that he should never have a chance of convincing her how mistaken she was concerning his treatment of Kelpie? What a celestial rosy red her face had glowed! and what summer lightnings had flashed up in her eyes, as if they had been the horizons of heavenly worlds up which flew the dreams that broke from the brain of a young sleeping goddess, to make the worlds glad also in the night of their slumber!

Something like this Malcolm felt: whoever saw her must feel as he had never felt before. He gazed after her long and earnestly. "It's an awfu' thing to hae a women like that angert at ye," he said to himself when at length she had disappeared — "as bonny as she is angry. God be praised 'at he kens a' thing, an' 's no angert wi' ye for the luik o' a thing! But the wheel may come roon' again — wha kens? Ony gait, I s' mak the best o' Kelpie I can. — I won'er gien she kens Leddy Florimel? She's a heap mair boontifu'-like in her beauty nor her. The man nicht haud 's ain wi' an archangel 'at had a wuman like that to the wife o' 'm. — Hoots! I'll be wussin' I had had anither upbringin', 'at I nicht ha' won a step nearer to the hem o' her garment; an' that wad be to deny him 'at made 'an ordeent me. I wull not do that. But I maun hae a crack wi' Maister Graham anent things twa or three, jist to haud me straucht, for I'm jist girnin' at bein' sae regairdit by sic a revelation. Gien she had been an auld wife, I wad hae only lauchen: what for 's that? I doobt I'm no muckle mair rizzonable nor hersel'. The thing was this, I fancy: it was sae clear she spak frae no ill-natur', only frae pure humanity. She's a gran' ane, yon, only some saft, I doobt."

For the lady, she rode away sadly strengthened in her doubts whether there could be a God in the world — not because there were in it such men as she took Malcolm for, but because such a lovely animal had fallen into his hands.

"It's a sair thing to be misjeedged," said Malcolm to himself as he put the demoness in her stall; "but it's no more than the Macker o' 's pits up wi' ilka hoor o' the day, an' says na a word. Eh, but God's unco quaiet! Sae lang as he kens till himsel' 'at he's a' richt, he lats fowk think 'at they like — till he has time to lat them ken better. Lord, mak clean my hert within me, an' syne I'll care little for ony jeedgment but thine!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PSYCHE.

It was a lovely day, but Florimel would not ride: Malcolm must go at once to Mr. Lenorme: she would not go out again until she could have a choice of horses to follow her. "Your Kelpie is all very well in Richmond Park — and I wish I were able to ride her myself, Malcolm — but she will never do in London."

His name sounded sweet on her lips, but somehow to-day, for the first time since

he saw her first, he felt a strange sense of superiority in his protection of her: could it be because he had that morning looked unto a higher orb of creation? It mattered little to Malcolm's generous nature that the voice that issued therefrom had been one of unjust rebuke. "Who knows, my lady," he answered his mistress, "but you may ride her some day? Give her a bit of sugar every time you see her — on your hand, so that she may take it with her lips and not catch your fingers."

"You shall show me how," said Florimel, and gave him a note for Mr. Lenorme.

When he came in sight of the river, there, almost opposite the painter's house, lay his own little yacht. He thought of Kelpie in the stable, saw Psyche floating like a swan in the reach, made two or three long strides, then sought to exhale the pride of life in thanksgiving.

The moment his arrival was announced to Lenorme he came down and went with him, and in an hour or two they had found very much the sort of horse they wanted. Malcolm took him home for trial, and Florimel was pleased with him. The earl's opinion was not to be had, for he had hurt his shoulder when he fell from the rearing Kelpie the day before, and was confined to his room in Curzon Street.

In the evening Malcolm put on his yachter's uniform and set out again for Chelsea. There he took a boat and crossed the river to the yacht, which lay near the other side in charge of an old salt whose acquaintance Blue Peter had made when lying below the bridges. On board he found all tidy and shipshape. He dived into the cabin, lighted a candle and made some measurements; all the little luxuries of the nest — carpets, cushions, curtains and other things — were at Lossie House, having been removed when the Psyche was laid up for the winter: he was going to replace them. And he was anxious to see whether he could not fulfil a desire he had once heard Florimel express to her father — that she had a bed on board and could sleep there. He found it possible, and had soon contrived a berth: even a tiny stateroom was within the limits of construction.

Returning to the deck, he was consulting Travers about a carpenter when, to his astonishment, he saw young Davy, the boy he had brought from Duff Harbor, and whom he understood to have gone back with Blue Peter, gazing at him from before the mast.

"Gien ye please, Maister MacPhail," said Davy, and said no more.

"How on earth do *you* come to be here, you rascal?" said Malcolm. "Peter was to take you home with him."

"I garred him think I was gauin'," answered the boy, scratching his red poll, which glowed in the dusk.

"I gave him your wages," said Malcolm.

"Ay, he tauld me that, but I loot them gang an' gae him the slip, an' wan ashore close ahint yersel', sir, jist as the smack set sail. I cudna gang ohn hed a word wi' yersel', sir, to see whether ye wadna lat me bide wi' ye, sir. I haena muckla wut, they tell me, sir, but gien I michtna aye be able to du what ye tell't me to du, I cud aye haud ohn dune what ye tell't me no to du."

The words of the boy pleased Malcolm more than he judged it wise to manifest. He looked hard at Davy. There was little to be seen in his face except the best and only thing—truth. It shone from his round pale-blue eyes; it conquered the self-assertion of his unhappy nose; it seemed to glow in every freckle of his sunburnt cheeks as earnestly he returned Malcolm's gaze.

"But," said Malcolm, almost satisfied, "how is this, Travers? I never gave you any instructions about the boy."

"There's where it is, sir," answered Travers. "I seed the boy aboard before, and when he come aboard again, jest arter you left, I never as much as said to myself, 'It's all right.' I axed him no questions, and he told me no lies."

"Gien ye please, sir," struck in Davy, "Maister Trahvers gied me my mait, an' I tuik it, 'cause I hed no sil'er to buy ony: I houp it wasna stealin', sir. An' gien ye wad keep me, ye cud tak it aff o' my wages for three days."

"Look here, Davy," said Malcolm, turning sharp upon him: "can you swim?"

"Ay, can I, sir—weel that," answered Davy.

"Jump overboard, then, and swim ashore," said Malcolm, pointing to the Chelsea bank.

The boy made two strides to the larboard gunwale, and would have been over the next instant, but Malcolm caught him by the shoulder. "That'll do, Davy: I'll give you a chance, Davy," he said; "and if I get a good account of you from Travers, I'll rig you out like myself here."

"Thank you, sir," said Davy. "I s' du what I can to please ye, sir. An' gien' ye wad sen' my wages hame to my mither, sir, ye wad ken 'at I cudna be gauin' strav-

aguin' an' drinkin' whan yer back was turn't."

"Well, I'll write to your mother and see what she says," said Malcolm.—"Now I want to tell you, both of you, that this yacht belongs to the Marchioness of Lossie, and I have the command of her, and I must have everything on board shipshape, and as clean, Travers, as if she was a seventy-four. If there's the head of a nail visible, it must be as bright as silver. And everything must be at the word. The least hesitation and I have done with that man. If Davy here had grumbled one mouthful, even on his way overboard, I wouldn't have kept him."

He then arranged that Travers was to go home that night, and bring with him the next morning an old carpenter friend of his. He would himself be down by seven o'clock to set him to work.

The result was, that before a fortnight was over he had the cabin thoroughly fitted up with all the luxuries it had formerly possessed, and as many more as he could think of to compensate for the loss of the space occupied by the daintiest little state-room—a very jewel-box for softness and richness and comfort. In the cabin, amongst the rest of his additions, he had fixed in a corner a set of tiny bookshelves, and filled them with what books he knew his sister liked, and some that he liked for her. It was not probable she would read in them much, he said to himself, but they wouldn't make the boat heel, and who could tell when a drop of celestial nepenthe might ooze from one or another of them? So there they stood, in their lovely colors of morocco, russia, calf or velum—types of the infinite rest in the midst of the ever restless—the types forever tossed, but the rest remaining.

By that time also he had arranged with Travers and Davy a code of signals.

The day after Malcolm had his new hack he rode him behind his mistress in the park, and nothing could be more decorous than the behavior of both horse and groom. It was early, and in Rotten Row, to his delight, they met the lady of rebuke. She and Florimel pulled up simultaneously, greeted, and had a little talk. When they parted, and the lady came to pass Malcolm, whom she had not suspected, sitting a civilized horse in all serenity behind his mistress, she cast a quick second glance at him, and her fair face flushed with the red reflex of yesterday's anger. He expected her to turn at once and complain of him to his mistress, but to his disappointment she rode on.

When they left the park, Florimel went down Constitution Hill, and, turning westward, rode to Chelsea. As they approached Mr. Lenorme's house she stopped and said to Malcolm, "I am going to run in and thank Mr. Lenorme for the trouble he has been at about the horse. Which is the house?"

She pulled up at the gate. Malcolm dismounted, but before he could get near to assist her she was already halfway up the walk, flying, and he was but in time to catch the rein of Abbot, already moving off, curious to know whether he was actually trusted alone. In about five minutes she came again, glancing about her all ways but behind—with a scared look, Malcolm thought. But she walked more slowly and stately than usual down the path. In a moment Malcolm had her in the saddle, and she cantered away past the hospital into Sloane Street, and across the park home. He said to himself, "She knows the way."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM, the schoolmaster, was the son of a grieve, or farm-overseer, in the north of Scotland. By straining every nerve his parents had succeeded in giving him a university education, the narrowness of whose scope was possibly favorable to the development of what genius, rare and shy, might lurk among the students. He had labored well, and had gathered a good deal from books and lectures, but far more from the mines they guided him to discover in his own nature. In common with so many Scotch parents, his had cherished the most wretched as well as hopeless of all ambitions, seeing it presumes to work in a region into which *no* ambition can enter—I mean that of seeing their son a clergyman. In presbyter, curate, bishop, or cardinal ambition can fare but as that of the creeping thing to build its nest in the topmost boughs of the cedar. Worse than that: my simile is a poor one, for the moment a thought of ambition is *cherished*, that moment the man is out of the kingdom. Their son, with already a few glimmering insights which had not yet begun to interfere with his acceptance of the doctrines of his Church, made no opposition to their wish, but having qualified himself to the satisfaction of his superiors, at length ascended the pulpit to preach his first sermon.

The custom of the time as to preaching was a sort of compromise between read-

ing a sermon and speaking extempore, a mode morally as well as artistically false; the preacher learned his sermon by rote, and repeated it—as much like the man he therein was not, and as little like the parrot he was, as he could. It is no wonder, in such an attempt, either that memory should fail a shy man or assurance an honest man. In Mr. Graham's case it was probably the former: the practice was universal, and he could hardly yet have begun to question it, so as to have had any conscience of evil. Blessedly, however, for his dawning truth and well-being, he failed—failed utterly, pitifully. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his lips moved, but shaped no sound; a deathly dew bathed his forehead; his knees shook; and he sank at last to the bottom of the chamber of his torture, whence, while his mother wept below and his father clenched hands of despair beneath the tails of his Sunday coat, he was half led, half dragged down the steps by the bedral, shrunken together like one caught in a shameful deed, and with the ghastly look of him who has but just revived from the faint supervening on the agonies of the rack. Home they crept together, speechless and hopeless, all three, to be thenceforth the contempt, and not the envy, of their fellow-parishioners. For if the vulgar feeling toward the home-born prophet is superciliousness, what must the sentence upon failure be in ungenerous natures, to which every downfall of another is an uplifting of themselves! But Mr. Graham's worth had gained him friends in the presbytery, and he was that same week appointed to the vacant school of another parish.

There it was not long before he made the acquaintance of Griselda Campbell, who was governess in the great house of the neighborhood, and a love, not the less true that it was hopeless from the first, soon began to consume the chagrin of his failure, and substitute for it a more elevating sorrow; for how could an embodied failure, to offer whose miserable self would be an insult, dare speak of love to one before whom his whole being sank worshipping? Silence was the sole armor of his privilege. So long as he was silent the terrible arrow would never part from the bow of those sweet lips: he might love on, love ever, nor be grudged the bliss of such visions as, to him seated on its outer steps, might come from any chance opening of the heavenly gate. And Miss Campbell thought of him more kindly than he knew. But before long she accepted

the offered situation of governess to Lady Annabel, the only child of the late marquis's elder brother, at that time himself marquis, and removed to Lossie House. There the late marquis fell in love with her and persuaded her to a secret marriage. There also she became, in the absence of her husband, the mother of Malcolm. But the marquis of the time, jealous for the succession of his daughter, and fearing his brother might yet marry the mother of his child, contrived, with the assistance of the midwife, to remove the infant and persuade the mother that he was dead, and also to persuade his brother of the death of both mother and child; after which, imagining herself wilfully deserted by her husband, yet determined to endure shame rather than break the promise of secrecy she had given him, the poor lady accepted the hospitality of her distant relative, Miss Horn, and continued with her till she died.

When he learned where she had gone, Mr. Graham seized a chance of change to Portlossie that occurred soon after, and when she became her cousin's guest went to see her, was kindly received, and for twenty years lived in friendly relations with the two. It was not until after her death that he came to know the strange fact that the object of his calm, unalterable devotion had been a wife all those years, and was the mother of his favorite pupil. About the same time he was dismissed from the school on the charge of heretical teaching, founded on certain religious conversations he had had with some of the fisher-people who sought his advice; and thereupon he had left the place and gone to London, knowing it would be next to impossible to find or gather another school in Scotland after being thus branded. In London he hoped, one way or another, to avoid dying of cold or hunger or in debt: that was very nearly the limit of his earthly ambition.

He had just one acquaintance in the whole mighty city, and no more. Him he had known in the days of his sojourn at King's College, where he had grown with him from bejan to magistrand. He was the son of a linendraper in Aberdeen, and was a decent, good-humored fellow, who, if he had not distinguished, had never disgraced himself. His father, having somewhat influential business relations, and finding in him no leanings to a profession, bespoke the good offices of a certain large retail house in London, and sent him thither to learn the business. The result was, that he had married a daugh-

ter of one of the partners, and become a partner himself. His old friend wrote to him at his shop in Oxford Street, and then went to see him at his house on Havestock Hill.

He was shown into the library, in which were two mahogany cases with plate-glass doors, full of books, well cared for as to clothing and condition, and perfectly placid, as if never disturbed from one week's end to another. In a minute Mr. Marshal entered — so changed that he could never have recognized him; still, however, a kind-hearted, genial man. He received his class-fellow cordially and respectfully, referred merrily to old times, begged to know how he was getting on, asked whether he had come to London with any special object, and invited him to dine with them on Sunday. He accepted the invitation, met him, according to agreement, at a certain chapel in Kentish town, of which he was a deacon, and walked home with him and his wife.

They had but one of their family at home, the youngest son, whom his father was having educated for the Dissenting ministry in the full conviction that he was doing not a little for the truth, and justifying its cause before men, by devoting to its service the son of a man of standing and worldly means, whom he might have easily placed in a position to make money. The youth was of simple character and good inclination — ready to do what he saw to be right, but slow in putting to the question anything that interfered with his notions of laudable ambition or justifiable self-interest. He was attending lectures at a Dissenting college in the neighborhood, for his father feared Oxford or Cambridge — not for his morals, but his opinions in regard to Church and State.

The schoolmaster spent a few days in the house. His friend was generally in town, and his wife, regarding him as very primitive and hardly fit for what she counted society — the class, namely, that she herself represented — was patronizing and condescending; but the young fellow, finding, to his surprise, that he knew a great deal more about his studies than he did himself, was first somewhat attracted, and then somewhat influenced by him, so that at length an intimacy tending to friendship arose between them.

Mr. Graham was not a little shocked to discover that his ideas in respect of the preacher's calling were of a very worldly kind. The notions of this fledgling of Dissent differed from those of a clergyman of the same stamp in this: the latter

regards the church as a society with accumulated property for the use of its officers; the former regarded it as a community of communities, each possessing a preaching-house which ought to be made commercially successful. Saving influences must emanate from it of course, but Dissenting saving influences.

His mother was a partisan to a hideous extent. To hear her talk you would have thought she imagined the apostles the first Dissenters, and that the main duty of every Christian soul was to battle for the victory of congregationalism over episcopacy, and voluntarism over State endowment. Her every mode of thinking and acting was of a levelling commonplace. With her, love was liking, duty something unpleasant — generally to other people — and kindness patronage. But she was just in money matters, and her son too had every intention of being worthy of his hire, though wherein lay the value of the labor with which he thought to counterpoise that hire it were hard to say.

From Fraser's Magazine.
MELANCHTHON:

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF EDUCATION.

IT has hitherto been common in England to view Melanchthon only as one of the coryphæi of the German Reformation, as the mere *παραστάτης* of Luther, as the principal theologian and the amiable controversialist of that great struggle. In the following remarks it is proposed to regard him as a distinguished humanist, as one of the chief promoters of the Renaissance; to consider his claims to the proud title which he bears among his countrymen of "*Præceptor Germaniæ*;" and to make an estimate of the grounds of the high eulogium passed upon him by Hallam, when he says that the fanaticism of the followers of the leaders of the Reformation would have crushed the rising humanities in Europe, "if one man, Melanchthon, had not perceived the necessity of preserving human learning as a bulwark to theology itself against the wild waves of enthusiasm." This side of his character is, indeed, not overlooked by Cox in his excellent biography; but it admits of fuller exposition than was consistent with the plan and limits of that work; and since Cox's day several German works have appeared, in which Melanchthon's work as an educator and a humanist is specially considered,

and his claim recognized to one of the highest places in the history of European culture.

He was born at Bretten in the year 1497, when Luther, a youth of fourteen, was begging his bread from door to door to support himself at school at Magdeburg; and when Erasmus, then in his thirty-second year, was enjoying himself with More and Wolsey and the best society of Oxford. He was instructed in Latin in his native town, but was soon removed to Pforzheim, where he began the study of Greek under George Simler, from whom he afterwards listened to lectures on civil law at Tübingen. Of Simler he retained to the last most pleasing recollections. He says:—

He compelled me to study grammar; he suffered me to omit nothing; as often as I blundered he punished me, yet with suitable moderation; and so he made me a grammarian. He was a most excellent man; he loved me like a son, I loved him like a father; and shortly, I trust, we shall meet in heaven. I loved him, although he practised severity towards me; it was in fact not severity but fatherly castigation. The discipline then was much stricter than now.

While attending Simler's school he boarded with a relative of his own who was the sister of Reuchlin, the celebrated restorer of Hebrew literature — "the first who rendered possible a correct exegesis of the Old Testament Scriptures," and consequently not the least of the Reformers before the Reformation. Reuchlin, while visiting his sister, was not slow to discern the budding ability of her youthful *protégé*: he encouraged him in his studies; converted his name, as was then the fashion, from Schwartzerd to Melanchthon; presented him with a Greek grammar — probably a copy of his own *μικρο-παίδεια* — a Greek lexicon, a Bible, and, by way of stimulus it may be supposed, a doctor's red hat. His after-life proved what use he made of the grammar, lexicon, and Bible; but the doctor's red hat Melanchthon never wore. Whether in sport he ever donned that presented by Reuchlin we are not informed; but certain it is that Melanchthon, the famous theologian, the "Pen of the Reformation," was too modest ever to accept the doctor's degree. "Nobody," he writes, "could ever induce me to allow that honor to be decreed to me. Not that I esteem these degrees of small value: they imply great burdens and are necessary to the State; but I think they ought to be sought after and conferred with moderation. Let oth-

ers seek after power and honors ; they are nothing to me." *

In the year 1509, when no more than twelve years of age, he entered the university of Heidelberg in time to enjoy only the memories of some of the great names that had taught there. Agricola, who shares with Reuchlin and Erasmus the honor of introducing Greek learning into Germany, and Dalberg, who, after taking on the culture and polish of Italy, had returned to teach in their native universities, were dead ; and Reuchlin had left Heidelberg the year after Melanchthon was born. These great men had left no successors, and all Melanchthon could learn here was a babbling dialectic and a little of physics. Here, however, he learned to make verses ; and in this art, even the elder Scaliger himself being judge, he afterwards attained great eminence and beat all the Germans. Here, too, he read the then modern writers such as Politian, who extended his culture and exercised no small influence upon his style. In his fourteenth year the university made him a bachelor, when he acted as tutor to the sons of a German nobleman, and prepared for them the plan of what he afterwards published as a Greek grammar. The university was unwilling, on account of his youth, to admit him to the master's degree ; and pique at this, along with an outbreak of fever, caused him to leave Heidelberg and proceed to Tübingen.

This university was then but five-and-thirty years old ; but there are times when the age of institutions, as of individuals, cannot rightly be measured only by years. Such was the period from 1477 to 1512. The former date carries us back to the Middle Ages, to the barren logomachies and the endless syllogisms of the nominalists and realists — to the days when Scotus and St. Thomas were the ultimate bases of theology. By the latter date at Tübingen there was a professor who read, indeed, on Scotus, but who wandered occasionally from the doctrine of the Church, who had studied Hebrew and Greek, and wished to found all theology upon the Bible. By the latter date the German scholars had returned from Italy. The German universities were for the most part astir with the new learning ; and the contro-

versy at Tübingen was now no longer between nominalist and realist, but between the professor of the *literæ politiores* and the monks, who regarded the new languages and their professors as the greatest foes to Christianity. When Melanchthon came up to Tübingen he was soon involved in the contest between the old and the new. Most of the professors were decided Reuchlinists, or partisans of the new learning ; and Melanchthon, an actual relative of Reuchlin, and in complete intellectual sympathy with him, naturally took the same side. Reuchlin, now in his fifty-seventh year, was living at Stuttgart, where frequent intercourse took place between him and the youthful Melanchthon. He requited the kindness of his aged patron by issuing some squibs which seem to have hit sharply his opponents, the monks, for they in return stigmatize their author as "the vilest of those at Tübingen who compose new books and run down the theologians."

At Tübingen, Melanchthon entered with all the energy of youth into the pursuit of universal culture, both as a teacher and a learner. In 1514 — his seventeenth year — he took his master's degree, and began at once to give lectures on Virgil and Terence. For the latter of these two authors he entertained a high respect. He used to wonder that Chrysostom had slept with Aristophanes under his pillow when he might have had Terence. In 1516 he published an edition of his works. Before this time Terence had appeared as mere prose ; and, although the honor of reproducing him in poetical dress has been claimed for Politian and Erasmus, Hallam agrees with Cox in allowing to Melanchthon the title of "restorer of Terence." In the preface Melanchthon recommends his author in particular to the study of youth as an excellent teacher of life and eloquence ; and it cannot be doubted that the natural moderation of his own character and opinions was in some degree fostered by his study of this poet. He was fond of quoting and applying to himself the lines from the "*Adelphi*:"

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione
ad vitam fuit,

Quin res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportet
novi,

Aliquid moneat ; ut illa, quæ te scire credas
nescias

Et quæ tibi putâris prima, in experiundo ut
repudies.

Quod mihi evenit nunc.

The man who forms his opinions on

* It is perhaps worthy of remark how differently Luther valued his doctor's degree. Raumer, a late professor at Erlangen, — from whose valuable "*Geschichte der Pädagogik*" many of the facts of this article are drawn — says that it was in virtue of his possessing this degree that Luther felt in conscience impelled to enter the lists against pope and emperor alike.

these principles cannot well be a bigot or a dogmatist. He threw himself also with energy into the study of Greek, read Hesiod with Œcolampadius, afterwards his colleague in the professoriate at Wittenberg, and translated several of the works of Lucian and Plutarch. In 1516 he was appointed to teach rhetoric; at the same time he applied himself to the study of logic; and in co-operation with Stadian, the professor of that science at Tübingen, he devised a new edition of Aristotle in the original Greek. Ignorance of this language—acquaintance with which was denounced by the monks as the fruitful parent of all heresies—was one of the most powerful causes that produced the pseudo-Aristotelianism then dominant in the schools; and when it is remembered that Aristotle could hitherto be approached only through exceedingly faulty Latin translations, which darkened and not unfrequently completely perverted the sense of the original, the justice of Grohmann's remark will be at once allowed. He says:—

Melanchthon and Stadian, by their edition of Aristotle, wrought a similar reformation in the domain of philosophy to that effected in religion by Luther when he published his German Bible. Men were wearied of the turbid channels, and longed for the enjoyment of the pure springs. Such indeed was the Bible; but from Aristotle a hundred years later Francis Bacon threw the physicist back upon nature as the true original.

For three years also at Tübingen he applied himself to mathematics, and by the professor of that subject he was induced to translate Aratus. Jurisprudence likewise occupied his attention: he even gave instruction in it as a *Privat-Dozent*. He attended also lectures on medicine, and studied Galen no less for the Greek than for the scientific contents. His historical studies were promoted by his preparing a new edition of the "World Chronicle of Naucerus;" and it is a proof that theological troubles and vexations—which harassed his declining years, and escape from which he expressed to be one of his strongest motives for wishing for death—had not killed the strongly humanistic bent of his nature, that at the time of his death he was engaged on a fresh edition of this work, which then was called by his own name. From this life of Melanchthon at Tübingen it will be seen that the universality of his culture fitted him in two ways to be the "*Præceptor Germaniæ*." It rendered him a fully cultured model to the youth of Germany, whom he

was destined often to impel to culture, and it equipped him for the proper fulfilment of the important professorial duties to which he was soon after called.

He had been six years at Tübingen, when—to use the language then and still current in the universities of Germany, language representing a practice that might perhaps with some advantage be copied in university patronage among ourselves—he "received a call" to be professor of Greek at Wittenberg. This university had been founded in 1502. Luther, in the sixth year of its foundation, had been appointed to its professorship of philosophy, and six years later, when decorated at the elector's expense with the D.D. degree, to the chair of divinity. In 1518 the elector, Frederick the Wise, stung apparently by the reproaches cast by the Italian scholars at Germany as a "land of barbarians," resolved on the foundation of two new chairs—the one of Greek and the other of Hebrew literature. He justified his agnomen—the Wise—by applying to Reuchlin to name the new professors. For the Hebrew chair Reuchlin recommended Œcolampadius, and for the Greek, Melanchthon. Nothing could have happened more opportunely for Melanchthon than this application of the elector to Reuchlin; for in August 1518 he had written to Reuchlin complaining with some degree of impatience of his work at Tübingen—that by working among boys he was himself becoming again a boy—was doing no work of any consequence, and would cheerfully go wherever Reuchlin might send him. A few weeks after he received word from Reuchlin that the elector had invited him to Wittenberg. "Not in the mere language of poetry," continues the old Hebraist, with an analogy from his favorite Hebrew Scriptures, "but in the words of the true promise of God that came to faithful Abraham, I tell you, Go forth from thy country, and from thy friends, and from thy father's house, into a land which I will show thee; and I will make of thee a great people, and will bless thee, and will make thee a great name; and thou shalt be a blessing. My spirit predicts this, and so I hope it will turn out, my Philip, my pupil and my charge." At the same time Reuchlin assured the elector that Melanchthon would bring honor to his university; "for," says he, "among the Germans I know of no one who is superior to him but Erasmus of Rotterdam, who is a Dutchman. He indeed beats us all at Latin."* Melanch-

* This opinion is not confirmed by competent judges.

thon, then in his twenty-first year, left Tübingen for Wittemberg, amid the regrets of the university, with an extraordinary but well-grounded reputation for learning, and with a testimonial from Erasmus, the then undisputed monarch of the literary world, that would have turned the head of any less solid-minded youth.

It was at Wittemberg that he first became acquainted with Luther. The great reformer's powerful and massive nature at once acted like a spell upon the impressible Melanchthon, who was, besides, fourteen years his junior. Luther was attracted to Melanchthon by his great learning, his modest and amiable disposition, and his genuine and enlightened regard for religion; and Melanchthon was drawn to Luther by his natural force of character, and a sympathy at once intellectual and religious with him in his dispute with Tetzel and Leo X. A Pyladean friendship at once sprang up between them; and Luther, enjoying better fortune than in his attempts to gain Erasmus as an ally, secured in Melanchthon his most valuable human coadjutor in his contest with the pope and emperor. This friendship not even occasional important differences of opinion sufficed to shake. Though he differed, as was indeed only to be expected in so eminent a humanist, from Luther in his controversy with Erasmus on the freedom of the will, and on many other subjects, though he had clearly and carefully pointed out to him by Erasmus the arrogance of Luther's nature, the intellectual weaknesses of his position, the ignorance and fanaticism of his followers, and the tendency of Luther's teaching to kill once again the reviving learning in Europe, he still resisted the repeated attempts of Erasmus to seduce him from Luther's party, and to draw him aside to the pursuit of mere humanity. For twenty-eight years — though kicking occasionally against Luther's superior force of will and character, and sometimes galled, as he strongly puts it, by the "hideous bondage" of the great reformer's control — he remained to the end Luther's firm friend, and at last pronounced over him a splendid funeral oration. Luther, too, on his side, was well aware of the prize he had gained in Melanchthon. In his correspondence of the time when he came to Wittemberg he cannot refrain from sounding the praises of the new professor of Greek. To the elector's secretary, among

others, he writes: "Philip Melanchthon is a thorough Grecian (*Græcanicissimus*), a most erudite and highly cultivated man;" and to Reuchlin, "Our Melanchthon is a most noteworthy man — indeed, in all his gifts almost above man's degree; but with me he is very intimate and friendly."

Shortly after his arrival he delivered an inaugural address "On the Correcting of the Studies of Youth," in which he gave some indication of what the study of Greek was to mean in the University of Wittemberg. His chair was to be no sinecure; and study was to mean more than mere residence and the putting in of university terms. He would not confine himself to the teaching of Greek grammar, nor to the clearing up of grammatical difficulties in the authors read — although from its bearing on the interpretation of Scripture this was not to be neglected, "For is not the noblest employment of life to use philosophy as a guide to divine knowledge?" — he would lecture on the substance of the books read, and would thus carry his audience round the whole circle of human knowledge. He deplored the waste of time hitherto expended on useless studies, and inciting his students to a deep study of the newly unearthed stores of Roman and Grecian literature, he hoped to lead them, at the expense of far less time and trouble, to the acquisition of knowledge of real value and importance. To the carrying out of this noble programme he devoted his highest energies. Holding two, three, and sometimes even four lectures a day to crowded audiences, leaving no time free from reading, writing, lecturing, discussing, he seriously endangered his health. The elector wrote affectionately, entreating him to be careful, offering him the best wines in his cellar, and reminding him that Paul's advice to Timothy "to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities" was no less obligatory than any other of his admonitions. Luther, too, expostulated with him on his excessive application; and in the famous letter to Erasmus, written within a year of Melanchthon's arrival at Wittemberg, in which he so fulsomely praises the literary dictator, in the hope, it is supposed, of securing him for an ally, he entreats his good offices to check the zeal of Melanchthon. He says:—

Our Philip Melanchthon is getting on famously, except that, for all we can do, we cannot keep him from hurting his health by a mad application to learning: he is fired with youthful vigor to have everything done, and

Hallam places Melanchthon above Erasmus as a Latinist. As for Luther, he "bellowed in bad Latin."

at once. Kindly write the man and advise him to save his life at once for our own sakes, and for that of learning; for if he is preserved to us there is nothing too great to hope for from him.

Erasmus accordingly wrote Melanchthon, advising him to follow learning rather than attack its adversaries, the clergy, and encouraging him to fulfil the hopes entertained by all Germany regarding him; and in a postscript added, "Moderate your zeal in study, that you may the longer benefit learning, for I hear that your health is not quite adamantine. Be careful of your life, if for nothing else, not to gratify τοῖς βαρβάρους τούτοις." His severe application, however, bore good fruit. As Reuchlin prophesied, he brought glory to the university. Crowds flocked from all nations to hear Luther lecture on divinity and Melanchthon on Greek. Luther writes of him: "Philip's classroom is packed with students." Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen (among them Patrick Hamilton, the proto-martyr of the Scottish Reformation), Poles, Hungarians, Danes, nay, even Italians and Greeks, formed part of his audience, which is set down as varying, at times, from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred. To these crowds he lectured on the exegesis of the Old and New Testaments, sometimes he invaded Luther's province and lectured on dogmatics: he interpreted Homer, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Hesiod, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Thucydides, and Apollonius. He lectured also on ethics, logic, what then passed for physics, and even took a turn at mathematics.

Nor was he content with merely lecturing on this wide range of subjects. He did much to popularize their cultivation by the handbooks which he compiled on each of them for the use of his students. Even in those stirring years at Wittemberg, and indeed throughout Europe, when the dispute between Luther and the pope was approaching its crisis, when Luther was wrangling about his theses with the cardinals in their palaces and the doctors in the schools, when the universities were burning Luther's books instead of answering them, and when Luther, by way of retaliation, made Europe stare by burning the pope's bull, although involved by the influence of Luther and the force of circumstances—but wholly opposed, as he often assures us, to his own will and inclination—in the theological troubles of the times, he never suffered himself to forget the cause of learning or what was due to his post as professor of Greek at

Wittemberg. Almost every one of those pregnant years witnessed the issue from the press of a new work or the re-issue of an old one. "In every one of them," says a German critic, "there is to be found the greatest clearness and simplicity. It was their author's earnest aim to make them as intelligible as possible by clear definitions and arrangement; involved doctrines and dark words are an abomination to him." In 1518 appeared his "Greek Grammar," which he had compiled for his pupils at Heidelberg. Of this production he used to express the wish that it had perished, as it was but a boyish production and intended for boys. His countrymen seem to have entertained a different opinion of it, for from 1518 to 1589 it passed through no fewer than twenty-five editions. His "Latin Grammar" appeared first in 1525. It was compiled along with a short tract, "*Encomium Formicarum*," for the use of his pupils, and was published without his consent. In the preface to the second edition he complains of the first as confused; allows that, while it may admit of additions, there ought not to be too many rules, as they will only frighten boys from the study of Latin. It contains also an eloquent plea for the training of boys in the languages and in the study of grammar, as an excellent way for making good citizens and the only way to form a love for the Word of God; and he calls upon princes and cities to vie with each other in the support of learning and study, "those ornaments of the Church and human life." A Leipzig professor of Latin declared this edition to be the final Latin grammar. "It contains no errors and it requires nothing to be added to it." It was at least the Latin grammar of Germany for over two hundred years. From 1525 to 1737 not fewer than fifty-one editions were issued; and in its definitions and arrangements it is to a large extent the basis of the popular grammars of the present day. His first book on logic appeared in 1520, an improved and enlarged edition in 1527, and a third edition in 1529. It was intended for youth, and was meant to pave the way to the study of Aristotle. "We cannot," says Melanchthon, "be without Aristotle's logic. Those who are ignorant of the art tear the subject to be treated on as puppies do rags." His second book on logic appeared in 1547, and in less than six weeks three thousand copies of it were sold. His treatise on rhetoric appeared in 1519, and a late edition in 1531. "It is a mistake,"

says he in the preface, "to suppose that the height of eloquence has been attained when a man can write a letter; it requires deep learning, great talent, long exercise, and sharp judgment." He published also a book on physics and a "Chronicle."

But only a poor estimate of Melanchthon's influence can be formed from an enumeration of the names and editions of his books. These were objected to by his friends in Italy as meagre and imperfect productions; and it was sometimes asked why he ever permitted such trifles to be published. His defence was that they were written for the convenience of youth; and although he admitted the existence of defects which greater genius and more leisure might have removed, he had no reason to be ashamed of them when he thought of the crass ignorance of former times, which they were fitted to remove. And certainly, if the utility of an object is to be measured not by any absolute standard, but by its adaptation for accomplishing its intended end, his defence of his books was a valid one. We have already seen the extent of the influence of his Greek and Latin grammars; that of his philosophical treatises and teaching was wider and deeper still. They did perhaps more than anything else to revive and popularize the study of Aristotle. "The most famous reviver of Aristotle," says Brucker, a German historian of philosophy, "was Melanchthon of immortal memory, for restoring among the Germans the study of humanity. He strove to restore the whole circle of knowledge to its original glory." The chief merit of his books was the clear, plain, and easy method in which they set forth the doctrines of Aristotle—a method so highly appreciated that it was styled the "new Aristotelico-Philippica philosophy." To have been a pupil of Melanchthon seems to have been one of the highest recommendations for the rectorship of a gymnasium or a university chair. Pupils of his were appointed to posts where they influenced most materially the whole education of Germany. They were occupying chairs at Leipsic, Rostock, Tübingen, Strasburg, Jena, and other universities; and they were in many cases so wedded to the "Philippic method," that, contrary to the often repeated advice of their master, they neglected the original fountains of Aristotle, "would allow no addition to be made to Philip's teaching, but repeated it like a charm a hundred times o'er." In fact, this very devotion to Melanchthon is stated as one of the main causes that led

to the decline of the Peripatetic philosophy at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries; for, Melanchthon's followers and pupils getting involved in some of the intricate religious controversies of the time, a suspicion arose that the purity of doctrine had been corrupted by too great devotion to Melanchthon's philosophy, and nothing would satisfy the objectors short of the total expulsion of Aristotle from the schools. It has been said that he might have accomplished more, had he not been restrained by his native modesty and timidity from philosophizing on his own account; but when his laborious life and the important part he took in the theological and ecclesiastical controversies of his time are considered, he must be allowed, in the humbler rôle of interpreter of Aristotle, to have accomplished no insignificant results in freeing Germany from the yoke of scholasticism.

During the long period of forty-two years in which he was professor, nominally of Greek but in reality of things in general, at Wittemberg, he acted also as a sort of universal patron of culture to Germany. If a library was to be founded, if a prince was to be advised on the affairs of his university or on the appointment of professors, if a school was to be opened and an inaugural "declamation" to be delivered, Melanchthon was the man to whom recourse was had. If he could not go and deliver his declamation in person, he was still requested to compose it, and it was deemed an honor and no disgrace for the most considerable person to read his compositions. Even his colleagues in the university—"most famous, learned, and full-grown men"—considered it no disgrace to read Melanchthon's productions; "and the sheets," says his biographer Camerarius, "have been often seen with the ink still wet carried up to those who had begun the address previously composed by him." The number of such "declamations" which he composed is very large; and wherever Melanchthon spoke, whether by voice or pen, we have an appeal for the study of the nascent literature, and a plea for culture in the widest sense. He misses no opportunity of running down the "barbaric" studies of former times, and of pointing out a more excellent way. He had himself been almost ruined, he tells his audience on one occasion, by his six youthful years spent in the schools of the pseudo-Aristotelians—men the direct opposites of Socrates; for *he* said the only thing which

he knew was that he knew nothing, which was one of the main points of which they were ignorant. "Every churchman and jurist ought to know the genuine Aristotle in the original, and should study Quintilian and Pliny, mathematics, the poets, orators, and the true philosophy." "Ignorant theology is one of the greatest evils—the fruitful parent of strife, division, and doubt. Learned theology, however, needs not only an acquaintance with grammar and dialectics, it needs also physics, moral philosophy, history, chronology, and mathematics." That learning is a blessing and an ornament, ignorance a curse, to the Church, is a theme that Melanchthon is never weary of proclaiming and defending. "An university is one of the principal parts of a State;" "Universities are the seminaries of the Church;" "One of the main evils of war is that the universities are dispersed;" "If learning dies, religion and justice perish along with it." These are but specimens of the maxims that occur in hundreds of places in his writings; and a portion of one of his forms of prayer was, "*Rege et serva tuam Ecclesiam et politias quæ sunt hospitia tuæ Ecclesiæ.*" Then, as now, there were those who maintained that the truth of Scripture could be best ascertained by spiritual illumination, and that the study of philosophy and the languages was superfluous. Melanchthon, while not denying that the deeper meaning of Scripture must come to the soul by divine influence, had learned from history that ignorance and godlessness went hand in hand. Theology, he said, had been ruined by the ignorance of the tongues in which Scripture was written; and if it was ever to be restored, it must be by the ardent study of these languages. The divine secrets had been disclosed to us in human language, and close application to the grammar and lexicon was the best means *he* knew of penetrating them. He gives the following amusing example of the misunderstandings of the meaning of Scripture to which ignorance of the tongues may lead. A preacher, treating of the words, "*Melchisedec rex Salem panem et vinum obtulit,*" interpreted them "King Melchisedec offered (to Abraham) salt, bread, and wine;" and proceeded to discourse on the nature and uses of salt! In the light of such passages the honorable position assigned to Melanchthon by Hallam is seen to be not too high.

But besides the influence in the direction of culture which he wrought by his teaching, his books, and his declamations, it would be a serious omission in an esti-

mate of Melanchthon to leave unmentioned what he accomplished more directly in the interests of education by his labors in connection with schools. The reformers of Germany, like those of Scotland half a century later, had the penetration to discern that their appeal from popes and councils to the Christian consciousness of their respective communities could only be supported by the enlightenment of the people; and hence in Germany, as in Scotland, the cause of popular education was identified with that of the Reformed religion. In Scotland the Church had the battle with ignorance to fight almost single-handed; in Germany the Protestant princes and nobles in many cases eagerly supported the efforts of the Church, and pressed into their service in the cause of education the scholarship and varied talent of the Reformers. In 1527 the Elector, John the Prudent, appointed Melanchthon and two other scholars to hold a visitation of the churches and schools. On his tour of inspection Melanchthon travelled through the whole of Thuringia, and in the following year he published his "*Libellus visitatorius*," a document of no small importance. One of its immediate consequences was the establishment in Saxony of an evangelical Church, independent, in doctrine and order, of the pope; and the example set by Saxony other Protestant States, as is well known, were not slow to follow.

A short account of his recommendations relating to the schools may be interesting as indicative of the notions of the leading minds of Europe on the subject of education three centuries and a half ago. It is striking to observe the similarity of the phraseology of the books of discipline of the Scottish reformers to that of Melanchthon, and the prominence given by both to Latin, music, and religion in the course of school work. The preachers were everywhere recommended to exhort* the people to send their children to school, that a race might be produced fit for the service of the Church. "It is a serious mistake," says Melanchthon, "to suppose that a religious teacher is sufficiently instructed if he is able to read German; he must from his youth be instructed in a long and wide course of training, and it is

* In Scotland, the compilers of the books of discipline recommended compulsion. But these books never received Parliamentary authority. They were never more than, to all intents and purposes, the report of a royal commission. Their "compulsory" recommendations only received Parliamentary sanction in 1872.

God's will that the 'worldly regiment' be likewise supplied with such men." Melanchthon found in the common schools many defects; but the following points are specially mentioned as requiring reformation. First, the schoolmaster was to give all diligence to teach the children *Latin only; not German*, or Greek, or Hebrew, as some have hitherto done — loading the poor children with a multiplicity of books and variety of learning which was not only unfruitful, but positively hurtful. Second, the schoolmasters are to consult the good progress of the children more than their own fame. Third, the children are to be taught in groups according to their advancement. The first group, after learning to read the child's primer, in which was contained the alphabet, the paternoster, the creed, and the ten commandments, are to have the "*Donatus*" and "*Cato*" (the Latin primer and *delectus* of the day) put into their hands. One object of this is to get a stock of Latin words for the purposes of writing and *speaking*; and those of no particularly quick understanding are to go over the "*Donatus*" and "*Cato*" again and again till they have mastered them. Writing also is to be attended to, and specimens are to be shown to the schoolmaster daily. The second group consists of those who are able to read and are now to learn grammar. The master is to begin them with the "*Fables*" of Æsop and the "*Colloquies*" of Erasmus. The apparently unambitious aim of this latter book was, according to its author, to make boys "*meliores et Latiniore*;" still, it had the extraordinary fortune of being publicly condemned by the Sorbonne, forbidden in France, burned in Spain, and in Rome interdicted to the whole of Christendom; but in spite of this reception — perhaps on account of it — in the very year in which Melanchthon inspected the schools, it had reached a fourth edition of twenty-four thousand copies, which were speedily sold. Melanchthon doubtless, in recommending its use in the schools, had an eye to its value as an aid to the Reformation. After this is mastered, Terence is to be read; and as the boys are now grown and fit for more work, Terence is to be learned completely by heart, and then pure and suitable selections from Plautus. But with all reading the first, second, and third requirement is the learning of grammar; and the schoolmaster who is not willing by constant drill and frequent repetition to get grammar into the heads of his boys is to be dismissed, and another is to be ap-

pointed who will; "for," says Melanchthon, "no greater mischief can possibly happen to all the arts than where youth is not thoroughly instructed in grammar." In the teaching of religion, the course is equally to be avoided of those who taught nothing of the Scriptures as of those who taught nothing but the Scriptures. The children are to be taught the principles of a Christian and God-fearing life; they are to learn, and to have suitably expounded to them, the paternoster, the creed, and the ten commandments. All controversial matter is to be avoided; the monks are not to be held up to ridicule — an injunction which it must have been difficult for the schoolmasters to observe along with the daily study of the "*Colloquies*" of Erasmus — but the children are to be taught the fear of God, faith, and good works; certain specified Psalms are to be got by heart; the Gospel by Matthew is to be grammatically explained, and, where the boys are advanced, the Epistles of Paul to Timothy, the 1st Epistle of John or the Proverbs of Solomon. Difficult and high books, such as the Epistle to the Romans, John's Gospel, and Isaiah, are to be avoided, as, however conducive to the fame of the teacher, unsuitable to the age and understanding of the learner. The third group is to be composed of picked boys who show themselves specially apt to learn; but even by them the hour before midday is to be devoted to the all-important grammar. Virgil, and that finished, Ovid's "*Metamorphoses*" in the morning, and Cicero's "*Officia*" and "*Epistolæ ad Familiares*" in the afternoon are to be studied. When well grounded in etymology and syntax, the attention of the boys is to be turned to prosody, that they may be accustomed to make verse; for (*pace* Dr. Farrar) "this exercise is of the greatest advantage to the understanding of other writings, makes the boys rich in words, and clever at many things." When thoroughly drilled, the boys are to devote the grammar hour to rhetoric and dialectics. A Latin epistle or copy of verses is to be written each week by the boys of the second and third groups. The boys, moreover, are to speak Latin among themselves; and the schoolmasters are as far as possible to speak nothing but Latin by way of stimulating and accustoming the boys to the same practice. An important part of school work — one, indeed, so important that it was to be practised in *every* class *every* day — was music. The position assigned to this art in the school course was most probably due to Luther.

The great reformer's passion for music is well known; and it is partially due to the great impulse that he gave to that study that the Germans hold their prominent musical position in Europe.

This simple outline of a school plan it was left for the pupils of its author to organize and develop; and Trotzendorf, Wolf, Neander, and Sturm made more even than Melanchthon of the study of Latin. It seems to have been clearly their notion that Latin was once more to become the common dialect of Europe, and everything else must yield to the study of the common tongue. No provision was made in the great schools of which they were the heads for the teaching of geography, or history, or mathematics, or physics, or natural history, and very little, if any, for the teaching of the mother tongue. Latin was supposed to be the lost mother tongue, and the whole energies of the schoolmaster were spent upon the classical languages, and particularly upon Latin. And as it was with the schools, so to a very large extent was it with the universities. Latin held the same place there that it did in the schools. Frederick the Wise, before appointing a professor of Greek at Wittemberg, had founded a professorship of Terence. Melanchthon laments to the duke of Prussia the neglect of mathematics at Wittemberg. One professor was obliged, for want of students, to lecture on the four species; and another, in his inaugural address, entreats his students not to allow themselves to be frightened by the difficulty of the subject. "The first elements of arithmetic," says he, "are easy. The learning of multiplication and division demands a little more diligence; but they can be grasped by the attentive without much trouble"! In 1536 Melanchthon gave lectures on one of the astronomical works of Ptolemy; when he had finished the first book, he expresses sorrow and amazement at the almost total disappearance of his audience, and thanks those who had remained faithful. Nor much better sometimes did he fare with his lectures on the Greek poets and orators. The war of theological opinions seems to have been sometimes unfavorable to the study of Greek. In the early days of his professorship crowds, as we have seen, flocked to his lecture-room, but by-and-by he had the utmost difficulty in securing an audience. In 1531 he announced a course of lectures on Homer. "I will," says he, "as usual, lecture free. Homer is said, when living, to have had to beg for his bread; not much better is his

fate now that he is dead, for the noble poet wanders about and begs for people to listen to him. It is not, however, to those common souls he turns who live for gain only, who are not only uncultured themselves, but despise culture in others; rather to those who study of their own free will, and from love to noble deeds."

In 1533 he hoped, by lecturing on the fourth Philippic of Demosthenes, to induce his hearers to a nearer acquaintance with that author. "But I fear," says he, "this generation is deaf for such authors; for I have scarcely any audience left, and these only do not leave me to spare me pain. I thank them for their affection, and I shall still stick to my post." Nor had he better fortune when he tried the "Antigone" of Sophocles.* The want of text-books has been blamed as the cause of this extraordinary backwardness of the students; and certain it is that the four students who studied Demosthenes with Melanchthon had to take for themselves copies of their teacher's book; but Melanchthon himself accounts for it by the frightful rawness (*ferocitas* is his strong word) of their minds. And certainly, if Melanchthon's picture of the past times of his students is true to the life, one may cease to wonder that he found so few to take an interest in his Greek prelections. He says:—

All good men deplore the laxity of academical discipline: never were youth so impatient of restraint; their manners are those not of men, but of monsters; they spend whole nights raising public disturbances, fill every place with furious clamors and brawls, attack with stones and arms peaceful and inoffensive people, as if they were public enemies, assault the houses of honest citizens, smash in their doors and windows, disturb the sleep of poor old men, women, and children.

One night, after ten o'clock, when this conduct of the Wittemberg students was likely to lead to more than usually serious consequences, the professor of Greek, with his servant John, stepped out to quell the disturbance, and to exhort the youth to go home in peace; but one youth, more forward than the rest, unsheathed his sword, and brandished it in the professor's face. But the discipline of the university was vindicated on this (it is to be supposed) extreme occasion, for the youth was rusticated for eight years.

It is to the credit of Erasmus, and in a greater degree of Melanchthon, that, dis-

* Things seemed to have improved in 1537; for in that year the elector refuses his sanction to Melanchthon's proceeding on a public mission, on account of the large concourse of students at the university.

satisfied with the mere disputations, declamations, and expositions of Terence, which formed the bulk of university work, they were among the foremost to bethink themselves of the widening of human study. To the universality of culture which he had himself pursued at Tübingen he remained true all his life. His "declamations" contain numerous exhortations to the study of physics, mathematics, history, medicine, astronomy. He himself wrote a book on physics, of which to say that it proceeds on the Aristotelian method, and not on the now universally received principles of inductive science, is only to say that Melanchthon died the year before Bacon was born. In his book on psychology, indeed, he gives some hints that Bacon's method was dawning on his horizon; for before writing it he was anxious to have some conversation with a medical friend from Nuremberg on anatomy, nerves, etc. Although himself a follower of the Ptolemaic astronomy, and, notwithstanding the frequent jeers of Luther on this score, a *practical* believer in astrology, he speaks highly of the study of astronomy, and approves Plato's saying, "Eyes were given to men for the study of astronomy." Although, moreover, his knowledge on all these subjects was drawn chiefly from books, Melanchthon was still well aware of a distinction which was not realized, and much less acted upon by the enthusiastic classicists of his time — that, namely, between the study of words and the study of things; and his desire that the two should proceed harmoniously was the ground of his objection to a mere grammarian, or philologist, or critic, or verbalist, as they were indifferently called, having the duty assigned him of lecturing on an author like Pliny. The rise and progress, however, of *real* studies afford ample scope for an additional chapter in the history of education, on which it is impossible here to enter. It is sufficient for our present purpose to observe that Melanchthon was among the first to insist on its importance. He remained at his post as professor of Greek from the year of his appointment (1518) till his death in 1560. His later years were passed in now-forgotten theological controversies, in which the noble-minded man was frequently exposed to the shafts of unscrupulous and utterly inferior opponents. His enemies even did their utmost to have him deprived of his professorship and banished from the country, to which pass, if things had come, he meditated, like Abelard before him, a retreat to Palestine to

end his days in peace. Melanchthon's mildness prevented him from answering fools according to their folly. Amid these painful and to him utterly repulsive wranglings of opinions he adhered to the last true to his mission of apostle to his generation of culture combined with religion; and his whole life, viewed in this aspect, gave ample ground for that portion of his epitaph which describes him as —

DISCIPLINARUM ET ARTIUM QUUM
INSTAURATOR TUM CONSERVATOR QUI OMNEM
DOCTRINAM QUASI VAGAM AC DISSIPATAM
COLLEGIT ET AD CERTAM RATIONEM
REVOCAVIT.

J. HUTCHISON.

GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A WINTER REVERIE.

I LOOK with some covetousness on the indefatigable energy of that man who is always working his muscles when he is not asleep. It is to be suspected that he in his turn regards with contempt one at all given to musing and the encouragement of fancy. Meditation seems to him but an excuse for idleness: for, saith he, only be doing something in earnest, and your mind will be employed as well as your body; but when your body is idle you simply dream. I have known a man go forth into the snowdrift or the storm because he could not bear to be left to his own thoughts; and I have known a man go round his whole fraternity, begging votes for the advancement of dinner by a couple of hours or so, because the circumstances of the day forbade exercise or amusement. With all deference to my active friends, I think that a book or the indulgence of fancy for an hour or two would be a less evil than being impelled by one's vigor to encounter tempests or to vex the cook. That musing may be enjoyed too often and too much, is certain; but not to possess the faculty of musing must be a defect of incalculable magnitude. Imagination will gratify when nothing else can; when the elements are not to be braved or the cook inexorable, or haply when sickness or other durance may cruelly deny bodily exercise, and throw the sufferer back upon the resources of his own mind. I desire, I say, to have ready for the occasion that may require it, some of the energy of my active friends; but I would not purchase it at the price of my imagination, such as that is. Even when

the sky is blue and the air soft, I must sometimes loiter in the shade; but in the frowning days and long uneventful nights of a northern winter, life would be intolerable if the brain did not hold a world which can be adventurous and full of moving accidents — while the actual world, its sights and noises, its struggles and changes, are shut out and as though they were not. The winter's day may attract one abroad, and have its short-lived enjoyments in perfection; but the winter's night — then it is that one draws upon the fund within, and delights to have the call answered.

Come, ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.

But gentle and delightful as is Cowper's song about the long evening, conceived in the plenitude of the enjoyment of home, his heart seems to have been altogether with the busy world beyond him, though he was absent from that world in the body. The Parliamentary debate, the news from the seat of war, the advertisements, the theatres and other shows, are what amuse him at second hand, while he sits at his tea-table and his fireside. He finds considerable pleasure, too, in condemning the ways in which people less appreciative than he of domestic joys choose to pass their evenings — is, in fact, very intolerant of all the agents who have contributed to his entertainment, their chief offence appearing to be that they don't prefer a dish of tea to a bowl of punch, and can find some faster way of passing their time than sitting in an easy-chair by the fire in a nightcap and slippers. The man who cannot on occasion enjoy his *otium* by the fireside is much to be pitied; but his neighbor who does appreciate that enjoyment has no right to sneer down every other. Cowper, however, though he has helped me to express my welcome of the evening-tide, does not help me at all as to description of the manner of enjoying an evening (or any other quiet) hour which I had in view when I just now began to write. I was not then thinking of newspapers or denunciations of harmless recreations or of teacups, but of the pleasure of reverie — of the joy of looking into a world which I people myself for my own

gratification. No care of what the outer world may be doing now, nor of printed accounts of what it did yesterday, but a commerce with airy nothings and boundless excursions of fancy, while

Glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth.

That last scrap has guided me to the poet who has expressed my present feeling. I am thinking of old legends, old experiences, old imaginations which were never facts, scenes which were never acted in the flesh, dreams that will never be fulfilled, adventures, passions, virtues, such as great bards

In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Milton calls contemplation a cherub, proving by that expression alone, if he had not spread out his gorgeous thoughts on the subject, how he regarded this power. While pretending to no more than catalogue the principal fields in which imagination disports herself, he has, by his choice of words and images, raised up a marvelous tribute to her excellences. How ready is every reader when he reaches the concluding lines of "Il Penseroso" to subscribe the same sentiment which they contain! how entirely has his mind been charmed into the confession which the poet has expressed for him —

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live!

What I am writing now under the rays of my lamp, I dreamt this winter in a chamber without a lamp or any other light save the "glowing embers," amid lurid shadows, in silent, legendary hours. Sometimes I have awaked to notice the ticking of the clock or the beating of the hail — a pleasant interval, followed, haply, by a dream more absorbing than before; generally I have been companionless, except when my cat (never exhibited, but safe to take a prize at any show) may have stolen in, noiseless as a ghost, and a rotatory mist has seemed to settle itself opposite me on a footstool after emitting two rather dull flashes in each revolution. But the hours so spent have not been dull: contrariwise, I have generally returned from my solitude to the workaday world "creeping like a snail, unwillingly." Just now I came with an effort into the lamp-light, with blinking eyes that did not

glisten at the sight of pen and ink. I had been trying (not quite successfully) to remember Milton's piece from which I had been quoting, and my halting memory forced me to a consideration of each particular word as I picked it up. One can hardly make this scrutiny of one of Milton's poems without being convinced of that power of mere words, aptly used, to stir up emotions of which Burke speaks in his essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful." It came home to me with such new force when I thus slowly joined the lines, that I had written a page or two on the suggestive properties of the phrases in "Il Penseroso," when, by great good luck, I bethought me of turning to Macaulay's celebrated essay on the poet. There I found all that I had been trying to express, and a great deal more that I had not thought of at all, set forth with a master critic's skill; so thereupon the sponge was applied to my fine observations, for which act of self-mutilation the reader, I hope, will give me thanks. In case, however, it may have happened to the said reader, as it did to me, to have let slip Macaulay's exposition (owing probably, to having read and admired it generally, but without testing it by a study of some particular passages of Milton), he cannot, I think, do better than turn to that page (near the beginning) of the essay where "the most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton" is described and illustrated, at the same time placing a volume of Milton, open at the "Penseroso," on his desk. I am much mistaken if, without turning a leaf of either book, he will not find amusement for a good part of an evening. I recollect reading how Dr. Johnson, in speaking of his self-culture, said that he had always, from very early times, studied how to deliver what he had to say in the most forcible terms he could invent. And surely the great Samuel is forcible enough; but his is the force of the lexicographer or the pedagogue, who does not leave you a chance of misunderstanding him, and whose *ferula* seems to be upraised for the benefit of any dunce who may not imbibe the proffered instruction. Very different is the force, the charm rather, with which Milton's words operate. They are not addressed to the understanding, but to the heart; every one has affinity with some profound feeling of our natures — every one can make us see visions and dream dreams.

What Macaulay has explained concerning Milton's power in phrases helps to settle another question which, I perceive,

has exercised critics and biographers not a little. It is the question whether Milton, with all his learning, and majesty and sublimity, possessed that tenderness of feeling, that sensibility of the ordinary passions, which in most cases are chief ingredients of the poetic temperament. Now, if he knew how, by the merest hint, to excite these ordinary passions, he must have understood them; and, if he understood, he must have experienced them. He had not the softer feelings of humanity, say some; he had them, but the grander subjects of poetry were more congenial to him, and he would not stoop to the minor passions, say others; he could be as pathetic as Philomel, maintain a third party, but he was master of so many modes of the lyre that he could not be forever inditing stories or strains of passion. The two first-mentioned classes of critics say much the same thing, because it matters little whether the poet was destitute of sensibility, or whether his sensibility was overpowered and extinguished by his grandeur of conception — in either case it was not his congenial vein. These, of course, go to his epics for support of their opinions. But the third class will point to the lyrical pieces in proof of what Milton could do with the affections when he chose. His biography shows how from his youth he educated himself to be not only a heroic poet but a superior man — how all his life long he was gaining the mastery over his earthly feelings and endeavoring to fix his mind on things eternal. In his spring-time he not only felt acutely, but he discovered the very sources of feeling. As he ripened, he turned from this to him exhausted field, and aspired, at last exclusively, to those walks wherein only the most excellent poets have made good their footing. He went into a higher form, and left the subjects and the language of the lower, in which he had shown himself a proficient while he followed them. He had no defect; but when he found that he could scale heaven and sound hell, he did not care to occupy himself longer with the accidents of terrestrial life.

I have one more observation to make about Milton, and that is in answer to those who say that, although he could imagine and describe the volcanic passions of demons, he had never taken the pains to investigate the intricacies of the human mind. That he did not occupy himself with the portraiture of character as his great contemporary did, is sufficiently patent; but that he understood something

of the art, may easily be proved from his works. What, for instance, can be more profound than the workings of Eve's mind, which at last decide her to involve Adam in the punishment which she had incurred? At first she inclines to keep secret from her husband the knowledge she has acquired, pleased with the idea that she may now become his equal — possibly his superior in some things; at any rate, that she may always know how to retain his love. Then it occurs to her that the threatened punishment of death may yet be carried into effect; and the horrible thought rises, that if she should suffer alone, after she is no more another Eve may be created to take her place in Adam's affections — "a death to think," as she says. After this she hesitates no longer, but resolves that Adam shall die with her. Adam's voluntary sacrifice for her sake is also worth studying when the poet's power to probe the springs of human actions is being investigated.

To descend a little from Milton's level, but not to leave yet the subject of poetry, are we not again and again told, by the lawgivers in that province, that contrasts are necessary in the characters of the story, for without variety of dispositions it will be tedious and insipid? I ask the question because my eye has lighted on a volume of poetry (seldom very distant from me), enclosing a story which has had some success in the world, and which I — and, I fancy, many beside me — look upon as one of the most delightful that ever were written; yet which is remarkable for the similarity of the dispositions of its chief actors — which wants even the accustomed evil mind to complicate the plot and to divert the reader's attention from the combined contemplation of those whom he must needs admire. It is Scott's "Lady of the Lake" that I am alluding to. Its reputation has been acquired in spite of its want of a villain, and in spite of the natural likeness of its heroes — for they are all heroes. Roderick, Douglas, Fitzjames, Malcolm, possess all of them nearly the same qualities; the difference is in the circumstances which surround them. All are alike brave, chivalrous, and generous according to their lights. Roderick's outlawry has raised in him a ferocity which is evidently foreign to his nature; but, putting this aside, there is scarce anything to distinguish their characters, though their fortunes are very various. Out of their conflicting positions the poet has wrought variety enough to make his tale charming. Again, there is not an

unamiable person in the whole piece (for Red Murdoch is hardly worthy to rank as one of the characters). Even the rugged John of Brent is more like a knight than a trooper. I don't think I would recommend poets in general to come before the public with such a meagre *troupe*; but it is pleasant, after the feat has been achieved, to see how genius can triumph over rules.

By the way, it is worthy of remark (if I am saying what has been said before, I do so in ignorance that the observation is old) — it is worthy of remark, I say, that two of Scott's characters may be said to be one and the same person: Lord Marmion and the Templar. Each is haughty, brave, distinguished, a capable leader; each is privately a freethinker; each has disgraced his knighthood by an act of duplicity, entailing the greatest consequences on another; each has been tempted to dishonor by the power of love; each is vanquished in fight, not by the superior prowess of his adversary, but by the stress of his own consciousness, for

Sinful heart makes feeble hand.

Brian, under the Tudors, would have been Marmion; and Marmion bearing the red cross would have been Guilbert.

Out of the above reverie, I fell away into another, led by some guiding web whose course I can by no means remember. Certain it is that I was taken in the spirit far enough away from Sir Walter's works, for I found myself imagining a hard case in philosophy. From his historical tales, and the many and great changes which they indicate, I was led to think of the fixed and unchangeable working of the earth itself, on which all these transitions occur, and of the system of which the earth is a part. It is impossible to make a true picture of the world, or of any part of it, as it was in a bygone time; but astronomers can map out the heavens as they were at any period since the creation. *They* have been ordered according to the same immutable laws which we see in operation this day. At least, so philosophers tell us. But then it is a fair question to ask, How do philosophers know? There has been no appreciable change within their recollection, or within the period of which we possess authentic records; but how long is that? We have pretty sure proof that, ever since men were capable of recording anything, the sun has risen and set, and that there have been a moon and stars in the sky; but we have not proof of much more

until we come down to comparatively modern times. The assumption that the mechanism of the heavens has gone on equally and unchangeably since the Creator's impetus was first given to it, is but an assumption. It is extremely probable that the heavenly bodies obey a law given to them once for all, and that they are not forced and guided in their courses from day to day and from hour to hour. But a fixed law may include some acceleration or retardation (like the rate of a chronometer); and this rate, although it might not lead to much change in a generation, might nevertheless in the course of centuries alter the state of things. Again, it has been shown by Babbage, in his "Bridgewater Treatise," that it is possible for human beings so to construct a machine that it shall go on through a very great number of preordained motions (say a million), working evenly and giving uniform results; that, at the next motion after the preordained number has been accomplished (say at the million and first), it shall change its motion and its results in some respect; and that, after this change, it may go on working equally, for a longer or shorter period, according to the design of the constructor, until another change, in accordance with original intention, shall take place, and run its prescribed course. It is not, then, an absurd supposition that the law which governs the motions of the heavenly bodies may include in it constant and equable variation; or it may include sudden disturbances, to take effect at prescribed times. The supposed constant and equable variation is illustrated by that gradual and almost imperceptible approach of the orbit of the earth to the globe of the sun, which, philosophers sometimes tell us, is taking place. We have no instance, that I know of, of a sudden change of any importance in the period during which we have observed astronomical phenomena, and that perhaps is the reason why we assume the universe to go on as it began at the creation. But undoubtedly such changes may have occurred and may occur again. For instance, if a planet, after approaching the sun gradually for a period, should at last be drawn into the globe of the sun: there would then be a great disturbance, which would probably settle itself in some preordained way. Now, if changes such as I have suggested do occur among the heavenly bodies, and if we know not how those changes are regulated, we have a very inaccurate knowledge of the state of the universe in past time.

Suppose it to have been ordained that the earth's motion should for centuries be gradually accelerated or retarded; or suppose that the same motion should through a given number of years or ages be accelerated, and then for another given number of years or ages be retarded, — the alteration of rate would in course of time be productive of results that might affect us very seriously. Ay, but if any such continual change be going on in the motion of the earth, we must discover it sooner or later, however slowly it may proceed; because we have the means of measuring our progress by the motions of the other heavenly bodies. We shall find that we begin to outrun the rest of our system, while the parts of that system other than our world keep at their old pace. But the hard case which, as I said above, presented itself to my imagination, involved more than a change in the pace of our earth. I supposed — what is easy enough to suppose — that not the earth only, but the whole of our system, should work at a quickened (or retarded) rate, each orb being proportionately acted upon. How should we find out that we were going faster (or slower)? If the change were very gradual, indeed, we should hardly take the evidence of our clocks against the heavenly bodies, and there would be nothing but the clocks to tell us of the changed pace; for all that we see would change its rate of going in the same proportion as ourselves. A revolution of the earth on its axis would still be a day, but every day would occupy a little less (or more) time than the day preceding: a revolution of the earth round the sun would still be a year, yet every year would in reality be shorter (or longer) than the year preceding. And we should have no means whatever of detecting the difference. In the course of a century or two, a difference in the duration of animal life might be discovered (supposing life not to be affected by the change of pace), and then men would busy themselves with inquiries as to the causes of the increased or decreased duration. Suppose, now, that the pace of the universe should be decreasing; and suppose that since some given epoch of time — say the time of Noah — the pace had so diminished that nine months of our present year should be equal to a whole year of Noah's time, — then, although the average duration of human life might be exactly the same now as then, yet, reckoned in years, it would be one-third longer in Noah's time than in ours. Going back still further in time, we should have men living twice as

long (apparently) as they do at present; and we could not in any way find out that it was the pace of the universe, and not the duration of life, that had altered. Now, if the planets have been for tens of centuries losing something of their initial velocity, just as the earth is thought to have been for tens of centuries losing something of its initial heat, one sees how the ages of the earliest patriarchs might in some degree be accounted for. There is no end to the speculation that might arise out of this hypothesis of the inconstancy of the pace of the heavenly bodies. This pace gives us our standard of time; but if the standard itself be variable, how shall we ever measure time correctly? Fancy will not stop here. If the early patriarchs owed their longevity to the comparatively rapid pace of the earth, their day could not have been longer than three or four of our hours, and they could not have enjoyed more than a couple of our hours of daylight at a time. One meal would have sufficed for every revolution of the earth; their sleep would have been taken by snatches; their labor can never have been severe. Then it must be remembered that perception of the flight of time is only relative, and what seems to us a small portion of it may have seemed far greater to men of remote ages. Shakespeare tells us that "Time travels in divers paces with divers persons;" and he tells us whom Time ambles withal, whom he trots withal, whom he gallops withal, and whom he stands still withal. A day in childhood, a day in manhood, and a day in old age, although it may be always the same space of time, is very differently estimated by the mind. There is a story in "The Spectator" illustrative of the enormous expansibility of time, according to the perception of him who regards it. A man is desired to plunge his head into a vessel of water, and does so. Immediately he begins a series of adventures extending over many years, during which he marries and brings up a family. Suddenly he finds himself standing once more amid the same surroundings as when he plunged his head into the vessel, and is assured that he has simply dipped it in and taken it out again. What to the people round him had seemed a minute at most, had to him seemed a good fraction of a century. The shortness of the day, therefore — to go back to my idea that the patriarch's day may have been shorter than ours — is no argument against the sufficiency of the short day for

the people who had to make the most of it.

If it be admitted that the heavenly bodies may not at all times have revolved at the same pace, it will be perceived, at the same time, how the speculations of philosophy, which rest on the presumption of equal paces having been always traversed in equal times, may be altogether fallacious.

Going back now to what was written a little above concerning the measure of time in our minds being a very different thing from the measure of it by a standard, I am led to the thought of that miraculous day when the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. "Nonsense," says the unbeliever; "there is no record in any other part of the world of this having happened; moreover, it could not have happened without interfering with the equilibrium of the universe." But suppose that without the earth slackening her pace the army of Joshua were, on that day, of those whom time stands still withal. Then the host might have conceived that retardation to have been wrought on the sun and moon which was only wrought on their minds — a miracle all the same, but, in this view, not to be easily rejected.

Mew! Well, what knowest thou, grimalkin, of the matter, that thou interjectest thy voice unappealed to and unmannerly? Dost thou penetrate my thought, and does thine instinct prompt thee to approve? Or art thou branded with the scoffer; hast thou dared to distrust the reasoning of thy friend and protector; and was thine utterance but a cry of scornful dissent? I should know something of thy tongue by this time, and I protest to thee thou hast filled me with a grave suspicion. I do fear me that thy voice was evoked not in assent or contradiction to what was in my mind, but as a wail in *misericiordiam* — an outburst of conscience, a prayer for the remission of penalties and pains. Of what heinous offence shall I hear in the morning? Of what plunder, breakage, slaughter art thou seeking condonation? Thy tranquillity, I perceive, is affected. Thou art in reality neither drowsy nor inert. Thine eye follows mine restlessly, and betrays detected crime and affrighted apprehension. What is thy last transgression, hah? What blood-guiltiness, or rapine, or destruction calls for my just and too oft defrauded vengeance? How many times already has thy worthless life been forfeit, and by how many crafty subter-

fuges and oblique devices hast thou evaded thy righteous doom and shunned the "edge of penny cord"?

When the new aquarium lay a wreck of weeds and slime, and broken glass, and dead and dying fish and reptiles, how didst thou save thy skin? That flooded floor, that ruined carpet, rekindle my wrath even now. Ill-omened parasite, what tiny service thou mayst have rendered in the dispersion of rats and mice would, even if multiplied by seventy times seven, cancel thine evil deeds or the cost of them? Why wert thou not left to perish when, fleeing from the avenging noose, thou ascendedst the highest tree on the ground, and, in thy terror, stretching out upon a branch so feeble that it bent beneath thy weight, thou durst not return, but clungst there, oscillating, between earth and heaven? The third day it was after thy disappearance when a miserable squall advertised us of thy flight. Why, I say, was the stable-boy allowed to ascend the tree after thee, and attempt to shake thee down like ripe fruit? and why, when he had failed by that means to loosen the desperate grip of thy claws, was he instructed to break off with a crook the slight twig from which thou didst depend? I saw thee received on a strained sheet coated with down, from the which thou didst rebound as if thy mischievous carcase had been made of Indian gum. The household had come abroad to witness thy rescue, and, instead of the expiation which should have been uppermost in their thoughts, all were intent on thy shrunken frame and thy quailing eye, and thou receivedst the meed of patient well-doing, not the punishment due to flagrant crime.

In the matter of the piping bullfinch, when thy doom was pronounced irrevocable as the decrees of fate, what happy instinct guided thee to the sole device that could have compassed thy deliverance? Many days and nights it was that thou slunkst on tiles, and in gutters, and in foul hiding-places. The history of thy sufferings during those wanderings might reveal some satisfaction for thy crying offence, could one but know it; but all that is locked in thy cruel breast, and none shall ever be the wiser for thine adventures. It was thought that thou hadst departed forever, or that the bloody measure which thou hadst shown to others had been meted to thee again by some stranger hand. Then thou reappearedst, strong in the confidence of triumphant guilt. Our infant lay in his cradle just awake from

sleep. On the pillow rested his head, with a smile mantling on the face, and his little arms, never yet extended but in love, softly seeking an object near him. And there, murderer, satst thou, thy pupils contracted to the thinnest ovals; and, dozing securely on that pillow, thou didst blink at justice, for the walls of thy refuge were as triple brass, and thy warder stronger than a giant!

Well, thou art at any rate a hereditary retainer, a thing which soon it will be difficult to find in the land. When I myself was in the nurse's arms, some ancestress of thine came from the country as a working cat to rid us of vermin—not as a pampered menial; and, ever since, thy race has had its representatives within these walls. Whatever be thy bad qualities at home—and assuredly they are many—I believe that no bribe would tempt thee from our service—not the very hardest living would scare thee from our hearth. Here both thou and I were born; and here it is like, if my children should be spared, that they may entertain thy descendants. Not by natural, but by very arbitrary selection, we have chosen the finest and handsomest of thy kindred to survive kittenhood and to carry on the line. And this process, and the being dragged about by children, seem to have had a wonderful effect in producing admirable beings of thy species, insomuch that few kittens are now devoted to destruction here, for we earn the gratitude of our neighbors by supplying them from our litters. But why do I waste my time in apostrophizing thee, minion? Thou hast interrupted the train of my thoughts—cheated me, perhaps, of a bright idea; it may be, made me so idle as to be belated for next month's *Maga*. Avaunt, then! and leave these precincts, consecrated to study and work. Repair, if thou darest, for thy misdeeds, to less industrious regions, where thou mayst be welcome. Ke-s-s-s-s! away to thy kittens!

Rising to dismiss this somewhat tyrannical animal, I have collected myself, and been able to check my wandering fancy. I got off the line before I had thought out what I had to think about those wonderful effects which may be produced on our minds by causes which at first seem wholly inadequate. Mere words, disposed in certain fit ways, are, I saw, capable of rousing crowds of ideas. These ideas, again, brought together antithetically, will, by the suddenness and completeness of transition, produce a shock which reaches the sublime. The ideas may not be remark-

able—at least may not be poetic—when taken separately; and yet when brought into juxtaposition they blaze—explode almost. An instance occurs in Genesis when the angel encourages the wretched Hagar in the desert—"Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation." The first clause of the sentence exhibits with force the helplessness and insignificance of the deserted child; in the second clause the mind is spirited forward as if by magic to the great nation—his descendants. The transition is from the view of the wretched lad ready to perish of want and exposure, to generations and tribes that were to issue from him; and the distance from one to the other is passed at one dazzling vault, no halting-place or breathing-time allowed. But, rapid as is the spring, the mind has to pass over the whole distance, of which only the two extremes are mentioned in the narrative. It has to contemplate, if never so cursorily, Ishmael rescued from immediate death, grown to manhood, married, a patriarch rejoicing in a family, seeing his children's children, then dying and leaving behind him a numerous progeny, who expand at last into a nation. Indeed, a series of emotional thoughts rush in of necessity and course over the mental field. The sentence which produces this array of ideas contains hardly a score of words; but its effect on the feelings is incomparably greater than if all the history which it involves had been filled in. Language is never more impressive than when it contents itself with merely indicating a long stage of thought, and makes the reader's or hearer's mind travel over it, finding the way readily or toilsomely, truly or erringly, as may be, according to his lights. And this rapid motion of the reader's mind so suddenly excited, is probably the more agreeable from the stationary condition into which he had been charmed, while absorbed in the sorrows of the mother and child—powerfully attracted to the details of the scene before him, but now called upon to hurry over ages at a glance, and to rest again on the other end of the story. The instance, however, which I have cited, though it fitly illustrates the power which I believe to reside in a certain apposition of ideas, is far inferior in force to another example, also in the sacred writings—one which, to my mind, seems to rouse the imagination with the most violent shock conceivable of its kind. I allude to a passage near the end of the Book of Ruth. The story, as I need scarcely remind my

reader, is a charming idyl, the principal acts of which, narrated with much detail of circumstances, occur in a very limited area—within as many acres, perhaps, as might compose an average English parish. We read of Ruth, the Moabitess and the widow, attaching herself devotedly to her dead husband's mother, and joining herself to his people; and after that, the narrative is occupied with the accounts of her being adopted into his tribe, of the pretty pastoral enacted in the fields of Boaz, her conquest of and marriage to the wealthy farmer, and, finally, with a child being born to them, who is presented to us in his cradle with Naomi for his nurse. Up to this point the tale has not only been strictly localized by the exclusion of every subject except the infant's immediate antecedents, but it has been made to enchain the reader's fancy by the profusion of its simple and striking incidents. All at once, when the imagination has been lulled to repose in the house of Boaz, and charmed along to the birth and nursing of his son, it is swooped upon and spirited away, past all time and into eternity, by the tremendous power of half-a-dozen words aptly introduced. "And they called his name Obed," we are told; "*he is the father of Jesse, the father of David.*" Up to the announcement of the child's name all has flowed along as pleasantly and as leisurely as any legend of love and marriage in a country-house could. Then, when we have reached the consummation of Ruth presenting Boaz with a son, and while we still linger over the new-born nursling, lying helpless and hardly conscious on its nurse's knees, we are swept away by a torrent of thought called up by the name of David. Of all purely human names there surely is not one with such grand and extensive associations as that of David. David's personal history, the death of the giant, and the succession to the royal seat of Israel, are but the beginnings of the mighty rush of thoughts. We are borne along through the generations that have sprung from David, from faith to faith, through scenes from which proceed our first and most cherished hope, along the world's past and future, on a course which finds its limit only at the right hand of God. The use of the present tense in this verse, no doubt, heightens the effect of the transition. The reader is not even warned by the use of a preterite that he is being separated from the subject of his contemplation before he is projected over and beyond time. It is astonishing that the use and arrangement

of words should exercise such power over our emotions. In this case the effect has been produced by the narrator prescribing to his story very strict bounds, and within those bounds giving a very particular account of short-lived events, then suddenly breaking all bounds and calling up the ideas of things infinitely distant — things, too, which, from their paramount importance, cannot be named without affecting the feelings.

It will scarcely be disputed, I think, that the same ideas which, placed before us in one form or order, affect us so much, might, by an alteration of the form or order, be presented so as to make a much lighter impression. And the form or order depends very much upon the choice of the words which are the vehicle of presentation. To possess the power of presenting ideas so that they may raise strong emotions, is to have one of the chief gifts of the poet or orator. It is not an art which can be learned by rule; for observe how little such a discernment as that of Burke is able to explain it. He perceives and points out that it exists, but he cannot do much more. Moreover, those who have given the strongest proof that they possessed this gift, have protested against its being thought a mechanical skill which can be acquired by study. It is even doubtful whether the chief intention of the most potent wielders of language be to operate on others. Like the highest artists in all departments, they practise their vocation for its own sake. They speak as they are impelled by a power within them. They would speak if there were none to hear. This being so, it must be a hard task for the materialist to satisfy himself that this influence, emanating from words, requires nothing more than matter to explain it. The words need not even be spoken; they may be taken in by the eye, and do not necessarily involve the disturbance of the air. It is a hard thing to understand how mere matter can be so constituted as that it shall respond not only to certain ideas or certain words even, but that it shall keenly and involuntarily sympathize with certain arrangements of ideas and of words. If, however, it be contended — as I believe it is in some quarters — that the material and construction of the brain are sufficient to explain this, how shall we explain the mystery that other brains which certainly know little or nothing of physiology have been able without fail to work upon this material? When we have discovered what goes on in the brains and nerves at

times when certain emotions are felt, we have only ascertained the manner in which those emotions are produced; we are not a bit nearer to understanding why certain words should produce them, nor how other persons should know how to choose such words as would produce them. Mankind had always, of course, perception of their own emotions; they have now, or may have (so philosophers tell us), knowledge of certain phenomena of the brain, etc., which are concurrent with these emotions. Do the concurrent phenomena make the emotions at all more easy of comprehension? Does not the knowledge that every emotion has its corresponding movement of brain and nerves, make the emotions only the more wonderful? Some things, undoubtedly, become simplified to us as we acquire more knowledge concerning them. But this is far from being the case with all things. Additional knowledge oftentimes entails increased mystery and wonder. When Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, although he revealed to the world a most interesting truth, and opened an entirely new view to physicians, he surely did not simplify or bring down to a lower level the systems of human beings and of other blood-sustained animals. He proclaimed a new wonder. The circulation itself is a marvel and a mystery; and the knowledge that it exists does not bring us one step nearer to knowing how it was begun, how it is sustained, or how it can be restored if it should chance to stop. It is a matter entirely beyond our control or comprehension; and so, I presume to think, is the operation of words upon our emotions, notwithstanding that we may have discovered the wonderful and intricate offices which brain and nerves perform between cause and effect.

It is a sort of tacit and involuntary deference to the power of words that we are disposed to give a patient hearing to those who can utter them musically, strongly, or fluently, and that the vulgar and unthinking often accept a sweet, powerful, or ready delivery as eloquence. Many a preacher that I have heard praised has been, I am sure, very barren of ideas, and has been indebted to a deep chest or a bird-like throat for what good impression he made. Let any one consider the rascals who pace the streets bawling out an account of their family troubles, or of their misdeeds before they became regenerate — he will find that in every case there is more or less gift of voice, generally a sepulchral baritone. The committees who tell off rogues

and vagrants to their proper departments know full well how to utilize a voice. The parish clerk in Mr. Dickens's "Great Expectations," feeling that he had a pretty powerful throat, cherished the idea that he only wanted opportunity to become celebrated as a preacher, and used to talk oracularly of "the thing being thrown open," by which he appeared to mean the pulpit of the Established Church being made accessible to anybody who might choose to invade it. Finally, he turns up as a star at a penny theatre in London, evidently still under the impression which misleads many of his class — namely, that a good voice is a sufficient stock-in-trade to set up with in any oratorical line of business. Such men, whether they may have brains or not, possess, at any rate, an organ fitted to give out ideas and words audibly, smoothly, and impressively. They give earnest that, if they have ideas worth listening to, they can communicate them with effect. And such is the mysterious attraction exercised by words upon our race, that we are much more likely to tolerate a stout speaker with an empty head, than to silence a barren talker if he happen to have a good voice.

And with this, I think, I will bring my contemplation to a close. I was out in the covers this morning (I mention this lest I should appear to hold my active friends' enjoyments too cheaply), but I must say that I enjoy a quiet fireside trance too. I hear music and laughter coming from not many rooms off, and propose to join the merry party speedily. But these Christmas evenings are long enough for fun and for contemplation as well. I don't think I could laugh heartily in company if I did not, in private, give proper regard to my own thoughts. It is not everybody that can think originally or profoundly — all the better for those who can — but everybody can, at least, take account of what may be in his own mind, and turn it over and try what it is good for. If he has only perceived the perplexities that beset us purblind mortals, there is some pleasure, and eke some profit, in only recognizing and putting into shape one's doubts and enigmas. We may rest pretty sure that all that has exercised our minds has exercised other minds somewhere; and if we can contribute but little to the solution of obscure or difficult questions, we can give to the stronger and more penetrating minds the encouragement of knowing that they are not alone in their labyrinths; and so they may think it worth their while to address themselves to the discovery of solutions for which

many are waiting. There is a great pleasure in reviewing old thoughts, old opinions, and ascertaining how they have stood the test of the time that has rolled away since last the long evenings and the lounging-chair by the fireside tempted you to survey them. And surely every man has got, stored away in some recess or other, memories of old adventures, old jests, or haply some softer memories, which it is a joy to call up in solitude and in the quiet firelight. Before a man has seen very many Christmases, he will perceive that the actors in some of his little-remembered dramas have begun to leave the stage, and a regretful note or two will begin to mix themselves with the refrain. Thus the incidents become consecrated to the memory of the departed. It is some measure, too, of the manner and degree in which the saltiness of time does its seasoning — that freshening or fading of feeling with which we recur to lively scenes acted long ago. I, being on the shady side of life, own, this year or two, to a deadening of some of the delights of rumination. I have witnessed some half-dozen incidents at different periods of my first youth which were so diverting that I could never remember them but with the highest glee. It used often to be an uncomfortable thought to me that if one of these recollections should unhappily rise up during sermon or at a funeral, I could not choose but laugh out, so powerfully did they affect me. But I have had these phantasms with me lately, and their power is gone; I still know that they are funny, but I can dissect them now, and examine what the points were that used to tickle so. There is no more of that ecstasy of amusement that used to throw me into a convulsion before I had time to reflect — no more bursting out with a shriek in season or out of season — no more protests that I could not contain myself if that thing came across me and I were going to be hanged.

Well, thank God, I don't find my senses much dulled as yet; and doubtless these little hints that lead one gently towards the "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," are salutary, and ought not to be depressing. I have gained something as well as lost since the days of "laughter holding both his sides;" and, so far, I can bear to look at the account and strike a balance.

A truce to meditation and solitude. Society, I am happy to think, has not yet lost its charm for me. Clearly, it is not going to be very serious society to-night, and my playtime is about to begin. Con-

spicuous among the faults of this our land are her long winters; but it is her great merit that she knows better than any how a winter evening should be passed. For the half-hour's attention which you have bestowed on my musings, I thank you, courteous reader; and I trust that you also, ere the midnight chimes, will have joined in some lively pleasure, and have thought with me, that even when darkness covers the land for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, our lives need not be dreary, and we may be numbered among the fortunate band with whom Time gallops withal.

From Temple Bar.
HOW RUSSIANS MEET DEATH.

BY IVAN TURGUENIEF.

TRANSLATED BY LADY GEORGE HAMILTON.

I HAVE a neighbor, Ardalion, a young laird and a keen sportsman. One fine July morning I rode over to his place, to propose our going out grouse-shooting together.

"Yes," said he, "let's ride through my copses. I will look at Tchaplygino on the way; my oak-wood, you know. It's being thinned."

We set off. My neighbor took with him his bailiff, Archip, a strong under-sized peasant, with a square face and pre-historically developed cheekbones; and an overseer just come from the Baltic provinces, Herr Gottlieb von der Kolk, a thin, fair, short-sighted, nineteen-year-old youth, with sloping shoulders and a long neck. My neighbor had not long come into possession of his estate. He had inherited it from an aunt, an uncommonly fat woman, who even when lying in bed used to be always painfully panting.

"Wait for me in this glade," said my neighbor Ardalion to his companions, when we reached the copses.

I had known Ardalion's forest ever since my childhood. I often used to go to Tchaplygino with my French tutor, M. Désiré Fleury, a most kindly man, who nearly ruined my health, however, by making me take physic every night. The forest consisted of some two or three hundred old oaks and ashes. Their strong and stately trunks stood proudly out in dark relief against the transparent gold-flaked green of the hazel-bushes and maples. Higher up they were sharply outlined against the clear azure of the sky, and

there spread out like a tent their wide and knarled boughs. Above their motionless tops soared, with shrill cries, hawks, buzzards, and kites, while mottled woodpeckers tapped away loudly at their thick bark; the blackbird's clear notes suddenly resounded through the dense foliage, mingled with the ivoilga's fluent song. Hedge-sparrows and siskins twittered in the underwood below, chaffinches fluttered across the path, and every now and then a hare stole along the edge of the thicket, or a ruddy squirrel boldly sprang from tree to tree, and suddenly sat still with his tail curled over his head. In the grass, close to some huge anthills, violets and lilies of the valley bloomed beneath the shade of delicate ferns; saxifrage, cotton-grass, and red agaric stood all around; and the tiny lawns amid the bushes were crimsoned by strawberries. And what shade there was in the wood! In the very noontide's heat it was actual night there — night with its stillness and fragrance and freshness.

I had formerly spent many a joyous hour in that wood, and it was not, I must admit, without a feeling of melancholy that I now rode under the too well-known trees. The destructive snowless winter of 1840 had not spared my old friends the oaks and ashes. Dry and bare, but colored here and there with a hectic green, they sadly reared themselves above the young undergrowth which crept around their feet. Some of them, still foliated below, seemed to stretch out their stunted and lifeless arms with a gesture of reproach and despair, others waved aloft their dry, dead branches high above the already thickish though not luxuriant undergrowth; some had already lost their bark, others had at last fallen, and now, like corpses, lay rotting on the ground. Who could ever have believed it? Here in this very wood no shade was to be found. "You may well feel sad and ashamed," thought I, as I gazed at the dying trees. Involuntarily I thought of Koltsoff's lines: —

Ah, where are now
Thy lofty speech,
Thy proud strength,
Thy royal courage?

Ah, where is now
Thy leafy might?

"How comes this, Ardalion?" I began; "why weren't these trees felled the next year? You won't get a tenth part now of the price that they would have fetched then."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You should have asked my aunt that. There was no lack of bidders who offered a good price, and who were anxious to get wood."

"Good heavens!" cried Von der Kolk at every step; "what a shame! what a shame!"

What most of all excited his pity was the sight of the oaks which were lying on the ground; and, no doubt, any miller would have paid handsomely for them. Archip, the bailiff, preserved an impenetrable composure, and uttered no plaint; he even jumped across them with an air of satisfaction, and kept striking at them with his whip.

As we rode on to the place where the wood was being felled, suddenly we heard the crash of a falling tree, and immediately afterwards a confused sound of voices and cries. A few moments later a young peasant came tearing out of the thickets, with a pale face and streaming hair.

"What's the matter? where are you running?" asked Ardalion. He stopped short.

"Ah, little father! Ardalion Michaelovitch!" he cried; "such a misfortune!"

"What is it?"

"Maxim has been smashed by a tree, master!"

"What! Maxim the foreman?"

"Yes, master. We were felling an ash, and he stood looking on. — He stood there a little while, and then he went away to the well; he was thirsty, I suppose. All at once the ash trembled, and bent his way. We called to him: 'Run, run, run.' — He should have run aside, but he ran straight on; frightened, maybe. So he came just under the top branches of the ash. Heaven only knows why it fell so quickly. It must have been rotten at the core."

"Well, it struck him down?"

"Yes, master."

"Is he dead?"

"No, little father, he is still alive; but his arms and legs are smashed. I was just running for the surgeon."

Ardalion told the bailiff to gallop to the village for the surgeon, and he himself rode fast on to where the wood was being cut. I followed him. We found poor Maxim lying on the ground. Some ten peasants stood round him. We got off our horses. The wounded man scarcely uttered a single moan. Now and then he opened his eyes and looked round him, as if astonished, and occasionally he bit his livid lips. His chin twitched convulsively, his hair clung to his temples, his heart rose

and fell in irregular gasps; he was already doing battle with death. The soft shadow of a young lime-tree fell gently on his face.

We bent over him, and he recognized Ardalion.

"Little father!" he began in a scarcely audible voice; "send — for the priest — God has stricken me — broken my arms and legs — to-day — Sunday — and I — I — did not let the lads knock off work."

He was silent for a while, struggling for breath.

"Give my money — to my wife — to pay off — Onesimus knows — to whom — how much there is owing."

"We have sent for the doctor, Maxim," said my neighbor; "perhaps you won't die after all."

He tried to open his eyes, and at last with difficulty managed to raise his eyelids.

"No, I shall die. There — there it comes — there it is — there — forgive me, lads, if I — if anything —"

"God will forgive thee, Maxim Andreitch," said the peasants all together, in a husky voice, as they bared their heads. "Do thou forgive us."

Suddenly he shook his head with a despairing gesture, tried to sit up, but fell back again.

"We cannot let him die here," cried Ardalion; "fetch the mat out of the telega; we will carry him to the hospital."

Two woodcutters ran off to the telega.

"Yesterday — I bought a horse" — murmured the dying man, "from Geoffry — Sitchoffsky — hansel-money down — so it's mine — give it too to my wife."

They tried to lay him on the mat. He quivered all over just like a wounded bird, and then stiffened.

"He is dead," muttered the peasants.

We mounted our horses in silence, and rode away.

The scene that I had just witnessed made me thoughtful. Remarkable, truly, is the way the Russian dies! His state before his latter end is neither indifference nor stolidity. He takes death as if it were some rite, and dies coolly, and with perfect simplicity.

Some years ago a peasant got burned in a kiln on my neighbor's estate. (He would have remained there had not a passer-by pulled him out half dead.)

I went to the peasant's hut to see him — a hut dark, smoky, stifling — and asked where the patient was.

"There he lies, sir, over the stove," answered, in a sort of sing-song, a woman who was sitting in a corner.

I drew near. There lay the man, cov-

ered with a sheepskin, and breathing heavily.

"Well, how do you feel?"

The sufferer turned round on the stove and tried to sit up. He was one mass of wounds, and near to death.

"Lie still, lie still — well, how goes it?"

"Badly, sure enough."

"Are you in pain?" He held his peace. "Do you want anything?" Still silence. "Shall I send you some tea or anything else?"

"There's no need."

I stepped aside, and sat down on a bench. A quarter of an hour passed, then half an hour, in the same deathlike stillness. In the corner, on the table underneath the holy picture, a little girl of five years old was munching a piece of bread. The mother shook her finger at her from time to time. In the passage people went up and down, talked, and made a noise. The brother's wife was chopping cabbage.

"Axinia," began at length the sick man.

"Yes."

"A drink of kvass."

Axinia gave him the kvass. Silence set in again.

I asked in a whisper if he had received the sacrament.

"Yes," was the reply.

All was set in order, it seemed. He had only to wait till death came. I could bear it no longer, and went away.

Another time, I remember, I went to the village hospital of Krasnogorè, to see the surgeon there, an acquaintance of mine, and an enthusiastic sportsman. The hospital consisted of the wing of what had been a family residence. It was founded by the lady of the manor herself; that is to say, she set up over the door a blue board, on which was painted in white letters, "Krasnogorè Hospital," and she gave the surgeon, with her own hand, a handsome album, to write the names of the patients in. On the first page of that album one of that benevolent lady's hangers-on had inscribed the following verses:

Dans ces beaux lieux où règne l'allegresse,
Ce temple fut ouvert par la Beauté;
De vos seigneurs admirez la tendresse,
Bons habitants de Krasnogoriè!

Some other gentleman had written lower down:—

Et moi aussi j'aime la nature!
Jean Kobylatnikoff.

The village surgeon put up six beds at his own expense, and set to work to cure the sick folk as best he could. Besides

him, there were two functionaries in the hospital—a lunatic, named Paul; and Mellikitrissa, an old woman with a withered hand, who filled the office of cook. They both prepared the medicaments, and dried or pickled herbs. It was moreover their duty to control the patients when delirious. The lunatic was chary of his words, and gloomy in appearance. At night he used to sing songs about "Beautiful Venus," and he pleaded with every passer-by for permission to marry a certain girl called Malania, who had long been dead. The woman with the withered hand would then beat him, and send him to mind the turkeys.

Well, one day I was sitting with Kapiton, the village surgeon. We had just begun a discussion about our last sporting expedition, when suddenly there drove into the courtyard a telega, drawn by an unusually thick-set iron-grey horse, such as could only belong to a miller. In the telega sat a sturdy peasant in a new blouse, and with a mottled beard.

"Ah, Vassily Dimitritch!" called out Kapiton to him from the window. "Come in. It is the miller of Lyybovshin," he whispered.

The peasant alighted, groaning, from the telega, came into the surgeon's room, looked round for the holy picture, and made the sign of the cross.

"Well, Vassily, what news?—but you must be ill; you look all wrong."

"Indeed, Kapiton Timofeitch, I am not well."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, you see, Kapiton Timofeitch, I bought a millstone not long ago in the town. I took it home, and when I was getting it out of the cart I must have overstrained myself, for it was just as if something snapped in my inside, as if I had torn away something—and since then I have always been ailing. To-day, indeed, I am very bad."

"Hum," muttered Kapiton, taking a pinch of snuff; "probably a rupture. When did it happen?"

"Ten days ago."

"Ten?" said the surgeon, with a grave face, drawing his breath through his teeth, and shaking his head. "Let me examine you. Well, Vassily," he said at length, "I am very sorry for you, but your case is a bad one; you are seriously ill; stay here with me, and I will take the greatest pains, though I won't answer for the consequences."

"Is it really so bad?" stammered the astonished miller.

"Yes, Vassily, it is bad. Had you come to me two days sooner I could have cured you in the twinkling of an eye; now, however, there is inflammation, which may easily turn to mortification."

"Impossible! Kapiton Timofeitch!"

"But I tell you it is so!"

"How can it be?"

The surgeon merely shrugged his shoulders.

"And must I die for such a rubbishy thing?"

"I do not say that you must die — but you must stay here."

The peasant thought and thought, looked down on the ground, then upwards, scratched his head, and finally seized his cap.

"Where are you going, Vassily?"

"Where? why, home of course, if it is really so bad. If it be so, I must settle my affairs."

"But you will do yourself harm, Vassily; I wonder how you got here at all. Do stay here."

"No, friend Kapiton Timofeitch; if I am to die so soon, I will die at home. Why should I die here? God only knows what might happen at home!"

"One cannot tell, Vassily, what turn your case may take: anyhow it is a dangerous one, very dangerous, no doubt of that — and for that very reason you must stay here."

The peasant shook his head.

"No, Kapiton Timofeitch, I will not stay — but you might give me a prescription."

"Medicine alone will do no good."

"I tell you I cannot stay."

"Well, as you like. — But don't blame me afterwards."

The surgeon tore a leaf from the album, wrote a prescription, and explained to him the necessary treatment. The peasant took the paper, gave Kapiton a silver half-rouble, went out, and seated himself in his telega.

"Good-bye, then, Kapiton Timofeitch; do not take it amiss, and think of the orphans if anything should" — he called back to him.

"Oh, Vassily, do stay here!"

The peasant only shook his head, hit his horse with the reins, and drove out of the yard. I went into the street and looked after him. The road was muddy and rough; the miller drove carefully and slowly, guided his horse with skill, and courteously greeted the passers-by. — Four days afterwards he was dead.

The Russian does indeed die in a re-

markable way. How many instances I can call to mind! I remember you, my old friend, O unsuccessful student, Avenir Sorokoumoff, best and noblest of men! I see again your sallow consumptive face, your scanty fair hair, your gentle smile, your inspired gaze, your long limbs. I can hear your feeble friendly voice. You were living with a country gentleman in Great Russia, by name Gur Krupianikoff; instructing his children Fofa and Sosa in Russian grammar, geography, and history; you bore with patience Gur's coarse jokes, the odious familiarity of the agent, and the naughtiness of the unruly boys; without a murmur, although smiling bitterly, you complied with the exacting caprices of their *ennui* listless mother.

How happy you were, however, in the evenings, when, after supper, you could at last rest and be free from all duties. Then you sat at the window, thoughtfully smoking your pipe, or eagerly skimming the dirty and torn newspaper which the land-surveyor, a homeless waif like yourself, had brought from the town. How pleased you were with the poetry and tales; tears glistened in your eyes, a blissful smile played on your lips; and what generous sympathy for all that was noble and beautiful filled your soul, pure as a little child's! One must tell the truth; you were not remarkable for over great sharpness of intellect; nature had not endowed you with any great memory or industry; at the university you were reckoned among the worst of students; you slept through the lectures, and at the examination you preserved a solemn silence; but who was it whose eyes sparkled, and who became almost breathless with delight, at the success and the triumph of a companion? who but you, Avenir! who believed blindly in the value of his friends, who fondly sang their praises, who stubbornly defended them? who was it that knew neither envy nor selfishness, who always sacrificed himself, and voluntarily placed himself below people who were not fit to black his shoes? — that was ever you, my good Avenir! I remember now how you parted from your comrades with a breaking heart, when you went to fulfil your vocation; evil presentiments overpowered you. They came true; you were badly off in the country; there you had no one to whom you could listen with reverence, no one whom you could admire and love. The sons of the steppes, as well as the educated country gentlefolk, treated you as a tutor; the former did so roughly, the latter contemptuously. It must be owned

that you had not precisely a winning exterior. You were shy, you blushed, and you stammered. The country air did not even improve your health; your life went out like a candle, poor fellow!

It is true that the window of your room opened into the garden; elder, apple, and lime trees shed their light blossoms on to your table, your books, and inkstand; on the wall hung a blue silk watch-pocket, a parting gift from a good, kind-hearted German governess with fair hair and blue eyes. Now and then an old friend from Moscow paid you a visit, and delighted you with reading poems of his own or some one else's; but the loneliness, the unbearable slavery of a tutor's life, the impossibility of ever becoming free, the endless autumn and winter days, and at length illness that would not be gainsaid — poor, poor Avenir!

I went to see Sorokoumoff a short time before his death. He could then hardly walk. His employer did not turn him out of the house, but he no longer paid him his salary, and had engaged another tutor for Sosa — Fofa had entered the cadet corps.

Avenir sat in an old armchair at the window. The weather was splendid. The clear blue autumn sky formed a vault over the dark mass of leafless lime-trees, on which the last golden leaves were trembling here and there. The ground, which had been frozen hard in the night, sparkled and thawed in the sun, which cast its slanting red rays over the bleached grass; there was a faint twittering noise in the air; the voices of the gardeners sounded clearly and distinctly from the garden.

Avenir wore an old dressing-gown; his green neckcloth threw a ghastly reflection over his fearfully haggard face. He was immensely pleased to see me, and stretched out his hand to me; but when he began to speak his cough overcame him. I let him recover himself, and sat down beside him. On his knees lay a neatly-written manuscript, containing Koltsoff's poems; he tapped it with his finger, and said with a smile, "There is a poet!" He could scarcely stop coughing, yet he declaimed in a hardly audible voice:—

Are the falcon's wings bound?
Is every way barred to him?

I stopped him. The doctor had forbidden him to speak. I knew how I could give him pleasure. Sorokoumoff had never, as the expression is, "kept pace with the

progress of knowledge;" but he was, nevertheless, curious to know how far the great intellects of the day had got. Sometimes he would entice a companion into a corner, and begin to question him; he could listen with astonishment, believe every word, and repeat it faithfully to others. German philosophy had a special interest for him.

I began to talk to him of Hegel. (I am speaking of old days, you see.)

Avenir nodded his head in acquiescence, knitted his brows, smiled and whispered, "I see, I understand! — Ah! good, very good!"

This childlike craving for knowledge in the dying, homeless, forsaken man moved me, I must confess, to tears. It must be observed that Avenir did not, like most consumptive people, deceive himself as to his illness — and yet he never complained, he did not fidget, nor did he ever once allude to his position.

When he had somewhat recovered his strength he talked of Moscow, of his old companions, of Pushin, of the theatre and Russian literature. He called to mind our former feasts, and the fiery debates of that time; he mentioned with regret the names of several dead friends.

"Do you remember Dasha?" he said at last; "that was indeed a golden disposition! what a heart! and how she loved me! — I wonder how she is getting on now? She must be thin and careworn, poor child!"

I would not disturb the sick man's illusion; and, in truth, why need he know that his Dasha was now a fat, rouged woman, full of shrill chidings and a taste for Philistine society. "Only," methought, looking at his haggard face, "could not one get him away from here? After all, it might be possible to cure him." But he would not let me finish my proposal.

"No, brother," he said, "many thanks; it is all the same where one dies. I shall not live over the winter — why should I give people unnecessary trouble? I am accustomed to this house; it is true that the family here are —"

"Disagreeable?" I broke in.

"No, not disagreeable, but — somehow woodeny; but, however, I have nothing to complain about. There are some neighbors too. One of them, Mr. Kassatkin has a daughter, who is a well-brought-up, amiable girl, not at all proud —"

Sorokoumoff had another fit of coughing.

"I should not mind it a bit," he continued, when he had recovered his breath, "if only I were allowed to smoke my pipe. But I will not die without having smoked once more," he added, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Thank God, my life has been well enough. I have known many good people —"

"You should write to your family," I interposed.

"Why should I? As to help, they cannot help me. If I die, they will hear of it. But why do we talk of this? Much better tell me what you have seen abroad."

I began to talk, he drinking in my words the while.

Towards evening I went away, and ten days afterwards I received the following letter from Krupianikoff: —

"I have herewith the honor of informing you that your friend the student, Avenir Sorokoumoff, lately residing in my house, died the day before yesterday at 2 P.M., and to-day was buried, at my expense, in our parish church. He begged me to send you the accompanying books and papers. He left behind him twenty-two and a half roubles, which, with the rest of his effects, will be transmitted to his family. Your friend was quite conscious when he died, and also, I may add, quite indifferent, for he showed no signs of regret, even when my entire family took leave of him. My wife, Cleopatra Alexandrevna, sends you her compliments. The death of your friend could not of course be without its effect on her nerves; with regard to myself, I am, thank God, in good health, and I have the honor to remain

"Your obedient servant,
"G. KRUPIANIKOFF."

Many other instances come into my head, but one cannot tell all one has to say. I will confine myself to one. Some years ago an old lady died in my presence. The priest was reading the prayers for the dying at her bedside, when he suddenly saw that the sick woman was actually at the point of death, so he at once held out the cross for her to kiss.

The old lady turned peevishly away. "Why in such a hurry, father?" she said; "you have time enough to —" She lay back in bed, tried to put her hand under the pillow, and breathed her last. Under the pillow lay a silver rouble. She had wanted to pay the priest herself for her own deathbed service. . . . Yes, there's something strange in the way in which Russians meet death.

From The Daily Evening Telegraph.
THE FEAST OF THE ROOFS.

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY HELEN STANLEY.

OH! how beautiful the Paris roofs looked that night! What silence, what calm, what a supernatural brightness hung over them! Below, the streets were black with mud, the river ran heavy-laden with its ice, and the gaslights burned dimly in the frosty air. Above, as far as one could see, over the palaces and towers, the terraces and cupolas, on the slender spire of the Sainte Chapelle, and those myriad roofs crowded and leaning together, the snow glistened white, casting its cool, blue shadows, so that it seemed like a second city, an ethereal Paris suspended between the gloom of the darkness and the fantastic moonlight.

Although it was yet early in the evening, all the fires were out; not the smallest smoke-cloud floated over the roofs. Only the happy chimneys wherein wood burned and cracked every day could be quickly distinguished by a dark circle which the smoke still left about them, and by the warm air which ascended from them into the frozen night, like the breath of the sleeping house. The others, stiff and crowded together in the thick snow, kept still their last spring's nests, and were, like them, void of warmth and life; and in this upper city, enveloped in whiteness, which the Paris streets crossed in every direction like immense precipices, the shadows of all its crooked chimneys, broken and black, like trees in winter, crossed each other on the deserted avenues, where no one save the Paris sparrows had ever trod, whose tiny footprints could be clearly defined every here and there on the crystalline snow.

At this hour even, a band of these impertinent little Bohemians were hopping about on the edge of a gutter, and their cries alone disturbed the religious silence and solemn watching of the city of the roofs, which, entirely covered with a vast carpet of ermine, seemed as though prepared for the passage of a child-king.

The Paris Swallows. By all the saints, how cold it is! There is no possible way of sleeping; one may make oneself into a ball, and spread out one's feathers all one can, but the frost will wake and bite one!

A Sparrow (further off). Halloa there! you sparrows, halloa! Come quickly here. I've found an old chimney, with a brass

coping, where they have made a fire late and we can all keep nice and warm, leaning close to it.

All the Band (flying towards him). Hold! it's true, how good it is here, and how warm! Let us laugh and sing. All hail, joy! piou, piou, piou; cui, cui, cui.

The Chimney. Will you pray hold your tongues, you little wretches! It is surely only yourselves who would dare to sing at such a time; when everything is quiet and keeps silence. See, the wind even holds its breath, not a weathercock is moving.

The Sparrows (lower). Mercy! what's the matter?

The Chimney. Dear me, don't you know that it is the feast of the roofs to-night? Don't you know that Christmas is coming to make his distribution of gifts to the children?

The Sparrows. King Christmas?

The Chimney. Why, yes. If you could but see below there in the houses all the little shoes* arranged before the warm ashes. There are some of every shape and size, from the wee, little blue slippers that belong to tottering tiny feet, to the small boots that sound so loud, filling the house with their noise, from the small shoe lined with fur to the little *sabots* that do so many weary wanderings, and even to the larger shoes that by some chance of fate are made to cover small, naked feet, as though the poor had no age, or any right to be a child.

The Sparrows. And when, then, is he to arrive, this marvellous little king?

The Chimney. Why, directly — at midnight. Hush! listen —

A Clock (with a solemn voice). Dang, dang, dang!

The Chimney. Look! don't you see down there, all the heavens are lightening up?

The Sparrows (with the excitement of Parisian gamins looking at fireworks). Oh!

The Clock (continuing to strike). Dang, dang, dang!

Twelve o'clock! Hardly had the last stroke of twelve sounded, when a great ringing of all the bells was heard on every side at once. Under the belfries covered with snow they rang merrily high up in the air, as if they rang for the roofs alone, alternating and confounding their voices, mingling deep tones with light ones, dying away, and then returning again, with those crescendos and diminutions of sound,

which come and go with the wind, giving the effect of a belfry turning like a light-house tower.

The Bells. Boom! boom! Behold him! It is he; it is little King Christmas!

The Wind. Whew, whew! Ring loud, my good bells, with all your might; louder still! Christmas is near — he is following me. Don't you smell the good odor of green holly, of incense, and perfumed wax that I bring on my wings?

The Belfries. Ding, din, dong! Ding, din, dong! Christmas! Christmas!

The Wind. Come, you chimneys, what is the matter with you, staying there with your mouths wide open? Come sing to Christmas with me. Come on, you roofs — come, you weathercocks!

The Chimneys. Hi, hi! — Christmas! Christmas!

The Weathercocks. Creak, creak! — Christmas! Christmas!

A Tile (too enthusiastically). Christmas! Chris — (in its joy it made a leap and fell down into the street) — bong, bang, bing!

The Sparrows. What a noise!

The Chimney. Well, you sparrows, you say nothing at all. Now is the time to sing.

The Sparrows. Piou, piou, piou. Cui, cui, cui — Christmas! Christmas!

The Chimney. Jump up on my shoulder, you can see better then.

The Sparrows (on the chimney). Oh! how pretty it is, how pretty it is! All those pink, green, and blue lights that are dancing on the roofs!

The Chimneys. And that procession of baskets full of toys and ribbons, flowers and bonbons. All a Parisian winter's novelties going by surrounded by golden light and bright colors!

The Sparrows. Tell us, then, who are those little men that carry the baskets? Are they all King Christmases, all those?

The Chimney. Why no! Those are the kobolds.

The Sparrows. What did you call them? the —

The Chimney. The kobolds; that means the familiar spirits of each house who lead Christmas to all the chimneys where there are little shoes waiting.

The Sparrows. And Christmas, where is he?

The Chimney. It is the last one of all, the little blonde child with such sweet eyes, and his hair in golden rays flying around him like the wisps of straw from his little cradle, and his cheeks so pink with the cold air. Look at him walking;

* In France the children place their shoes on the hearths instead of hanging up their stockings.

- * his feet only brush the snow without leaving any traces.

The Sparrows. How beautiful he is ! One would say he was a little wax image.

The Chimney. Hush ! listen ! At this moment a young and solemn voice full of sweet tones, like a baby's laugh, resounded in the crystalline atmosphere that cold and moonlight always create on heights.

The child-king stopped on a terraced roof, and there standing surrounded by all his little basket-carriers, he spoke thus to his people.

Christmas. Yes, my friends, it is I, it is Christmas. Good-morning, roofs, good morning, my old belfries ! The night is so clear that I see you all scattered around me in this large Paris that I love. Oh, yes ! my Paris, I do love you, because you who laugh at everything, you have not yet laughed at little Christmas because you believe in him, you who hardly believe any more in anything. So, you see, I come to visit you every year. Never have I missed. I came even during the siege, do you remember ? How very sad it was indeed ! No fires, no lights, the chimneys all cold, and the bombshells whistling around my head ; tearing up the roofs and knocking down chimneys. And, then, so many little children missing ! I had too many toys that year, and I brought away whole baskets full. Happily to-night I shall have none left, for they told me I would have a great many shoes to fill. So, I have brought the most marvellous playthings, and all French ones.

A Parisian Sparrow. Bravo ! I take to him passing well, that little one there !

All the Sparrows. Piou, piou ! Cui, cui ! Long live Christmas !

A Flock of Storks (flying through the heavens in a long triangle). Qua, qua ! All hail, Christmas !

The Wind (blowing up the snow). Sing, then, to Christmas, if you please, you also !

The Snow (in a whisper). I cannot sing to him, but I offer him incense. Look at the cloud of soft white dust that I throw around the baskets and in the blonde curls of my little king ! Ah ! we have known each other for a long while, we two ! Think ! I saw him born down there in his little stable.

The Wind, the Bells, and Chimneys (singing together with all their might). Christmas ! Christmas ! Long live Christmas !

Christmas. Not so loud, my friends — not so loud ; we must not wake up all our little ones down there. It is so good, the

happiness that comes to one while sleeping, and when one does not expect it ! Now, good kobolds, come with me on the roofs ; we will begin our distribution. But listen to this. I have determined to try something new this year. All that we have of prettiest in playthings, the gilded punchinellos, the satin bags full of pralines, the large dolls all dressed in lace, I want all those to go to the poor little *sabots* in the chimneyplaces where there is no fire, and in the cold garrets, and we will put in the happy houses, on the velvet carpets and thick fur rugs, all these little toys that cost only a *sou*, and which smell so strongly of glue and pine wood.

The Sparrows. That will be famous, famous ! Now, that is a good idea.

The Kobolds. Pardon us for making an observation to you, little Christmas ; but see, with your new system the poor will be happy, but the little rich ones will weep. And my faith ! a child who cries is neither rich or poor, it is a child that weeps and there is nothing sadder.

Christmas. Never you mind. I know better than you. The poor will be so enchanted even to touch those complicated toys which look so tempting to them behind the window-panes of the shops on the Boulevard, and whose glided splendor adds really nothing to the value of the toys and their means of giving pleasure. But I will bet anything that the little rich ones will be delighted to have for once in their lives jumping-jacks and wooden dolls or springs ; in fact all those temptations at thirteen *sous* apiece of which the bazars, where they are never allowed to enter, are full. Come on, then ; it is all arranged. And now, *en route* and let us hasten ! There are so many chimneys in Paris and the night is so short.

Thereupon the little lights dispersed themselves in every direction, looking as though all the small pine branches from the Christmas-tree had been lighted and thrown on the snow. Not a chimney was forgotten, from those of palaces surrounded by terraces and trees all white with the hoarfrost, to the poor roofs heavy-laden with poverty, and which seemed to lean together in order not to fall beneath its sad weight. Soon on all the Paris houses one could hear the ringing of the little bells, and all those odd and various sounds to be heard in toy-shops. The baa-ing of little woollen sheep, the lisping of speaking dolls, the rustling of embroidered satins, rattles, trumpets, small wheels on wooden post-horses, the postilions cracking whips, and

the whirring of tiny windmill wheels. All this was in commotion, flying over and disappearing down the chimneys. Where there were no children, Christmas, guided by his kobolds, passed quickly, never making a mistake. But, sometimes, just as he was approaching a chimney with his hands full, a kobold would tremblingly say, "He is dead; it is useless. There are no more little shoes in the house. Keep your playthings, my little king; it would make the poor mother weep to see them."

For a long, long time the small lights wandered about in this wise. Then all at once a cock with a bad cold sang out in the fog; a streak of daylight appeared in the heavens, and immediately all the mysterious charm of Christmas was over. The feasts of the roofs had finished, and that of the houses had begun. Soon a soft, sweet sound ascended from the chimneys at the same moment with the smoke of the newly-lighted fires. It was the cry of joy or shout of laughter in children's voices, who now in their turn cried out, "Christmas! Christmas; Long live Christmas!" and over the deserted roofs the sun, a fine winter's sun, artificial though rosy-tinted, ascended, and threw its first rays on the glittering snow, and looked like the spangles, the mother-of-pearl, the golden fringes which had fallen from the baskets of the little king!

From Temple Bar.

GEORGE STUBBS, R.A.

THE name of this eminent artist is familiar to few people at the present day. In some great mansions the housekeeper will pronounce it, and a visitor who catches that unknown monosyllable in the midst of her drawling roll, may glance with admiration at the big picture overhead, but will probably again forget. And in old county inns of Yorkshire, where men love the weight-carrying horse their fathers bred, you may find Stubbs' name on prints which the villagers still admire. By such works, indeed, he appears to be solely remembered amongst our critics. "Stubbs?" they say—"Oh, a man who painted racehorses!" Yet it may be observed that whilst the great Sir Joshua asked but seventy guineas for a portrait "as far as the knees," Stubbs' commissions ran to one hundred guineas each.* Nay,

* "I am just returned from Blenheim; consequently

it seems probable that Sir Joshua paid for his picture of the "War-Horse" half as much again as he himself would have asked for a portrait of like size. The older a man grows, the less reason does he see to entertain youth's fond fancy that people come wiser as the generations roll on. I, for my part, am quite convinced that, in giving half a crown apiece for six Chelsea cups and saucers, my grandfather showed much more judgment than did a gentleman the other day who offered me fifteen guineas each. Holding a very strong belief that our forefathers, quite as much, to say the least, as we, were guided by common sense in what they did, I consider that the mere prices paid George Stubbs demand from us a little study of his merit. For he was no fashion. Of the birth I shall presently show, not recommended by a patron, nor pushed by a *clique*, his very great success was due to nothing besides industry and talent. Observe that the same people saw Reynolds' pictures, Gainsborough's, Wilson's, and Stubbs'—saw them side by side, and gave to the latter that substantial testimony I have mentioned to their approval of his display in the great competition.

He did not paint race-horses alone, nor was he only a painter. A man who qualified himself to give lectures on anatomy at York Hospital before he reached his twenty-second year; whose scientific knowledge, and skill in displaying it, called forth enthusiastic compliment from the *savants* of foreign lands; whose work Sir Edwin Landseer used for constant reference—such a man deserves to be remembered. In the library of Mr. Mayer, at Bebington, is a collection of notes written by Upcott, from the painter's lips. These I have gathered into connected form, and I present them here with the hope that by their publication critics may be led to

did not see your letter till yesterday, as they neglected sending it to me. My prices for a head is thirty-five guineas; as far as the knees, seventy; and for a whole-length one hundred and fifty. It requires in general three sittings, about an hour and a half each time; but, if the sitter chooses it, the face could be begun and finished in one day; it is divided into separate times for the convenience and ease of the person who sits; when the face is finished, the rest is done without troubling the sitter.

"I have no picture of the kind you mention by me. When I paint any picture of invention it is allway engaged before it is half finished.

"I beg leave to return my thanks for the favorable opinion you entertain of me, and am, with the greatest respect,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

Addressed to

"Mr. Daulby,

"To the care of

"Mr. Wm. Roscoe,

"Lord Street."

"J. R."

[Joshua Reynolds.]

speak of George Stubbs in a tone less contemptuous than that we have lately heard.

In "A Century of Painters," Mr. Redgrave makes several misstatements about Stubbs (vol. i, p. 347). We shall presently see that his father was not a surgeon, and that his predilection towards anatomy was caused by no such accident. Mr. Redgrave does not acknowledge Stubbs as an Academician, but the official list of the year 1805 contains his name. He never admitted himself to be an A.R.A. only, but claimed to be an Academician elect. As such he signed himself R.A. For the rest, Mr. Redgrave confesses that "little is known of Stubbs' early life, or even whether his original bent was to the arts," a blank which will be filled by this memoir.

George Stubbs was born at Liverpool, August 24th, 1724. His father, we learn, was a "considerable currier and leather-dresser." A little tale which the son has preserved for us gives a pleasant picture of the elder Stubbs. It is not worth telling in detail, a century and a half after date, but we can see how it dwelt in the painter's memory. Young George goes for a Sunday walk, meets a party of his father's men, and gives an unlimited order for their entertainment at the Half-Way House, by Liverpool. The father hears of this generosity and hastens to the inn, not to make a scene, but to satisfy himself that the score is honorably settled. On finding that George's own resources have sufficed, he "never from that moment mentioned a word of it."

The bent of a painter's genius shows itself at an early age, but seldom, probably, in a form as practical as did that of Stubbs. When scarcely eight years old, his father then living in Ormond Street, Liverpool, little George began to study anatomy. Dr. Holt, a neighbor, lent him bones and prepared subjects, from which he took drawings. His father does not appear to have held the prejudice so common at that time against painting as a profession, but he naturally desired that his only son should succeed to a business by which a comfortable income was secure. Accordingly, George stayed at home, and applied himself to leather-dressing. It seems likely, however, that he showed no taste for this employment, and his father gave way when the boy reached his fifteenth year. The elder Stubbs at that time fell into ill health. Seriously occupied with his son's future, he reflected that to succeed in painting, a man has need of careful education. He therefore called the

boy, and recommended him to seek a master competent to set him in the path of fame and fortune—the latter point seems, very naturally, to have been foremost in the mind of "honest John Stubbs," as the neighbors called him. Thereafter he died, leaving his widow in comfortable circumstances.

There was at this time in Liverpool an artist of repute, Mr. Hamlet Winstanley, who occupied himself with copying the pictures in Knowsley Hall, the Earl of Derby's seat. Of the most notable among these he executed etchings, which are now in the possession of the Walpole family, descendants of the Earl of Suffolk. To this gentleman George Stubbs recommended himself by a successful copy of one of his own pictures taken from the Knowsley gallery. Mr. Winstanley engaged the youth, who was not yet sixteen years old, to aid in the work at Knowsley, offering him the choice of pictures to be executed. In return, he undertook to give instruction, and to allow his pupil one shilling a day for pocket-money. And thus were matters settled.

The engagement, however, did not last long. For his first essay George Stubbs cast his eye upon the celebrated "Cupid," by Vandyke. In this admirable picture, the son of Venus is represented of an age more advanced than is usual. Around him lie various symbols, emblematic of war, painting, architecture, music, etc., drawn by Sniders, with his utmost skill. It is evident that George Stubbs must have worked very hard, to think of venturing upon a copy of this masterpiece. But Mr. Winstanley objected, remarking that he wished himself to undertake that picture. We are told, quaintly, that Stubbs "paused and considered this refusal with surprise and some concern." He then desired to copy the "Ruins of Rome," by Paolo Panen , another *chef-d'œuvre* of the Knowsley collection. But it appeared that the master wished this also for himself, whereupon, without either pause or consideration, Stubbs recommended him to "copy them all, if he would, for, since neither his word nor his engagement could be depended on, he would have nothing further to do with him. Henceforward he would look into nature for himself, and consult and study her only."

Observing this droll little quarrel with unprejudiced eyes, we cannot share the evident indignation of the painter at his master's conduct. Winstanley would not suppose, in making his engagement, that this boy of sixteen could choose to try his

'prentice hand on the most difficult pictures of the gallery. With all our respect for Stubbs' genius, we cannot think that it was equal to such efforts at that time, and one rather admires the master's consideration in basing his refusal on the plea given, than the pupil's rash self-confidence.

But Stubbs persevered in the resolution so hotly expressed. He never copied any single picture throughout his long life, neither in Italy nor elsewhere. From this period, nature was his only study, and experience his master.

Till nearly twenty years old he remained at Liverpool, in his mother's house. At that age he removed to Wigan, where he lodged with a Captain Blackbourne. This gentleman took the young painter in particular affection, perceiving in him a strong likeness to a son lately lost. After seven or eight months at Wigan, of which we have no further account, Stubbs removed again to Leeds, and set himself to portrait-painting. His chief patron here was a Mr. Wilson, who found him employment amongst his family and friends. From Leeds Stubbs went to York for the purpose of executing some commissions, and here he began a regular study of anatomy—dissecting human and animal subjects. Mr. Charles Atkinson, a surgeon of the town, procured him his first body for dissection, and such progress did the artist make, that he was employed before long in giving anatomical lectures privately to the pupils of the hospital. But this study did not engage all his time. We hear that he practised French and fencing, whilst maintaining himself by his profession.

At York Stubbs made his first essay in engraving. Dr. Burton, physician and man midwife of that town, applied to him to draw the illustrations of a professional work. For this commission Stubbs had to make special studies. Fourteen or sixteen miles from York a "subject" was found singularly fitted for dissection. The woman had died in childbed, and Stubbs' "pupils"—by whom is meant apparently the pupils of the hospital—broke up her grave at night, and hid the body in a garret, where all dissections necessary were made. The designs complete, Dr. Burton was so well satisfied that he desired the artist to engrave them. Stubbs objected his entire ignorance of that art, but the doctor urged him to try, expressing confidence that whatever he attempted, his talent and perseverance would carry through. Stubbs consented at length, with great diffidence. At this time, he tells us, he

had never seen any person engrave. In Leeds, however, he had known a house-painter, who sometimes practised that mystery, and to him Stubbs went to learn its rudiments. This very rough instructor taught him to cover a halfpenny with etching varnish and to smoke it; afterwards, with a common sewing-needle stuck in a skewer, to etch after a fashion. Nothing beyond this could the house-painter impart, and Stubbs had no further tuition. Carrying the experiment into practice on his own account, he found the varnish so hard, that when he crossed his lines the wax flew off. A first attempt thus failing, he covered the plate with wax a second time, after warming, and held it to the fire till the wax ran off, leaving a smooth surface. After smoking this at a candle, he etched his figures on it. Working under such disadvantages, it is not surprising that the plates, when complete, failed to satisfy himself. Many of them were too small to be finished without the graver, an instrument quite new to his experience. He borrowed some from a clockmaker. Dr. Burton, however, was very well pleased, for, with all their imperfections, the plates are quite exact anatomically, and illustrate well the points in question. The work appeared in 1751, and several copies survive.

Two or three years longer Stubbs remained at York. From thence removing to Hull, he painted portraits and dissected assiduously. After a visit to Liverpool our artist embarked for Italy, in the year 1754 apparently. A voyage of two months carried him to Leghorn, whence he proceeded to Rome. There, as we learn, he found Sir William Chambers, Jenkins, Brettingham, Wilson, Hamilton, Verpoil, and others, some of whom we recognize, and some whose fame has so long departed that we are surprised to find them named in such company.

It does not appear that whilst he stayed in Rome Stubbs ever copied a picture, designed one composition of the grand style, made a single drawing or a model from the antique. He desires it to be noticed that his motive for the voyage was to convince himself that nature is superior to all art, whether Greek or Roman, ancient or contemporary. None but an ingenuous mind could have felt doubt upon the question, and it tells for Stubbs' honest devotion that he should have undertaken such a voyage to satisfy himself. We are not told how long was the experience which brought him to a decision, but only that, "being convinced, he immediately resolved

to leave Rome." One incident of his stay is mentioned: we learn that, "whenever he accompanied the students in Rome to view the palaces of the Vatican, Borghese, Colonna, etc., and to consider the pictures there, he differed always in opinion from his companions, and when it was put to the vote, found himself alone on one side, and his friends on the other." But he was not a man to be alarmed by isolation, or to be silenced by a majority.

Stubbs landed in London on his return from Italy, but he remained there only a week on this occasion, which seems to have been his first visit to the capital. From thence he betook himself to his mother's house, where pictures in abundance were proposed to him. Whilst executing these, he pursued his studies in anatomy. Eighteen months after the Italian voyage, Stubbs lost his mother, the settlement of whose affairs occupied him in Liverpool for many months. His first success of which we have record was gained at this time. The portrait of a grey mare belonging to himself attracted much notice, and a picture-dealer from London, Mr. Parsons, recommended the artist to move thither and win a fortune.

The dates contributed by Stubbs are very far between, nor can they be easily reconciled. Working upon such few hints as are given, it would seem that he left home in 1743, visiting Wigan and Leeds. In each of these towns he stayed some months, going on to York in 1744. His first attempt at engraving must date in 1747. Quitting York in 1752, he resided several months at Hull, then returned to Liverpool, and it appears that he sailed for Italy in the beginning of 1754. Stubbs finally deserted Liverpool in the year 1756, then being thirty-two years of age. His first resting-place appears to have been in Lincolnshire, where Lady Nelthorpe had long since given him commissions for a series of portraits. Two years afterwards we find him at a farmhouse near Horkstow in that county, energetically preparing for his great work on the "Anatomy of the Horse." The house appears to have been lonely, for we are told that he engaged it to avoid inconveniencing neighbors by his dissections. Here Stubbs worked for eighteen months, with one companion only, his niece,* Miss Spencer. This lady was the posthumous child of Captain Spencer, of the Guinea trade, who was killed by his

favorite slave in a mutiny. She was born near the painter's house in Liverpool, and from the first had shown great interest in his studies.

The work thus laboriously carried through had long been present in Stubbs' mind. Upon it will rest his highest fame. The late Sir Edwin Landseer had the original drawings, which he valued highly and consulted for his pictures. Nor did the work pass without appreciation in its own day. The following letter, which we reproduce in all its quaintness of expression, shows how foreigners regarded this excellent production:—

SIR,—If ever I was surprised to see a performance, I was it surely, when I saw yours on the "Anatomy of the Horse!" The myology-neurology, and angiology of men have not been carried to such perfection in two ages, as these horses by you. How is it possible a single man can execute such a plan with so much accuracy and industry? You have certainly had before you the scheme of the great Albinus, but even his plates have not that delicacy and fulness, nor the expression of yours. Give me leave to ask you, was you the engraver? for you do not mention the engraver's name. I once had a plan to offer to the public, a subscription for the like; but I am sure I could not have obtained the elegance and exactness of yours. I dissected many horses; but I especially examined the head, and all the different sections of the inside, the bowels, and so on. I made figures as large as life. I dare venture to say they are beautiful, mostly done by different means upon the life itself. My intention was to reduce them to one-eighth, and to have them engraved; but after having seen and admired yours, I dropped all hopes of succeeding. This favor I hope you'll grant me, to inform me whether you still go on to finish this beautiful undertaking, and whether or not we may flatter ourselves to see the internal parts of this useful creature, and something about the disorders and internal diseases of the horse.

You will be curious to be acquainted with a Dutchman who admires with so much ecstasy your tables. I am public professor of Medicine, Anat., and Surgery at Groningen; and I have published some figures of the human arm, pelvis, etc. I am actually publishing the Brain and the Organs of Hearing, Smelling, etc., in different animals. I dissect, but I do not love horses, though I keep them for proper use, and for my family. I am sure my acquaintance can be of little use to you, but yours to me of great consequence. I desire to have two copies of your performance, one for me, and one for a gentleman who admires as well as I your book. I do not know whether your bookseller has any correspondence with us; if so, he may send them to any in Holland, and they will be sent to me, and which was perhaps more easy. Direct them

* We have, however, no allusion to a sister of Stubbs. In the original notes Miss Spencer is described as "aunt," but this word is crossed out, and "niece" substituted.

to Mr. Fagel, junr., Greffier de leurs H(autes) Puissances les Etats généraux, à la Haye; and our ambassador will send them to the Hague. I'll get you payed by my banker in London, Mr. Andrew Grote & Co.

Nothing shall be easier than to establish a correspondence with little or no expenses on both sides between us.

I am, with the greatest veneration, sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

PETRUS CAMPER, F.R.S.,
Member of the R. Acad. of Surgery of Paris, of Edinburgh, and of the Societies of Haerlem and Rotterdam.

At Groningen, 28th July, 1771.

This eminent anatomist writes in another letter:—

The Duke of Wolfenbottle, the Baron du Sour, and I are the only owners of your elegant performance in these provinces, though it is much wondered at by others. I am amazed to meet in the same person so great an anatomist, so accurate a painter, and so excellent an engraver. It is a pity you do not like to pursue the viscera of this useful animal. . . .

27th July, 1772.

The *Medical Review* of 1767 is quoted to the following effect:—

"Anatomy of the Horse."—This work not only reflects great honor on the author, but on the country in which it was produced. France may reap great credit from the veterinarian school lately established in that country; but what praise is not due to a private person, who, at his own expense, and with the incredible labor and application of years, began, continued, and completed the admirable work before us! The author himself dissected a great number of horses, for the sake of attaining that certainty and accuracy for which his engravings will ever be highly valued by the curious in comparative anatomy. His original drawings were all his own, and the plates were likewise engraved by his own hand. In short, we are at a loss whether most to admire the artist as a disector or as a painter of animals. Of his excellence in the last-mentioned capacity, few of our readers who have any pretensions to connoisseurship can be supposed ignorant; especially as some of his admirable pieces have appeared at the public exhibitions. His pictures of the "Lion and Horse," and "Lion and Stag," in particular, were deservedly applauded by the best judges; nor were his "Brood Mares" less excellent, though in a very different style of painting.

We have some interesting details of the manner in which these works were designed in the farmhouse by Horkstow. Stubbs tells that he fixed a bar of iron in the ceiling of his *atelier*. It was suspended by a "teagle," and hooks of vari-

ous size and length were fixed to it; under this bar swung a plank, about eighteen inches wide, on which to rest the horse's feet. His body was suspended on the bar by the hooks above mentioned, which Stubbs fixed in the ribs and under the back bone, upon the further side of the animal. The horse was thus set in the attitude which these plates represent, and so remained for six or seven weeks, until no longer endurable. Like some other dissectors, Stubbs appears to have been indifferent to the odor of putridity, and even unconscious of it.

It would seem that Stubbs had not, at first, any notion of carrying out this great labor at his own expense and single-handed. The idea of it had been broached amongst the anatomical students at York, and we perceive that the artist expected aid from some of them. But they all failed in their engagements, whatever they were, and Stubbs then resolved to bring his enterprise through without help from any one. Eighteen months of industry sufficed, and he took his drawings complete to London, where he hoped to find an engraver for them.

The date of his arrival is vaguely set at 1758 or 1759. The latter year seems most likely.

But the celebrated engravers of the day declined this commission, not, apparently, without scorn. Many of the drawings represented entire figures, but others there were showing parts only, a nose, an ear, a leg, and for such work Mr. Grignion, Mr. Pond, and their fellows, had neither habit nor liking. This unanimous refusal obliged the artist to do his own engraving once more, and he set about the task with characteristic resolution. What great success he had is well known, but the publication was necessarily retarded. For Stubbs never broke into the time devoted to his regular occupation of painting, and his etchings were made early in the morning, or after hours. Often he worked late into the night. In about six or seven years they were complete, and the "Anatomy of the Horse" appeared in 1766. "More than any other thing, the book tended to throw him into horse-painting, and to this he ascribes entirely his being a horse-painter."

Sir Joshua Reynolds gave one of his earliest commissions in this line, but he subsequently exchanged the picture for that representing the fall of Phaeton, in which the horses are roan.

The first commission of importance Stubbs received came from the Duke of

Richmond, and it obliged him to take up his residence awhile at Goodwood, where he worked hard at his plates. In nine months there were several pictures painted, among them a hunting-piece, nine feet by six feet, with many portraits. Of these was one of the Earl of Albemarle, painted whilst he sat at breakfast, the day before embarking on "the ever-memorable and successful expedition to the Havannah, when it was taken."

In 1763 Stubbs removed to No. 24, Somerset Street, Portman Square, where he resided till his death. For eight years he had been treasurer of the first Incorporated Society of Painters, which held its exhibition in the Great Room, Spring Gardens, now pulled down. Upon the discontents which Mr. Paine had occasioned, Stubbs was chosen president for one year. But he felt the interruption caused by the duties of this office, and the experience, perhaps, was not without its effect upon his conduct in the subsequent dispute with the Academy.

In 1771, at the suggestion of Mr. Cosway, Stubbs began a series of elaborate experiments in enamel painting. He interrupted none of his regular employments for this new study, but we must notice that "leisure days" are now mentioned instead of hours, and the compiler of these notes expresses a suspicion that Stubbs' general business in oil painting began to fail him at this moment for a time.

The artist was moderate in his hopes at first. He agreed to paint for Cosway on two conditions; one that tablets should be provided for him of the size of a quarter-sheet of post paper; the other, that his experiments in color should be successful. Accordingly he began a course of chemistry, and pursued it for two years at great expense and endless labor, making careful memoranda of all his attempts. The colors he wanted were found at length, nineteen different tints. The record of these experiments is not given in any detail. We learn only that one hundred pounds weight of ordinary color produced eighty-one pounds some ounces of the improved material.

But this, which had been thought the greatest difficulty, did not prove to cause so much delay as the making of the plates. Not for three years after the color was ready could the tablets which had been promised be procured in proper state. Meanwhile Stubbs painted on the largest copper plates to be found. Enamel plates on copper of twelve inches square, and of eighteen inches by fifteen, could be ob-

tained, and these he used. A larger size could not be made suitable for his purpose; sheet copper must necessarily be thin, and therefore unequal to the weight of larger plates. Such sizes were by no means fitted to the ideas and ambition of our painter. He applied, therefore, to the pottery manufacturers, and, after some disappointment, Messrs. Wedgwood and Bentley undertook the commission. In 1778 they produced plates of thin ware three feet six inches wide, by two feet six inches high. Nothing to approach these dimensions had hitherto been used by enamel painters. Thereafter, Stubbs worked in oil colors or enamel, according to the fancy of his patron. The first picture he sold in enamel represented a lion devouring a horse. It was an octagon, on copper, and Lord Melbourne paid one hundred guineas for it. Lord Torrington, also, gave Stubbs much employment, as did the Marquis of Rockingham.

In the year 1780 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in the next year a full Academician. But the formalities attending this appointment were never completed, though Stubbs always claimed the dignity. The story of his celebrated quarrel is probably told by his friend in the painter's own words; at least we may rely on it that he gives the full sense of them. Mr. Upcott writes as follows:—

The elections of Royal Academicians always take place on the 10th of February, and it is necessary, after the choice made, for the successful candidate to send a picture for his Majesty's approbation, previously to the diploma being signed. This completes the honor of the election, and qualifies the new member for all duties required by the institution. Whilst Stubbs was considering what picture he should present, whether in oil-colors or in enamel, the season of the annual exhibition arrived, to which many of his works were sent in both styles of painting. He had annexed a suitable explanation of the subjects, in the manner usual; but his mortification was great to find almost every picture so unfortunately hung, particularly those in enamel, that it seemed like an intentional affront. Most of the quotations sent in were omitted. This treatment was much resented by Mr. Stubbs, and by those patrons for whom the pictures had been painted. He felt it with particular sensibility, and to the time of his death considered it cruel and unjust, as it tended more than any other circumstance could have done to discredit his enamel pictures, and to defeat the purpose of so much labor and study, not to mention his loss of time and great expense. This unkind conduct in the members of the Academy, added to

the original reluctance with which he suffered his name to be entered among the candidates, determined him with an unconquerable resolution not to send a picture to be deposited in the schools, and more especially not to comply with a law made the following year, obliging every candidate elected to present the Academy with an example of his skill, to be their property forever. Mr. Stubbs always averred that he considered this law unjust, and thought he had reason to suppose it levelled particularly against himself. He regarded it, moreover, as an *ex post facto* law, calculated to punish an offence committed before the making of the law. Mr. Stubbs, on this account, would never allow that he was less than an Academician elect, wanting only the royal signature: and he was satisfied always to continue in that state.*

In fairness we must add the justification offered by the hanging committee for their treatment of Stubbs' pictures. They urged that the enamel colors were so bright, and their general effect so conspicuous, that no choice was left them, in justice to other exhibitors; and the paintings were accordingly placed on the top line.

In 1790 Stubbs undertook a commission from which he expected both fame and fortune. It was proposed to him to paint a series of pictures, portraits of celebrated racers, from the Godolphin Arabian to the most famous horses of his own day. The pictures were to be exhibited first, then engraved, and finally published in numbers, with a letterpress which should contain, besides a history of the turf, the races and matches of each horse depicted, a description of it, and anecdotes. The sum offered for this commission was £9,000, deposited in a bank, whence the artist could draw it as his work progressed. It appears that Stubbs completed a great part of his engagement, but the outbreak of war ruined the enterprise. Sixteen pictures were painted, exhibited, and engraved; fourteen, if not all, in duplicate. Thirteen of the latter were engraved. After Stubbs' death, his executrix, Miss Spencer, before mentioned, kept possession of them. They were disposed of at the sale of his pictures.

Towards the end of his active life, Stubbs returned to those anatomical studies, by success in which he had gained his fame. He believed that he could show by plates a close analogy betwixt the human frame and that of various ani-

mals, even of birds and vegetables. To men of our day such demonstration is not needed, but eighty years since the idea was heresy to most people. Stubbs began his "Comparative Anatomical Exposition of the Structure of the Human Body, with that of a Tiger and common Fowl, in Thirty Tables," during the year 1795. "The first number contained an explanation of the skeleton; the second and third, a view of the external parts of the human body, and an enumeration of the organs lying under them, with a description of the common integuments taken off, with the *membrana adiposa* and fat." No more were published, owing to the author's death, but we are informed that in his fourth, fifth, and sixth numbers, which should have completed the work, "Mr. Stubbs meant to describe the first, second, and third lays of muscles taken off." They are said to have been finished.

This was his last undertaking. He died in London, July 10th, 1806, and was buried in Marylebone Church. Stubbs had no near relatives living, except Miss Spencer, to whom he left all his property. George Townley Stubbs, an engraver of merit, is reported to have been his natural son.

Several portraits of him remain. That in crayons, by Ozias Humphry, R.A., possessed now by Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., represents a stout man, with resolute features and severe expression. His muscular strength was prodigious. We are told that he more than once carried a dead horse on his back up two or three flights of a narrow staircase to the dissecting-room. He rose very early, ate little, and drank only water for the last forty years of his life. In 1803, under date of August 31st, Mr. Upcott mentions that he took Samuel Daniell, nephew of the Academician, to call on Stubbs. "We found him engaged in engraving his series of anatomical plates, of which he had just completed his first number. This day he will have attained his seventy-ninth year,* and still enjoys so much strength and health, that he says within the last month, having missed the stage, he has walked two or three times from his own house in Somerset Street to the Earl of Clarendon's at The Grove, between Watford and Tring; a distance of sixteen miles, carrying a small portmanteau in his hand." Mr. Ozias Humphry bears witness to the same feat, performed before 10 A.M. Only the day before his death, he walked

* In 1805, however, the Academy gave up the long dispute. Their list of R.A., for that year contains the name of George Stubbs. He had always been described up to that date as A.R.A.

* In the notes taken down from Stubbs' own mouth, his birthday is put at August 24th.

eight or nine miles, returning in very good spirits. At 3 A.M., on the following day, he awoke "as well as ever he was," but on sitting up, a dreadful pain seized his chest. He dressed himself, however, and went down-stairs, moving with accustomed ease. At nine o'clock, sitting alone "in his arm-chair, wrapped in his gown," he died silently.

From The Philadelphia Press.

AT SEA IN 1876.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

I.

TEN days and nights our gallant ship
Sped o'er a lone and trackless way,
And we had watched the seagulls skip
Like arrows o'er the wave, and dip
Their wings into its foam, for they
Were children of the sea, at play.

2.

We were a hundred there, and more,
From many lands, yet loved but one;
And we had longed to see the shore,
The far-off mists from Labrador,
To hear some distant evening gun
Proclaim the day, the voyage, done.

3.

It was so quiet there — at last
One, bolder than the others, led,
Why is this silence? let the past
Be of things that cannot last;
We are the living, not the dead.
"Give us a song," the captain said.

4.

"Is there among us, none, not one,
With the divine Promethean fire,
Can sing of deeds most nobly done —
Of sieges lost, of battles won,
Of knightly sons of knightlier sire,
And wake to life the sleeping lyre?"

5.

I do bethink me now, there stood
Amid the forward decks to-day,
A harpist, old, of silent mood;
I did not think there ever could,
Be human form so weird, so gray."
"Bring him," the others said, "to play."

6.

And soon an old man tottered in
To where the lamps were all aglow:
The boatswain bore his harp for him —
For he had thought it well a sin
That one so old should helpless go.
'Tis good we treat our aged so.

7.

"Good friends," the boatswain said, "I bring
The poet of the ship to you.
Well he can play, and sweetly sing
To this his harp, whose every string,
Though tuned oft, yet, tuned anew,
May cheer you for an hour or two."

THE HARPIST.

I.

"Give me the harp," the singer said,
And touched his weird hand to the lyre;
And, lo! the eye that seemed so dead,
The form, whence life had almost fled,
Brightened anew with living fire.
Forgot was age, forgot was pain;
The old man lived the boy again.

2.

He swept the cords through many a strain,
And sung of youth and love, till we,
Like followers in his knightly train,
Wept o'er his touching minstrelsy.
Is it not true that man may be
Made angels by some melody?

3.

Have we not lived at times above
The sorrowing earth, and its complaints,
On hearing some sweet tale of love,
Some seraph song of dying saints?
Has not some poet said that we
Are chords in God's great harmony?

I.

"Enough — enough" — the harpist said.
I sing no more of love's young dream,
Of knightly deeds, of lovers wed,
Of hours, of days, too quickly sped,
Mine is another, nobler theme, —
MY COUNTRY, born midst blood and tears,
Grown sacred by its hundred years.
'Tis not so long ago that men —
Brave men, who feared not storm nor sea,
Crossed to the new-born land of Penn,
Without one thought but to be free:
Brave men, good men, as well, were they
Who fearless sought the dang'rous way
To Plymouth Rock, to Florida;
Men who could fight, as well as pray
Nor asked what else their fate might be
In that fair land beyond the sea,
So that it brought them liberty.

2.

They came — and soon their axes rung
By many a lake and tangled wood;
And midst their labors, lo! they sung,
For God was in their solitude.
Their struggles none but he may tell,
Who watched them on their dang'rous way;
How by the lurking foe they fell,
Yet trusted him, and said, "'Tis well,
He leads us to the coming day.'

3.

The panther slunk into his lair,
The she-wolf hid within her den,
And there was peace and plenty there,
For God had blessed the hands of men.
Lo ! towns, and states and cities rose,
And flocks were fed in every glen ;
It was the bloss'ming of the rose,
For God had blessed the hands of men.

.

Oh ! would that Peace might ever rest
Her heav'nly wings on every shore ;
Then were mankind divinely blest,
And men should learn of war no more.
Pray, pray for that good hour in store,
When men shall learn of war no more.

.

I.

Oh ! England, England, tell us where,
Where had we wronged thee — how, and
when ?

Hadst thou forgot thy children there,
Although thy children, yet were men ?
Hadst thou forgot that clime, and sea,
And growing years bring wider range,
A larger hope, a destiny
That laws nor wars can ever change ?

2.

Thy armies came, thy navies flung
Their flags o'er many an inland sea ;
And soon the hills of England rung
With shouts and thanks for victory.
With shouts and thanks, but echoing there,
The answer came from swamp and glen,
You've driven the tiger to his lair —
God help you when he comes again.

3.

Towns, cities blazed, barefooted men
Tramped where our Western rivers flow ;
They left their marks behind them, then,
In bloody lines on frozen snow.
'Twas death — aye, more to them, but know
Men oft'nest earn their freedom so.

4.

Orphans and widows wept in vain,
And armies sank for want of bread ;
Death stalked through every wood and plain,
And fields were left unharvested.
Still would they yield not — no, beware !
God's will is worked through man's despair.

5.

Days, months, and years, they wavered not,
Nor asked the number of their foe ;
By wounds, by death, they cheaply bought
The rights their grateful children know ;
The fairest right that heaven can give, —
Unfettered in their faith to live.

6.

They conquered, and a nation sprung
To life, to greatness in the West ;
And the wide world her praises sung,
She was the freest and the best.

She was the freest and the one
Whose soil no tyrant dared to tread —
For lo ! above, about her shone
The mystery of her sacred dead.
Fate chose but one, but one — 'twas she,
To lead mankind to liberty.

.

It is a century since then —
A hundred years to-day, and men
Tell all the old tales o'er again ;
How she was born, our land, how bred,
And how the life her children led
By faith and peace was hallowed ;
How well she kept her promised vow
To lead the way — to help the oppressed
Of every land and clime, and how
Men worshipped her, and she was blest.
How commerce came, and all that fate
Ordains to glorify a State
Waited on her, and she was great.
Each wind that blew, each sail that bent,
Seemed like some gift divinely sent
To help enrich a continent.
The world was envious, too — but no,
Kings could not stop what fate had told ;
Hills, rocks unbound themselves, and lo !
Their breasts were filled with oil and gold.

.

What more ? The land was blessed, and grew
Like Eden fair, but never knew,
Like it, she nursed a tempter, too.
A tempter — black, fit child of hell ;
He came, and half the nation fell.

They fell, and where the daisies grew,
Lo ! cannon belched their poisonous breath —
And war her red-mouthed trumpet blew,
And wedding morns saw nights of death.
The hand of fate lay heavy then,
For God had cursed the ways of men.

Dark months and years, the storm-cloud swept
Her course across a widowed land ;
But, lo ! the God of battles kept
The nation in his pitying hand.
At last, at last, the burning smoke
Faded before her silent guns,
But louder than her cannon spoke
The shroudless bodies of her sons.
Weep, fading clouds, speak, silent guns,
And honor these, her fallen ones.
Dead was the tempter, dead the past,
And men forgot their burning hate,
For hates and angers cannot last
With men whose foes were good, or great.
Sleep on, ye braves, ye shroudless ones !
Men shall not ask which side ye stood :
Enough, ye were the nation's sons,
And ye are dead, and God is good.
It little recks where men have stood,
When Heav'n forgives, and God is good.

I.

Again the peaceful lilies bloom,
And kiss the graves of friend and foe ;
Again, again, the busy loom
Sends its dear music to and fro ;

Again the hills are gold and red
 With shocks and sheaves on every hand,
 For all the fields are harvested,
 And there is plenty in the land.
 Plenty and peace, for God again
 Has smiled and blessed the hands of men.

2.

And now, where once the wigwam stood,
 Upon the Schuylkill's banks of green,
 Where redd'ning vines and tangled wood
 Hemmed in the fair but dang'rous scene,
 Behold! a palace, fit for kings,
 Lifts its fair head unto the skies,
 And all the land her tribute brings,
 And shouts aloud, 'Friends, all, arise,
 This day, this hour, this place must be,
 Made sacred to men's liberty.'

3.

And here, where all have met to see
 The earth's united rivalry,
 In all that is, or yet may be,
 They reached their hands to each, and said,
 This is the tribute to our dead,
 This is the ring with which we wed
 The twice-born bride, Columbia,
 And this the oath, new-sworn to thee,
 Land of our hopes and destiny.

4.

Again the old time-honored scroll,
 Whereon the new world's faith was writ,
 Was shown to men, and every soul
 Thanked God, and wept, at sight of it.

Thanked God, and wept — it was a sight
 Such as men see but once in life.
 I saw it then, I saw its birth —
 What more can one then want of earth? "

1.

He ceased his music, and the lyre,
 Full-toned, fell at the singer's feet:
 Gone was the light, the hope, the fire,
 Finished the song he sang so sweet.
 We bore him to the deck above,
 Where soft winds kissed his brow and lip;
 In vain, sweet winds, no breath of love
 Could wake the poet of the ship.
 In freedom's faith his life had passed,
 His noblest, sweetest song, his last.

2.

All night our ship sped on its way,
 Along a moonlit, starlit sea,
 And, when the red sun brought the day,
 The sailors shouted "Land," and we
 Looked to the west, and, smiling there,
 Lay the low hills of Delaware.
 Loud boomed the guns, the ship-bells rung,
 It was the land the poet sung.

3.

Land of the West, our Fatherland,
 We bow and greet thee, here at sea,
 We bare our heads, and meekly stand,
 And pray that God in his right hand,
 May ever keep thee great, and free.
 May ever keep thee great, and when
 Th' oppressed shall cry for liberty
 Thy stars and stripes shall answer then,
 Lo! here all men, all men, are free.

THE SILVER MARKET. — The *Economist* observes: The silver market will in future, like all other markets, have to secure its stability by keeping a "stock on hand." Dealers will hold for what they think a good price, which will usually prevent an extreme fall of price, and get rid of more or less of this accumulation when there is an unusual demand, which will commonly prevent an extreme rise. But a great number of causes as yet prevent the dealers from doing so. The rise in the price of silver which has just taken place is as local as the fall which preceded it. The great mass of prices in the countries using silver as a money are wholly unaffected by it. Indeed, such perturbations as a rise of 20 per cent., and then a fall to the old level, during a single year in the general prices of great countries, would have been economical phenomena such

as the world has never seen, and such as would have caused a vast derangement of transactions. The silver market must settle down into its normal condition before we shall know what will be the normal price of silver in relation to gold or to commodities. The disturbing forces, with which we have had so long to deal, must first pass away. And until they have so passed it will be desirable that no government shall involve itself in a currency change, depending on the relative relations of silver and gold, which has not begun one already. Unless in case of vital necessity, such currency changes should be made at the time when the circumstances attendant on them can be best foreseen, and that is when the course of trade is most regular, and the markets most important in the matter most in their normal condition.

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THE FAREWELL OF THE OLD YEAR.

WHEN the moments of friendship are num-
bered,
How oft it appears
That the love which in laughter has slumbered
Awakes now in tears !

We are friends that have journeyed together
Long time, you and I ;
Through sunshine and stormiest weather,
But the old year must die.

And awhile in your hearts will awaken
A bitter regret ;
And the paths that your feet have forsaken
You cannot forget.

Yet I pray you to mourn not my going,
Though we have been friends ;
What am I but one billow, whose flowing
Has touched shore, and ends ?

And the tale of my joy and my sorrow
Lives but as the trace
Of the waves, that the tides of the morrow
In turn shall efface.

Yet I leave you, as waves leave their treasures
Of coral and shell,
A gift, passing sorrows and pleasures,
Our friendship to tell.

I leave you the friendships, whose growing
Has been from my birth ;
There is nought that the tide brings in flowing
Can equal their worth.

For as shells from the murmurs of ocean
Steal echoes that last,
So in friendship is stored the emotion
Of years that are past.
Spectator. F. W. B.

AFTERNOON.

"OH, sweet," she said, "that afternoon,
The smile of God on land and sea ;
And sweet through many a vanished June
Comes back, like a remembered tune,
The silence of the shore to me !
Oh, sweet the moment was ! the scene !
The flashing of the shingles wet,
The scent of clover and of bean,
Warm fragrance of the fields that met
The salt fresh breezes of the sea !
The white sails dropping out of sight
Were kindled into tawny flame,
And all the moor lay steeped in light
The way he came, the way he came !"

"Oh, sweet," she said, "the warm, wet reach
Of glittering sand ! the tide that woke
In tumult all along the beach,
Yet made the very calm it broke !
Blue was the heaven that o'er us bent ;
The sheep upon a sunward slope
A quiet to the landscape lent ;
And all things gave a widening scope
To thoughts of peace and calm content,
And all things seemed in league with hope
The way we went, the way we went !"
Good Words. DORA GREENWELL.

TWO SONNETS BY TWO SISTERS.

I. — LET THE PAST BE PAST.

"BURY, oh dead, thy dead !" Hearken the
call,
Christ bids us leave our dead and follow
him ;
What tho' the steps be feeble, and eyes dim
With tears that rise and burn, but may not
fall ?
Leave the unburied dead in Death's great
hall :
For Christ is waiting and the dead are
dead ;
We may not pause to smooth their burial
bed,
We may not stay to spread their funeral pall.
Farewell, oh lovely dead, oh tender past !
Who liest with stone-cold brow and lips
that miss
The passionate farewell and last long kiss.
Oh dead ! shall this cold parting be the last ?
In the dim future's promise may there be
No past, no present — knit in one for thee ?
I.

II. — WILL THE PAST BE PAST ?

"BURY, oh dead, thy dead !" Can Death's
behest
Close the pale eyelids ? Can dead fingers
fold
Dead hands in peace, or in the graveyard
cold
Commit the soulless body to its rest ?
Suns rise and set ; each evening in the west
Dim clouds attend the funeral of the day ;
Night falls ; men sleep ; and still, oh dead !
ye stay.
No peace for me on earth's unearthly breast
Haunted by you. I would, I would, oh dead,
I would ye had no immortality !
I would ye too could sleep and let me be !
Rest, rest ! hath not your requiem been said ?
Ah no ! With faces turned to me they lie ;
They rise, they answer — "No, we cannot
die !"

Macmillan's Magazine.

U.

From The Quarterly Review.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.*

AMONG the causes which make biography one of the most difficult of literary efforts, is the grave and delicate responsibility which the writer of one man's life incurs towards the reputation of many others. The threads of human lives are so closely and marvellously intertwined, that none can be unravelled from the rest without destroying the pattern even of that one. This is a condition of our social existence: we neither live nor die alone, nor can the story of our lives be told alone. The biographer must needs fill in his canvas with the figures of those amongst whom the subject of his memoir moved and acted; and his successive pictures must show them in various relations to the chief figure, in attitudes which truth may compel him to describe as friendly or hostile, generous or malevolent, noble or contemptible.

But, unless his pen be guided by a rare combination of discretion and of skill, he is in danger of feeling but a secondary sort of responsibility for his introduction and delineation of such characters; and he may draw them less as they were than as they appeared to the friend or hero whose steps he traces with admiring sympathy. In reproducing what is said of others in diaries and letters written with all the freedom of privacy, he may too often act like the manipulator of the lantern which casts upon the screen pictures painted by another hand, but also capable of being thrown into grotesque attitudes at the pleasure of the exhibitor.

Among the figures made to pass across the scene of Lord Macaulay's "Life" by his nephew — to the merits of which work we have borne testimony in another article — one of the most conspicuous, and, we must say at once, the most recklessly caricatured, is that of the Right Honorable JOHN WILSON CROKER. Adopting the full bitterness of a political and literary feud —

* 1. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Edited by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. New Edition. London, 1848.

2. *Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. By the late Right Hon. John Wilson Croker. Reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*, with additions and corrections. London, 1857.

political before it became literary — which formed one of the least amiable features of Lord Macaulay's life, Mr. Trevelyan is pleased to class Mr. Croker with "Sadler and poor Robert Montgomery, and the other less eminent objects of his wrath" — to whom Lord Ellenborough is added in the next sentence! — who "appear likely to enjoy just so much notoriety, and of such a nature, as he has thought fit to deal out to them in his pages." This flippant judgment of a writer too young to remember those battles of giants on the Reform Bill, from which Macaulay, in the first flush of his Parliamentary success, did not always come off victorious over his elder adversary,* may perhaps find its best excuse in the neglect of Mr. Croker's friends for his memory, while many men of less note in politics and letters have had their lives written in full.

Mr. Croker was the intimate and trusted friend of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, consulted by them on the most important measures of state policy; and, when released from the restraints of office, he shone forth at once as one of the leading and most successful debaters in the House of Commons. His literary works were numerous, and of a range which proved the breadth and variety of his attainments; while his special knowledge of the most momentous chapter of contemporary history, the great French Revolution, was marked by the same vast scope and keen minuteness which characterized Macaulay. His contributions to this *Review* extended over nearly half a century, from 1809 to 1854. On us, therefore, the duty is imperatively incumbent to redeem his memory from being handed down as a mere victim of Macaulay's "affected contempt and unaffected fury;" as a poor example of that "unduly severe fate of those who crossed his path in the years when his blood was hot," which, as Mr. Trevelyan confesses, "teaches a serious lesson on the responsibilities of genius."

Unfortunately the apology is inadequate; for one of the worst of those offences

* In 1831 Macaulay was thirty-one years old: Croker was fifty-one.

against good feeling and good taste was committed in Macaulay's mature age, and at the crisis when he had reached a height of renown which might have disposed him to generous forbearance. But, while nobly conspicuous for some forms of generosity, Macaulay's nature was utterly wanting in forbearance, or even common fairness, towards opponents. Of this we need no other evidence than what he and his biographer themselves supply. His own confession is recorded with a frankness which, while doing honor to himself, should have made his nephew very cautious in publishing the free expressions found in his diary and letters. "If I say," he writes in one of his letters, "as I know I do, *a thousand wild and inaccurate things, and employ exaggerated expressions about persons or events*, it is . . . because I have no objection to letting you see my mind in dishabille."* Mr. Trevelyan confesses Macaulay's faults of "vehemence, over-confidence, the inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question or two people to a dialogue;" and adds, "At college his friends used to tell him that his leading qualities were generosity and vindictiveness."

If Macaulay's frank avowal, repeated elsewhere, of unreserve in his letters ought to have taught caution in their use, much more, on Mr. Trevelyan's own showing, should the like caution have been observed in dealing with the notices in his private diary. "It must be remembered that whatever was in Macaulay's mind may be found in his diary. That diary was written, throughout, with the unconscious candor of a man who freely and frankly notes down remarks which *he expects to be read by himself alone*." To this is added Macaulay's own judgment on Moore's diary, that it "was written to be published, and this destroys the charm proper to diaries."† Mr. Trevelyan's inference, "that the extracts presented in these volumes possess those qualities in which, as he has himself pronounced, the special merit of a private journal lies," may be the very reverse of a justification for making certain entries in

that private journal public; especially its "wild and inaccurate" and "exaggerated expressions about persons or events," which can only lower the reputation of the writer, and give pain to those of whom he writes, if living, and still more pain to those who love and honor them, alive or dead. With what feelings must Mr. Croker's widow, and his adopted daughter, Lady Barrow, both of whom are alive, have read the following passage from the diary of 1849? The allusion is to a review in our pages of the first two volumes of Macaulay's "History of England."

April 13.—To the British Museum. I looked over the "Travels of the Duke of Tuscany," and found the passage the existence of which Croker denies. His blunders are really incredible. The article has been received with general contempt. Really Croker has done me a great service. I apprehended a strong reaction, the natural effect of such a success; and, if hatred had left him free to use his *very slender faculties* to the best advantage, he might have injured me much. *He should have been large in acknowledgment*; should have taken a mild and expostulatory tone; and should have looked out for real blemishes, which, as I too well know, he might easily have found. Instead of that, he has written with such rancor as to make everybody sick. I could almost pity him. But he *is a bad, a very bad man: a scandal to politics and to letters*. (Vol. ii. p. 259.)

Does Mr. Trevelyan think that Lord Macaulay's fame will be enhanced by publishing to the world such a rancorous tirade? This outburst of spleen is the climax, and happily the last known expression of that feud which, begun in the party conflicts of the House, was wantonly transferred to the serener region of letters by Macaulay's well-known article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson. Macaulay's republication of the article in his collected "Essays" may perhaps have made it difficult for his biographer to have taken the wisest course, and buried the quarrel in oblivion; but at least, for the sake of Macaulay's reputation, it should have been touched as lightly as possible. Not thus has Mr. Trevelyan judged his duty alike to his relative and to Mr. Croker, as well as to the surviving friends of both. He pursues

* Macaulay's "Life," vol. i., p. 104.

† Ibid., vol. ii., p. 242.

Mr. Croker's memory with the vindictiveness which died with the distinguished man whom once it moved, but which is brought to life again in a biography that will be read wherever Lord Macaulay's works are known and admired, that is to say, over all the world.

Mr. Trevelyan's error, grave as it is, has acquired fresh prominence from the still graver indiscretion of another. A writer in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*,* not content with quoting the specially offensive passage of Macaulay's diary, uses it to stir up a quarrel with us:—

From that day to this, the same journal has never lost an opportunity of launching shafts against the literary reputation of Lord Macaulay. Mr. Croker is dead, but the race of Crokers is not extinct, nor is it likely to expire as long as the principal organ of the Tory party sedulously keeps it alive.

Imputations of this kind admit of no reply. They may safely be left to the calm judgment of society. We only notice them in so far as they affect Mr. Croker's memory and character. But it is not Mr. Croker alone who is attacked: the chief leaders of the Tory party, as well as their "principal organ," are involved in the same sweeping and uncompromising charge of having encouraged and cooperated with "a bad, a very bad man, a scandal to politics and to letters;" and the *Quarterly Review* has aggravated the scandal by "sedulously keeping alive the race"!

"Mr. Croker is dead"—a fact which might have suggested other thoughts than the wanton reiteration of false and scandalous charges against his memory. We accept the challenge to show what manner of man he really was. He left no progeny, few of his friends survive, and it is full time that the work were done before the rest are gone.

John Wilson Croker, the son of John Croker and Hester, daughter of the Rev. R. Rathbone, was born in Galway on the 20th of December, 1780. It would be sufficient for the purpose of a personal

record simply to state that he was a person of gentle blood, winning his way to fame and fortune with the ordinary aid of a good education; but it is necessary to enter a little more into detail in order to correct the falsehoods in the political pasquinades published in 1809, the year in which he was appointed secretary of the Admiralty. In the true spirit of the democratic press his supposed low birth was charged against him as a crime; he is described as a man of "no family," a "low-bred Irish attorney," and the son of a "country gauger." The fact is that his father filled for many years the important office of surveyor-general both of customs and excise in Ireland, and by his activity and energy detected and suppressed much speculation in his extensive department. According to Edmund Burke, he was "a man of great abilities and most amiable manners, an able and upright public steward, and universally respected and beloved in private life." He was descended from an old English family settled for many generations at Lineham in South Devon. A cadet of this family distinguished himself greatly at the capture of Waterford, and was rewarded with the grant of considerable estates in Waterford, Limerick, and Cork. But John Wilson Croker, being only the younger son of a younger son, did not inherit any portion of the family estates, and was indebted solely to his own exertions for the distinguished position he so early attained.

There is always a difficulty in obtaining any particulars of the early life of those who, dying at an advanced age, have survived the companions of their boyhood and youth; but we are fortunately able to lay before our readers some interesting details of Mr. Croker's early years from a correspondence which passed between him and his old friend and schoolfellow Mr. Justice Jackson, of the Irish Common Pleas, only a year before his death.

I do recur [writes Mr. Justice Jackson] with much pleasure to the recollection of our earlier days. Your father and mine were friends and brother officers in the revenue. I was sent to Portarlinton School very young, and I was placed under your protection. You were then at the head of the school, and *facile*

* No. 292, p. 573.

princeps in every branch of our course. You were also a great favorite with our master Mr. Willis, and with Monsieur Doineau, the French teacher, the principal assistant. They were proud of your talents and acquirements, as being likely to redound to the character and credit of the school. I perfectly well recollect that you had at your then early age translated almost the whole of Virgil into English verse! I have also a very fresh recollection of your military exploits. You did embody the whole school, and became colonel of our juvenile corps early in the French revolutionary war. You are quite correct as to our having been armed by the Marquis of Waterford with little wooden muskets, admirable imitations of real firelocks. All our little appointments, uniforms, colors, etc., were in perfect keeping, and I think would have passed muster even with your illustrious friend the great duke.

Mr. Croker's answer, dated December 4th, 1856, enters into further particulars. Verily the child was father to the man, for the veteran political writer began his career before he was nine years old!

Your memory, I think, exaggerates my poetical diligence. I am pretty sure that the first eclogue and the first book of the *Æneid* were all of Virgil that I translated. Pope's Homer I had by heart. The old Lord Shannon had given me one when my father once took me (*æt.* 10) to Castle Martyr. I dare say I knew of no translation of Virgil, and, stimulated by the example of Mr. Pope, was resolved to fill up that chasm in English literature. I don't think that this noble ambition had recurred to my memory from my leaving Portarlington up to the receipt of your refresher of yesterday; but that hint has recalled it, and I now could repeat a line or two. But I still believe that I got no further than the first eclogue and *Æneid*. But I was an early dabbler in political squibbing. There happened to be an election for the county of Cork severely contested, and prolific of a deluge of lampoons. I forget the date: I suppose about 1789. There were three candidates. A Mr. Morris was one. He was my father's, and, I suppose, Lord Shannon's friend, and I wrote at least one *prose* piece on his side which was *printed*; it was a dialogue. I wish I could recover it. As I was born in the last days (20th) of December, 1780, I could have been not yet *nine*. It is probable that this election had something to do with my father's visit to Castle Martyr, and Lord Shannon's notice of me. I wonder whether I also *lisp*ed in numbers; I should rather say *stutter*ed; for you will perhaps recollect that I had a most distressing impediment in my speech, for the cure of which I was sent to an academy kept in Cork by one Knowles, who had married one of the Sheridans, and professed to remedy cacology and teach elocution, after the manner of old Sheridan. Thence, about 1792, I was transferred to Portarlington.

From Willis's I was sent for a year or two to a more classical school, where there were but half-a-dozen boys, kept by the Rev. R. Hood, also at Portarlington, whence, in November 1796, a month before I was sixteen, I was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, where I found Tom Moore a year or two above me, and met of my own class Strangford, Leslie Foster, Gervais, Bushe, Fitz-Gibbon, Coote, etc.

Referring to the same period, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, in an affectionate letter, addressed to Croker on the 17th of December, 1856, and beginning "My dear old schoolfellow," thus writes:—

I remember you well, for you were, of all my father's pupils, my dear lamented mother's favorite. She loved you for your constant good spirits, and a cordial frankness that drew you to her—for she was frankness and generosity itself.

Mr. Croker, as we have seen from the preceding letter, was entered (as a fellow commoner) at Trinity College, Dublin, in November, 1796, a month before he had completed his sixteenth year, and was placed under Dr. Lloyd. He soon became conspicuous for his extraordinary abilities among the many distinguished young men who were his contemporaries. He took a leading part in the "Historical Society," which was then in the zenith of its fame: the minutes of its proceedings between 1798 and 1800 make honorable mention of his name on several occasions; and so highly were his services esteemed, that the society conferred upon him the unusual distinction of a gold medal. Having completed his college course, and taken his degree of B.A., Mr. Croker proceeded to London in 1800, and was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn. His father's connections introduced him to many good families in London; and both in this city and in Dublin, where he also resided during a portion of the year, he won the esteem and regard of all who knew him. Though entering freely into the pleasures offered by the most cultivated society in the two capitals, he already showed such steadiness of character that we find several letters written to him by parents, recommending their sons to his care, in terms that might have been expected to be addressed to a man of mature years, rather than to a youth just out of his teens. A letter from the Marquis of Sligo shows the estimate formed by that nobleman of his young *protégé*.

Westport, June 17th, 1802.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I am extremely thankful for your letter. If

I had twenty friends in Dublin, and each had twenty palaces, I would in preference avail myself of your offer, because I wish as soon as possible to impress on my son's mind the characters he should love and value.

Affectionately yours, SLIGO.

While pursuing his legal studies, Mr. Croker found time to contribute to the periodical literature of the day; and it is interesting to observe that the French Revolution, to the history of which he afterwards devoted so much labor, supplied almost the first, if not the first, topic for his pen in the London press. The taking of the Bastille, as he used frequently to say, made a very deep impression upon his mind, though he was then only in his ninth year. An alliance which connected his family with Edmund Burke's helped, perhaps, to confirm him in that great man's views; but it was his mother's warning voice more than anything else that contributed to give his mind the strong anti-revolutionary bias which was his leading characteristic throughout life. She early foretold to her son the inevitable results of the destruction of all constituted authority, and checked in him any youthful impulse in favor of what seemed, on the surface, a noble struggle for national liberty. We are indebted to the late Mr. Jesse, whose contributions to natural history are well known, and who was one of Mr. Croker's earliest friends, for the following memorandum respecting his first literary effort, which also incidentally shows the high estimation in which he was held by his friends at that time:—

I was lodging and boarding with a Miss Robinson in Middle Scotland Yard, about fifty-seven years ago, when Mr. Croker became an inmate. The society in the house consisted of four or five very pleasant men, and Mr. Croker soon became the life of the party by his wit and talents, and his constant readiness to provoke an argument, which he never failed to have the best of. In these lodgings he employed himself in writing political letters on the French Revolution, addressed to Tallien, which appeared in the *Times* newspaper. It was about this time that Mr. Croker was so unwell that I persuaded him to accompany me on a visit to my father's house in Staffordshire. Here he delighted all my family by his wit and agreeable conversation.

Mr. Croker lived at this time on intimate terms with several kindred spirits, whose names were afterwards well known in the world of letters—the two Smiths, Horace and James, Cumberland, Edward H. Locker, Sir J. Bland Burgess, Mr. Herries, and Colonel Greville. In con-

junction with these friends he aided in setting on foot two periodicals, the *Cabinet* and the *Picnic*, in 1801 and 1803. Among his contributions were some verses, written with epigrammatic smartness, on the localities of London, in imitation of a small collection of similar squibs on Paris, called "*Tout Paris en Vaudeville*." These periodicals, however, had only a brief existence, and do not appear to have attracted much attention. He was more successful with his "Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq."—a poetical satire on the Irish stage, published anonymously at Dublin, in 1804. The work became so popular that it ran through five editions in a twelvemonth. We are told that "the satire was felt and resented with great bitterness, its lightness and gayety adding pungency to truths which, in a graver dress, would neither have attracted so much notice nor given so much offence." It was followed, in 1805, by a satirical work in prose, entitled, "An Intercepted Letter from J—— T——, Esq., writer at Canton, to his friend in Dublin, Ireland," in which, under the disguise of Chinese names, Mr. Croker gives an amusing account of the local politics and society of the Irish metropolis. It had even a greater run than the "Familiar Epistles," reaching a seventh edition within the year. Miss Edgeworth, no bad judge, says that "it contains one of the best views of Dublin ever seen, evidently drawn by the hand of a master, though in a slight, playful, unusual style."

Meantime Mr. Croker had been called to the bar, and joined the Munster circuit. His success was more rapid than usually falls to the lot of young lawyers; for within three or four years he was making as many hundreds a year, the revenue business which he obtained through his father's influence proving the most lucrative.

The year 1806 was marked by two important events in Mr. Croker's life. On the 25th of May, he married Rosamond, the daughter of William Pennell, Esq., subsequently British consul-general in South America. With this faithful partner, who, as we have already said, still survives to resent the scandalous imputations cast upon his character, he passed more than fifty years of happy life; and in 1856, although suffering from the disease which finally carried him to the grave, he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage-day—the "golden wedding"—surrounded by more than fifty relatives and friends, of whom it may be said that

each and all of them were indebted to him in the highest degree for active kindnesses and benefits received.

In 1806 likewise he entered upon his political career. His determination to enter Parliament was rather sudden, and against the advice of his father, who feared he would sacrifice his favorable prospects at the bar. At the general election which followed Mr. Fox's death, he went to Downpatrick to support the Rowley family, with which he was closely connected; but Captain Rowley withdrawing shortly before the election, Mr. Croker became himself a candidate, backed by the influence of the Rowleys. He was defeated by Mr. Ruthven; but in the following year, when another dissolution occurred upon the dismissal of the ministry of all the talents, Mr. Croker again became a candidate at Downpatrick. This time the fortune of war changed, and, in May, 1807, he was returned for the borough. Mr. Ruthven petitioned against his return, but Mr. Croker was, after a long struggle, confirmed in his seat.

Notwithstanding the heat and violence of a sharply contested election, the successful candidate had not found it necessary to make any specific declaration of his political sentiments. In fact, the contest in Downpatrick was between two rival families; and it was not till he proceeded to take his seat that the young member had to make his election between the two great parties in the State. He determined to support the Duke of Portland's administration, though he differed from the government on the Catholic question, being himself in favor of some measure for the relief of the Roman Catholic disabilities. He made his maiden speech on the very night he took his seat.

I spoke very early [he said, some years afterwards]; indeed, on the very night I took my seat. Some observations of Mr. Grattan on the state of Ireland, which I thought injurious and unfounded, called me up, — nothing loath, I dare say, but quite unexpectedly even to myself; and though so obviously unprepared and, as it were, occasional, I, in after years, was not altogether flattered at hearing that my first speech was the best. I suspect it was so. Canning, whom I had never seen before, asked Mr. Foster to introduce me to him after the division, was very kind, and walked home with me to my lodgings.

His reply to Mr. Grattan seems to have been generally regarded as very successful, for we find Lord Annesley writing to him shortly afterwards: "I was highly gratified by the account of your onset as a

public speaker. The information came to me from the highest authority, which increased the gratification." Mr. Croker's introduction to Mr. Canning soon led to a close intimacy, which was probably strengthened by their holding the same views on Catholic emancipation, and by a very able pamphlet which Mr. Croker wrote upon the subject in the autumn of this year (1807). This pamphlet, though published anonymously, was well known to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Croker, and added to his growing reputation. It obtained a wide circulation, and eventually reached a twentieth edition. It is entitled "A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present," and was dedicated to the Marquis Wellesley, with a motto prefixed from Tacitus, "*Imperaturus es hominibus, qui nec totam servitutem pati possunt, nec totam libertatem*"—a truth as applicable to the Irish now, as it was then. In reading this pamphlet lately, we have been struck with the clear, vigorous, and forcible style in which it is written. He concludes by urging "that the Catholic lawyer, soldier, sailor, gentry, priesthood, and nobility, should be admitted to all the honors of their professions and ranks;" but he would only concede Catholic emancipation on the condition "that the priesthood be Catholic, but not Papist; paid by the State, approved by the crown, and independent of all foreign control;" and further, "that a wide and liberal system of national education be adopted by the legislature, and promoted by every sect." Such were his views in 1807; but when, twenty years later, Catholic emancipation was only yielded to intimidation and violence, he saw that the value of the concession was lost.

It is a striking proof of the impression which Mr. Croker had already produced, that Mr. Perceval, with his very strong feelings against the Roman Catholic claims, should have early singled out the young Irish member for his especial notice. It was at his suggestion that Sir Arthur Wellesley, then secretary for Ireland, who had been appointed to the command of our armies in the Spanish peninsula, selected Mr. Croker to conduct the Parliamentary business of the office during his absence. The memorandum which he made at the time of his interview with Sir Arthur Wellesley is full of interest:—

June, 1808. — Dined earlier with Sir Arthur and Lady Wellesley in Harley Street, in order to talk over some of the Irish business which he had requested me to do for him in the House of Commons, as he was to set out for Ireland

next morning on his way to Portugal. After dinner we were alone and talked over our business. There was one point of the Dublin Pipe Water Bill on which I differed a little from him, but could not convince him. At last I said, perhaps he would reconsider the subject and write to me from Dublin about it. He said, in his quick way, "No, no, I shall be no wiser to-morrow than I am to-day. I have given you my reasons: you must decide for yourself." When this was over, and while I was making some memoranda on the papers, he seemed to lapse into a kind of reverie, and remained silent so long that I asked him what he was thinking of. He replied, "Why, to say the truth, I am thinking of the French that I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders, when they were capital soldiers, and a dozen years of victory under Bonaparte must have made them better still. They have besides, it seems, a new system of strategy, which has outmanœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but no matter: my die is cast, they may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will outmanœuvre me. First, because I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and secondly, because if what I hear of their system of manœuvres be true, I think it a false one as against steady troops. I suspect all the Continental armies were more than half beaten before the battle was begun. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand."

The proceedings against the Duke of York, at the opening of the session in 1809, charging him with corrupt connivance in the sale of military appointments by his mistress, Mrs. Clarke, brought Mr. Croker into still greater prominence. In the debates in the House of Commons he took a leading part in the Duke of York's defence; examining the witnesses with remarkable skill and shrewdness, and speaking with great force and vigor. His speech on March 14, in reply to Sir Francis Burdett, was considered one of the best in the whole debate. These discussions produced extraordinary excitement throughout the country; and Mr. Croker's exertions roused the utmost wrath of the enemies of the Duke of York, who attacked him in unmeasured terms, and indulged in the most violent personal abuse. His natural impediment of speech was caricatured; Irish blunders of the absurdest description were invented and ascribed to him; and his private character was wantonly and ruthlessly assailed. It is, we suspect, from the lampoons of this period that Lord Macaulay derived some of the trustworthy information which "he recites in detail" in the libellous attack

upon Mr. Croker's private character,* to which we shall have occasion to refer presently.†

While Mr. Croker was in the very thick of this Parliamentary struggle, the first number of the *Quarterly Review* made its appearance (February 1809). It was started by the late Mr. John Murray, with the assistance of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Canning, and Mr. George Ellis; but the history of its origin and establishment has been so fully told in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and Sir John Barrow's "Autobiography," that it is unnecessary to enter into any further details here. Mr. Croker was early enlisted into the service of the new journal. He was, probably, too busy with his defence of the Duke of York to write anything in the first two numbers; but the third number contained an article from his pen on Miss Edgeworth's "Tales of Fashionable Life." Sir Walter Scott spent two months in London in the spring of this year; and his friend Mr. Morritt, in his "Memoranda" of the period, says: "Scott was much with George Ellis, Canning, and Croker, and delighted in them, as, indeed, who did not?"—the meetings to which he alludes being, as Lockhart supposes, chiefly occupied with the affairs of the *Quarterly Review*.‡ From that time Mr. Croker became a frequent contributor to our pages, and scarcely a number appeared without its containing one or more articles from his pen. Moreover, he rendered important service to the review in other ways, for we find Mr. Gifford, the editor, writing to him in 1810:—

In common justice Murray ought to give you a share in the *Quarterly*, for almost the whole *extra* business lies on you. I really am ashamed to be so troublesome, but my friend C. Jenkinson, who was also very good, has

* Macaulay's "Life," vol. i., p. 124.

† It should be recollected, in passing judgment upon Mr. Croker's conduct in reference to the proceedings against the Duke of York, that not only the ministers, but also most of the Whig leaders in both Houses supported the duke. Sir Denis Le Marchant, in his recently published "Memoir of Lord Althorp," remarks (p. 93): "Not only the ministers, but even the chiefs of the Liberal party were more or less averse to the inquiry. Mr. Windham and General Fitzpatrick—men of real genius and great Parliamentary talent—supported the duke, with even indiscreet warmth. Lord Grey, more reserved, though not less decided, always spoke of him as the object of a mean and miserable persecution. Sir Arthur Pigott, the Whig ex-attorney-general—an eminent authority with his party on points of constitutional law—and Mr. Leach (afterwards Sir John Leach, master of the rolls), already one of the cleverest lawyers of the day, and a very efficient debater, held the same language."

‡ Lockhart's "Life of Scott," p. 180 (one volume edition).

deserted his post, and Mr. Peel I do not know.

The close of the session of 1809 restored Mr. Croker to his legal pursuits in Ireland, and also afforded him leisure for indulging his poetical tastes. His poem on the "Battle of Talavera," published in this year, was written in the "irregular Pindaric measure" which Scott's "Marmion" had rendered so popular. This poem had the honor of being reviewed (in this journal) by Sir Walter Scott,[†] who bestows high praise upon it, and quotes several lines as possessing "peculiar and picturesque merit." Lord Wellington acknowledged the receipt of a presentation copy, in a characteristic letter:—

Badajoz, Nov. 15, 1809.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 20th October, and your poem, which I have read with great satisfaction. I did not think a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining. I heard with great pleasure that you were to be appointed secretary of the Admiralty, in which situation, I have no doubt, you will do yourself credit, and more than justify me in any little exertion I may have made for you while I was in office.

Ever my dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

J. W. CROKER, Esq. WELLINGTON.

The appointment of Mr. Croker, in the autumn of this year, to the office to which Lord Wellington alludes in the preceding letter, was brought about by the reconstruction of the cabinet, owing to the dispute—and consequent duel—between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. Mr. Croker's journal gives an account of these events, and of his own accession to office.

In the summer and autumn of 1809 some differences grew up in the cabinet, which broke out into general notice by the strange event of a duel between Mr. Canning, secretary of state for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Castlereagh, secretary of state for the War Department. This duel took place on the 21st September (Thursday), on Putney Heath. Lord Yarmouth, Castlereagh's first cousin and second, told me afterwards that Charles Ellis, who was Canning's second, was so nervous for his friend's safety that he could not load his pistols, and that Lord Yarmouth either loaded Mr. Canning's pistols for Mr. Ellis, or lent him one of his own. I forget which, but I think the latter. Nothing could exceed the coolness and propriety of conduct of the principals, and Ellis's incapacity does him honor. Yarmouth drove Castlereagh to the ground (which was on Putney Heath, just beyond a

cottage on the left of the road to Roehampton) in his curicle, and the conversation was chiefly relative to Catalani, who was then in high fashion, and Castlereagh hummed some of her songs as they went along.

The differences in his cabinet and his own bad state of health induced the Duke of Portland to resign; and Mr. Perceval, who had been his chancellor of the exchequer and manager of the House of Commons (after a fruitless attempt to obtain the accession of Lords Grenville and Grey), proceeded to form an administration in which he was the first lord of the treasury.

Nobody had resigned cabinet office but Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. Lord Castlereagh's place was filled by Lord Liverpool, and his at the Home Department by Mr. Ryder, but this was after some delay. Lord Bathurst, who had had the board of control, took the foreign seals *ad interim*, till it should be known whether Lord Wellesley, then in Spain, would accept them. Mr. Pole, who was secretary of the Admiralty, succeeded Mr. Dundas in Ireland, and Lord Mulgrave, at Mr. Perceval's request, offered that place to me.

I was in Ireland at the time I received these letters, and thought it right to lose no time in coming to London, there to give my answer, because though the office was a very high one, and much better and greater than my age, connections, or expectations led me to look to, yet the precarious tenure which I should have of it, and the difficulty of the situation itself (at that period particularly, the Walcheren expedition having just failed), induced me to pause before I took so decided a step as throwing up my profession, which was almost my only means of livelihood. I was not, to be sure, very high in my profession; but by the assistance of the revenue business, which my father's interest and great knowledge of revenue affairs secured me, I had made in the years previous to this time from 400*l.* to 600*l.* a year. I was, besides, fond of the profession itself.

When I arrived in London, on the morning of the 10th of October, I first saw Arbuthnot, secretary of the treasury, who told me all the news of the day; but as to myself, he said, I *must* accept, though I should be sure of being turned out in a week, for that I was bound in honor to obey Mr. Perceval's wishes, who had thought so kindly of me, that when he wrote to desire the accession of Lords Grenville and Grey, he had determined, if they came in, to accept the seals of the Home Department, and had declared that he stipulated but for one appointment, which was that I should be his under-secretary. I could, after this, have no doubt what to do, so I waited on Mr. Perceval and accepted the office with many thanks. Next day I was appointed in form, and took my seat at the board.

The fury of political parties never ran higher than on Mr. Perceval's becoming

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. ii., p. 426.

prime minister; and amidst the reproaches and accusations with which he was assailed, one of the most prominent charges against him was the appointment at such a crisis (it was in the very midst of the Walcheren disaster and at the height of Bonaparte's triumphs), to such an important office as secretary of the Admiralty, of a "young briefless Irish barrister." The outcry was very violent; but Mr. Croker was able to maintain his position, and his diligence and activity soon placed him on a footing of equality with more experienced officials. Within a month, however, of this unexpected and enviable appointment, a circumstance occurred which led him to tender his resignation. Mr. Croker's conduct on this occasion reflects such honor upon "this bad, this very bad man," that it is our duty to lay the facts before our readers. It happened that, paying a more minute attention to details than his two immediate predecessors had done, he had reason to suspect a serious defalcation in a public officer of high rank, and refused his signature to an additional issue of money till the previous issues were accounted for. This officer was a personal friend of George III., to whom he represented that the young Irish secretary, knowing nothing of business, was impeding the public service by refusing his signature to a mere routine form. The king sent for Mr. Perceval, and required an explanation. Meantime Mr. Croker, who began only with suspicion, had now satisfied himself that the defalcation was most serious, involving the appropriation of about 200,000*l.* of public money. He was placed in a most painful position, having to choose between making an exposure, which would not only ruin the guilty party, but cause pain to the king and embarrassment to Mr. Perceval's government, or becoming himself a party to the fraud by passing it over in silence. Under these circumstances he felt that only one course was open to him, and he accordingly placed his resignation in Lord Mulgrave's hands in the following letter:—

Admiralty, Dec., 1809.

MY DEAR LORD,—

I need not recall to your recollection our conversation of a few days ago and that of this morning, on the subject of —'s accounts. I most sincerely wish that I could convince your lordship that my opinion as to the course we should pursue is right, or myself that it is wrong; but I am sorry to say that all my consideration has only strengthened my first impressions, and as I perceive that your lordship's are equally strong, I despair of being able to reconcile them.

Under these circumstances, if ever this affair should become a matter of public discussion, I should be reduced to the intolerable dilemma either of denying my own sentiments, or of expressing my dissent from those of your lordship; in this dilemma I never will place myself: what I owe to my own feelings and character on one side, and what I owe to your lordship's kindness to me on the other, equally forbid it.

I have therefore only to suggest to your lordship the propriety of my resigning the office to which I have been so lately appointed; and I trust the motive from and the manner in which I feel myself obliged to resign it, will convince your lordship both of the good intentions towards the public service and of the gratitude to you with which I accepted it. It is satisfactory to me to think that this event will not be of a nature to create any inconvenience either to the public or to our political friends. To the latter I shall give as full and as cordial support as if I held office; and the former will, I have no doubt, acquire a more able though not a more zealous servant. I cannot conclude without expressing in the strongest manner the sense which I have, and shall ever retain, of the personal kindness which I have received from your lordship. I have the honor to be, my dear lord, your most obliged

J. W. CROKER.

The resignation, however, was not accepted; for Mr. Perceval, who would doubtless have himself resigned rather than compromise so grave an offence, laid all the circumstances before George III. The upright old king at once expressed his approval of Mr. Croker's conduct, and sent him, through Mr. Perceval, a most gracious message, assuring him of his Majesty's satisfaction at his zeal in doing his duty, and his firmness in resisting the king's first suggestion, which he had made through a misunderstanding of the facts of the case.

The rectitude and decision of character which Mr. Croker had shown throughout these painful proceedings, must have raised him in the estimation of the ministers; and the subsequent vigor and ability with which he supported his party in the debates on the Walcheren expedition, as well as on the grave question of privilege raised by Sir Francis Burdett, confirmed and extended the reputation he had already gained.

We have thus followed step by step the career of this young man of "very slender faculties" till he had won for himself, at the early age of twenty-nine, unaided by birth, wealth, or interest, and solely by his own abilities, a high and responsible position in the State. The remainder of his career, when he became the friend and

confidential adviser of successive ministers, and a leading actor on the political stage, must be given with greater brevity. We would, however, venture to express a hope that Mr. Croker's surviving friends will furnish the public with a fuller narrative of that portion of his life which our space compels us to dismiss in a few pages. His journals and letters would supply materials for a valuable contribution to the history of the earlier part of the present century, while his recollections of the Duke of Wellington could not fail to interest all the admirers of that great man.

Mr. Croker continued secretary of the Admiralty for nearly twenty-two years, from 1809 till the accession of the Whigs to power in 1830, serving under three successive first lords—the Earl of Mulgrave, the Right Hon. Charles Yorke, and Viscount Melville—as well as under the Duke of Clarence, whose vagaries, when lord high admiral, he had the painful duty to resist with a firmness which, however unpleasant at the time, eventually obtained the approbation of King William IV. The ability and zeal with which he discharged the duties of his office not only gained the approbation and confidence of his official superiors and of the whole cabinet, but secured for him an amount of influence which had never been enjoyed by any of his predecessors in the same post. Indeed, during these twenty-two years he may be said to have had almost the supreme direction of the affairs of the Admiralty.* He was ably supported by the second secretary, his friend Sir John Barrow, who, speaking of the bill introduced by Sir James Graham for effecting some changes in the constitution of the Admiralty, tells us: “Mr. Croker, who was best acquainted with the details of the subject, made a long and able speech, dwelt much on his experience of twenty-two years, and his constant attendance—rarely, if ever, being absent from duty. This was strictly true.”†

During the whole time that Mr. Croker held his office in the Admiralty, he continued to sit in Parliament, but not always for the same place. Having lost his seat at Downpatrick in consequence of his

advocacy of the Catholic claims, he was returned for the borough of Athlone, and sat subsequently for Bodmin, Yarmouth, and Aldborough. In 1827 he had the honor and gratification of being elected member for the University of Dublin, upon the elevation of Lord Plunket to the chancellorship and the peerage, with whom he had twice before unsuccessfully contested the seat. He maintained in the House the position he had already won; but we must pass over the remainder of his Parliamentary career while in office, with two exceptions, which we notice, because we have the testimony of two distinguished political opponents to his success on both occasions. The first was in 1816, when he won a signal victory over Mr. Tierney, one of the most formidable leaders of the Opposition. The scene is described by the late Lord Hatherton, at that time Mr. Littleton, subsequently secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey's government, in a letter to Mr. Croker, written many years afterwards:—

Hastings, 26th January, 1857.

MY DEAR CROKER,—

I regret that my detention at this place still prevents my sending you a copy of the memorandum you asked for. It shall not be delayed a day after my return home. There is no reason however why I should longer delay to give you my recollection of the very brilliant scene between you and Tierney, to which I adverted, when I had the pleasure of seeing you.

It must have occurred in the year 1816; as the occasion of it was the presentation by the government of larger navy estimates in that year, the first year of the peace, than had been voted in the preceding year—the last year of the war. Tierney, on the motion for the speaker leaving the chair to go into the committee of supply, made a very formidable attack on the government for this demand. Warrender followed in reply; but you rose immediately afterwards, and made in effect the defence of the government. But the affair I spoke of must, I think, have occurred subsequently in the committee of the whole House. For I well remember that you and Tierney spoke frequently in rapid succession to each other—he enforcing and varying his attacks, and you instantly and successfully repelling them. The battle was between yourselves only, and continued for a considerable time, parties in the House cheering their combatants in a state of great excitement. The passage of arms was so rapid, that I can only describe it in general terms; and can give no other account of it beyond this, than that you proved that in every instance the first year of peace had been more expensive in the naval department than the last year of war. But I retain at the distance of more than forty years

* On one occasion Mr. Croker having stated in the House of Commons that he was only “the servant of the Board,” Sir Joseph Yorke, a former lord of the Admiralty, remarked, that when he had the honor of a seat on it, with the honorable gentleman for secretary, precisely the opposite was the case. Sir Joseph Yorke was the Bernal Osborne or Sir Wilfrid Lawson of his day.

† Sir John Barrow's “Autobiographical Memoir,” p. 411.

the most vivid recollection of this scene—the most brilliant of its kind I remember in the House of Commons during the twenty-three years I was a member of it. I heartily concurred in the policy of the government with respect to its proposed plan of armaments at that time, and felt much interest in its success. I can recall to mind no instance of a similar attack on a department so triumphantly repelled.

On the restoration of peace after the war with Russia last year, I thought it might be useful to call the attention of Sir Charles Wood to those discussions. But to my surprise I could find no record of them. The debate on Tierney's motion is given; but no notice is taken of those discussions in committee. Although it was not customary in those days to give such debates in committee at any length, I expected to have found some notice of so exciting a scene.

I remain, my dear Croker, yours very sincerely,
HATHERTON.

The other occasion to which we refer was in 1819, when Mr. Croker seconded Mr. Grattan's motion on the Catholic question. Of this speech Mr. Butler, in his "Memoirs of the Catholics," says,* "Mr. Croker was particularly distinguished by one of the most argumentative speeches ever heard in the House;" and this opinion is fully supported by the following letter of Mr. Spring-Rice, subsequently Lord Monteagle, addressed to their common friend, Mr. Carey:—

House of Commons, May 3 (1819).

MY DEAR CAREY, —

I write to you from the House of Commons to have the pleasure of communicating pleasure to you. I have just heard your friend Croker, and you could not wish him or any favorite of yours to have made a stronger or more favorable impression upon the House. His speech was one which was calculated to conciliate at this side of the Channel and to gratify at the other. It was replete with ingenuity and yet free from fanciful refinement. It was characterized by an acuteness of legal deduction, and yet exempt from sophistry or the pedantry of profession. It treated a worn-out subject so as to make it appear a new one. But its principal merit in my eyes lay in its frankness, warmth, and sincerity. It redeemed the pledge and fulfilled the promise of his "Historical Sketch." *It showed him to be an honest Irishman no less than an able statesman.* It showed him at this moment to be *disinterested*, and ready to quit the road of fortune under the auspices of his personal friend Peel, if the latter was only to be conciliated by what Oxonians term orthodoxy, and we Cantabs consider as intolerance.

All this pleased me exceedingly, and if it pleased me, it must have delighted others, for

you cannot but be aware that I feel strongly and have cause to feel the peculiar unkindness, and I will say the unfair unkindness with which Croker treated me. With all the faults he discovered in my unfortunate "*Primitiæ Literariæ*," he should have seen a disposition to do right, and he ought to have pardoned the execution for the sake of the motive. I therefore cannot but feel strongly hostile to the official reviewer—but this only gives me an additional pleasure in doing full justice to the talents he has displayed, and I only allude to the circumstances to give you a yet more favorable scale by which to measure your friend's success. . . . I cannot refuse to myself or to you the pleasure of writing and of hearing the praise of your friend, reserving to myself every right of future hostility whenever it may be my fate to be able to descend into those lists where he is so powerful a champion.

Ever affectionately yours,

T. SPRING RICE.

Mr. Croker was as successful in society as in politics. He was elected a member of White's Club—at that time a high distinction; and he lived on intimate terms not only with his own political friends, but with the wit and fashion of the town. Although a little too prone to contradiction, he had great powers of conversation, and his presence gave life and spirit to every company he joined. His intimacy with the late Sir Robert Peel began in 1813, and during the time that Peel filled the office of secretary of Ireland their correspondence was very frequent, and was carried on in terms of the warmest friendship. Sir Robert became godfather to his son, and after the war accompanied him on a visit to Paris and to the field of Waterloo. The prince regent also delighted in Mr. Croker's society, and frequently invited him to Carlton House. We find noted in his pocket-book of 1813, under the head of engagements, "For some years after this I dined very frequently, sometimes twice a week, with the prince regent." He writes to Mrs. Croker, on the 15th of August in this year:—

The Plymouth telegraph announces another complete victory of Lord Wellington over Soult on the 30th. When I went to the prince with the news this morning, he embraced me with both arms. You never saw a man so rejoiced. I have seen him again to-day; and you cannot conceive how gracious he is to me. H. R. Highness has asked me to go to the Pavilion, Wednesday and Thursday, or as long as I stay.

Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Croker on the 4th of January, 1815, begs him to use his influence with the prince regent to obtain a place in the customs or excise

* Vol. iv., p. 434.

for the brother of Mungo Park, the African traveller; and when the prince heard from Croker that Scott was coming to town in the spring of this year, he said, "Let me know when he comes, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him." Lockhart adds that he heard from Croker and Mr. Adams (the lord chief commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland) that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection.* Scott was one of Croker's intimate friends, and entertained a great regard for him, as we see from the correspondence which passed between them; the greater part of which has never been published.

In the beginning of the same year (1815), a series of clever papers appeared in the *Courier* newspaper, which were collected and reprinted in a small volume in 1819, under the title of "The New Whig Guide." It is, next to the "Rolliad" and the "Anti-Jacobin," the most remarkable collection of political squibs and *jeux d'esprit* that exists in any language. The idea was started by Croker, and most of the papers were written by him, the other chief contributors being his intimate friends Lord Palmerston and the late Sir Robert Peel. The best piece in the series is "The Trial of Mr. Henry Brougham," before Lord Grenville and a special jury of the Whig Club, for calling Mr. Ponsonby, the leader of the party, an old woman. Some of this was written by Peel, but almost all the poetical pieces are by Croker.

Among the many services which Mr. Croker rendered to men of letters and to lovers of art, not the least important were the establishment of the Athenæum Club and the acquisition of the Elgin marbles for the British Museum. The Athenæum Club, which was founded a few years later than the period we have now reached, owes its origin almost entirely to Mr. Croker; and it was chiefly through his exertions that the government and Parliament were induced to purchase the Elgin marbles. If he had done no other good in his generation, this would alone entitle him to the gratitude of posterity. The speech which he made, in 1816, in favor of the purchase, advocated the encouragement by the State of the fine arts, and urged arguments, now familiar, but then little understood or appreciated by the public. It elicited from Lord Elgin the following letter:—

* Lockhart's "Life of Scott," p. 312, one-vol. edit.

June 12, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am wholly unable to express the obligation I feel for your kindness. Hitherto I have only received the newspaper, and that a very hurried, account of the debate on the occasion of my marbles. But with what I know of the opinions you have on other occasions so powerfully maintained on all the points which could possibly be brought to bear in attack on the subject, I perceive in this hasty sketch, not only the well-informed and triumphant supporter of my cause, but the animated, and, I may say, friendly vindicator of my conduct. It has ever been a source of great astonishment with me, that without its having earlier been at all an object of attention with you, you should, with such perfect ease, have made yourself master of the whole question, as much, I may venture to say, as it can be understood; and that you should at once have seized, with precision, details which one should imagine nothing short of personal inspection or professional study could have brought to particular notice.

That Mr. Hammersley, or any one else, with the evidence of the committee before their eyes and in the hands of the public, should have reverted in the House of Commons to all the virulence and misrepresentation in which disappointed travellers may have indulged, while the facts were little known, is quite incredible. But it becomes a piece of no small good luck to me when repelled with as much accuracy as acuteness by a person who has used no advantages in his research, beyond what is equally within the reach of any gentleman in England sitting quietly by his own fireside.

A thousand thanks for your kindness, which has been throughout so very gratifying, as well as so beneficial to me, and believe me ever, with much respect and regard,

Yours, very faithfully,

J. W. CROKER, ESQ.

ELGIN.

Mr. Croker had hitherto enjoyed an uninterrupted career of success; but in 1820 he was struck down by a calamity which darkened all his prospects. On May the 15th his son and only child died. The blow was crushing. In this boy his own existence had been bound up; it was for his boy's sake that he desired riches and honors; and from the time of his child's death he seems to have lost all desire for political advancement. His letters to his friends at this period dwell constantly upon his irreparable loss. "I am bowed down to the dust," he writes, "with the weight of my misfortune." In a letter to Sir Robert Peel, written three months after his loss, he says, "I am come back alone to a desolate and dreary home, full of the dearest and most painful reflections. I never cease to wish that you may never be able to understand how much I suffer."

Nor was this grief a transient one. It gave a color to the whole of his later life. He continued to discharge his duties in Parliament and at the Admiralty, because he feared to be idle and unemployed; he also continued to prosecute his literary labors; but the chief incentive to exertion was gone. All his hopes were buried in his boy's grave in the quiet churchyard at Wimbledon. He visited the spot every year on the anniversary of the death, and almost his last thoughts were directed to making arrangements for having his son's remains transferred to the grave which he had prepared for himself at West Molesey. In a letter to his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, written in 1821, he says:—

Neither the favor of the king nor of ministers could now make any change for the better in my situation; higher rank, higher office, I would not accept, perfectly contented and grateful if allowed to remain where I am. While my boy was alive, I had wishes and hopes; now they are all buried with him. I should have left public life, but that I have been advised and indeed feel, that after having been so long accustomed to it, I could not exist under the pressure of my loss without some such occupation.

The following touching lines were written by Mr. Croker as an epitaph on the tombstone of his son, who was named Spencer after the prime minister, Mr. Perceval:—

Oh pity us who lost, when Spencer died,
Our child, our hope, our pleasure and our pride.

In him we saw, or fancied, all such youth
Could show of talents, tenderness and truth;
And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers
Would keep the promise they had made to ours.

But God a different, better growth has given—
The seed he planted *here* blooms now in Heaven.

Mrs. Croker's grief was even still more poignant. She could not be induced to enter again any of the houses where she had passed the happiest period of her life. Munster House, their ordinary residence, was now shut up; and from this time they resided for some years chiefly in Kensington Palace, where George IV. had kindly given apartments to Mrs. Croker.

In his family circle, and by his intimate friends, Mr. Croker was much beloved. Before the birth of his son he had adopted his wife's sister as his daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who afterwards married the son of his old friend, Sir John Barrow. He superintended with the greatest solicitude the education of

this girl; and it was for her use that he wrote "Stories for Children, selected from the History of England,"—a work of which nearly fifty thousand copies have been sold, and which suggested to Scott the plan of the "Tales of a Grandfather." Scott sent a copy of the first series to Croker with the following note:—

MY DEAR CROKER,—

I have been stealing from you; and as it seems the fashion to compound felony, I send you a sample of the *swag*, by way of stopping your mouth. . . .

Always yours,

W. SCOTT.

But though Mr. Croker no longer took the same interest in politics, his pen was still, as before, at the service of his Parliamentary colleagues. One controversy in which he was engaged, brought him into collision with his friend Sir Walter Scott. The story of "Malachi Malagrowth's Letters," written in 1826, is familiar to all readers of Scott's "Life." "They produced," says Lockhart, "a greater sensation in Scotland than any political tract had excited in the British public at large since the appearance of Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution.'" The ministers were much annoyed, especially as this attack against their measures came from one of their oldest and staunchest friends. "Last night," writes Scott in his diary, "I had a letter from Lockhart, who, speaking of Malachi, says, 'The ministers are sore beyond all imagination at present; and some of them, I hear, have felt this new whip on the raw to some purpose.'" The letters were answered by Croker "most elaborately and acutely," says Lockhart, in the *London Courier*, then the semi-official organ of Lord Liverpool's government; but this rencontre, mainly owing to Scott's forbearance, caused no interruption of their friendship, which continued unimpaired to the last, though Scott in a private letter to Croker gave him a gentle reprimand:—

Besides, my dear Croker, I must say you sported too many and too direct personal allusions to myself, not to authorize and even demand some retaliation *dans le même genre*; and however good-humoredly men begin this sort of "sharp encounter of their wits," their temper gets the best of them at last. . . . So I thought it best not to endanger the loss of an old friend for a bad jest, and sit quietly down with your odd hits, and the discredit which I must count on here for not repaying them, or trying to do so.

We have quoted Scott's letter for an-

other reason. His reference to Croker's "personal allusions" affords us an opportunity of saying a few words on a subject which no biographer of Mr. Croker can pass over in silence. His sarcastic sallies and pungent wit made him many enemies; nor can it be denied that he frequently indulged in personal allusions, the like of which we had hoped, previous to the appearance of Mr. Trevelyan's book, had now disappeared from literature. But it should be recollected, in extenuation of Mr. Croker's offence, that his early manhood was passed in a time of bitter personal animosity, when there was hardly any social intercourse between persons of different political opinions, and when party spirit proceeded to lengths unknown to the present generation.* Added to this, he was frequently called upon, at short notice, to defend a ministry savagely assailed by the most powerful political writers and journalists of the day. Writing for the most part anonymously, he did not measure his words or phrases; and to this habit of party warfare, joined to an innate spirit of criticism and to a hatred of humbug and imposture, may be attributed the severity with which he attacked and unravelled—even to the minutest details—everything that bore the appearance of fraud and undue pretension. It has been objected to him, that in his criticisms and reviews he has descended constantly to the merest trifles; but he himself used to say that he was never disposed to regard any fact as a trifle, not simply because "*nugæ in seria ducunt*," but because he had found by long experience that the smallest and apparently the most indifferent trifles often indicated serious matters, and led to important results. He was, however, himself aware that he was frequently betrayed into too great severity towards literary and political opponents. In an interesting letter written only three weeks before his death, he asks Mr. Murray to request a common friend to look over an essay which he feared he should not live to correct, with a view of "softening any too sharp expression," and then adds, "My style is naturally too sharp, and sharper than, perhaps, I am conscious of; and therefore, in leaving this paper behind me, I am anxious that it should contain no offensive expressions; and if there be any such, a few touches of Mr.—'s discreet pen would supply something equally forcible,

and not liable to the reproach of being harsh."

Though Mr. Croker wrote with a sharp pen, no man had in reality a kinder heart. His aid was never asked by those who had the slightest claim upon him, without obtaining real and energetic assistance; and when he once took up a cause, no champion was more persevering and untiring. Even with respect to his opponents, his acrimony seems to have spent itself in print. It is a fact highly creditable to him that, after reading his private diary and hundreds of his private letters, we have not in a single instance found any ill-natured remarks, even upon his opponents, still less any reflections upon their private character. We cannot, therefore, gratify the curiosity of our readers, even if we had the wish to do so, by producing any acrimonious attacks upon Lord Macaulay, similar to those with which Mr. Trevelyan has favored us upon Mr. Croker.

Returning to the narrative of Mr. Croker's life, we find him, in 1830, released from office by the accession of the Whigs to power, and taking a prominent part in the debates on the Reform Bill in the House of Commons. It was in them that he first came into collision with Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan, adopting Macaulay's self-estimate, has altogether mistaken and misrepresented the feud between Macaulay and Croker, and especially the relative position of the two antagonists during these debates. It has often been said that in English political life it is only in opposition that a man shows his real power; and Mr. Croker, who had hitherto been kept to a certain extent in the background as an official without a seat in the cabinet, surprised even his own friends and party by the ability he displayed. There were occasions when he took the lead even of Peel, especially in several encounters with Macaulay, in which he confessedly had the best of it. In a passage in his diary Mr. Croker writes: "I got to the House of Commons about eight. I did not feel inclined to speak, as I had not heard the early part of the debate and was not very well; nor had I, indeed, an opening except after Macaulay; but as I had happened to reply to him on five different occasions, I thought it would look too like *pitting* myself against him."

But whether he wished to avoid this or not, public opinion "pitted" them against each other. There is no doubt that Macaulay's speeches made a considerable impression, nor have we any desire to de-

* Take, for example, Sydney Smith's attack on Caning in the "Peter Plymley Letters."

preciate his success. But Mr. Trevelyan goes too far when he says that Macaulay was placed at once in the first rank of "Parliamentary orators." Mr. Sheil, who was a great admirer of Macaulay, speaking of him in extravagant terms as the "most extraordinary person in either House," gives a more correct estimate of his oratorical powers: "Unfortunately, with all his talent and spirit and force, there is nothing of the debater in his speeches, nothing betokening readiness; but he has the power of coming forward on great occasions with a speech that commands the House, and this would make him an invaluable accession to any ministry."* In the very point in which Macaulay failed, Croker was pre-eminent. As a debater few were his equals in the House, and none his superior, except perhaps Mr. Stanley, the late Lord Derby. Mr. Croker was able to reply on the instant to his most formidable opponents, and to turn against them what appeared their most telling arguments. Of this we have an example in his reply to Macaulay in their memorable encounter on September 22nd, 1831, on the question that "the Bill do pass." Macaulay had warned the House of Lords to beware of resisting the popular will, by drawing a vivid picture of the downfall of the French aristocracy in consequence of their following a similar line of conduct.

Have they never [asked Macaulay] walked by those stately mansions, now sinking into decay, and portioned out into lodging-rooms, which line the silent streets of the Faubourg St. Germain? Have they never heard that from those magnificent hotels, from those ancient castles, an aristocracy as splendid, as brave, as proud, as accomplished as ever Europe saw, was driven forth to exile and beggary to implore the charity of hostile governments and hostile creeds, to cut wood in the back settlements of America, or to teach French in the schoolrooms of London? And why were those haughty nobles destroyed with that utter destruction? Why were they scattered over the face of the earth, their titles abolished, their escutcheons defaced, their parks wasted, their palaces dismantled, their heritage given to strangers? Because they had no sympathy with the people.

He was immediately answered by Croker, without previous preparation, and with a readiness and power which carried the House with him.

The learned gentleman seemed, sometimes, to forget that he was addressing the House of

Commons; or, aware that a voice so eloquent was not to be confined within these walls, he took the opportunity of the debate here of addressing himself also to another branch of the legislature, in, as he no doubt thought, the words of wisdom taught by experience. Not satisfied with those vague generalities which he handled with that brilliant declamation which tickles the ear and amuses the imagination, without satisfying the reason, he unluckily, I think, for the force of his appeal, thought proper to descend to argumentative illustration and historical precedents. But whence has he drawn his experience? Sir, he drew his weapon from the very armory to which, if I had been aware of his attack, I should myself have resorted for the means of repelling it.

He reverted to the early lessons of the French Revolution, and the echoes of the deserted palaces of the Faubourg St. Germain were reverberated in the learned gentleman's eloquence, as ominous admonitions to the peerage of England. He sees that that frightful period—the dawn of that long and disastrous day of crime and calamity—bears some resemblance to our present circumstances, and he thinks justly: but different, widely different, is the inference which my mind draws from this awful comparison. . . . I am, I own, exceedingly surprised, not that the learned gentleman should have thought the illustration both just and striking, but that he should not have felt that the facts of the case would lead any reasonable and impartial mind to conclusions absolutely the reverse of those which he has deduced from them. He warns the peers of England to beware of resisting the popular will, and he draws from the fate of the French nobility at the Revolution, the example of the fact and the folly of a similar resistance. Good God! sir, where has the learned gentleman lived, what works must he have read, with what authorities must he have communed, when he attributes the downfall of the French nobility to an injudicious and obstinate resistance to popular opinion? The direct reverse is the notorious fact—so notorious, that it is one of the commonplaces of modern history.

After giving an account of the meeting of the States-General, and of the proposal of the *tiers état*, that the separate chambers should be abolished, and that all the estates should meet in one House, Croker proceeded to say:—

In fact, the proposition of the *tiers état* was a reform bill, calculated to increase the democratic and lower the aristocratical influence; and seeing that the nobles were reluctant to commit so suicidal an act, they determined to force them to the fatal step by every species of fraud and violence, deceit and intimidation; and much the same kind of arguments were then addressed by pretended friends and open enemies to the French chamber of the nobil-

* Memoir of Viscount Althorp, p. 328.

ity, which is now directed against our House of Lords. But did the nobles, on that vital occasion, show that blind and inflexible obstinacy which the learned gentleman has attributed to them? Did they even display the decent dignity of a deliberative council? Did they indeed exhibit a cold and contemptuous apathy to the feelings of the people, or did they not rather evince a morbid and dishonourable sensibility to every turn of the popular passion? Was it, sir, in fact, their high and haughty resistance, or was it, alas! their deplorable pusillanimity that overthrew their unhappy country? No inconsiderable portion of the nobility joined the *tiers état* at once, and with headlong and heedless alacrity; the rest delayed for a short interval—a few days only of doubt and dismay; and after that short pause, those whom the learned gentleman called proud and obstinate bigots to privilege and power, abandoned their most undoubted privilege and most effective powers and were seen to march in melancholy procession to the funeral of the Constitution, with a fallacious appearance of freedom, but bound in reality by the invisible shackles of intimidation, goaded by the invectives of a treasonable and rancorous press, and insulted, menaced, and all but driven by the bloody hands of an infuriated populace.

But was this all? did the sacrifice end here? When the *tiers état* had achieved their first triumph, and when, at last, the three estates were collected in the National Assembly, was the nobility deaf to the calls of the people, or did they cling with indecent tenacity to even their most innocent privileges? The learned gentleman has appealed to the decayed ceilings and tarnished walls of the Faubourg St. Germain, where ancient ancestry had depicted its insignia, but which now exhibit the faded and tattered remnants of fallen greatness. Does the learned gentlemen not know that it was the rash hands of the nobility itself which struck the first blow against these aristocratical decorations?

The learned gentleman attributes to the obstinacy and bigotry of the French clergy the ruin of the Church; but who in truth gave, in those early days of confiscation and usurpation, the first flagrant example of the plunder of the property, and the invasion of the power of the Church?—A cardinal archbishop! Who first proposed the abolition of tithes?—A noble and a prelate! and on principles, too, let me observe *en passant*, so extravagantly popular, that even the patriot Abbé Grégoire, of Jacobin notoriety, could not countenance them. And in that celebrated night, which has been called the *night of sacrifices*, but which is better known by the more appropriate title of the *night of insanity*, when the whole frame and order of civilized society was overthrown in the delirium of popular compliance, who led the way in the giddy orgies of destruction?—Alas! the nobility! Who was it that, in that portentous night, offered, as he said, on the altar of his coun-

try, the sacrifice of the privileges of the nobility?—A Montmorency! Who proposed the abolition of all feudal and seigniorial rights?—A Noailles! And what followed?—We turn over a page or two of this eventful history, and we find the Montmorencies in exile, and the Noailles on the scaffold!

Mr. Greville, who is generally hostile to Mr. Croker, makes the following entry under the date of September 22: "The night before last Croker and Macaulay made two fine speeches on reform; the former spoke for two hours and a half, and in a way he had never done before. Macaulay was very brilliant." The fact is, as we have been told by a person of the highest authority, who is now alive and was a member of the House at the time, that Croker's speech produced an extraordinary impression, and was repeatedly and loudly cheered. After the part which both parties had taken in these debates, it is almost incredible that Macaulay should have described Croker as a person of "very slender faculties." We can only repeat Macaulay's own words on another occasion—"How extravagantly unjust party spirit makes men!"

It was in the very midst of these conflicts, when the passions of all parties were inflamed to the highest degree, that Croker's edition of Boswell made its appearance; and there is clear evidence from Macaulay's own letters that it was because he writhed under the sting of Croker's successful replies in their Parliamentary battles that he became the assailant in the field of literature. After one of their passages of arms in the committee on the Reform Bill, Macaulay writes to his sister (July, 1831): "I ought to tell you that Peel was very civil and cheered me loudly; and that impudent, leering Croker congratulated the House on the proof which I had given of my readiness. He was afraid, he said, that I had been silent so long on account of the many allusions which had been made to Calne. Now that I had risen again he hoped that they should hear me often. *See whether I do not dust that varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the Blue and Yellow.* I detest him more than cold boiled veal."

What will be thought of this avowal of the purpose to "take revenge" (as Mr. Trevelyan says in another case of the same kind)* for a political quarrel in the character of a literary judge? Truly a new reading of the motto, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*" After half

* Macaulay's "Life," vol. ii., p. 262.

the article has been sent to Edinburgh, Macaulay again writes to his sister: "I have, though I say it who should not say it, beaten Croker black and blue. Impudent as he is, I think he must be ashamed of the pickle in which I leave him." The next number of the "Blue and Yellow" contained the well-known review of Croker's Boswell, one of the most acrimonious and unfair reviews ever written, in which all the restraints of literary courtesy are thrown aside, and such terms as *ignorance*, *monstrous blunders*, *gross and scandalous inaccuracy*, etc., etc., are freely scattered. As was long since said, in no hostile journal: "Everybody is aware that the article was originally levelled less against Mr. Croker the editor than Mr. Croker the politician, and the abuse which may have been relished in times of hot passion and party vindictiveness reads in our calmer days as so much bad taste and bad feeling."

Macaulay returned to the charge in 1843, in his review of Madame d'Arblay's "Diary and Letters." The offence of which he now arraigned Croker was based on what we should term an important literary discovery; namely, that the novel "Evelina," which Johnson raved about and Reynolds sat up half the night to read, was not written (as commonly believed) by a girl of seventeen, but by a woman of six-and-twenty. It was a perfectly legitimate inquiry, and it is ridiculous to speak of it as a "ferocious insult." In the essay referred to, Macaulay indulges in the following piece of ribald abuse, of which, we feel confident, Croker, in his angriest moods, would have been incapable:—

There was no want of low minds and bad hearts in the generation which witnessed her first appearance. There was the envious Kenrick and the savage Wolcot, the asp George Stevens, and the polecat John Williams. It did not, however, occur to them to search the parish register of Lynn, in order that they might be able to twit a lady with having concealed her age. That truly chivalrous exploit was reserved for a bad writer of our own time, whose spite she had provoked by not furnishing him with materials for a worthless edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," some sheets of which our readers have doubtless seen round parcels of better books.

To the same effect Macaulay had previously written, "My article on Croker has smashed his book."* But what are the facts? Notwithstanding the slashing criti-

cism in the "Blue and Yellow," the book has steadily maintained its ground as by far the best edition of Boswell. Upwards of forty thousand copies have been sold; and such is still the demand for it, that a new library edition is even now in preparation. The impartial judgment of the public shown by so large a sale is the best answer to Macaulay's criticisms. Many of these were answered at the time in *Blackwood's Magazine*, but into this part of the controversy our space forbids us to enter. We call attention to it only on account of a passage in one of Macaulay's letters to Mr. Napier:—

On the whole, I thought it best not to answer Croker. Almost all the little pamphlet which he published (or rather printed, for I believe it is not for sale) is made up of extracts from Blackwood: and I thought that a contest with *your grog-drinking, cock-fighting, cudgel-playing professor of moral philosophy* would be too degrading.

Considering who Professor Wilson was, and the high compliment he paid to Macaulay in the Edinburgh election in 1852, Mr. Trevelyan might well have suppressed this passage, as well as his own offensive remarks in an earlier part of his book.* The conduct of Professor Wilson on that occasion reflects such honor upon him, that it deserves a record in these pages. He was at the time lying seriously ill at his brother's house in the country; but he rose from his sick-bed, proceeded to Edinburgh, and leaning upon his friends, Professor Aytoun and Mr. John Blackwood, made his way with great difficulty to the poll, where he recorded his vote for Macaulay. It was a generous tribute to the genius of a political opponent, and a protest against Scotch bigotry, and demanded from Mr. Trevelyan ample and grateful acknowledgment. But the only notice which Lord Macaulay's biographer thinks such noble conduct deserves is the following sneering remark: "Professor Wilson, the most distinguished survivor from the old school of Scotch Toryism, . . . performed the last act of his *bustling and jovial existence* by going to the poll for Macaulay"!

In tracing the history of this literary quarrel, we next come to Croker's review of Macaulay's "History of England" in the *Quarterly*, in 1848. We have already quoted Macaulay's remarks in his diary upon this review (p. 196); and after reading the article again, our surprise is greater

* Macaulay's "Life," vol. i., p. 248.

* Ibid., vol. i., pp. 137, 138.

than ever that Macaulay should have written as he did. It is a decisive proof of his incapacity to form a just estimate of things or persons when his self-love was wounded or his prejudices were excited. He says: "He (Croker) should have been large in acknowledgment." Was he not? The article begins thus:—

The reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the House.

Is it well possible to go further in the way of acknowledgment? "He should have looked out for real blemishes." He did look out for them, and exposed them by the dozen; and the article was not received with contempt, not even by Macaulay and his friends. Though the style is sharp, and the criticisms are severe, there is an absence of all personal allusion, except in one passage which is so honorable to Croker after the provocation he had received, and contains such a graceful allusion to Macaulay's career that it might have mitigated a less fierce resentment. In answering Macaulay's charge against Marlborough, Croker says:—

Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in inborn merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honorable thrift an honorable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition.*

The only excuse to be made for Lord Macaulay is that he gave vent to his anger in a private journal, which, as we have seen, was probably never meant to meet the public eye. But what shall we say of his biographer—a politician and a man of the world—who, after the lapse not of eighteen years but of eight-and-twenty, having no private wrongs of his own to avenge, indulges in an acrimonious

diatribe against Mr. Croker's article, calling it "that farrago of angry trash," and pronouncing upon it this sweeping condemnation:—

The sole effect which the article produced upon the public was to set it reading Macaulay's review of Croker's "Boswell," in order to learn what the injury might be which, after the lapse of eighteen years, had sting enough left to provoke a veteran writer, politician, and man of the world into such utter oblivion of common sense, common fairness, and common courtesy.

We do not consider ourselves called upon to defend Mr. Croker's article, or, indeed, any other article which appeared in our pages more than a quarter of a century ago; but this we will say with a perfect certainty of its truth. If the effect produced by Mr. Trevelyan's book is to set the public reading the two reviews, unbiassed by party prejudice or personal predilection, we have not the slightest doubt what their verdict will be. They will come to the conclusion that Mr. Croker's language is fairness and courtesy itself compared with Lord Macaulay's, and what Mr. Trevelyan says against Mr. Croker is far more applicable to Lord Macaulay himself. Mr. Trevelyan, like other admirers of his uncle, seems to regard it as a kind of profanation to point out any of Lord Macaulay's defects, however ample may be the acknowledgment of his many brilliant qualities. He seems to think that Lord Macaulay may indulge in what abuse he pleases without being exposed to criticism in return; that what is right in him is wrong in others; and that with what measure he metes, it shall *not* be measured to him again. We have had, as we said before, enough, indeed too much, of this. In the republic of letters there is no dictator. Lord Macaulay is neither infallible nor immaculate. He was the bitterest of critics, the most uncompromising of controversialists. If the same language is applied to him which is applied to his critics, he seldom "lost an opportunity of launching shafts against the literary reputation" of others; and it is no more than bare justice to the many victims of his vituperative rhetoric to repeat that his weight as an authority is in an inverse ratio to his brilliancy.

It is not pleasant to have been compelled to dwell upon this ancient feud, but the quarrel is none of our seeking.

Si rixa est ubi tu pugnas, ego vapulo tantum.

We cannot stand tamely by and allow the public to suppose that Mr. Croker was

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxiv., p. 610.

only or indeed chiefly to blame. As Lord Macaulay was the original aggressor, so the revival of the feud is entirely owing to his biographer. Persons who may be disposed to censure those engaged in such a dispute should call to mind a well-known passage in Sydney Smith: * "Those who mean to be just should ask, *Who begins?* The *real* disgrace of the squabble is in the attack, not in the defence."

We return from this digression to the narrative of Mr. Croker's life. We left him in 1831 engaged in the thickest of the conflict on the Reform Bill; but if we were to trace his career during this and the following year, we should have to write the political history of the time. The leading part which he took in the councils of the Tory chiefs and in the debates in the House of Commons is testified by all the memoirs and histories of the period. Take, for example, the hostile evidence of the late Sir Denis Le Marchant in his recently published "Memoir of Lord Althorp:" he thus describes Mr. Croker's share in the debates on the disfranchisement clauses of the bill: —

All the ingenuity and malignity of Mr. Croker were employed to mystify the calculations on which the schedules rested, or to show that other boroughs under the influence of the Whig patrons had been unduly passed over. He referred openly to Lord Lansdowne, observing, that "Calne was the keystone of the arch," and this became a favorite saying among his party.† ("Memoir of Viscount Althorp," pp. 335, 336.)

The incurable Whig tendency to exalt Macaulay, and depreciate Croker at his expense, was never more clearly shown than in Sir Denis Le Marchant's account of the two days' debate on the second reading of the third Reform Bill (December 16 and 17, 1831).

On the first night was the brilliant speech of Mr. Macaulay, up to that time certainly his greatest. . . . The attempt at a reply by Mr. Croker, in a speech of two hours and a half, utterly failed, and only added disgrace to defeat, for on the following night Mr. Stanley convicted him of gross misrepresentation of facts, in the version he gave of the differences between Charles the First and the Parliament. (Ibid., pp. 382, 383.)

It is extraordinary, the writer goes on to say, that a speech so eminently successful as Stanley's should have been over-

looked in the history of the bill. This will not appear extraordinary to any one who takes the trouble to refer to "Hansard." The alleged conviction is confined to a single point. Croker had quoted Hume, and Stanley declared Hume to be wrong on the strength of some information supplied by Hobhouse (Lord Broughton); the collective "historical recollections" of the party being (as we are told in a note) unequal to the exposure of Mr. Croker's "gross misrepresentations" till they had slept upon it. The moment Stanley sat down, Peel rose to answer him, and the third paragraph of his speech begins thus: —

One word with respect to what had fallen last night from the honorable member for Calne; if, indeed, it was not something worse than superfluous to offer any additional observations after the unanswerable and matchless speech of his right honorable friend (Mr. Croker) beside him.

Is it credible that Sir Robert Peel would have spoken thus of a speech which had just been hopelessly smashed, to the disgrace of the speaker and the confusion of his friends?

Lord Macaulay appears to have estimated at a preposterously low rate the intellectual powers which the "Rupert of debate" so conspicuously displayed on this and many similar occasions. Balancing between politics and literature, December 30, 1835, he writes: —

I comprehend perfectly how a man who can debate, but who would make a very indifferent figure as a contributor to an annual or a magazine — such a man as Stanley, for example — should take the only line by which he can attain distinction.

In point of fact, Lord Derby did attain high literary distinction; but, judging *à priori*, we should have said that his dash, fire, flow, and fertility of language eminently qualified him to shine as a popular writer or controversialist.

At the beginning of the following year Mr. Croker again takes the lead in the debates: —

There was no sign at first [writes Sir Denis Le Marchant] of a less hostile policy in the Opposition leaders; for although Mr. Croker rather ostentatiously declared that he had given both public and private assurances to the ministers of his having taken great pains to prevent the necessity of delay, he now, in conjunction with Sir Charles Wetherell and Sir Robert Peel, opposed the speaker's leaving the chair, on the ground of further information respecting the alteration made in

* Sydney Smith's Works, p. 608. One-vol. edit.

† Our readers will recollect that Macaulay then sat for Calne, and that this speech was made in July, just before Macaulay commenced his article on Croker's Boswell. See *ante*, p. 210.

the schedules being indispensable. . . . The triumvirate continued to press their objection. ("Memoir of Viscount Althorp," p. 387.)

To these hostile witnesses we may add the less-prejudiced evidence of Sir Henry Hardinge, who, in a conversation with Sir Denis Le Marchant respecting Lord Althorp, says:—

It was Althorp carried the bill. His fine temper did it. Once, in answer to a *most able and argumentative speech* of Croker, he rose and merely observed, "that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honorable gentleman's arguments, but unfortunately he had mislaid them, so that he could only say that, if the House would be guided by his advice, they would reject the amendment," which they did accordingly. There was no standing against such influence as this. (*Ibid.*, p. 400.)

It would be easy to multiply similar testimonies, but these must suffice. So high was the position of Mr. Croker at this time that, when the attempt was made to change the government in May, 1832, the Duke of Wellington urged him to accept a seat in the cabinet. Mr. Croker kept a full account of all that took place during this crisis; and as he was in daily intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and the other Tory chiefs, his journal gives most interesting information of the views and plans of the leading actors. We trust it will be given to the public; but meantime we find room for one or two extracts, relating more immediately to Mr. Croker himself.

Saturday, 12th May.—I came early into town, and called on the duke. He said, "Well, we are in a fine scrape, and I really do not see how we are to get out of it." . . . He then told me that if no one else would, he would himself undertake the government. He said he had passed his whole life in troubles, and was now in troubles again; but that it was his duty to stand by the king, and he would do so: for "what," he added, "could I say to those gentlemen who met here yesterday, and who consented, at my suggestion, to forego all their private feelings and interests for the great object of preventing a revolution, but that I would not myself hesitate to undergo all the odium and all the danger which might attend our attempt?" However, when I told him that I had written to urge Peel, and was about to go to him to entreat him verbally to undertake the government, his Grace encouraged me to do so, and authorized me to say to Peel that he was ready to serve with him, or *under him*, or any way that he should think best for the common cause. He then said, "I am particularly pleased with the advice you give Peel, because

it leads me to hope that you mean to act on the same principle yourself, and help me in this great emergency." He spoke doubtfully, as if he knew that I had expressed a contrary intention, as I had, indeed, ever since he left office in 1830. I replied by begging his Grace to recollect that I had apprised him verbally, and in writing, soon after we left office, of my firm resolution never again to enter into it, happen what might; that that resolution I had maintained all along, and by that I must now abide. But I said that, exclusive of that, there were reasons which must have obliged *me* to decline taking office under present circumstances. I had neither birth, nor station, nor fortune, nothing but my personal character to hold by; and I would have him to judge what would be thought of *me* if, after the part I had taken, I should be found supporting Schedule A, and accepting a high office and salary as the price of that support. I should lose myself, and do the cause more harm than good.

Wednesday, 16th May.—I went afterwards, very late, to Lady Salisbury's. I found some of the Tory ladies, and even a few of the gentlemen, very angry with me for not having been ready to take office. These good people never consider, first, my position as to the Reform Bill, and, above all, as to Schedule A; secondly, that not having been in the old cabinet, the old cabinet has no claim upon me; and thirdly, that it would be impossible for me, even if I had wished for office ever so much (the contrary being the fact), to take such a step without the concurrence of those political friends (Lord Hertford in particular) with whom I had hitherto acted. What might not Lord Hertford say if, on his return to England, he found the member for Aldborough advocating Schedule A? It really would be a dishonorable breach of trust, besides being a base surrender of my own opinions.

On the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Croker determined to retire from public life altogether. It was not the difficulty of finding a seat that kept him out of Parliament, for Trinity College, Dublin, was pledged to return him, and three or four other constituencies were eager to have him as their representative; but he held that the Reform Bill was a revolutionary measure, carried by the House of Commons against the will of the lords and the king, and he therefore refused to take any further share in the government of the country. His views and his feelings at this time will be seen by the following letter which he wrote to Sir Robert Peel:—

Sudley Lodge, Bognor, 15th August, 1832.

MY DEAR PEEL,—

You are aware of my reluctance to come into the new Parliament. You may be aware, too, that according to all present appearances,

I should, if I suffered myself to be put in nomination, be *unanimously* elected by Dublin University. . . . I have told my friends that for many reasons (which I need not trouble you with) I cannot consent to sit in the Reform Parliament. I have also communicated this resolution to the Duke of Wellington for the same reason that I now convey it to you, as my late political leader and as my old and dear private friend. So that chapter is closed, never I hope to be reopened. I well know the sacrifice I make—not of the vanity of being re-elected for that place—in other times that would have been something; but of that private society and intimate intercourse which in our habits cannot exist without political connection, or at least without living in the same political atmosphere. I shall lose the society of those with whom I have lived the intelligent half of my life, and I shall have, not the pleasure, as Lucretius calls it, but the pain of seeing them tost on a tempestuous sea, while I stand—perhaps not out of danger, though out of sight—on the shore. But, under all circumstances, believe that I shall be,

My dear Peel,

Your most sincere and affectionate friend,
J. W. CROKER.

To the resolution thus formed he steadily adhered, though he was a second time tempted by the offer of a high place in the government, when the Conservatives came into power at the end of 1834. Sir Robert Peel, as is well known, was hastily summoned from Rome to form an administration, and almost his very first act upon his arrival in London was to send the following letter to Mr. Croker:—

Whitehall, December 9, 1834.

MY DEAR CROKER,—

Though I have only been one night in bed since I left Lyons, and have found anything but repose since my arrival here this morning, I must write you one line, to certify to you for myself, that I am here. Lady Peel and Julia travelled with me as far as Dover; travelling by night over precipices and snow eight nights out of twelve. I shall be very glad to see you. It will be a relief to me from the harassing cares that await me.

Ever affectionately yours,
ROBERT PEEL.

We give this letter only to show the intimate footing on which Peel and Croker stood: the correspondence between them at that time is of too private and confidential a nature to be made public, at least in the present generation. Perhaps even Mr. Trevelyan will admit that to have been twice offered a seat in the cabinet, first by the Duke of Wellington, and a second time by Sir Robert Peel, was no mean distinction for a man of “very slender faculties.”

Our space is nearly exhausted, and we cannot therefore follow Mr. Croker into retirement. He resided chiefly at West Molesey, in Surrey, and at a marine villa which he had at Alverstoke, near Gosport. He continued to take a keen interest in politics; and he was in constant correspondence with Sir Robert Peel on public affairs; but his time was mostly occupied in literary pursuits. He continued to write for this review even more frequently than before, and he was much engaged in collecting materials for a long-meditated editions of Pope's works. In 1842 he lost his old friend the Marquis of Hertford, who left him one of his executors. The legal proceedings resulting from this trust are apparently those to which Lord Macaulay alludes in a letter referred to by Mr. Trevelyan.

In a singularly powerful letter, written as late as 1843, he (Macaulay) recites in detail certain unsavory portions of that gentleman's private life which were not only part of the stock gossip of every bow-window in St. James's Street, but which had been brought into the light of day in the course either of Parliamentary or judicial investigations. After illustrating these transactions with evidence which proved that he did not take up an antipathy on hearsay, Macaulay comments on them in such terms as clearly indicate that his animosity to Croker arose from incompatibility of moral sentiments, and not of political opinions. (Vol. i., p. 124.)

This is perhaps the most offensive of the many offensive passages in Mr. Trevelyan's book, and compels us to explain the private relations that subsisted between Mr. Croker and the Marquis of Hertford, though we must at the same time protest against the necessity which Mr. Trevelyan has imposed upon us of bringing before the public the private affairs of a gentleman who has been dead nearly twenty years. Mr. Croker had from an early period of his life been the intimate friend of the Marquis of Hertford, who returned him to Parliament for the borough of Aldborough, and was in his turn largely indebted to him. He superintended the affairs of the marquis, and virtually managed his large estates, just as two other members of Parliament who sat in the House along with him managed those of other noblemen; only with this difference, that Mr. Croker would never receive any salary. In return for his services Lord Hertford in his lifetime offered Mr. Croker a large sum of money—as much, we believe, as 80,000*l.*—in order to save the legacy duty; but as Mr. Croker de-

clined receiving it, the marquis declared his intention of remembering him in his will, and left him in the codicils a legacy of 21,000*l.* It is believed that a further legacy, equal to the amount offered him in Lord Hertford's lifetime, was left him in some other codicils which were suspected to have been made away with.

At the trial of one of the persons who were accused of purloining some of Lord Hertford's effects, it came out in evidence that Mr. Croker had been seen in Lord Hertford's society, when he was accompanied by one of his female acquaintance. Mr. Croker's long connection and friendship with Lord Hertford, and his having the chief management of the marquis's affairs, involved a certain amount of intercourse; but that he approved of his old friend's irregularities, is inconsistent with all his antecedents. Indeed, it was his own decorous and domestic life that gave significance to the circumstance of his having once been seen in such society. It raised a laugh against him amongst his friends, but no one at the time dreamt of making it the foundation of a serious accusation. Judging from the date of Macaulay's letter, we suspect that he refers to some of the law proceedings to which we have alluded, when he speaks of "judicial investigations." In like manner we have already conjectured that the "Parliamentary investigations" relate to the part Mr. Croker took in the Duke of York's affair. We are, however, left to conjecture; for it is one of the disadvantages under which we labor in noticing and refuting these accusations and calumnies, that Mr. Trevelyan deals in innuendoes, and brings forward no proofs in support of any distinct charges. Mr. Trevelyan has said either too much or too little. If Mr. Croker were alive, Mr. Trevelyan would have been guilty of a libel, and might have been compelled in a court of justice to substantiate such scandalous accusations against a gentleman's private character. But "*actio personalis moritur cum persona*," and Mr. Croker's friends cannot therefore vindicate his character by the strong arm of the law.

It becomes, however, a serious question, one which has been forced upon us also by the publication and republication (with the worst of the refuted calumnies) of the "Greville Memoirs," how far society will tolerate libellous attacks upon the dead, which outrage the feelings and affections of surviving relatives and friends. Can anything justify such an attack upon Mr. Croker's private character, especially while

Mr. Croker's widow and his adopted daughter are still alive? The principles which ought to guide all biographers and editors of papers entrusted to their care, cannot be better stated than in the words of the late Lord Stanhope and Lord Cardwell in their preface to the "Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel:" "According to the judgment of the present editors, there are many things in the Peel papers that ought not to be published as yet, and many things as affecting other persons that ought not to be published at all. In whatever they may send forth to the world, it will be their earnest desire to do full justice to the dead, *without any injury or offence to the feelings of those who still survive*. Thus, as they hope, will they show themselves ever mindful of Sir Robert Peel's own and emphatic injunction, 'so to exercise the discretion given to them that no honorable confidence shall be betrayed — *no private feelings unnecessarily wounded* — and no public interests injuriously affected.'"

Before reproducing the scandalous gossip of "the bow-windows of St. James's Street," or the lampoons of the disreputable portion of the press, in order to prove the "unsavory" character of Mr. Croker's life, Mr. Trevelyan would have done well to remember that Lord Macaulay himself had been exposed to similar calumnies. Referring to the events of 1835, the biographer states: —

Eighteen months elapsed, during which the Calcutta press found occasion to attack Macaulay with a breadth and ferocity of calumny such as few public men, in any age and country, have ever endured, and none perhaps have ever forgiven. There were many mornings when it was impossible for him to allow the newspapers to lie about his sister's drawing-room. (Vol. i., p. 391.)

What would Lord Macaulay's friends say if these newspapers were quoted to prove the "unsavory" character of *his* life?

After recapitulating the contents of the "singularly powerful" letter, which from his account must have been a singularly libellous one, Mr. Trevelyan sums it up by saying: "Macaulay's judgment has been confirmed by the public voice, which, *rightly or wrongly*, identifies Croker with the character of Rigby in Mr. Disraeli's 'Coningsby.'"

Rightly or wrongly! So that, if the public voice has erred, the confirmation of Macaulay's judgment is the same! Strange reasoning this. And who before

ever thought of adducing a satirical portrait in a work of fiction in confirmation of grave charges of any kind? Would Mr. Trevelyan require us to accept the vacillations of Lothair between the rival faiths and beauties as proof positive of weakness and inconstancy in the amiable and estimable nobleman whom, rightly or wrongly, the public voice identifies with the hero of the book? Rigby, moreover, was not drawn from the life. The leading features are obviously taken from Lady Morgan's clever but spiteful and overcharged character of Counsellor Con in "O'Donnell;" and the extent of Mr. Disraeli's personal knowledge of his subject may be inferred from his opening sentences:—

Rigby was not a professional man: indeed his origin, education, early pursuits and studies, were equally obscure; but he had contrived in good time to squeeze himself into Parliament, by means which no one could ever comprehend, and then set up as a perfect man of business. ("Coningsby," chap. ii.)

It has been shown that all this is untrue of Mr. Croker. He *was* a professional man, and everything relating to him was well known. The caricature has been termed the brevet of celebrity; and (granting the question of identity) for a public man to have occupied a prominent place in two such novels as "O'Donnell" and "Coningsby," undoubted productions of genius, is certainly no deduction from his fame.

In 1846 Mr. Croker lost another old friend, but alas! not this time by death. The repeal of the Corn Laws, which severed so many friendships, caused an estrangement, and finally a complete rupture, between Mr. Croker and Sir Robert Peel. Into the details of this painful event we forbear to enter, and will content ourselves by giving an extract from a letter which Mr. Croker wrote to M. Guizot in the last year of his life:—

Peel I knew longer and better, and till the last few years loved more than any other man alive. I was as long and as confidentially connected with the Duke of Wellington, but he was already a great man before I knew him, and his position and employment rendered our intercourse not so frequent and less familiar; but with Peel I lived as a brother from his first entering into life, and either saw him or corresponded with him every week of our lives, in a community of political and an identity of personal feelings.

His friendship with the Duke of Wellington continued unimpaired till the end

of that great man's life. Only a few days before his death* the duke repaired from Walmer Castle to pay a visit to Mr. Croker, then staying at Folkestone; and we have found among Mr. Croker's papers a full account of this visit and of the conversation that took place. It is particularly interesting, as probably the last record ever made of the duke's sayings, and we regret that we can only find room for a few extracts, which, however, bring him vividly before us:—

Folkestone, 4th September, 1852.—The Duke of Wellington had never expected to see me again, and I, a few months since, had never expected to see him; but as soon as he heard I had come here, he immediately came over to see me; but not having written to apprise me, I had unluckily the same day gone over to see him. But I waited at Dover for his return; when he promised to come again to Folkestone on Saturday (this was Thursday, the 2nd), which he did, and has stayed three hours with us, chatting in the most agreeable manner on all manner of subjects, with a vivacity and memory worth noting of a man in his eighty-fourth year. We are both deaf, I worse than usual to-day, and he, though he walks very well in fact, seems to totter; but this he has done for some years; both our minds, however (D. G.), seem as clear as ever. He talked of the length of our acquaintance, which began in 1806, and reminded me of his having in 1808, when he first went to Portugal, left the Parliamentary business of the Irish office in my hands, which led me into political life. He remembered much better than I did the names of some of the bills that I had to manage, even down to some local Dublin bills.

In coming to see me (as he had done the day but one before, 2nd September), he had chosen to walk from the station to our house, and without even a guide; he said he had found it a rough walk, and the ground intersected in a way he had not expected; so I said to him, "It seems you forgot to guess what was at the other side of the hill." This was in allusion to a circumstance which had occurred between him and me some thirty years before. When travelling on the north road, we amused ourselves by guessing what sort of a country we should find at the other side of the hills we drove up; and when I expressed surprise at some extraordinary good guesses he had made, he said, "Why, I have spent all my life in trying to guess what was at the other side of the hill." I had reminded him of this just as we were driving across the ravine that had impeded him, and he turned round to Mrs. Croker to explain it to her, adding, "All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavor to find out what you *don't* know by

* The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer on September 14, 1852.

what you *do* — that's what I called 'guessing what was at the other side of the hill.'"

Lady Barrow's five little girls were with us, and he won their hearts by writing his name in their albums; in the signature of one, the best written of the five, he wrote his name with a single *L*. His good humor and kindness to the children, and indeed to everybody, was very pleasing. To *me* (evidently on account of my precarious health) he was particularly affectionate. On going away he promised to see me again next week; but as he could not then fix the day, he would write and let me know. Going down out of the house there were two sets of steps, which he went down very leisurely, with Mrs. Croker on his arm, and counted them *one, two, three, and one, two, three, four*, and then looked back and repeated the numbers as if for *my* use, for he thought me feebler than, thank God, I really am. How characteristic this trifle is, both of his precision and his kind attention to others!

Mr. Croker survived his illustrious friend nearly five years. He died on the 10th of August, 1857, and was buried by the side of his long-lost and never-forgotten son.

In vindicating the memory of Mr. Croker from the studied aspersions that have been cast upon him by both Lord Macaulay and his biographer, we shall doubtless be accused again of "launching shafts against the literary character of Lord Macaulay." But some things we have not done, and never will do. We will not launch shafts against the *private* character of any political or literary opponent. We will not brand an antagonist as "a bad, a very bad, man: a scandal to politics and letters." We will not threaten "to dust that varlet's jacket for him," nor will we exult in "beating him black and blue." We will not "recite in detail any unsavory portions of a gentleman's private life, which are part of the stock gossip of every bow-window of St. James's Street." We will not plead "incompatibility of moral sentiments" as an excuse for indulging in political and literary animosity. Mr. Croker was as honorable a man as Lord Macaulay himself, and was equally loved and lamented by his relatives and friends. He was the intimate friend not only of the great men we have mentioned, but also of Lord Stowell, Lord Ashburton, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir William Follett, and of many others equally distinguished in politics and letters. If inferior to Macaulay in brilliancy, he was, as a debater in Parliament and the administrator of a public office, decidedly his superior. It is

not to be endured that malevolence should run into dogmatism, and that the authority of Lord Macaulay should be evoked in order to support false and railing accusations against the private life of a writer who for fifty years rendered important service to letters and literary men — of a public servant who for more than twenty years discharged the duties of a high and responsible office with honor to himself and advantage to the nation — and of a politician who was twice offered a seat in the cabinet, and who played a distinguished part in the House of Commons during one of the most momentous periods of our history.

From Good Words.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,

AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

A SECOND MARRIAGE DAY.

AT that instant Archie Douglas opened his eyes, looked up and recognized his wife. "Pleasance! Good heavens, am I dreaming?" he cried, starting to his feet, with the blood rushing to his head.

Pleasance's own face changed with the swiftness of lightning, from pallor to a scarlet flush. "No," she said looking down, "I am come, Archie, to see what you would have me to do."

"What I would have you to do?" still in wild confusion, and with the blood coursing hotly through his veins. "Do you mean that a sense of duty has brought you here?"

"Yes," she said, "as soon as I saw my duty."

He struggled for composure. "It is well that you see it at last," he was able to reply, speaking coldly, and with a shade of scorn in his tone, "for, however I might have sinned against you, it was not your part to deny your obligations."

"I know it now," she stammered. "I am here to fulfil what are left of my obligations."

"And I have said it is well for you as for me," he answered with rising irritability; "but you cannot expect me to thank you for your late resolution."

"No," she said, faintly, "I do not deserve — I do not wish thanks." She spoke in the humility of her conviction of wrong-doing, with her heart sinking and ready to break at every word.

He placed a chair for her; and then he stood and looked at her, not directly—he had not looked her in the face after his first amazed gaze of recognition—but with a furtive glance, as if he did not know what to do either with her or with himself. He put his hand to the bell. “I must have Ramsay the housekeeper summoned, and tell her the mistress of the house has come,” he said with feverish haste.

“Not yet,” she said imploringly, scarcely knowing what she said.

“But there is no time to lose,” he insisted. “You must be put in possession of your place here before I go to-morrow. You knew I was just leaving for Australia?”

“No,” she said sadly.

“No?” he echoed with a little incredulity, “but how should you know or care!” he added quickly; “no, it was not like you to inflict that additional cut”—he broke off, “Why should I say what was like you? we mistook each other utterly,” he declared ruefully.

Pleasance was silent, she could not go a-begging with her love, not even when she was there to admit her error, and to offer what compensation was in her power. She was not like Lizzie Blennerhasset.

The conception had been her rooted conviction, and it was part of her very nature, that it was for man to pursue and implore—it was what his strength could do without degradation; and it was for woman to retreat and keep her treasure till she was sure that it was wanted, and would be prized—else the treasure in its fulness would be lost to both man and woman. It was by such self-respect that woman’s weakness became dignified, and that the noble relation of helpmeet was established. The man was the woman’s head, and she should call him lord; but he was also her brother and fellow-worshipper, and she should come to him as a friend comes to a friend, not as a servant to her master, a slave to her owner. There was a love which was a fond dog’s love, and a love which was a truest friend’s.

Pleasance had loved Joel Wray in response to his ardent love, and owned her love all the more freely, that he had come before her poorer and more friendless than she was. She had stood by her election and confirmed it, till it had become, to her mind, void by his deceit.

She had been wrong, and she had travelled to Shardleigh to confess it, and to

re-establish, if he would, Archie Douglas’s authority over her; but no more than in the beginning could her love go a-begging, though she was quite conscious that the reticence put her at what might be a fatal disadvantage.

She could not tell what she had expected of reconciliation, of propitiation, of two hearts once so loving and united, springing by intuitive perception to the hidden motives, the piteous relentings, and the yearning tenderness on each side. She only knew that her inmost soul sickened at the formal pretence of reunion which Archie Douglas was proposing, while she was ready to consent to it, as to her duty. With her duty she could and she had gone a-begging, but all expression of her love at the first unappeased, haughty sparkle of Archie Douglas’s eye and curl of his lip, shrank back into the furthest and most secret recesses of her spirit.

Archie Douglas sent for Mrs. Ramsay, who, though she was a woman of the world and of Mrs. Perry’s code of manners, stood aghast at the abrupt communication that a mistress of Shardleigh had arrived on foot, in the early morning, walking in upon the household unexpectedly and unrecognized as if she had been a spirit. And this was the young squire’s wife about whom there had been such divided and contradictory accounts—who had been now described as a low young woman working with her hands—now a proud and perverse young lady of birth and fortune who had been kept out of her inheritance, and whom the squire’s mother had taken to speaking of with marked respect and a certain indefinite anticipation. Was this Mrs. Archie Douglas—this woman quiet and ladylike as she was handsome, who stood subdued and self-restrained, suffering the squire to present her to his chief servant, and even saying, of her own accord, with gentle friendliness, “Yes, I hope that we shall know each other better,” in answer to Mrs. Ramsay’s flurried greeting. And, to complicate the mistress of the house’s arrival, there was the master’s departure the very next day.

Mrs. Ramsay could scarcely control the whirl of astounded, conflicting feelings which beset her, till she was at liberty to rush to her own room and call a counsel of the more responsible servants, headed by Mr. Debreë, to tell them the tale, and to advise with them how to behave in the strange emergency in a household of position and respectability like the Douglasses’.

After he had installed her in the house, Archie Douglas formally apologized to Pleasance for leaving her alone, that he might go to Westbrook to transact pressing business in reference to his immediate departure. "I shall write to my mother," he said with the same forced, exaggerated politeness—in which there was an element of restless anxiety, that he had used from the beginning—"she will rejoice to learn that you have assumed your proper place; she will welcome you, if you care to have her welcome. You have no opposition or the slightest blame to apprehend from her," he added with an impatient half smile and incipient shrug of the shoulders; "she has arrived at setting her heart on your presiding at Shardleigh. As for my sister Jane, she is innocent of intending to do harm; she is as good and true as gold, and she has no sister of her own, you and Jane should be friends," he finished with implied reproach quickly suppressed. Pleasance could not tell whether he had been told of Jane's visit to Willow House, but she fancied he knew of it.

When he was gone, she stood at the library window, until Mrs. Ramsay came in state, and ushered her to a drawing-room, which with the adjoining suite of rooms had been closed, but had been opened up and put in order, on the spur of the moment, for her reception. Then Pleasance stood at the drawing-room window—a long French window opening on a terrace—she believed the very window out of which Archie Douglas and his sister had stepped, the night she had watched them from the bridge over Burnham Brook in Shardleigh Lane. She could see the ivy-hung bridge as well as a portion of the flower-gardens at her feet; and beyond the gardens—a blaze still with purple and white asters, African marigold, scarlet geraniums, and blue salvia—lay the park with its slopes—sunny even in October, its ferny dingles, and noble groups of forest trees.

Her eyes seemed to lack lustre, she could not take in the beautiful landscape before her. The bare pastures and meadows of the manor farm were constantly coming between and taking the place of the real scene. Her mind was in a stupid maze. Could she be the same Pleasance Hatton who had worked diligently in the fields, and laughed to scorn the idea of becoming a lady? Could the master of Shardleigh, who spoke only to be obeyed, be the very Joel Wray whom Long Dick had rated for his bad wheat-

hoeing, to whom Dick, mocking, had set the unsuitable task of hoisting the sacks of corn into the cart for the mill?

Pleasance was lonelier than on the day when Mr. Woodcock had brought her to Willow House. As the hours wore on, the portion of the flower-garden and the park on which her eyes were fixed, ceased to be solitary. They became peopled on this public day with visitors from Westbrook and the neighborhood, who availed themselves of what was likely to be one of the last fine days of the season, to stroll in groups here and there, stand and make comments on the flowers, or sit and rest under the trees. Pleasance said to herself that no figure there was or would be such a forlorn stranger at Shardleigh as its mistress. She had an instinctive comprehension that the whole house was in a state of excitement—of rebellion for anything she knew, though everybody was studiously civil to her; but excitement and rebellion were alike over for her. She asked herself was it retribution? Had she by flying from her fate brought it down upon her with tenfold force?

Archie Douglas took every precaution to avoid awkwardness, and to save what might be Pleasance's feelings. He said in her hearing to the servants that Mrs. Douglas's luggage was to follow her, and bade them let the two have dinner without ceremony in the library.

But although he had said "without ceremony," and although Pleasance wore of necessity the blue serge gown in which she had travelled, Archie Douglas dressed punctiliously even to the diamond ring on his brown hand, and the fresh camellia in his coat, and in that guise, as he might have led a duchess to a seat of honor, came and offered his arm to Pleasance and put her at the head of the table.

This dinner was the first meal that the two had eaten together since they became man and wife a year before. In that sense it might have been considered as replacing the marriage feast in the manor-house kitchen from which both bride and bridegroom had been absent. But there was little hilarity to celebrate the occasion; and if Archie Douglas remembered it, he did not betray the remembrance in the painfully measured conversation, kept studiously devoid of allusions, which, as if he were striving to entertain a stranger, he made for his wife, even after he had dismissed the servants from the room, and Pleasance and he sat alone together over their dessert.

He had asked her what impression the

neighborhood had made upon her, as if she had seen it for the first time.

Pleasance, answering as mechanically as he questioned, said she had admired the woodlands more on this occasion than on the last. She was conscious the next moment that she had implied an earlier acquaintance with the country, and so she added, with an increase of color, "I was here before."

"Indeed," he said, so surprised as to cause him to raise his eyes quickly to her face and let them fall again, but he would not allow himself to put another question.

Pleasance felt this was worse and worse. On what occasion, or for what purpose to spy out the land or to spy upon him might he not suppose that she had been there?

"I came to Westbrook on the first of September, when there was an accident," she forced herself to explain, desperately.

He looked at her fully this time. He had not the cruelty to suggest, "And you expected to find yourself a widow, no doubt?" He was too much agitated if he had had the heart. "I know that there was a mistake and confusion of names," he muttered, "but Woodcock came down at once and found out the blunder."

"But I had left before I heard from him again," said Pleasance briefly.

"It must have been the day that the prince was here," Archie Douglas reflected, speaking out his thoughts, "when the other Douglas, my double, was pronounced out of danger, and I had to get into a red coat, half asleep as I was, and ride to the review, and back here to do duty as host. But everything went off well; I remember Janey and I got quite merry over it, after the affair was over."

Pleasance could have told him that she had also been a witness to their merriment; but she was occupied with the thought that his account of it in place of grating discordantly upon her somehow sounded pathetically in her ears.

He forestalled her rising from the table by suddenly proposing to show her the winter garden, since the hour for closing it to the public had struck, while his manner grew gentler and more uncertain.

Pleasance could only comply, and fill up the rôle of this strange unreal first and last day with Archie Douglas at Shardleigh. She could bear to the full the torment of such intercourse, realizing that there was in the torment the lingering thrill of former bliss, and knowing that it

was to come to an end within a few hours.

The winter garden deserved its renown in its labyrinths, alleys, and central hall, where there was a great fountain. The umbrageous flowering partitions, and flowery ceiling, the bosky verdure, brilliant blossoms and tropical fruit on every side, consisted of the choicest productions of Italy, Spain, Egypt, and farthest Mexico. The strangers who were permitted to breathe the luxurious, perfumed air, to look up at lemon and palm trees, and down on lotuses and cacti, called it as good as varied foreign travel or fairy land. To the couple whose toy paradise it was, and who were straying there for the first time together, two severed souls within its bounds, with the world whispering and peeping at them in the distance, it was like a region under a spell — not out of keeping with their own unnatural position and tumult of feeling.

Each remembered how and when Archie Douglas had spoken of the great conservatory to Pleasance, and each knew that the other remembered. When they had made the round of the whole, they paused at the aviary at one end, where Archie pointed out to Pleasance every gold and silver pheasant, turtle-dove, and love-bird, as if he were bent on making each introduction to her himself. He even put off some time in attempting to catch the birds that he might put them into her hands for her to inspect more closely, with no other result from the proceeding, than the evidence that their hands trembled too much to hold a bird.

He took her a second time past the huge myrtle which had been a great plant when his mother brought it from her father's old-fashioned greenhouse, where it had supplied her and her sisters with their bridal wreaths. It was not in blossom, but he plucked some sprays and offered them to Pleasance. "I have imagined something like this, a hundred times," he said, "still the picture was different." He hesitated a moment, "Pleasance," he said, impulsively, "answer me one question — was it duty that brought you to Shardleigh the very day you heard of my supposed accident?"

"I did not think of duty," she replied, hurriedly, plucking to pieces the sprigs of myrtle. "I could not help coming."

"If such helplessness had only befallen you earlier" — he exclaimed, half dryly, half sadly. "Do you know, Pleasance," he began again, "if I had been actually

shot, and brought down to the verge of the grave, I have a notion that I should have sent for you, in view of not being able to go to you myself, and after I was broken down in strength and spirit, remember, begged your pardon humbly, once more, and sought a word of grace."

"Oh! no, no," she cried, "I am glad it was not so. It was not for you, though you had done wrong, to humble yourself afresh in the dust. It was your wife's part which she was slow to learn, to submit."

"Pleasance," he said again, with his eyes kindling and his breath coming fast, "what if we have mistaken each other a second time? I could wish I were not going away to-morrow, that I might begin all over again, and perhaps make it up at last, but I have volunteered my services, and Sir Ashley depends on me. Pleasance, Pleasance, you have not forgiven — you will never forgive me. Why do you not say, 'Stay, Archie, for my sake'?"

"I cannot," she said with a sob; "I had rather say, 'Go, and take me with you.'"

He took both of her hands in his. "What!" he asked, "is Shardleigh, then, nothing worth in your eyes? Can you foresee the tedious voyage, the rough colonial life?"

"I believe Shardleigh is the most beautiful place in the world," she said solemnly, "but the voyage would not be tedious, nor the colonial life rough to me; and then, when we had earned the reward which we had both forfeited, we might come back, and Shardleigh would be home."

He saw that she was wise, and for that matter he was ready to forego Shardleigh for the half of his existence, if he might have Pleasance, his wife, come back to him in very deed, seeking him, not Shardleigh.

He took her in his arms with an ejaculation of passionate satisfaction, and Pleasance did not withdraw from his embrace, but receiving it as a sign of his consent to her wish, as well as a seal of their reconciliation, put up her arms to his neck and offered her lips for his kiss; and Pleasance was a woman whose caresses were sufficiently rare to be exquisitely precious, yet not so rare as to make those she loved pine for them.

So the October night fell on their true marriage day.

CHAPTER LX.

WHAT SHE CAME TO.

MRS. DOUGLAS always said that her son and his wife had the most romantic story she knew, and that Archie took his taste for romance from his mother, so that all about his marriage, and her daughter-in-law above all, was the greatest delight to her. Mrs. Archie was the daughter of Fred Hatton of Redmead, and her mother was a Fowler — Mrs. Douglas was persuaded, one of General Fowler of Capley's family.

Pleasance had said to her mother-in-law distinctly, "My mother came of plain yeomen. I never heard that she had any connection a general."

But Mrs. Douglas had kept to her point. "Depend upon it, my dear child, the family is the same. You have Amy Fowler's eyes, and your sister's name was Anne, while to my knowledge there was an Anne Fowler of the elder branch. Straws show how the wind blows."

"But it is such a small straw. Anne is a common name," argued Pleasance against the honorable connection imposed upon her. "If it had been Pleasance, my own name, and which was also my mother's, occurring in another family of Fowlers, there might be something in the fancied affinity; though even then there is this to be said, that in old country places, where St. Placentia once took her turn of worship in the Romish calendar, Pleasance is occasionally to be found to this day."

"I will not be disabused of my theory, and of the second version of Amy Fowler's eyes — even to the short sight," said Mrs. Douglas playfully; "General Fowler's family themselves think the relationship highly probable. My love, you must not be exclusive, and mortify the good people by declining it."

Mrs. Archie's father and mother's marriage, Mrs. Douglas went on to relate, had also been one of those charming love-marriages which show that the slandered world is not so heartless after all. But the marriage had been against the grain with the heads of the families; there had been the usual reprehensible neglect, under which the poor young couple had died; and the orphan daughter, darling Pleasance, had been suffered to grow up in the most wonderfully unsophisticated fashion.

But Archie had found out for himself the Sleeping Beauty, and won her before

the great change in her fortune, when her grandfather's last will came to light, and she was discovered to be the real heiress of Heron Hill. That property had only been held, in consequence of an overlook, by the poor Wyndhams, her aunt and cousins. Mrs. Douglas was very sorry for the Wyndhams, especially as the late Mr. Wyndham and his son had spent a great deal of money; and Nelly's Roman count would fain swallow up more than her portion, while Mrs. Wyndham had not yet secured an establishment for Rica.

Heron Hill, with its mines, was a mine of wealth in itself, which Archie certainly did not need with his wife, and he had not coveted it. But Mrs. Douglas could say that her son and daughter were good stewards of their large possessions: witness their going out to Queensland, and remaining two years there in the suite of Sir Ashley Morgan. They took a deep interest in emigration. Indeed, what did they not take an interest in that concerned their fellow-creatures, and especially their own people? Mrs. Archie was not a bit behind her husband; she made him a perfect wife, and they shamed older folk by their chivalry. Mrs. Douglas called these modern crusades against poverty, ignorance, and vice, the highest chivalry; she was proud to think that both her son and daughter—not to speak of her other daughter, her little Jane, who was only her mother's companion yet—belonged to the order.

Pleasance could never quite comprehend or become wholly intimate with Mrs. Douglas, in spite of her ultimate pronounced partiality for her son's wife, for which Pleasance was in a measure grateful—in spite of Mrs. Douglas's delicacy of health, which proved a special attraction to Pleasance, and prompted her to nurse the invalid tenderly whenever she had the opportunity.

But Pleasance and Jane Douglas lived fully to realize the expectation entertained, in different circumstances, of their becoming friends and sisters. This was the case above all, after Jane fulfilled her destiny—urged on to it by her mother's elaborate precautions to prevent it, even while Jane thoroughly believed in and dearly loved her mother—in carrying her large portion, her youthful bloom, and her genuine goodness, to the penniless curate, her Welsh cousin. Pleasance took at once, and without the least pretence, to the plain living and high thinking of Welsh gentility in the curate's circle. She induced Archie Douglas to spend in it

many happy holidays like those of his youth.

All that happened years after the Douglasses' return from Queensland, and after Pleasance was settled at Shardleigh, which she was not tempted to forsake for Heron Hill. Nevertheless the vexed question of the welfare of the miners, whose toil contributed so largely to the Douglasses' wealth, was studied in all its bearings by husband and wife, until Archie Douglas threatened to forsake the light of day, and take a "shift" in the coal and ironstone workings, as he had done a turn at farm labor. If he had fulfilled his intention, he would have but followed the example of an ancient Scotch earl.

Rica Wyndham had judged rightly that Pleasance's beauty, wealth, good descent on one side of the house, and natural ability, together with the originality bred of her history, were elements of popularity in any class.

Pleasance had not to grow a noble lady; but the nobleness that was in her from the beginning was enlarged and stripped of the fetters imposed upon it by injury, suffering, and prejudice.

As for the stories of early incompatibility between Mrs. Archie Douglas and her husband, and of their having spent the first year of their marriage apart, Pleasance's neighbors unanimously agreed to cancel them, shrewdly concluding that there was more than met the ear in explanations which were not given to the public, else why had Mr. and Mrs. Douglas gone out together, without any call, to Queensland, and why were they notoriously one of the happiest, most inseparable couples in the county?

So soon as Pleasance began to feel that not only the great, well-appointed, hospitable country house, not only Archie with his energy, generosity, and good temper in full swing, but that she herself with her inexhaustible friendly sympathy and human interest, could be of service to oppressed mothers and dissatisfied daughters, harassed fathers and unsatisfactory sons, in halls and lodges, as well as in cottages, her heart began to warm to the first as to the last.

Even the seasons in town lost their unpalatableness. Her neighbors' wants followed and found her there. Archie was in Parliament, laboring for his fellows, making use of his experience as a senator, and she had blue-books to read, extracts to copy out, applicants and petitioners to see for him. She went into company with him that they might have yet more fellow-

ship, receive still more enlightenment, and as iron sharpens iron, she felt her own wit sharpened, and enjoyed its play and the play of other wits, where intellect is keenest and most brilliant.

Nothing pleased Pleasance better than Mr. Woodcock's secret pride and satisfaction in Archie Douglas's having set at naught all Mr. Woodcock's own alarming predictions, in proving a worthy son of his father in the yet more difficult task of spending, as it ought to be spent, than of earning a fortune.

Mr. Woodcock himself found idle hours to escort Pleasance without his niece, and when Archie was in committee, to the Tower and to those sights of London which never palled upon her.

Mr. Selincourt ate his leek to the extent of owning that Archie Douglas had been the most far-sighted, and he — Mr. Selincourt — the most purblind of men.

With Lizzie Blennerhasset and Long Dick, who continued to thrive across the sea, Pleasance and Archie Douglas kept up pleasant relations.

Pleasance's intercourse with her kindred the Wyndhams was not so satisfactory. The limit of Pleasance's concessions having been reached, Mrs. Wyndham was no longer impelled by her family's interest, to cultivate a late regard for her niece. But as Pleasance had done well for herself, Mrs. Wyndham, who had an immense respect for worldly success, was never anything save pompously civil to Mrs. Archie Douglas, when they did meet.

It was otherwise with Rica; she did not forgive the slight which she considered Pleasance had put upon her by the rejection of her companionship. She really resented it far more than the fact of Pleasance's having taken Archie Douglas from her. Rica was not in the least sentimental, though she was passionate, and Archie Douglas had not stirred her passions. Rica showed her hostility, as openly as she had once shown her patronage. All — happily it was but little — that baseless slander, bold allegation, and unconcealed malice could do she directed against Pleasance, even after Rica had married a wealthy old man — old enough to have been her grandfather, and who, though he was vicious rather than weak, she contrived to browbeat to her own ends. But Pleasance was well protected from Rica Wyndham's shafts, which flew around her well-nigh innocuously. When Pleasance and Archie Douglas wished to get away from the petty spite as well as from the honorable cares of life, they were

went to go off for holidays, which they enjoyed even more than those among their Welsh relations. The couple left their home and the children born to them, and resorted to the heart of the moors of the Scotch Highlands, or to out-of-the-way nooks in the Black Forest, or among the Hartz Mountains, where the husband and wife made believe to live over again the days of their expatriation in Queensland, or the more distant days of their service on the manor farm.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A GERMAN BATH.

THE bath-life that is so much in favor with our foreign friends is a thing that has almost gone out of date in England. We are quite aware that gouty and rheumatic patients gather into great hotels and lodging-houses round such springs as bubble up in the valleys of the Peak; that there are still pump-rooms at places like Bath and Harrowgate, Leamington and Cheltenham, with shady alleys of chestnut and lime, where visitors may take the gentle exercise that helps the healing virtues of the waters. While some of those once famous resorts have been going down hill, others have been growing into fashion as residences; and crescents and terraces and semi-detached villas cover the crowded fields that used to be traversed by shady foot-paths, and fragrant with the fresh scents of the country. But the new frequenters of these showy and stuccoed towns are altogether of another class from the old ones. They are gone there to live all the year round, and to contrive on a moderate income to enjoy the pleasures of society. They look out for good air, ample house-room, economical gaiety, the advantages of schools and masters for children who have to make their way, and the chances of eligible marriages for girls who would be lost in London. Colonies of retired Indians have been drawn together by the ties of common interest; and there are whole quarters where the conversation is as thoroughly Anglo-Indian as in the club-rooms of "the Oriental" or the East-Indian United Service. There are great gatherings of dowagers, whose families of accomplished beauties are generally larger than their jointures; and in summer or winter, be it said with all respect, an eligible gentleman of captivating manner is welcomed as a godsend and a joy, so long as it pleases him to re-

main among them. But the days are long gone by when such scenes as Smollett depicted in his "Humphrey Clinker," or Thackeray in his "Virginians," are to be witnessed at Bath or at Tunbridge Wells; when the fascinations of the lively society that had left town for the Spa won men away from the pheasants or the partridges; when frivolity and flirtation, statesmanship and literature, met together in the crowds of the pump-rooms or on the Pantiles; and when the chariots of spendthrift gamblers like the Marches and the Selwyns were perpetually on the road between the clubs in St. James's Street and the ordinaries and play-tables of some *urbs in rure*. Nay, we fancy that even at the "Bath," *par excellence*, there is no such characteristic institution now as that grandly insinuating master of the ceremonies who did the honors of the rooms to Mr. Pickwick and his friends; while he modestly merged his personal glories before the splendor of such fugitive luminaries as his lordship of Mutinhead and his Achates, Mr. Crushington. English people have been learning to take their pleasures in other ways. Those who can afford it come to London for the season, travelling townwards comfortably along the network of railways that has spread itself to John O'Groats and the Land's End. Having had their fill of the pleasures of the town, and seen the complexions that used to dazzle them in the Row changing color with the flowers in the parterres, they scatter over the length and breadth of the land among the thousands of pleasant country homes that throw open their hospitable doors. Or they go cruising in yachts that show the colors of the clubs on every accessible sea, from the Norwegian fjords to the Mediterranean archipelagoes; or if they have a fancy for bath-life, they cross to the Continent, where the veritable bath-life is still to be enjoyed.

But even abroad it is not of course what it used to be, looking at it from the popular English aspect. United Germany has been growing disagreeably respectable; and the principalities that have not been confiscated have been following the lead of the kaiser, who refuses to sully his fingers with those immoral gains that used to figure so handsomely in the State budgets. As electors, grand-dukes, and serene highnesses had ceased to sell their subjects to the service of foreign powers, so we have seen the reform of those agreeable Vanity Fairs, in which every tourist made a point of lingering. As even Christian and the companion of his

pilgrimage had no help for it but to pass by their prototype, following the shortest road to the Celestial City, so everybody's way seemed to lie through them to everywhere. A very superficial study of human nature was sufficient to teach their promoters how to conciliate prejudices and even principles. Except publicans and sinners who made slight profession of decency, nobody stopped at Homburg or Baden for the play. There was the fresh air of the Taunus hills, the magnificent scenery of the Black Forest, the meeting with many friends who, like yourself, might have been attracted by the fame of the waters. And once there, even while you wrapped yourself in your virtue — while you stopped your ears to the rattle of the coin and the seductive rustle of the bank-notes, — there was no denying that the scene was exceedingly lively. The place was like a grander Cremorne or Mabilly thrown open for a day *fête* under aristocratic patronage, although it preserved its loosely Bohemian charm by the mixed character of its mob of *habitués*. Nature had been pressed into the service of the management, and her simple fascinations were tricked out with striking stage-effects. The balconies of the straggling villas that lined the road by which you entered were gay with clusters of clematis and passion-flower, and draped in roses and Virginian creepers. The hotels were embosomed in masses of deciduous trees, and surrounded with blooming flower-beds and enamelled lawns of emerald velvet. There were green alleys that screened you from the glare, long lines of flowering oleander, mazes of artistically-arranged shrubbery with meandering paths; limpid brooks that murmured in miniature cascades over beds of dazzling gravel. Artificial showers of spray fell perpetually on the well-kept grass-plots and the dusty roads; while a dreamy languor, faintly scented by fragrant blossoms, hung over the coquettish houses that smiled in the noonday sun. The strains of pianos, touched by the hands of a master or a mistress, chimed in with the more distant melody of the band that was playing in the *kiosque* before the Kursaal; the clear notes of tenor or mellow contralto came floating out through the open casements, for the professional musical element was sure to muster strong.

In fact, if you were familiar with the *carte du pays*, or rather *des personnes*, or were happy in providing yourself with a competent cicerone, you found you were living and breathing among celebrities. A

couple or so of crowned heads might be seen any morning unobtrusively sauntering about the skirts of the little crowd that had gathered to listen to the morning music. As for the emperors and those grander potentates whose breath made the war or peace of the world, they had each of them their pet places of resort, and you knew precisely where to seek them — from Ems to Vichy. But in all the leading play-resorts, the list of the cure-guests furnished sufficiently sensational reading. Daily you noted the arrival or departure of archdukes and grand-dukes and sovereign princes who exercised something like autocratic authority over territories more or less important. Cadets of reigning houses, princes more or less impecunious, there were by the score, many of them figuring with a plurality of names in the pages of the "Almanac of Gotha." Thither came the great English peer, like my Lord of Steyne, either travelling in state with his wife and daughters and half a score of a suite, or quietly *en garçon* attended by his valet. There were bans and hospodars and waywodes, dignitaries and ex-dignitaries bearing all manner of semi-barbaric styles, but most of them lackered over with French polish, and provided for the occasion with well-filled purses. There were Russians, of course, in plenty, male and female, smoking cigarettes and quaffing champagne, making serious play the business of their lives, and suspected of keeping their hands in at political intrigue by way of intellectual distraction. For there were ambassadors, ministers, or *chargés d'affaires*, who might possibly be as serenely indifferent as they seemed to anything but the trifles of their every-day existence; but who might, on the other hand, as it was popularly believed, be intriguing over a reconstruction of the map of Europe. There were sets and cliques; and the *morgue* and phlegm of aristocrats like our own of course fenced their dignity behind impassable but impassable barriers. As a rule, however, there was a free and easy *abandon*, which might make everybody for the moment the acquaintance of anybody else, if he showed the vouchers of a well-cut coat and a passable manner. An interchange of passing civilities committed one to nothing, it being understood that every one was at liberty to cut and come again when it pleased him. For example, the agreeable gentleman who dropped in unpretendingly of a Sunday to take his seat near the top of the *table d'hôte* in the Kursaal might be the prince of the coun-

try in person; and his Highness did not come there, you may be sure, to keep his fellow-diners at arm's length. But because you exchanged remarks with him on the weather, or ideas on some question of the day, it did not follow that you were to have the *entrée* of the court or a general invitation to the shooting-lodge on the Platte.

Literature and the fine arts were freely represented, as well as aristocracy, politics, and plutocracy. The silent female who sat opposite you at dinner, devoting herself to the dishes in morose abstraction, and making fearful play among the potato salads and the pickles, might be the light and graceful lyrist of the south, who had sent a thrill through all the hearts in Fatherland. The lively little man who strove in vain to engage her broad red ear, and win a thought from the business of the moment, was the dramatist who had left his countrymen leagues behind in the chase after the sombre and the terrible. Mademoiselle Rossignol, of the Italian Opera, Paris, is warbling half the morning in the room below your own, and the notes come vibrating delightfully up to you from under the variegated awnings of her balconies; while the gentleman who was so seldom out of that same balcony when its mistress was *chez elle* was the famous M. Molière, of the Théâtre Français. So one might go circling through a season in that lively society, perpetually stumbling upon new sensations and awakening to fresh surprises.

But it was in the evening, or rather when the evening was drawing on towards the night, that you saw the bath in its blaze of lurid glory. The play grew fast and furious with the rivalry. There was an intoxication in the sense of excited spectators looking on; in the swift fluctuations of fortune around you, when the *rouleaux* rose in piles or kept melting away, and the billows of bank-notes swelled or sank to nothing. Even when the player did not lose his head, the game became heavier and bolder, and the administration was greatly indebted for its gains to the gaiety and glitter of the scene and the contagious excitement of the company. How many of the motley party would have cared to set themselves to a cool trial of strength with the bank, knowing the inevitable odds against them, in a dimly-lighted cabinet with locked doors? Possibly some of those business-like Jew dealers who came over so punctually by the same train from the neighboring great mercantile city; or perhaps that wrinkled and

wizzened old princess who made her game almost mechanically with her parchment-covered hand, and whose half-closed, lack-lustre eyes scarcely strayed from the fingers of the dealers.

It was the minnows rather than the tritons who showed painful signs of agitation when they were floundering in the meshes of the net. The tourist travelling on a few circular notes shrank back from the sudden shadow of unwelcome retrenchment as his double florins made themselves wings. Ladies pottering over some paltry five-franc pieces, in their agitation and by way of mending matters, would break the fans and rend the gloves which had cost them nearly as much money as they had lost. Once, indeed, we did see anguish and despair in a human face, if ever these passions were depicted there. The victim was a young Dutchman, and he had dropped but a handful of florins, which probably half-a-dozen men in the room would have been generous enough to have restored to him could they have foreseen the impending *dénouement*. As it appeared, he had come prepared for either fortune, and had deliberately staked his life against the chances of winning a little silver. He rushed madly from the room; a pistol-shot was heard from the lake, below the windows; and all was irretrievably over before the crowd had hurried to the spot. It seemed he was a young Dutch officer, and scandal averred with some plausibility that he had embezzled the trifling sum he hazarded. The ministration were revolted at his deplorable want of what was literally *savoir vivre*, and naturally incensed, besides, at the unseemly interruption to business. However, they did their best in the circumstances; the corpse was promptly hustled out of sight, and in something more than a quarter of an hour the play was going forward as merrily as ever.

Many respectable people will regret those disreputable times from old and blamable associations; yet it must be confessed that, from a moral point of view, the tendencies of those gaming haunts were far from beneficial. There was a laxity of tone which insensibly affected any one who lingered there more than a few days, and who mixed at all in their promiscuous society. If you were a poor man, you had to choose between the life of a misanthrope and being betrayed into an embarrassing expenditure. The fashion of extravagance was set by the most objectionable class of non-*beaux riches* — the men who had made themselves millionaires in

a week or so, and who were envied and worshipped for their godlike astuteness. For a Garcia who went the round of gambling Europe, breaking banks to the right and left, regulated his expenditure on capital in place of revenue. He had £10,000, £20,000, £50,000 in his strong box, or at call; and until he had drained his resources to the last florin, he regarded them as practically inexhaustible. So, in fact, they were. If his wonderful luck stood by him, he would indefinitely renew the supplies; and should his luck turn, he was ruined irredeemably, for he had been bitten by the tarantula of gaming, and could never resolve to leave off. The worship of the golden calf was never so hideously grotesque as in these places, for the worshippers looked at their idol through a halo of delusion which turned its deformities into beauties.

Where individuals in a horde of loose-principled adventurers were accumulating from hand to mouth so much easily-won wealth, of course there were flights of harpies to prey upon them. To Baden-Baden especially, in the days before the war, there was always a grand summer migration of the Cytheræan votaries of our Lady of Loretta. Many a connection was formed there which might last a longer or a shorter time, but was pretty certain to end in a catastrophe; and those who escaped plucking by the croupiers were pillaged by the *demi-monde*. To those pleasantly-mannered Delilahs the croupiers were of a charming gallantry, for they had common sympathies and a common interest. Though they might prefer to dine in cabinets apart or sup at the side-tables in the *salons* of the Kur-saal, these ladies had free entry to the hotels, and shouldered your wives and your sisters at the *table d'hôte*. And, indeed, among the oddest things in that giddy bath-life were the blending of the Pharisees of the straightest sect with the publicans and sinners, and the complacency with which the Pharisees submitted to it. They were welcome guests to M. Blanc or M. Benezet, though they never staked a florin nor passed the tables without a scowl. It was their presence that advertised the intense respectability of the place, and they were the decoy birds to the flights of innocents who were plucked to their pinion-feathers. Perhaps the worthy dignitaries of the Anglican communion, in shovel hats and aprons and gaiters, and their unimpeachable churchwardens, the fathers of pious families who never neglected family prayers, scarcely

realized the mischievous *rôle* they played. For, in fact, they stood in with the promoters of the dissipation in a sleeping partnership, though their indirect share of the profits was infinitesimal. But they read the journals provided out of the winnings; they burned the wax-lights gratis that were set out on the chess-table; and were supplied with the cards for their decorous rubbers. Nay, they sat or preached in an English church that was largely subsidized from the wages of iniquity. In any case, with their wives and families they listened to the strains of the Kursaal band, and disported themselves in the walks and drives that were so beautifully kept up by the administration. It might have come hard on them, had they felt constrained by their principles to abstain from some of the most charming spots in Europe simply because the enemy of their Master had anticipated them. But, at all events, being really reduced to that dilemma, they decided that they might hold a candle to the devil, and gave their respectable sanction to his most insidious devices.

All these temptations, however, have been ruthlessly swept away. Hushed is the hum of voices, and the chink of coin. What is become of the *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir* tables, heaven only knows. Have they been broken up for firewood and turned into green-baize aprons at an alarming sacrifice? or are they prudently laid aside in local lumber-rooms, with an eye to the possible dissolution of the empire and the difficulties of embarrassed potentates who may fall heirs to its shattered fragments? The croupiers, like the tables, were good for little but the original purpose that had become second nature with them. Possibly most of them may have devoted themselves exclusively to the alternative calling they were wont to exercise, patriotically sacrificing themselves to the service of their country in the ranks of its secret police. The *élite* of the Homburg contingent have withdrawn with M. Blanc to the sunny southern Eden, whither he has "winged his dusky flight." So far as we know, save for some hole-and-corner nooks that the wandering stranger only stumbles into by accident, there are but two establishments left in Europe where you may ruin yourself above board at a public table. And these two are as opposite as well may be; and the measure of their respective attractions gives the ratio of their respective popularity. The one is that most enchanting nook on the Cornice, where hotels and casino nestle

among the orange-groves that emblazon in tints of gold and green the shores of the sunny bay that lies beneath the cliff of Monaco; the other that heaven-forsaken slip of weather-washed moraine, where the baths of Saxon look down from their dreary solitude on the siltings and gravel-banks of the unbridled Rhone.

At easily accessible baths like Homburg or Wiesbaden, where the grand rush of gamblers was attracted by *roulette* played with a single zero, and *rouge-et-noir* with a *demi-réfait*, we daresay that there were people who used to go thither for their health. But it scarcely suggested itself to the casual visitor who objected to early hours, and was slow to fall into methodical habits, that he was passing his days in a popular health-resort. Nowadays all that is entirely changed. Dissipation has come to an end with the play, and a deadly blow has been struck at frivolity. Compelled perforce to purge and live cleanly, the municipalities have to do their best to parade the attractions which used to be advertised and put forward chiefly as a blind; and now the life-giving virtues of the air and the water have to submit themselves to the test of a sharp competition. The result has been very different in different cases. Thus the baths of Nassau and the Taunus are said to have suffered but little, though the character of their frequenters has altered, and altered very much for the better. At Homburg and Wiesbaden, building speculations had been rampant for years before the dreaded edict went forth. On the announcement of its imminent promulgation there was naturally a heavy drop in house property; and some of the most enterprising hotel-keepers apprehended they might put up their shutters. But certain capitalists, notably shrewd citizens of Frankfort and Mayence, came forward to the rescue, investing quietly at the reduced rates. They argued that summer visitors must still go somewhere; that Homburg and Wiesbaden were likely to retain their popularity; and the event is said to have proved them to be right. It is at least certain that there is little appreciable reduction in the price of apartments at the latter place, while at the former they have been tending upwards if anything. The municipalities had pledged themselves in spirited advertisements to keep up everything on the former footing, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the gaming subsidies. Few people gave them credit for being in a position to fulfil these promises, and yet their promises have been fairly fulfilled. They

have adopted the simple plan of making everybody contribute in moderation to expenses that used to come out of the pockets of the reckless; and an involuntary bath-tax of eight to twelve shillings per head brings them in a very handsome revenue. So you may still converse, dance, and read the journals in handsome *salons*; lose yourself in labyrinths of trimly-kept walks; and listen to Wagner and Offenbach executed in excellent taste.

Baden, on the other hand, has fallen, we fear, upon evil days; and we are very sorry to think so. Of course there is no more charming scenery anywhere than in its environs; but the air is rather relaxing than bracing, while of the merits of the waters we profess to know nothing. And not even Bazeilles suffered more severely by the Franco-German war. Baden had become a sort of *succursale* of the Boulevards, and it eclipsed Biarritz or Trouville in the affection of the *demi-monde* and their dangles. In their banishment from it during the war they seem to have forgotten the way thither, and there must have been a marked falling-away in the summer receipts of the lines of the Eastern of France. How the hotel-keepers of Baden contrive to show so smiling a face to their sinking fortunes is a mystery we do not pretend to solve. Possibly the old local superstitions still assert their sway; and they believe that the longest run of ill-luck must come to the changing point sooner or later.

But it is time we turned from those reminiscences of vanished society to the German bath-cure pure and simple, as it used to be in scores of retreats that were but little visited by flying tourists — as it is to be found almost universally now, in the greater baths as in the smaller ones. Dull it may be in the actual life, but it need not be altogether uninteresting in the narration. For reasons that can have no interest for the reader, we were condemned to spend the last summer at Schwalbach, where, at all events, we had the most ample opportunities for observation and calm reflection. Remembering the “Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau,” we deluded ourselves with subdued but still agreeable anticipations. It is true that our personal recollections were less favorable than those of Sir Francis Head. We had once changed horses at Langen Schwalbach some score of years before, and we had lingering visions of an interminable village of a single rough-paved street, lying in the depths of a cleft in a bleak tableland. But we knew that the

traveller in a German *Eilwagen* who has set out with the dawn on a slow journey is apt to carry away jaundiced impressions; and so we were willing to be soothed into a sanguine frame of mind by the chatty and genial eloquence of “the old man.”

But our stay at Schwalbach confirmed us in our former experience, that to make so monotonous and uneventful an existence endurable one ought to be either approaching the years of Sir Francis, or be an invalid, or else a confirmed valetudinarian. In other words, you should be able to conform to the tastes of the natives, who regulate their existence there after the habits that are familiar to them. No one can venture to sneer at German effeminacy, since the soldiers who marched from Spicheren to Paris, and did the winter campaigning in Picardy and the Orleanois, have “made their proofs.” But it is certain that a German can make himself placidly happy in a simple and indolent fashion that excites the astonishment or envy of an Englishman when it does not provoke his contempt. A series of short, purposeless saunters in the same shady valleys, suffice him in the way of exercise. He has no objection to a quiet flirtation; but he does not care to ride, or to drive, or to dance, and it is quite the exception when he goes fishing or shooting, although there may be game in the surrounding forests and abundance of fish in the streams. He will smoke for hours on the roughest sylvan benches, in meditations that may possibly be philosophic, but can hardly turn upon literature. For you never see him reading by any chance, unless when he drops into the *Lesezimmer* for a glance at the journals. He is always excellent company for himself, and is independent of those adventitious attractions that may make even a hotel homelike; for he will smoke as serenely on the hard cane chair in a bleak *Speisesaal* as on the rude rustic seats we have referred to. On the other hand, he has one grand resource that never fails him. He is an omnivorous and often a voracious feeder; and although his appetite is incessantly in violent exercise, it very rarely shows signs of giving out. He may be sent to the waters for indigestion — very probably he is; but putting himself under even temporary restraint is no part of his regimen. Nay, the treatment, and the tempting *tables d'hôte*, tend to become snares to him, for his complaint acts upon the cure, and the cure reacts on the complaint. Stimulated by the appetizing prop-

erties of the waters, he sits down in excellent heart to an interminable dinner; the meal is necessarily succeeded by a sense of satiety which induces the smoking of innumerable pipes; while the smoking is followed in due course by gentle cravings for the stimulating springs. It is greatly to the credit of the waters that they keep him grinding out this severe round of routine in such very tolerable condition; but the fact of his feelings being so frequently boa-constrictorish explains his repugnance to sustained exertion. So he fills up his day agreeably enough by eating and drinking, smoking and thinking, with an occasional dip in a bath by way of gently lubricating the machinery.

Now, *mutatis mutandis*, an English lady, an elderly English gentleman, or an invalid, may fall in with those foreign practices with no great change in their own. The later our ladies dine at home, the more heavily they lunch; and they may find it far from disagreeable, being encouraged to launch out at mid-day in a variety of dishes under sanction of the name of dinner. They can walk as much as they care for, in promenades enlivened by music, where they meet everybody else; there are donkeys for short rides, and carriages for more distant expeditions—riding-horses are unhappily wanting; there are pianos to be hired, and circulating libraries; and as every one moves and breathes in the full light of publicity, there is a good deal of speculation in the motley little world, and a fair amount of gossip. As for an elderly gentleman of infirm health or retiring habits, most probably, like the author of the "Bubbles," he will shrink from the ravenous and clamorous crowd at the great public dinner-tables. At all events, it is no hardship to him to devote himself quietly to the restoration of his health, dispensing with efforts that may overtask his strength, and excitements that are likely to defeat his purpose.

But if you are a man in the vigor of your powers, you find yourself like a fish out of water. You may have gone to the bath on duty, and with no idea of taking the waters; yet you are reduced to that in the end by way of giving an object to your existence, and of establishing some bonds of sympathy with those you regard as your fellow-prisoners. For an oppressive sense of imprisonment begins to weigh upon you, and you find yourself breathing with difficulty in air that is confined. Unfortunately, it is in the nature of springs to break out in the bottom of valleys; and the more romantic the country, the deeper

the valleys are. Schwalbach is not so unfortunately situated in that respect as Ems, beloved of the Russians, with whom the vapor-bath is a natural institution; but it is bad enough. With the never-ending street that has given it its name strangers need have little or no concern, although the humbler class of the German visitors find economical lodgings there. It is simply the high street of an old-fashioned German village, where patches of execrable paving alternate with stretches of dirty causeway; where the inhabitants at the close of the summer day inhale the foulest stenches from the open gutters; where some of the houses that may date from the times of the Thirty Years' War show strange symbols in quaint emblazonings, sculptured doors with fantastic metal-work, and curiously-carved timber beams that are generally buried under coats of whitewash. The fashionable quarter at the western end, which has grown greatly out of small beginnings since the time of Sir Francis's visit, branches off from the corner of the market-place. When he was there, he likened it to a kitchen fork. Since then the fork has been turned into a trident with a couple of the prongs twisted away to one side. Most of the detached villas stand comparatively high; some of those that are the first to greet you on your arrival, as you descend the road from Eltville with locked wheels, are absolutely Alpine in their situation, as short-winded inmates discover to their cost; but wherever you may have taken up your abode, you must be always dipping into the bath-kettle. There are the springs and the gardens; the ornamental water, the shrubberies, and the arcade. Immediately in the vicinity are the best hotels, and thence lead all the roads and walks that take you ultimately into the surrounding country. It was all very well for the Cavalier poet to sing that "stone walls do not a prison make;" possibly because you want his innocent and quiet mind, you cannot make chorus to his sentiment with respect to these banks and woods of the Schwalbach valley. Wherever you go, alleys of trees interlacing overhead, or hanging covers that threaten to fall across into each other's arms, are stifling you in their enervating caresses. Here and there your spirits rise as you emerge on a winding stretch of open meadow, that invites the breeze and some gleams of the sunshine. Delusion and mockery: at the next corner the sides of the little strath close in again; or the paths that envelop it diverge, to bury themselves under the boughs of the skirt-

ing forests. Had it not been for a lucky fire that cleared a hill, which has since been replanted, your eyes, when you raise them, would be condemned to rest as absolutely on wood as those of the ancient mariner on water. The walks are endless, and admirably kept. But wherever they go they are carefully carried along under cover, as if the commanding plateaux were in occupation of an enemy, ready to open fire from his encircling batteries on any one who showed a sunshade or a wideawake. It is altogether a different thing, of course, if you explore the attractions of these great woodlands in longer expeditions; but that is not what we are talking of at present.

For the question of arranging more distant expeditions lands us as a preliminary on the subject of the commissariat. Now, considering that in the rich strip of the Rheingau that interposes itself between Schlangenbad and Mayence, Sir Francis Head gives a list of some fifty different species of grains, vegetables, and fruits which he saw growing; considering that there is an abundance of pasture-land and of irrigated meadows in its immediate neighborhood, — it might be imagined that Schwalbach would be provisioned in profusion and ample variety. As a matter of fact, it is not so. True, there are at least three hotels — the old Alée Saal, the Herzog von Nassau, and the Post — where you may count on a very comfortable *cuisine*. But as a rule, a party who are water-bound for weeks will prefer the quiet and freedom of apartments, even at the cost of serious culinary sacrifices. So, when you enter into negotiations for your rooms, you naturally inquire about the arrangements for dinner. To your surprise and disgust, you learn that your hosts take up the position of the charwoman in "David Copperfield." Everything has to be sent in from the hotel or the restaurant; nor will they even consent, like Mrs. Crupps, to give their minds to the potatoes; otherwise you may go out and forage for yourself, as most people elect to do. Now, even if you choose to dine abroad, you can only dine in public at 1 or 1.30; and it is clear that a more diabolical arrangement for cutting up your day could hardly be hit upon. The dinner drags, of course; coffee and pipes in German or Turkish fashion become an imperative necessity afterwards; and by the time nature is rallying from the untimely strain, your inclination for violent exercise has vanished.

Consequently, after one or two experi-

ences of those early *tables d'hôte*, it is probable that, like Sir Francis Head, you will decide to be catered for independently. We may remark, however, *en passant*, in common justice, that either he was much too hard on the Schwalbach hotel cookery, or else that it must have changed as greatly for the better since his visit as the charges have changed for the worse. Then he tells us the tariff of the public dinner was 1s. 8d.; now it is 3s. 6d. or 4s. But then, according to him, there was but a choice between the sour and the greasy; while now there is no greater preponderance of these attributes than you may always expect in the best hotels of the Fatherland. What we complain of is, not so much the style of the *cuisine* as the limited range of the *menus*, and the conditions under which the dishes must be served to you, if you decline to dine with the world at mid-day. Among the first objects that strike the intelligent visitor who has taken up his quarters in one of the villas are sundry mysterious edifices of homely porcelain, the successive stages secured together by black leather straps, which end in a loop for the insertion of the hand. You learn, to your astonishment, that they are destined to fetch your dinner from a distance. It seems to you that you are to be doomed to suffer from chronic nightmare — unless, indeed, you are saved by enforced abstinence, as you have visions of half-sodden flesh and congealing sauces. However, seeing it is the way of the house, and that your apartments are taken for a week certain, you decide to do like the Romans, and sally forth to order your repast. At the nearest restaurant of any reputation you walk in with a certain air, to come out again quickly "with a flea in your ear." The *Wirth* smiles in your face when you begin ordering off-hand a dinner for the evening; and the cook, who has been listening over his shoulder, scowls at you as if you were guilty of a gratuitous outrage. Sobered in your expectations, although anxious and irritated, you sue humbly at an inferior house next door, with similar result. Descending to a yet lower stage, perhaps you do make your bargain, and the fixed price proposed to you sounds moderate enough. But a single meal suffices as a sample. Sir Francis Head's sourness and grease are unmistakably in the ascendant; and the manner of serving is so slovenly that we prefer to avoid details.

Next day, renewing your researches, you begin with the most accessible of the

hotels. You had declined to go there before, in spite of the recommendations of your landlord, because you questioned the possibility of transporting an eatable dinner to the distance of half a mile from the kitchen range. But now you are driven to try, and, to tell the truth, are agreeably astonished. If your *Hausfrau* knows her business and does not spare her trouble, each dish is served up piping hot, and showing but little signs of the period of probation it has been subjected to. Even *omelettes* and *soufflés* only collapse into a form that is still superior to ordinary English cookery. How it is managed we can hardly tell, the chafing dish that forms the foundation of the cooking superstructure being scarcely sufficient to explain the mystery. But when you have received your first agreeable surprise, you remark that the *plats* are open to criticism; for the most that can be said is, that they are much better than might have been expected. But what is worse is the intolerable monotony of the *carte* to which you must have daily recourse. Day after day you have to ring the changes on the same *filets* and cutlets, and curious preparations of calf's flesh. The chickens are smaller than partridges, without the partridge flavor; while the partridges themselves, which are invariably overcooked, cannot compare with the produce of our English stubbles. As for the hares, they are so disguised in the *civet* of thick brown sauce that they might be anything; while the soles, which are the only fish from the sea, have borne the journey far worse than might be expected. The vegetables, such as they are, are fetched from the garden-grounds that lie round Mayence, and it would appear that the transport arrangements are precarious.

If you must dine indifferently so far as solids are concerned, it might be supposed that you would have nothing to complain of in the way of wines, considering that the sunny slopes of the Rheingau are little more than a long league from you. Will it be believed that there is not a wine-merchant in the place, notwithstanding that the system of lodging-house living is so universal? If you take the lodging-house keeper's advice as to how you should supply yourself, he is sure to reply that he has a cellar of his own — the cellar generally consisting of a dozen or so of bottles, which are stowed away among the pails and the blacking-brushes in a closet below the staircase, and whose labels are far more attractive than the contents. If you seek counsel with any inhabitant you

may presume to be disinterested, he marches you off straightway to some special friend of his own, who vends wine among a variety of other articles. For ourselves, we were lucky enough at last to establish relations with the master of an ordinary eating-house and brewery, who sold us excellent Rauenthaler, Rüdesheimer, and Ober Ingelheimer, at a trifle under the tariff of the grand hotels on the Rhine. The Rauenthaler vineyards, be it remembered, are the first you come to on the post-road when it begins to descend towards the Rhine, after mounting out of the Schlangenbad valley, and we should have imagined that their more ordinary growths would be reasonable enough in the neighborhood.

We doubt, however, whether any professed wine-merchant would not find that the place was made too hot to hold him. For the inhabitants of all classes hang together most honorably in a general conspiracy against the strangers within their doors. In all of the apartments, however long may be your stay, it is the custom to charge each separate meal they do supply you with — breakfast, tea, etc. — separately and at hotel prices. It is in vain to appeal to precedents elsewhere, and propose that you should be taken *en pension*, consenting to make the price a secondary consideration. The invariable answer is, that it is not the custom; nor is there any getting over the *non possumus*, although you may threaten to move with bag and baggage. The harpy who hopes to fleece you will rather see you slip through her claws than prove false to her order, so that it is impossible not to feel your resentment tempered with respect for her perverted notions of honor. But it sounds somewhat strange to be charged daily for "service," as if you were patronizing the Englischer Hof at Mayence or the Hôtel de Russie at Frankfort, when the service is performed by a newly-caught maid-of-all-work, who stumps over the carpetless floors in her hob-nailed shoes, and pitches your plates at you across the table as if she were going in for a game at quoits. The system is almost universal, and it is barely possible to escape it. The only exceptions we know are one or two English-speaking landladies, who, at least, give you value for your money in the way of comfort and cleanliness, and who, in special cases, will consent to cook for you. All the world contrives to make the most of a short season; and even the official tariffs are regulated with a most paternal regard to the well-doing of native

capitalists and the remuneration of native labor. Thus the carriage-drivers have small inducement to overcharge, being entitled by law to such ample payment; the porter who carries your portmanteau upstairs, which the coachman or the landlord will decline to touch, receives about as much for the job as for half a day's winter work in the forest; and while in Sir Francis Head's time the charge for a sedan-chair to take an invalid to the baths and back again was threepence English, now it is exactly six times as much for a bath-chair with a single man.

It need hardly be said that this tariff of charges is regulated mainly with an eye to the foreigners. The secret of a double scale is scrupulously kept, but it is clear that the generality of the German visitors must fare very differently. For next to the favor in which they are held with the townsfolk, and with the villagers who flock in on market-days, nothing establishes more conclusively the reputation of the waters than the number of people in the humbler ranks of life who gather to them from Nassau and the surrounding states. The throng round the *Brunnen* in the height of the season has anything but a fashionable appearance; and it is plain that many of the company are come for no imaginary ailments. To say nothing of ghastly complexions speaking of complicated stomach and liver complaints, there is an unusual preponderance of the lame and the limping. Many of these poor people, shabbily though decently dressed, must be making serious pecuniary sacrifices to persuade nature to rally for another effort. Even those who are evidently substantial shopkeepers and well-to-do professionals are not at all the sort of persons to throw their money out of the windows. To be sure, they give but little trouble, and are not likely to be overfastidious about the quality of their food, however they may feel about quantity. At early morn you may see them sitting before their doors, in the shade and dust, over their rolls and their coffee on a tray without a napkin. At the stroke of noon, an hour before the more fashionable hotels are thinking of throwing open the *salles-à-manger*, they go trooping along the pavements in Indian file, by individuals, pairs, and families. They climb the *al fresco* staircases that land them on the first floors of antiquated *Hofs* (guest-houses); they dive down dark alleys, and turn up under low-browed entrances, on their way to the modest dining-rooms they frequent. About an hour and a half later they may

be seen emerging again, laboring over the rough paving in the glaring sun or the dripping rain, on their return to their rooms, or on their way to the seats in the gardens, where they lounge away the afternoon. Or after long bargaining with the driver or the donkey-man, who is beaten slowly down from his tariff, the heavily-ballasted ladies are hoisted by the half-dozen into carriages or singly on to sidesaddles, and away they start for some *Bier-brauerei* in some picturesque spot in the environs, whence they come back to a light supper of roast veal and gherkins, or something else that is equally digestible.

As we have remarked already, it is much to the credit of the waters that people can lead such a life with impunity, and yet go away rather better than worse. And as to the invigorating effects of the baths on those with whom they agree, we fancy there can be no difference of opinion. When time is hanging heavy with you, and you are passing into the possession of the blue-devils, the sure prescription is to take a bath. We cannot say that we consider bathing a lively occupation as a rule, for a man of an active habit of mind and body. We do not, of course, allude to the morning tub, or to a header in the sea, or a rush of fresh water. And it was only when we were sore driven for occupation one dripping day, that it occurred to us to purchase a bath-ticket at Schwalbach. The entrance to the bath-cabinet was less than cheerful, while the cabinet itself was hermetically sealed, as the windows opened full on a promenade. The water was all that it is described in the "Bubbles." So far as we could see it through a steam-laden twilight, it was filthily ferruginous. But we had not gone so far to back out, and so we took heart of grace and immersed ourself. We hung our watch on the hook opposite, lit a cigar, opened a newspaper, and resigned ourself to pass the twenty minutes of our self-imposed sentence of confinement. When time was up, we felt by no means so eager to be out and about as we had felt fifteen minutes before; and, indeed, it was with no little reluctance that at last we decided to dress. When we came out of the bath-house, the weather was as dull and damp as before, but we had a sense of buoyancy within that could dispense with external sunshine. We had been disposed to growl as we went in; we felt inclined to sing as we came out. And when there is sunshine without as well as within; and when nature is laughing to a fresh breeze, — the effect of your dip is positively in-

toxicating. We ceased to wonder that "the old man" felt the sunbeams glance from him when thus fortified, as from a polished cuirass, and that he had set himself to breast the hills as if his bath had made him twenty years younger. Nor is the water applied internally by any means to be despised when you are treating yourself for one of those threatenings of the blue-devils. Chilly as it is, *il va sans dire* that it is delightfully refreshing when the heat is oppressive; and in the raw, damp weather that was so common in the last summer, the glow after swallowing it was comforting in the extreme. As for the proportion of carbonates, chlorides, and sulphates, are they not written in a dozen of scientific treatises to which we could refer the reader were it worth while? Our own analysis was popular and practical, and we were satisfied when we found that there was no excess of those salts or sulphurs whose objectionably obtrusive properties poison so many of the Taunus springs.

Naturally the enjoyment of German bath-life must always depend in great measure on the weather; and we have alluded already to the extremes of heat and cold that one may experience in a season at Schwalbach, or places similarly situated. It lies in the bottom of a valley, but the valley itself is a depression in a lofty tableland. In the height of the season—which is, of course, a short one, beginning with July and ending in September—the sun beats down with extraordinary power, and its rays are reflected from the white façades of the houses till you might fancy that the baked pavements were cracking. Most people must go out of doors for their meals, of course; but for the rest of the day, they either blink like owls in the darkness behind closed shutters and jalousies, or, at all events, seek refuge in the gardens, under the thickest shade that is to be found. The long day becomes the longer, that you are driven to rise so early in self-defence. Nothing can be more delicious than the first freshness of the morning, when all the active world begins to assemble round the *Brunnen* between five and six o'clock. Except for some light puffs of fleecy haze, not a cloud is to be seen against the clear sky. The wonderfully limpid air is pleasantly biting, and you feel that it is paradise simply to breathe it, and only wish that the pleasure could last. But there goes the sun stealing up above the hilltops, and gradually drawing out the latent heat that you might fancy had been lurking through the night

in the vegetation about you. You get pleasantly warm, then disagreeably so, and soon you are by no means sorry to beat a retreat to the breakfast-table. After that it is an arduous effort to keep cool, till you venture out again on the eve of the short twilight, a little before the owls and the night-hawks.

They tell you that for English people who are supposed to be of energetic habits, September is the most agreeable month of the season. It may be so in ordinary years; but in 1876, after the extraordinary spell of unparalleled heat, the weather went with a crash, and never showed signs of mending. Then, as you shuddered under the dripping foliage in the walks, and petitioned for blanket after blanket in your bedroom, you began unpleasantly to realize your elevation over the sea. The worst of it was that the houses are constructed for the summer, and the only decent fireplaces in the apartments are those in the kitchens, where the dishes are *réchauffé*. When you asked for a stove in your room, workmen who are by no means cunning went to work on a quaint construction of rusty plates and metal piping; and the fuel they supplied you was coal-dust, which is caked by being continually wetted. The consequence was that you had to sit shivering over your fireplace in a rug or a great-coat, with a bellows between your feet, a box of lucifers in one pocket, and a bundle of old newspapers in the other, having to apply yourself to each in turn when your attention had been distracted for a moment. It must be remarked that the construction of most of those Nassau houses is a miracle of flimsiness, considering the climate: it is natural enough that the shutterless windows should not shut—that you see all over this continent and the next, from Calais to Grand Cairo. But at Schwalbach there are spaces of a full inch in width between the unbaked bricks and the unpainted rafters, through which the snow may drift in the winter till it gathers in wreaths on the floors within. That architecture of the kind should serve its purpose for generations is conclusive as to the dryness of the air. And, indeed, in the intervals of the heaviest rain, and deep down in the valleys between the hanging woods, you have no sort of consciousness of the clinging damp that lays the seeds of rheumatism and chest-complaints in England.

How it may fare with the natives in their winter is a point on which one is selfishly indifferent; and if they did suffer

from aches and pains, one might incline to regard it as retribution for their sharp practices. But it is certain that when unfortunate strangers are caught in a continuance of wet weather in the season, all enjoyment is gone for them. There are no means then of indulging in those distant expeditions which they had deferred before on account either of the heat or the dinner-hour. And it is a pity; for the forests of Nassau are delightful — when you break away from these trimly-kept paths of the administration that always incline to descend, and keep leading you unconsciously homewards. Nothing can be more dismal than a forest in rain, when the pattering of the drops on the dripping leaves sounds like dirges by a whole cemetery-full of dead-watches; and when the sighing and sobbing of the winds is like the moaning of troubled spirits. Nothing more joyous than the forest when the lights are streaming through the swaying foliage, and the shadows are dancing on the grass in the glades. And the forests of Nassau are more varied in their character than is common in Germany. Here and there, of course, are great plantations of close-set poles, all running to seed, that seem as if they had been sown by a nurseryman and never thinned. But often the firs have had space enough to expand into stately trees; and there are grand woods of oak and birch: occasionally you get a cheerful glimpse at the silvery stems of feathering birches; and, above all, there is an abundance of the mountain-ash, bending under its load of reddening berries, which fringes the road more picturesquely than the poplar, and attracts the starlings and the fieldfares in flights. Should you go astray and get benighted, as is possible enough, if you commit yourself to the forest rides and dray-tracks without a guide and a compass, you may hear the most magnificently melancholy serenades you ever listened to; for these vast sombre woods are swarming with screechowls. There is a pleasant bird, by the way, with a piercing and most lugubrious cry, which is believed by the people of the country to be an infallible warning of your death — as no doubt it is, sooner or later.

The country is extraordinarily broken; and when you fancy you are looking across a level tableland, half a dozen of hills and wooded valleys may be hidden out of sight between you and your destination. The purity of the air is highly deceptive; but it makes the views the more extensive and enchanting. You come out from the

black shadows of the forest on the bright crest of a down; and lo! before you there extends a panorama from the Eifel to the Haardt, and from the Haardt to the Odenwald. Beyond the lake-like expanse beneath you, that is dammed back to the westward by the rapids of the Binger Loch, the winding Rhine loses itself dimly in the distance behind the dome and the outlying fortifications of Mayence. Or you see the back of those square summits of the Taunus range, which were objects so familiar from Frankfort and Homburg. And look which way you will, there are the rolling masses of black firs, which are cast loosely like a gloomy mantle over many a cheerful scene. For though the country lies high and the summers are short, yet the sun brings things to rapid maturity, and the heavy night dews nourish them into luxuriance. The agriculture is equally picturesque and primitive. The peasant proprietors grow their crops in little patches on alternate strips of infinitesimal proportions. The single-stilted plough, with a simple ploughshare, is formed for scraping rather than furrowing the light soil: the narrow wagons are on a slight framework of wood, but excellently fitted to stand jolting across country. Of a fine day, when harvesting or any other operation is going generally forward, you may see the whole population in the field; for the people herd together in villages, and solitary farm-steadings are unknown. The children are basking or playing in the sun, or sleeping under the carts; the little cows, that do duty as draught animals in wagon or plough, are amusing themselves patiently with the scanty contents of their nose-bags; and when you come to the village itself you find it almost deserted, though the doors and windows are seldom secured. It may be supposed that the people can trust each other's honesty; and as the side roads that come down from the forests through the fields lead to nowhere in particular, so tramps and sturdy vagabonds are unknown.

The Nassau peasant, though seldom wealthy, must generally be well off. The houses have all a comfortable look, and the general aspect of the villages is picturesque and almost coquettish. Take Bärstadt for example, which is between Schwalbach and Schlangenbad, though lying quite away from the ordinary promenades and carriage-drives, and rarely intruded on by the Kur-guests. Its name — the town of the bears — must have been appropriate enough in the olden time, from

its solitary situation among sylvan surroundings; but now the hills that immediately encircle it are cleared and covered with crops. The various approaches from the fields are shaded with apple and plum trees, loaded with their russet and purple fruits. Each house, without exception, stands apart from its neighbor at every variety of angle. There are quaint roofs of shingle, or of shell-shaped wooden tiles. The walls, as in the more pretentious buildings of Schwalbach, are of rough beams and unbaked bricks. There are hanging eaves, and lozenge casements, and doors divided in flaps of unequal width, often with handles of curious metal work. Sometimes there are tiny flower-gardens in full bloom hanging from the windows, with creepers running up to the roof, and streaming back in showers of blossoms. The fruit-laden plum-trees draw rich sustenance from the pools that drain from the stables and cowhouses. There is a pleasant odor of dairy pervading the place, for in Nassau all the cattle are stall-fed, and instead of cows being turned out into the pastures, the precious herbage is cut and brought to them. There are vast barns, and a village *Wirthhaus* or two, and a church with a steeple which, though irregular and ungainly, is not ineffective from a distance, and with windows that have been modernized by no means to their advantage. But you may assume that otherwise there has been little change in the village architecture for seven centuries or more. And look which way you will along the pretty side lanes, you look on rich cultivation through leafy vistas, formed by the gnarled boughs of venerable horse-chestnuts. Pauperism seems to be unknown, as mendicancy certainly is; but even the wealthiest of the peasants live frugally, though they eat often. The day is begun with black bread and coffee; and coffee and black bread, with soup and farinaceous foods, are their staple diet. Meat is a luxury that the most fortunate of them seldom taste more than once in the week, with the exception perhaps of bacon, which is somewhat more common.

Talking of bacon leads us naturally to think of pigs, and a pig is almost invariably attached to every Nassau household. Sir Francis Head devotes an amusing chapter to the story of the "Schwein General," who, attended by his aide-de-camp, used night and morning to lead out his charge to the neighboring hills. The same sight is to be witnessed still, and a similar system prevails in every one of the villages,

although in most cases the general is a lady, and the members of her staff are of the gentler sex. Holding on our way from Bärstadt to Schlangenbad, we come among the stubbles under the apple-trees upon the Bärstadt drove, and a most ungainly and unlevel lot they look. Long-legged, wall-sided, and exaggeratedly hog-backed, they give you no idea of laying on flesh, and certainly their habits of life do not tend to encourage obesity. We do not know how they may fare in their homes; but the best part of their lives is passed out of doors, and then they may be seen grubbing along the banks of the dusty lanes, or grunting about wistfully among the flinty stubbles. We should fancy it is but seldom that they have the run of their teeth among the beech-mast; for when the woods used to be ducal property they were carefully protected against trespass, and though many of them have passed since into the hands of the municipalities and communes, we have never remarked that the practice has changed.

Nothing in the way of foreign woodlands can be more charming than those that embrace Schlangenbad, and far the most picturesque approach is from Bärstadt. The road that has been rising steeply through the unenclosed corn-land dips sharply down from the crest among noble beech-trees. But again you are landed among the conspicuous signs of bath-life that you had left behind when you cleared the environs of Schwalbach. Inscriptions on finger-posts indicate the way to the innumerable points of attraction that have been sanctified by cockney custom as objects for a lazy stroll. To the "Cross" or the "Candle," or to the "Boar-Stone," the "Owl's Hollow," or the "*Schöne Aussicht*." But as the weather happens to have been showery, you do not meet a soul, till you descend on the little irrigated meadow, where the hay-cutters are busy, the rain notwithstanding, and it leads you down to the spring of the "Serpent" bath. Schlangenbad is but a smaller Schwalbach, *minus* the aboriginal village. There are a couple of huge bathing establishments, and a row or two of spruce villas, interspersed with gay hotels. The *coup d'œil* over the flowers and trees and fountains and winding drive in front of the principal bath-house is more brilliantly effective than anything in Schwalbach, backed up as it is by an amphitheatre of lofty hills which are densely wooded to their very summits. But beautiful as these grand enclosures are, they must make the place even more of a prison;

and any one but a resolute and vigorous pedestrian must find it hard to force his way through the folds of the forest to the light and the air that lie beyond. The waters, independently of their action in certain maladies, have been celebrated far and wide for their beautifying properties. You may see them bottled, in the form of essences, on the counters of the German perfumers, who sell them as sovereign for the complexion. And doubtless, were one to persevere in a course of them, you might be sure, for a time at least, to undergo a smoothing change. But we must say that the solitary experiment we made was disappointing; and we left the gloomy bathing vault into which we had been shown with no sense of the exhilaration of a dip at Schwalbach.

Indeed, when one has looked on at bath-life for some six or eight monotonous weeks, you are more certainly confirmed in your original impression that the virtues of any particular waters are far from being the sole consideration. Yet, in nineteen cases out of twenty, that is the only point on which an English physician has information, or to which he pays any regard. A patient consults him for gout or rheumatism, — for the head, the heart, or the stomach, as the case may be, and above all for the nerves; and he prescribes Gastein, Carlsbad, Schwalbach, or Spa, as it happens. And it is probable that the waters the nervous patient goes to drink and to bathe in may medically be the most useful for his particular complaint. But depressing circumstances may more than outweigh the extra grains of the carbonates of soda or the oxides of iron that these springs hold in solution. You may be condemned to a bath-chair, and settled in a hole, out of which there is no emerging. As the season goes on, and the sun shoots swiftly over some narrow valley, the days are unnecessarily shortened, while the mornings and evenings grow cloudier and more chilly. You are dependent on sunning yourself in the open air; and should the weather turn out to be wet, which is far more likely in some localities than others, you are shut up a close prisoner in a house built for the sunshine, with your own melancholy thoughts for companions. And in the smaller baths, there are not the same spacious saloons and light and airy arcades in which you can take refuge from the rain; while necessarily it is much more of a chance that you find yourself there in cheerful company. Of course you must take care that you make no awkward mistake in the waters; for they say,

for example, that those of Schwalbach are carboniferous apoplexy for full-blooded gentlemen. But after guarding against accidents so easily avoided, we believe that the first thing one should look for at a bath is liveliness, and the next, invigorating and exhilarating air. If a patient can pull round at the gloomy gorge of Peffers, it speaks worlds for his intense vitality and the inherent vigor of his constitution; while the fresh breezes from the Taunus, and the sunny open landscape about Homburg, must be highly stimulating in themselves, although in actual charms of scenery the place might easily be improved upon.

After all, belated invalids at these upland Brunnen of Nassau may carry themselves cheerfully to the end of what they feel to be a trying dispensation by reflecting on the lot of the natives they leave behind. Already, in the last days of September, the signs of the coming winter are setting in. The venetian shutters have been fast closing everywhere. The bath establishment cuts down its strength, and inconveniently circumscribes the bathing hours. The band packs up and retires with bag and baggage. The hairdresser follows. The *menus* at the hotels become more meagre, and the vegetables threaten to give out altogether. The vendors of fancy goods set still higher prices on the remainder of their dwindled stocks, in a last desperate effort at realization. The administration stops its duplicate copy of the *Times*. The bath-chairmen and carriage-drivers lock away their vehicles, and betake themselves to their sylvan avocations. The communications are being cut on all sides: diligences and omnibuses are being run off the roads, with the solitary exception of the Wiesbaden *Postwagen*, which carries travellers in the wrong direction for Englishmen. Next the administration stops the penny London papers, the evening journals, and the illustrated weeklies; and finally you see rough-boarded shutters being nailed up everywhere against the verandahs and windows of the houses in the more exposed situations. There is a general stampede of the servants, those of the greater hotels not excepted, where the landlord withdraws with the family to hibernate in his smallest rooms on the ground-floor. And then your mind's eye begins to lose itself in a vision of snowstorms; of wreaths heaped high in each cutting and each corner of the bleak roads, raising impassable barriers between the little imprisoned community and the outer world; of a wind

that can be bitter even in August, howling down from the hills, shivering the festoons of icicles, and whistling in through the crevices in the walls and woodwork; and we let the curtain fall behind us in blinding snowdrift on Schwalbach snow-shrouded for its winter's sleep.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXII.

MYSTIFIED.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Meredith, "I see what you are thinking of. You are young to settle in life, and about means there might be some difficulty; but to see you happy I would make any sacrifice. Nothing is so important as to make a good choice, which you have done, thank God. That goes beyond every prudential consideration. Nothing else matters in comparison;" and, as she said this, tears stood in her soft eyes. It was a long speech for Mrs. Meredith. Oswald had come back to the drawing-room in a loose jacket, with some lingering odor of his cigar about him, to bid his mother good-night. She was standing by the mantelpiece with her candle in her hand, while he stood close by, looking down into the fire, caressing the down, scarcely developed into a moustache, on his upper lip, and thus hiding a conscious smile.

"So you think my choice a good one, mother?" he said with a laugh.

Mrs. Meredith did not think him serious enough for such a serious moment; but then how useless it is to go on contending with people because they will not feel as you think proper in every emergency! After all, every one must act according to his nature; the easy man cannot be made restless, nor the light-hearted solemn. This was Mrs. Meredith's philosophy. But she gave a little sigh, as she had often done, to the frivolity of her elder son. It was late, and the fire was very low upon the hearth—one of the lamps had burned out—the room was dimmer than usual; in a corner Edward sat reading or pretending to read, rather glum, silent, and sad. Oswald, who had come in, in a very pleasant disposition, as indeed he generally was, smoothed his young moustache with great complacency. He saw at once that it was Cara of whom his

mother was thinking, and it was not at all disagreeable to him that she should think so. He was quite willing to be taken for Cara's lover. There was no harm in a little mystification, and the thought on the whole pleased him.

"Ah, Oswald, I wish you were a little more serious, especially at such a moment," said his mother; "there are so many things to think of. I wish you would try to realize that it is a very, very important moment in your life."

"It is a very pleasant one, at least," he said, smiling at her—with a smile which from the time of his baby naughtiness had always subdued his mother—and he lighted her candle, and stooped with filial grace to kiss her cheek. "Good-night, mother, and don't trouble about me. I am very happy," he said, with a half-laugh at his own cleverness in carrying on this delusion. Oswald thought a great deal of his own cleverness. It was a pleasant subject to him. He stood for some time after his mother was gone, looking down into the waning fire and smiling to himself. He enjoyed the idea reflected from their minds that he was an accepted lover, a happy man betrothed and enjoying the first sweetness of love. He had not said so; he had done nothing, so far as he was aware, to originate such a notion; but it rather amused and flattered him now that they had of themselves quite gratuitously started it. As for Cara herself being displeased or annoyed by it, that did not occur to him. She was only just a girl, not a person of dignity, and there could be no injury to her in such a report. Besides, it was not his doing; he was noway to blame. Poor dear little Cara! if it did come to that, a man was not much to be pitied who had Cara to fall back upon at the last.

Thus he stood musing, with that conscious smile on his face, now and then casting a glance at himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. He was not thinking of his brother, who sat behind with the same book in his hands that he had been pretending to read all the evening. Edward rose when his mother was gone, and came up to the fire. He was no master of words befitting the occasion; he wanted to say something, and he did not know what to say. His elder brother, the most popular of the two—he who was always a little in advance of Edward in everything, admired and beloved and thought of as Edward had never been—how was the younger, less brilliant, less considered brother to say anything to him

that bore the character of advice? And yet Edward's heart ached to do so; to tell the truth his heart ached for more than this. It had seemed to him that Cara confided in himself, believed in his affectionate sympathy more than she did in Oswald's; and to see Oswald in the triumphant position of a vowed lover as they all thought him to be, was gall and bitterness to the poor young fellow, in whose heart for all these years warm recollection of Cara had been smouldering. He was the poor man whose ewe-lamb his rich brother had taken, and the pang of surprised distress in his soul was all the bitterer for that consciousness which never quite left his mind, that Oswald was always the one preferred. But Edward, though he felt this, was not of an envious nature, and was rather sad for himself than resentful of his brother's happiness. He went up to him, dragged by his tender heart much against the resistance of his will, feeling that he too must say something. He laid his hand, which quivered a little with suppressed agitation, on Oswald's shoulder.

"I don't know what to say to you, old fellow," he said, with an attempt at an easy tone. "I needn't wish you happiness, for you've got it——"

In spite of himself Oswald laughed. He had a schoolboy's delight in mystification, and somehow a sense of Edward's disappointment came in, and gave him a still greater perception of the joke. Not that he wished to hurt Edward, but to most men who know nothing of love, there is so much of the ridiculous involved, even in a disappointment, that the one who is heart-whole may be deliberately cruel without any evil intention. "Oh, yes, I am happy enough," he said, looking round at his brother, who, for his part, could not meet his eyes.

"I hope you won't mind what I am going to say to you?" said Edward. "I am not so light-hearted a fellow as you are, and that makes me, perhaps, notice others. Oswald, look here—*she* is not so light-hearted as you are, either. She wants taking care of. She is very sensitive, and feels many things that perhaps you would not feel. Don't be vexed. I thought I would just say this once for all—and there is no good thing I don't wish you," cried Edward, concluding abruptly, to cover the little break in his voice.

"You needn't look so glum about it, Ned," said his brother. "I don't mean to be turned off to-morrow. We shall have time to mingle our tears on various occa-

sions before then. Mamma and you have a way of jumping at conclusions. As for *her*——"

"I don't like slang on such a subject," said Edward, hotly. "Never mind; there are some things we should never agree upon if we talked till doomsday. Good-night."

"Good-night, old man, and I wish you a better temper—unless you'll come and have another cigar first," said Oswald, with cheerful assurance. "My mind is too full for sleep."

"Your mind is full of——"

"Her, of course," said Oswald, with a laugh; and he went down-stairs whistling the air of Fortunio's song,—

Je sais mourir pour ma mie,
Sans la nommer.

He was delighted with the mistake which mystified everybody and awakened envies, and regrets, and congratulations, which were all in their different ways tributes to his importance. And no doubt the mistake might be turned into reality at any moment should he decide that this would be desirable. He had only to ask Cara, he felt, and she would be as pleased as the others; and, indeed, under the influence of a suggestion which made him feel his own importance so delightfully, Oswald was not at all sure that this was not the best thing, and the evident conclusion of the whole. But in the mean time he let his mind float away upon other fancies. *Her!* how little they knew who *she* was whom they thus ignorantly discussed. When he had got into the sanctuary of smoke, at which Mrs. Meredith shook her head, but which she had carefully prepared for her boys all the same, Oswald lit the other cigar which he had invited his brother to accompany, and sat down with that smile still upon his face, to enjoy it and his fancies. He laid his hand indolently upon a book, but his own musings were at the moment more amusing, more pleasantly exciting than any novel. The situation pleased and stimulated his fancy in every way. The demure little school procession, the meek young conventual beauty, so subdued and soft, yet with sparkles responsive to be struck out of her, half-frightened, yet at the same time elevated above all the temptations that might have assailed other girls—it was scarcely possible to realize anything more captivating to the imagination. He sat and dreamed over it all till the small hours after midnight sounded one by one, and his fire went out, and he began to feel

chilly; upon which argument Oswald, still smiling to himself, went to bed, well pleased with his fancies as with everything else belonging to him; and all the better pleased that he felt conscious of having roused a considerable deal of excitement and emotion, and of having, without any decided intention on his own part, delightfully taken in everybody, which delighted the schoolboy part of his nature. To be so clever as he was conscious of being, and a poet, and a great many other fine things — it was astonishing how much of the schoolboy was still in him. But yet he had no compunction as he went up the long staircase: he had not finished, nor indeed made the least advance with his poem.

From old Pietro's canvas freshly sprung,
Fair face! —

This beginning was what he liked best.

Edward was moved in a very different way. He would have been magnanimous and given up Cara — that is, having no real right to Cara, he might have given up the youthful imagination of her which had always been his favorite fancy — to his brother, with some wringing of the heart, but with that compensation which youth has in the sublime sense of self-sacrifice. But there is no bitterness greater in this world, either for young or old, than that of giving up painfully to another something which that other holds with levity and treats with indifference. To hear Cara, the sacred young princess of his own fancy, spoken of lightly, and the supreme moment of possible union with her characterized as "turning off," was a downfall which made Edward half frantic with pain and shame, and indignation and impatience. She would be to Oswald only a commonplace little wife, to be petted when he was in the humor, standing very much lower than himself in his own good graces; whereas, to Edward she would have been — But it was Oswald, not Edward, whom she had chosen. How strange they are! all those wonderful confusions of humanity which depress the wisest, the blind jumps at fate, the foolish choices, the passing over of the best to take the worst, which form the ordinary course of existence everywhere, the poor young fellow thought, in this first encounter with adverse events; and this was mingled with that strange wonder of the tender heart to find itself uncomprehended and rejected, while gifts much less precious than those it offers are accepted, which is one of the most poignant pangs of na-

ture; and these feelings, surging dimly through Edward's mind, filled him with a despondency and pain beyond words. Indeed he could not have told all the bitterness of the vague heavy blackness which swallowed up the fair world and everything lovely before him. It was not only that Cara had (he thought) chosen Oswald instead of himself, but also that the lesser love was preferred to the greater, and that the thing one man would have worshipped was thrown to the careless keeping of another, as if it were a thing of no price. The personal question and the abstract one twisted and twined into one, as is general in the first trials of youth. He himself unconsciously became to himself the symbol of true love misjudged, of gold thrown away for pinchbeck — and Cara the symbol of that terrible perennial mistake which is always going on from chapter to chapter of the world's history. Even, for he was generous in the very pangs of that visionary envy, it added another pang of suffering to Edward's mind, that he could not but consider his brother as the pinchbeck, so far as Cara at least was considered. While Oswald sat smiling to himself through the fumes of his cigar, Edward threw his window open and gazed out into the chill darkness of the winter night, feeling the cold wind, which made him shiver, to be more in consonance with his feelings than the warmth of the comfortable room inside.

Thus the whole little world was turned upside down by Oswald's light-hearted preference of his own gratification to anything other people might think. He had half forgotten the appointment he had so anxiously made with Cara when the morning came, having got into full swing with his verses — which was a still more captivating way of expressing his sentiments than confession of them to Cara.

Fair face from old Pietro's canvas sprung,
Soft as the eve, fresh as the day,
Sweet shadow of angelic faces, young
And heavenly bright as they,
Soul of all lovely things, by poets sung —

He could not content himself with the last line — "Accept my lay," or "my humble lay," was the easiest termination, but it was prosaic and affected. The consideration of this occupied him to the entire exclusion of Cara, and he only recollected with what anxiety he had begged her to get rid of her aunt and see him alone at a quarter past twelve, having appointed to meet her at noon. He thrust the bit of paper on which he had been scribbling

into his pocket, when he remembered, and went off languidly to pay his visit; he had meant to have completed the poem, and read it over to her, but it was clear that this must be postponed to another day.

Meanwhile good Miss Cherry, full of anxieties, had got up much earlier than was necessary, and had spent a long day before twelve o'clock. By way of giving to her withdrawal at that fated hour an air of perfect naturalness and spontaneity, she invented a great many little household occupations, going here and there over the different rooms with nurse, looking over Cara's things to see what was wanted, and making a great many notes of household necessities. The one most serious occupation which she had in her mind she postponed until the moment when the lover, or supposed lover, should appear. This was her real object in coming to London, the interview which she had determined to have with her brother. With a heart beating more loudly than it had beaten for years, she waited till Oswald Meredith's appearance gave the signal for this assault, which it was her duty to make, but which she attempted with so much trembling. By the time Oswald did appear, her breath had almost forsaken her with agitation and excitement, and she had become almost too much absorbed in her own enterprise to wonder that at such a moment the young man should be late. She was already in the library when Oswald went up-stairs. Two interviews so solemn going on together! the comfort of both father and daughter hanging in the balance. Miss Cherry knocked so softly as to be unheard, and had to repeat the summons before that "come in" sounded through the closed door which was to her as the trump of doom.

She went in. Mr. Beresford was seated as usual at his writing-table, with all his books about him. He was busy, according to his gentle idea of being busy, and looked up with some surprise at his sister when she entered. Miss Cherry came noiselessly forward in her grey gown, with her soft steps. He held his pen suspended in his fingers, thinking perhaps it was some passing question which she meant to ask, then laid it down with the slightest shadow of impatience, covered immediately by a pretended readiness to know what she wanted, and a slight sigh over his wasted time. Those who have their bread to work for take interruptions far more easily than those whose labors are of im-

portance to nobody, and Macaulay writing his history would not have breathed half so deep a sigh as did James Beresford over the half hour he was about to lose.

"You want something?" he said, with the smile of a conscious martyr.

"Only to speak to you, James," said Miss Cherry, breathless. Then she looked up at him with a deprecating, wistful smile. "It is not very often that we meet now, or have any opportunity for a little talk," she said.

"Yes, Cherry, that is true enough. I have been so much away."

"And people drift apart; that is true too. I know I can't follow you in all your deep studies, James; but my heart is always the same. I think of you more than of any one, and of Cara. I hope she will live to be the dearest comfort to you as she always was to us. The light went away from the Hill, I think, when she went away."

"You have been very good to her, I am sure," he said, with due gratefulness, "and most kind. You have brought her up very wisely, Cherry. I have no fault to find with her. She is a good little girl."

Miss Cherry, to hear her small goddess thus described, felt a sudden shock and thrill of horror; but she subdued herself. "I wanted to speak to you, James," she said, "of that;" then, with a slight pant and heave of her frightened bosom — "oh, James! do you not think you could give her a little more of your society — learn to know her better? you would find it worth your while!"

"Know her better! My dear Cherry, I know her very well, poor child. She is a good little girl, always obedient and dutiful. There cannot be very much fellowship between a man of my occupations and a quiet simple girl such as Cara is, I am glad to say; but I am very fond of her. You must not think I don't appreciate my child."

"It is not quite that," said poor Cherry. "Oh, James, if you only knew it, our Cara is a great deal more than merely a good little girl. I would not for a moment think of finding fault with you; but if you would see her a little more in the evening — if you would not go out quite so much —"

"Go out! — I really go out very seldom. I think you are making a mistake, Cherry, my dear."

"Oh no, James; since I have come, it has been my great thought. I know you don't mean to be unkind; but when you are out every evening —"

"Really, Cherry, I had no idea that my liberty was to be infringed, and my habits criticised."

Miss Cherry came up to him with an anxious face and wet eyes. "Oh, James, don't be angry! That is not what I mean. It is not to criticise you. But if you would stay with your child in the evening sometimes! She is so sweet and young. It would give you pleasure if you were to try—and—it would be better, far better in other ways too."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said, hurriedly.

"No, no. I was sure, quite sure, you never thought, nor meant anything. But the world is a strange world. It is always misconceiving innocent people—and, James, I am certain, nay, I *know*, it would be so much better: for every one—in every way."

"You seem to have made up your mind to be mysterious, Cherry," he said. "I don't see to whom it can be of importance how I pass my time. To Cara you think? I don't suppose she cares so much for my society. You are an old-fashioned woman, my poor Cherry, and think as you were brought up to think. But, my dear, it is not necessary to salvation that a man should be always in his own house, and between a man of fifty and a girl of seventeen there is not really so much in common."

"When they are father and daughter, James?"

"That does not make very much difference that I can see. But if you think Cara is dull, we must hit upon something better than my society. Young friends perhaps—if there is any other girl she likes particularly, let her invite her friend by all means. I don't want my little girl to be dull."

"It is not that, James. She never complains: but, oh, if you would try to make friends with the child! She would interest you, she would be a pleasant companion. She would make you like your home again; and oh, pardon me, James, would not that be better than finding your happiness elsewhere?"

At this moment the door was opened, and John appeared ushering in a scientific visitor, whose very name was enough to frighten any humble person like Miss Cherry. She withdrew precipitately, not sorry to be saved from further discussion, and wondering at herself how she could have had the audacity to speak so to James. Nothing but her anxiety could have given her such boldness. It was

presumption, she felt, even in her secret soul, to criticise, as he said, a man like her brother, older and so much wiser than herself; but sometimes a little point of custom or regard to appearances might be overlooked by a clever man in the very greatness of his thoughts. This was how kind Miss Cherry put it—and in that way, the mouse might help the lion, and the elderly, old-fashioned sister be of use to a wise and learned man, though he was a member of all the societies. And how kindly he had listened to her, and received her bold animadversions! When there is anything to admire in the behavior of those they look up to, kind women, like Miss Cherry, can always find some humble plea like this at least, for a little adoration. Such a clever man, had he not a right to be furious, brutal if he pleased, when a simple little woman dared to find fault with him? but on the contrary, how well he took it—what a man he was!

Miss Cherry hurrying up-stairs met Cara coming down, and her other excitement came back to her in a moment. She took the girl's hands in hers, though it was in no more retired place than the landing on the stairs. "Well, my darling," she said anxiously.

"Well, Aunt Cherry!" said Cara, and laughed. "I was coming to look for you, to ask you to come out and get some ribbon——"

"But, Cara——"

"Come!" cried the girl, running up-stairs again to get her hat; and what had really happened that morning, Miss Cherry never knew. So that both her excitements came to nothing, and the day turned out uneventful like other common days.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. BERESFORD was seated in his library, as usual, in the morning; he had breakfasted and glanced over his newspaper, and now had settled down to "work," that is, to what he called work. He would not have been much the worse had he idled, nor would his finances or anybody's comfort have suffered; probably that was one reason why he was so industrious. His writing-table was arranged with the most perfect order: here his blotting-book, his pens, his paper of all sizes, from ponderous foolscap to the lightest accidental note; there his books of reference; in the centre, the volume he was studying. John, by long practice, had learned to know exactly where to place all his master's para-

phernalia. He sat in front of the fire, which crackled merrily and made light *pétilllements*, in the sound of which alone there was genial company. The ruddy sunshine of the winter morning entered in a sidelong gleam; everything was comfortable, warm, and luxurious round him; the room was lined almost as high as the ceiling with books, and the square table near the further window was covered with magazines and newspapers. He spared nothing in that way, though for himself he did not read half the literature that was placed there ready for him. He took his place at his table, opened his book, put down the letters which he had brought with him from the breakfast table, and prepared to write—or rather to work—for his object was to write a review of the serious book he was reading; his letters were about this and other important matters—a meeting of the Imperial Society—the arrangements to be made for a series of lectures—the choice of a new member. He put down all these momentous epistles on his table, and turned over a page of the book in respect to which he was prepared to give to the world some new ideas of his own on the relations between mind and matter, or rather, upon some of those strange processes by which the human brain, which is as purely matter as the human leg, pranks itself up in the appearance of a spiritual entity. He was fond of philosophical questions. But when he had made all these preparations, he stopped suddenly short and began to think. What process was it that brought across him, like a sudden breath of summer air with the scent of flowers in it, that sudden flood of recollections? In a moment, invading his breast and his mind with thoughts of the past, he felt as people do to whom an old friend appears suddenly, bringing with him a hundred forgotten associations. Had some one come into the warm and pleasant room, and laid a hand upon his shoulder and looked him in the face? If James Beresford had been a superstitious man he would have thought so. His wife had been dead for more than five years—and long and weary and painful these years had been. Lately, however, his heart had been lulled to rest by sweet friendliness and sympathy and help; he had felt strong enough to take up his ordinary life again and return into the world—not unfaithful, but consoled and soothed. Nothing had happened to him to break this sensation of rest from trouble, and what happened now was not painful. It was only the sudden return of

thoughts which had been in abeyance. She seemed to come and stand by him, as she used to do, looking over his shoulder, asking after his work. “What are you doing?” he seemed to hear her say—leaning over him with that familiar proprietorship of him and all his works and ways, which was so sweet. Why had this visitation come to him to-day? Of course it must have been some impression on his nerves which thus reflected itself through his being. Some chance contact had stirred one of those strings, which move what we call feelings in the strange machinery of our puppet nature. He thought somehow that when he had said this, it explained the mystery. All at once, like a gale of spring, like a sudden thaw—or like some one coming into the room; though the last metaphor was not so fine as the others, it was the most true. Few of our mental processes (he would have allowed) are pure thought—this was not thought at all: he felt as if she stood by him—she whom he had lost; as if their life came back as it used to be. His grief for her, he knew, had been lulled to rest, and it was not any revival of the sharpness and bitterness of that grief which moved him: it was a return for a few minutes of the life they had lived together, of the conditions which life had borne before.

Perhaps it was simply because his sister was there, and the sound of the two feminine voices, hers and Cara's, at the breakfast table, had brought back memories of the old times. He leant his elbows on his open book, and his chin in the hollow of his hands. What a different life it had been. What were his societies now, his articles, all his “work,” to the first spontaneous living of those days that were dead? How she would come in familiar, sure of her right to be wherever he was—not timid, like Cara, who never knew whether her father would be pleased or not pleased to see her, nor reverential like good Cherry, who admired and wondered at his books and his writing. He knew how these two would look at any moment if need or business brought them knocking to his door. But he never could tell how *she* would look, so various were her aspects, never the same—two women sometimes in one moment, turning to tears or to sunshine in the twinkling of an eye, cheering him, provoking him, stimulating him. Ah, what a change! life might have its soothings now, its consolations, little makings up and props, to give it the appearance of being the same life as before, but nothing could

ever make it what it had been. He had not died of it, neither would he die of it — the grief that kills is rare; but whatever might happen to him in the world, so much was certain, that the delight of life was over, the glory gone out of it. And he did not wish it to be otherwise, he said to himself. There are things which a man can have but once. Some men are so happy as to retain those best things of life till old age — but he was not one of those blessed men. And he was no longer wretched and a wanderer on the face of the earth. Time had brought him a softening quiet, a dim pleasantness of tranquillity and friends — good, tender, soothing, kindest friends.

Some one coming in broke suddenly this strange revival of memory — and of all people in the world it was the doctor, Maxwell, whose name was so linked to the recollections of the old life, but who, Beresford felt, had never been the same to him since Annie died. His mind had been so preoccupied that he had never inquired what was the cause of this estrangement. What did it matter to him if all the world was estranged? he had felt vaguely; and if he thought upon the subject at all, supposed that in the anguish of his mind he had said something or done something to vex his old friend. But what did it matter? His life had been too much shipwrecked at first to leave his mind at liberty to care what might happen. And now the estrangement was a *fait accompli*. But his heart was touched and soft that morning. The thought of Annie had come back to him, and here was some one deeply associated with Annie. In the little start with which he got up from his chair at the sound of Maxwell's name, a rush of resolution ran through his veins with a rapidity such as leaves words hopelessly behind. "I will get to the bottom of it whatever it is. I will know the cause, and make it up with Maxwell." These words would have taken some definite atom of time to think and say, but the thought rushed through his mind instantaneously as he rose holding out his hand. "Maxwell! you are an unusual visitor nowadays. I am very glad to see you," he said. That he should have come just now of all times in the world!

"Yes; I have ceased to be about the house as I used to be," the doctor said, with a slight confusion, grasping the hand offered to him. And then they sat down on two chairs opposite to each other, and there was a pause. They were both embarrassed a little. This kind of coolness

between two friends is more difficult to get over than an actual quarrel. Maxwell was not at his ease. How many recollections this room brought back to him! That strange visitor who had stood by James Beresford's side a minute before stood by his now. He seemed to see her standing against the light, shaking her finger at them in reproof. How often she had done so, the light catching her dress, making a kind of halo round her. Was it possible she was gone — gone, disappeared from before their eyes, making no sign? And yet how clearly she seemed to stand there, looking at the two whose talk she had so often interrupted, broken off, made an end of, with capricious sweet impertinences. Maxwell, like her husband, felt the reality of her so strong, that his mind rejected with a strange vertigo the idea of her absolute severance from this house and this life. The vertigo grew still greater, and his head seemed to turn round and round when he remembered why he had come.

"Why is it?" said Beresford. "Something seems to have come between us — I can't tell what. Is it accidental, or does it mean anything? I have had a distracted life, as you know, and I may have done something amiss —"

"No, no," said the other, hurriedly; "let us say nothing about that. I meant nothing. Beresford, if you have this feeling now, what will you think when you hear that I have undertaken a disagreeable, intrusive mission?"

"Intrusive?" he smiled: "I don't see what you could be intrusive about. You used to know all my affairs — and if you don't know them now, it is not my fault."

"Good heavens!" cried the doctor, involuntarily, "how am I to do it? Look here, Beresford; I said I would come, thinking that I who knew you so well would annoy you less than a stranger — but I don't feel so sure about that now."

"What is this gunpowder plot?" said Beresford, with a laugh. "Have I been guilty of high treason without knowing it, and must I fly for my life?"

The doctor cleared his throat; he grew red in the face; finally he jumped up from his chair and went to the big fireplace, where he stood with his back to the fire, and his face a little out of his friend's sight.

"Beresford, have you ever thought what a strange position Mrs. Meredith is in?"

"Mrs. Meredith!" He said this with such unfeigned surprise that his visitor felt more awkward than ever. "What can

she have to do with any disunion between you and me?"

"By Jove!" cried the doctor, "we are all a pack of fools;" and from the fire he walked to the window in the perturbation of his thoughts.

Beresford laughed. "One can never say anything civil to a speech like that — especially as, forgive me! I have not a notion what you are being fools about."

Maxwell looked out into the square to pluck up courage. He coughed as men do when they are utterly at a loss — when it is worth while to gain even a moment. "Don't be angry with me," he said, with sudden humility. "I should not have taken it in hand, especially as you have taken it in hand, and I must speak. Beresford, old Sommerville came to me yesterday. He's Meredith's friend, with a general commission to look after the family."

"Has anything happened to Meredith?" said Mr. Beresford, with concern. "This is the second time you have mentioned them. I scarcely know him — but if there is anything wrong, I shall be very sorry for *her* sake."

"There is nothing wrong, unless it is of your doing," said the doctor, with abrupt determination. "To tell the truth, Meredith has heard, or somebody has told him, or a gossiping has been got up — I don't know what — about your visits. You go there too often, they say — every night —"

"Maxwell!" cried James Beresford, springing to his feet.

"There! I told you," said the doctor. "I said you would be angry — as if it were my fault. I am only the mouth-piece. Old Sommerville would have come to you himself — but I was sure it could be nothing but inadvertence, and undertook the office, knowing you too well — much too well — to think for a moment —"

"Inadvertence! Knowing me too well to think! In the name of heaven, what is there to think? What have I been inadvertent about? Angry! Of course I am angry. What have I done to be gossiped about? One of us must be out of his senses surely, either you or I —"

"No, it isn't that. Gossip does not spare any one. And pardon me," said the doctor, growing bolder now that the worst was over, "if you had ever thought on the subject, you must have seen that such frequent visits — to a woman who is married,

whose husband is at the other end of the world —"

"Stop — stop, I tell you! I will not have *her* discussed or her name introduced."

"That is quite right, Beresford. I knew you would feel so. Is it right then that the tenderest heart on the face of the earth should be worried and bullied because of you?"

"Good God!" cried the bewildered man, "has she been worried and bullied? What do you mean? Who has presumed to find fault? She is — I am not going to say what she is."

"It is not necessary. I know that as well as any one."

Beresford made a half-conscious pause, and looked at his reprover with a sudden involuntary raising of his eyebrows. Knew that as well as any one! Did he? Vain boaster! Who but himself knew all the consoling sweetness, all the soft wealth of sympathy in this friend of friends? He felt more angry with Maxwell for this false pretension than for all his other sins. "I am at a loss to know," he said, coldly, "by what right any one attempts to interfere with my liberty of action. I am not a man whose visits to any house can be considered suspicious. I should have thought that my character and my antecedents were enough to preserve me from injurious comment and the gossip you speak of."

"Beresford," said the other hastily, "who thinks of you? No amount of gossip could do you any real harm. You must see that. The question is about *her*."

It was Beresford's turn now to be excited. He began to pace about the room in deep annoyance and agitation. Of course this was true. What was nothing to a man might be everything to a woman; and no man worthy the name would expose a woman to comment. He took refuge, first, in furious abuse of gossip. What had any one to do with his proceedings? A man is always more shocked and angry to find himself the object of remark than a woman is. It seemed incredible to him that *he*, of all people in the world *he*, should be the object of impertinent remark. The idea was intolerable to Beresford. The doctor wisely said nothing, but let him have his ravings out, withdrawing himself to a chair by the table, where he sat writing out imaginary prescriptions with the worn stump of a pen which he found there, and keeping as far out of the

passionate stream of monologue as possible. This was wise treatment, the best he could have adopted, and after a while the subject of the operation calmed down. He flung himself at last into his chair, and there was a stormy pause.

"I suppose," said Beresford, with a long-drawn breath of mingled pain and anger, "this was what Cherry meant. I could not make her out. She is in it too. Have you all laid your heads together and consulted what was the thing that would pain me most — the most susceptible point left?"

Maxwell made no direct reply. "If Miss Cherry has spoken to you, Beresford, you know your sister," he said. "She would not hurt a fly — much less you, whom she holds in such high respect; and she would not think evil readily — would she now? If she has spoken, you must understand that there is something in it. Listen, my dear fellow. There are things that must be done and left undone in this world for the sake of the fools in it merely. You know that as well as I do. Say the fools ought to be defied and crushed if you like, but in reality we have all to consider them. The people of bad imaginations and low minds and mean views really make the laws for the rest of the world. We can't help it. For ourselves it might not matter; but for those who are dear to us — for those who are less independent than we —"

Again there was a pause. Beresford sat with his elbows on the table and bit his nails savagely. In this painful amusement there seemed a certain relief. He stared straight before him, seeing nothing. At last he turned round sharply upon the doctor, who, with his head bent down, still sat scribbling without any ink with the old stump of the pen in his hand. "What do you want me to do?" he said.

"Beresford, I did not come here to dictate to you. I came simply to call your attention —"

"Oh, let us not quibble about words! Dictation! yes, and something more than dictation. Of course I am helpless before the plea you bring up. Of course I have nothing to do but submit, if there is any question of annoyance to — Low minds and bad imaginations indeed! That any one should suggest the most distant possibility, the shadow of a reproach!"

"We suggest nothing of the sort, Beresford. We suggest only a most simple precaution — a rule ordinarily observed."

He made a gesture of impatience, stopping further explanation, and again for

two minutes, which looked like an hour, the two men sat silent together, not, it may be supposed, with any increase of friendliness towards each other in their thoughts. Perhaps, however, it was only on the side of the reproved that this feeling was really strong. The reprover was compunctious and eager to do anything he could to conciliate. He kept a furtive watch upon his victim as he scribbled. Beresford had retreated within that most invulnerable of all fortresses — silence, and sat, still biting his nails, staring into the vacant air, neither by word nor look making any communication of his thoughts. Nothing is more difficult than to maintain a silence like this; the least absorbed of the two engaged in the passage of arms comes to feel after a time that he must speak or die — and what to say? More upon the same subject might lessen the impression already made, and to introduce another subject would be impossible. When the pause had lasted as long as possibility permitted, Maxwell got up, put the pen slowly back in the tray from which it had strayed, tossed the piece of paper he had been scribbling upon into the wastebasket, gathered up his gloves, his stick, his hat. Nothing could be more slow and hesitating than all these preparations for departure, which were somewhat ostentatious at the same time, by way of calling the attention of Beresford, and perhaps drawing forth something more. "I must be going," he said at last, holding out his hand. "I hope you won't think me — unfriendly, Beresford, in anything I have said."

"Good-morning," said the other sullenly; then he made a visible effort to command himself and rose up, but slowly, putting out his hand. "Very likely not," he said. "I don't say it was unfriendly. You would not have taken such a disagreeable office on yourself if you had meant unkindness. No; I suppose I should thank you, but it is rather hard to do it. Good-bye."

There was no more said. Maxwell went away, not feeling very victorious or proud of himself. Was not he a fool to have undertaken it in order to prevent scandal, he said to himself, in order to save a woman from annoyance, in order to help James Beresford out of trouble — a man whom he had liked, and from whom he had been estranged? What business had he to meddle with other people's business? This, I fear, was his reflection, as it has been the reflection of so many who have strained a point to aid a friend, and

whose self-denial has not been appreciated. "Catch me doing such a foolish thing again," he said to himself.

As for Beresford, he resumed his seat and his thoughts when the other was gone. Those thoughts were hot within him, and full of pain. He who, even when this messenger of evil arrived, had been thinking with faithful love of his wife; he whose life had been made a desert by her dying, whose whole existence was changed, who had not cared for years what became of him, because of that loss—to be met by this unjust and insane reproof as soon as he had screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and resumed his natural position in his own house. It had been a hard thing to do; at every corner he had expected to meet her—in the silence he had fancied he heard her calling him—the whole house was full of her, echoing with her steps and her voice. Yet he had schooled himself to come back, to resume so much as remained to him of life under his own roof—so much as remained, not thinking of years, but of value and merit. He was not of very much use to any one, nor had he been much missed, perhaps, except in the working of the societies, and there were so many people who could do that. But he had been patient and come back, and established himself "at home," because it was his duty. He had not shrunk from his duty. And this was his reward. His one source of soft consolation—the one gentle friend on whose constant sympathy he could reckon, who made this life of endurance supportable to him, and kept him up by kind words, by understanding his wants and troubles—she was to be taken from him. He got up, and walked up and down his room, and then went to the window and looked blankly out. Almost without knowing what it was, he saw a brougham come to the next door, and old Mr. Sommerville step out of it, and enter Mrs. Meredith's house. He had gone to warn her, to disturb the sweet composure of her mind, to embitter all her thoughts. Beresford turned round, and began to walk up and down more and more hotly. Could anything in the world be more innocent? He asked, nay he wanted, nothing more of her. To go and sit by her now and then (this was how he characterized his long and daily visits), what was there in that to justify this insulting demand upon him? He lashed himself up into a fury when he thought of it. He, the truest of mourners, and she, the least frivolous of women. If ever there was a true friendship, full of

support and mutual comfort, this was the one. And now, at the pleasure of a set of wretched gossips, ill-minded men, disagreeable women, was this gentle makeshift and substitute for domestic happiness to be torn from him? And how—good heavens, how?

That was the question. It was easy to talk and say that such a thing must cease; but how was it to be done? Was he supposed capable of telling her that he must resign her friendship? Was Sommerville, perhaps, making the communication at this very moment, telling her that it must not be; suggesting thoughts that would distress her mind, and disturb the whole tenor of her life? For to give pain would be worse than misfortune to her, and she could not so cast him off without giving pain and feeling it. He thought—it was an imagination—that he heard voices high in discussion on the other side of the wall that separated the two houses. Was that old meddler taking it upon him to lecture *her* now?

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.

OLD Mr. Sommerville got out of his little brougham at Mrs. Meredith's door. He was a wealthy old man, of whom nobody knew very much, except that he had made his money in India, and that he lived in cosy bachelor chambers, with everything extremely comfortable about him, and knew everybody, and was fond of good things, the pleasures of the table, as old-fashioned people said, and indeed all other pleasures within the reach of a respectable old person of sixty-five. He kept a neat little brougham, and occasionally mounted a strong, steady cob, with a coat like satin, looking much better fed than his master did, who was always a meagre old gentleman, notwithstanding his good living. Mr. Sommerville was the confidential friend of the absent Mr. Meredith, whom nobody, not even his own children, knew. As he had advanced in prosperity, it was through old Sommerville's hands that his family were allowed to share the advantage of his increasing income, and the boys had learned to know that it was he who reported concerning them to their father, and received communications from their tutors. The unknown Mr. Meredith did nothing to discredit his wife; but he kept this constant check over her. It had often been galling enough to her; but she was a sweet-tempered woman, used to accepting the

evil with the good, and she had wisely put up with the curb. She disarmed Mr. Sommerville by her gentleness and sweetness, by throwing her house open to him, and inviting the scrutiny which she might have defied, had she been of a different disposition. Sommerville had not been unworthy of the confidence placed in him. He had kept up a certain appearance of investigation. All their lives long the boys had been accustomed to connect his appearance with a lecture of more than usual seriousness from their mother; but she had the good sense never to say anything to connect the old man's name with the reprimand or warning. All that she said was, "Your father will not like to hear that you are idle, disobedient, unruly," as the case might be; therefore, it was not from her they learned that Sommerville meant special scrutiny and fault-finding. But since they had been grown up, Oswald and Edward had themselves supplied the thread of connection. Even this, however, had not made them dislike their old friend. At one moment of especial wickedness, Oswald indeed had designated their father's deputy as the "spy;" but this was simply a spark of malicious boyhood, struck out in a moment of resentment, and did not permanently affect their minds, though the title lasted. The spy was, on the whole, friendly and indulgent—sometimes even he got them out of small scrapes, and it was he who persuaded the mother that furtive cigars and other precocious masculinities were not criminal. So that altogether, notwithstanding his ominous name, he was not unpopular in the house. It was but lately that he had taken to coming to those almost daily receptions, which were so principal a feature in Mrs. Meredith's existence. There he would sit and watch her proceedings, her sympathetic talks, the audiences she gave, and all the little acts of adoration performed before her, with not unkindly eyes. She was a kind of gentle impostor, a natural humbug, to old Sommerville; but he laughed softly to himself as he thus characterized her, and did not like her less. Never, during all these years, amid all this popularity, had she given him occasion for a word of serious warning. Amid all the admiration and semi-worship she had received, the kind but watchful spy had found no harm in her; but now, at last, here was something which called for his interference. To see him arrive at that hour in the morning was alarming in itself to Mrs. Meredith. She

met him with her usual kind smile, but with an earnest look of inquiry.

"Is anything the matter?" she said.

"Send the boy away," said Mr. Sommerville, in an undertone.

It was Edward who was in the room, and his mother found a commission for him with tremulous haste; for the distant Meredith was not always reasonable in his requirements, and of late had written impatiently about the coming out of one of his sons—a calamity which their mother with all her might was endeavoring to stave off and postpone. She thought her husband's friend must bring still more urgent orders, and her heart began to beat.

"I wish you would go and tell Cara that I hope she will come to the Symptons with me this afternoon, Edward," she said.

And Edward, full of the thought of his brother's happiness, and loth yet eager to see if Cara was happy in this new development of affairs, obeyed reluctantly, but still with a secret alacrity. She was left alone with the mentor, who had so often brought her advice or semi-reproof.

"You have something to tell me? Oh, Mr. Sommerville, what is it?" she cried.

"It is nothing very bad. You must not be alarmed—there is no ill news," he said.

The anxious mother looked at him with a wistful entreaty in her eyes. Ill news was not what she feared. When a woman has had neither companionship nor help from her husband for a dozen years or so, naturally her sensitiveness of anxiety about him gets modified, and it is to be feared that she would have taken information of Mr. Meredith's serious illness, for instance, more easily than the summons which she feared for one of her boys. She watched every movement of her visitor's face with anxious interest.

"Edward cannot go till the settled time. You know that," she said, instinctively following the leading of her own thoughts.

"It is not Edward that I have come to speak of; it is neither of the boys."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh of involuntary relief; and she turned to him with cheerful ease and interest, delivered from her chief fear. This evident ignorance of any other cause for animadversion moved the old spy in spite of himself.

"What I am going to say to you, my dear lady, is not exactly from Meredith—though he has heard of the subject, and wishes me to say something. I hope you will believe there is no harm meant, and

that what I do, I do from the best feeling."

"I have never doubted your kind feeling, Mr. Sommerville; but you half frightened me," she said, with a smile. "If it is not the boys, what can there be to be so grave about? Tell me quickly, please."

Mr. Sommerville cleared his throat. He put his hat upon the head of his cane, and twirled it about. It did not often happen to the old Scotch nabob to be embarrassed; but he was so now.

"You'll understand, my dear lady, that in what I say I'm solely actuated by the thought of your good."

"How you alarm me!" said Mrs. Meredith. "It is something, then, very disagreeable?"

"Oh, yes. I've no doubt it will be disagreeable. Medicines are seldom sweet to the palate. Mrs. Meredith, I will out with it at once, not to keep you in suspense."

Here, however, he paused to take out his handkerchief, and blew his nose with a very resounding utterance. After he had finished this operation, he resumed, —

"I don't presume to teach a lady of your sense what is her duty; and I don't need to tell you that the world exercises a great supervision over women who, from whatever cause, are left alone."

"What have I done?" cried Mrs. Meredith, half frightened, half laughing. "I must have made some mistake, or you would not speak so."

"I doubt if it could be called a mistake; perhaps it would be better to say a misapprehension. Mrs. Meredith, there is one of your friends who pays you a visit every day."

"Several," she said, relieved. "You know how kind people are to me. Instead of supervision, as you say, I get a great deal of sympathy —"

Mr. Sommerville waved his hand, as if to ward off her explanation. "I am speaking of one person," he said: "a man — who is here every evening of his life, or I'm mistaken — your neighbor, Mr. Beresford, next door."

"Mr. Beresford!" she said, with a thrill of disagreeable surprise; and there came to her instantaneously one of those sudden realizations of things that might be thought or said, such as sometimes overwhelm the unsuspecting soul at the most inappropriate moment; her color rose in spite of herself.

"Just Mr. Beresford. He means no harm and you mean no harm; but he should be put a stop to, my dear lady.

You gave me your word you would not be angry? But, madam, you're a married lady, and your husband is at a distance. It's not for your credit or his good that he should visit you every night."

"Mr. Sommerville! stop, please! I cannot let you talk so — or any one."

"But you must, my dear lady, unless you want everybody to talk, and in a very different spirit. The world is a wicked world, and takes many things into its head. You're a very attractive woman still, though you're no longer in your first youth —"

"Mr. Sommerville, what you say is very disagreeable to me," said Mrs. Meredith, offended. "Poor Mr. Beresford! since he lost his wife he has been miserable. Nobody ever mourned more truly; and now, when he is trying to learn a little resignation, a little patience —"

"He should not learn those virtues, madam, at your expense."

"At my expense!" she said, with sparkling eyes; "at what expense to me? I allow him to come and sit with me when he has no one at home to bear him company. I allow him —"

"I thought his daughter had come to keep him company."

"Poor Cara! she is a sweet child; but, at seventeen, what can she know of his troubles?"

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Sommerville; "one plea is enough at a time. If Mr. Beresford is without a companion, it does not matter that his daughter is only seventeen; and whatever her age may be, if she is there he cannot be without companionship. My dear lady, be reasonable. If he has a child grown up, or nearly so, he should stay at home. A great many of us have not even that inducement," said the old man, who was an old bachelor; "but no kind lady opens her doors to us." He looked at her sharply with his keen eyes; and she felt, with intense annoyance, that she was getting agitated and excited in spite of herself.

"Mr. Sommerville," she said, with some dignity, "if any one has been misrepresenting my friendship for Mr. Beresford, I cannot help that. It is wicked as well as unkind; for I think I have been of use to him. I think I have helped him to see that he cannot abandon his life. I don't mean to defend myself. I have not done anything to be found fault with; friendship —"

"Is a delusion," said the old man. "Friendship between a man and a woman! There is no sense in it. I don't believe a word of it. Meaning no harm to you, my

dear lady — you don't mean any harm ; but if you talk to me of friendship ! ”

“ Then I had better say nothing,” she answered quickly. My husband's representative — if you call yourself so — has no right to treat me with rudeness. I have nothing more to say.”

“ My dear lady,” said old Mr. Sommerville, “ if I have appeared rude I am unpardonable. But you'll forgive me ? I mean nothing but your good. And all I want is a little prudence — the ordinary precautions.”

“ I will none of them ! ” she said, with a flush of indignation. “ I have nothing to be afraid of, and I will not pretend to be prudent as you call it. Let the world think or say what it pleases — it is nothing to me.”

Then there was a pause, and Mrs. Meredith betook herself to her work — a woman's safety-valve, and labored as if for a wager, while the old plenipotentiary sat opposite to her, confounded and abashed as she thought. But Mr. Sommerville was too old and experienced to be much abashed by anything. He sat silent, collecting his forces for a renewed attack. That was all. He had a sincere friendship for her in his way, and was as anxious to prevent scandal as any father could have been ; and now it occurred to him that he had begun at the wrong end, as he said. Women were kittle cattle. He had failed when he dwelt upon the danger to herself. Perhaps he might succeed better if he represented the danger to *him*.

“ I have made a mistake,” said the hypocritical old man. “ It can do no harm to you, all that has come and gone. I was thinking of my own selfish kind that give most weight to what affects themselves, and I am rightly punished. A lady *sans reproche* like yourself may well be *sans peur*. But that is not the whole question, my dear madam. There is the man to be considered.”

When he said this she raised her eyes, which had been fixed on her work, and looked at him with some anxiety, which was so much gained.

“ You will not doubt my word when I say there's a great difference between men and woman,” said the old diplomatist. “ What is innocent for one is often very dangerous for the other, and *vice versa* ; you will not deny that.”

Then he made a pause, and looking at her for reply, received a sign of assent to his vague proposition, which indeed was safe enough.

“ How can you tell that Mr. Beresford receives as pure benevolence all the kindness you show him ? It is very unusual kindness. You are kind to everybody, madam, above the ordinary level ; and human creatures are curious — they think it is their merit that makes you good to them, not your own bounty.”

She did not make any reply, but continued to look at him. Her attention at least was secured.

“ If I were to tell you the instances of this that have come under my own observation ! I have known a poor creature who got much kindness in a house on account of his defects and deficiencies, and because everybody was sorry for him, who gave it out, if you'll believe me, and really thought, that what his kind friends wanted was to marry him to the daughter of the house ! It's not uncommon, and I dare say, without going further, that you can remember things — which perhaps you have laughed at — ”

“ All this has nothing to do with Mr. Beresford,” she said, quietly, but with a flush of rising offence.

“ No, no.” He made a hesitating answer and looked at her. Mrs. Meredith fell into the snare.

“ If he has misunderstood my sympathy for his troubles, if he has ventured to suppose — ”

“ Cara has gone out with her aunt,” said Edward, coming in hastily ; “ but there is surely something wrong in the house. Mr. Beresford called me into his room, looking very much distressed. He told me to tell you that he thought of leaving home directly ; then changed his mind, and said I was not to tell you.”

“ Why *do* you tell me then ? ” cried his mother, with impatience. “ What is it to me where he is going ? Am I always to be worried with other people's troubles ? I think I have plenty of my own without that.”

Edward looked at her with great surprise. Such outbreaks of impatience from his gentle mother were almost unknown to him. “ He looks very ill,” he said ; “ very much disturbed : something must have happened. Why should not I tell you ? Are you not interested in our old friend ? Then something very extraordinary *has* happened, I suppose.”

“ Oh, my boy,” cried Mrs. Meredith, in her excitement, “ that is what Mr. Sommerville has come about. He says poor James Beresford comes too often here. He says I am too kind to him, and that

people will talk, and he himself thinks — Ah!" she cried suddenly, "what am I saying to the boy?"

Edward went up to her hurriedly and put his arm round her, and thus standing looked round defiant at the meddler. Oswald, too, entered the room at this moment. The hour for luncheon approached, and naturally called these young men, still in the first bloom of their fine natural appetites, from all corners of the house. "What's the matter?" he said. But he had another verse of his poem in his head which he was in great haste to write down, and he crossed over to the writing-table in the back drawing-room, and did not wait for any reply. Edward, on the contrary, put the white shield of his own youthfulness at once in front of his mother, and indignant met the foe.

"People have talked a long time, I suppose," said Edward, "that there was nobody so kind as my mother; and I suppose because you have trained us, mamma, we don't understand what it means to be too kind. You do, sir?" cried the young man, with generous impertinence; "you think it is possible to be too innocent — too good?"

"Yes, you young idiot!" cried the old man, jumping up in a momentary fury. Then he cooled down and reseated himself with a laugh. "There is the bell for lunch," he said; "and I don't mean to be cheated out of the luncheon, which, of course, you will give me, by the freaks of these puppies of yours, madam. But Oswald is a philosopher; he takes it easy," he added, looking keenly at the placid indifference of the elder son.

"Oswald takes everything easy," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sigh. And they went down-stairs to luncheon, and no man could have been more cheerful, more agreeable than the old Indian. He told them a hundred stories, and paid Mrs. Meredith at least a score of compliments. "This indulgence will put it out of my power to be at your *levée* this afternoon," he said; "but there will be plenty of worshippers without me. I think the neglected women in this town — and no doubt there's many — should bring a prosecution against ladies like you, Mrs. Meredith, that charm more than your share; and both sexes alike, men and women. I hear but one chorus, 'There's nobody so delightful as Mrs. Meredith,' wherever I go."

"We are all proud of your approbation," said Oswald, with much solemnity: he was always light-hearted, and had no de-

sire to inquire particularly into the commotion of which he had been a witness. But Edward kept his eyes upon his mother, who was pale with the excitement she had come through. What that excitement meant, the young man had very little idea. Something had disturbed her, which was enough for her son; and, curiously enough, something had disturbed the neighbors too, whom Edward accepted without criticism as we accept people whom we have known all our lives. He was curious, and rather anxious, wondering what it might be.

But as for Mrs. Meredith, the idea of communicating to her sons even the suggestion that she could be spoken of with levity, or criticised as a woman, appalled her when she thought of it. She had cried out, appealing to the boys in her agitation, but the moment after felt that she could bear anything rather than make them aware that any one had ventured upon a word to her on such subjects. She exerted herself to be as vivacious as her visitor; and as vivacity was not in her way, the little forced gaiety of her manner attracted the attention of her sons more than the greatest seriousness would have done. Even Oswald was roused to observe this curious change. "What has happened?" he said to his brother. He thought the spy had been finding fault with the expenditure of the household, and thought with alarm of his own bills, which had a way of coming upon him as a surprise when he least expected them. It was almost the only thing that could have roused him to interest, for Oswald felt the things that affected Oswald to be of more importance than anything else could be. As for Edward, he awaited somewhat tremulously the disclosure which he expected after Mr. Somerville's departure. But Mrs. Meredith avoided both of them in the commotion of her feelings. She shut herself up in her own room to ponder the question, and, as was natural, her proud impulse of resistance yielded to reflection. Her heart ached a good deal for poor Beresford, a little for herself. She, too, would miss something. Something would be gone out of her life which was good and pleasant. Her heart gave a little sob, a sudden ache came into her being. Was there harm in it? she asked herself, aghast. Altogether the day was not a pleasant one for Mrs. Meredith. It seemed to plunge her back into those agitations of youth from which surely middle age ought to deliver a woman. It wronged her in her own eyes, making

even her generous temper a shame to her. Had she been too good? as he said — too kind? an accusation which is hurtful, and means something like insult to a woman, though to no other creature. Too kind! No expression of contempt, no insinuated slander can be more stinging than this imputation of having been too kind. Had she been too kind to her sorrowful neighbor? had she led him to believe that her kindness was something more than kindness? She, whose special distinction it was to be kind, whose daily court was established on no other foundation, whose kindness was the breath of her nostrils; was this quality, of which she had come to be modestly conscious, and of which, perhaps, she was a little proud, to be the instrument of her humiliation? She was not a happy wife, nor indeed a wife at all, except in distant and not very pleasant recollection, and in the fact that she had a watchful husband, at the end of the world, keeping guard over her. Was it possible that she had given occasion for his interference, laid herself open to his scorn? It seemed to the poor woman as if heaven and earth had leagued against her. Too kind; suspected by the jealous man who watched her, despised by the ungrateful man by whom her tender generosity had been misinterpreted. She sent down a message to Cara that she was not going out. She sent word to her visitors that she had a headache. She saw nobody all day long. Too kind! The accusation stung in the tenderest point, and was more than she could bear.

From The Saturday Review.
THE JEWS IN THE EAST.

A GREAT gathering of the leading Jews of Europe was held a few days ago at Paris, under the presidency of M. Crémieux. The race was represented by delegates from most European states, the attendance of Austrian and German Jews being exceptionally large. Jewish intelligence and Jewish wealth came in all their force to do battle for some of the most wretched of the many wretched members of the Jewish community. The meeting had been called together to draw the attention of Europe to the wrongs which Jews habitually undergo in the tributary states of European Turkey. In Turkey itself the Jews have no special cause of complaint. They are not on an equality with the Mahomedans, but they are treated like all the

subject populations of the Porte. They are tolerated, and in religious matters left to themselves; and if they are misgoverned, and are often the victims of officials and policemen, they do but share the fortunes of all Christians and many Mahomedans; and as they do not meddle with politics, and find the Turks very considerate as rulers in comparison with many Christian governments, they have no antipathy to the Turks, and are regarded by the Turks without aversion and with a kind of contemptuous friendliness. But they have very good reason for thinking that, if the Christians got the upper hand in any part of European Turkey, they would be cruelly persecuted. Semi-barbarian Christians are far more tyrannical in their fanaticism than the Turks are, and how they govern and how they persecute the Jews know by painful experience in Servia and Roumania. These wretched little states are dependent enough to need that Europe shall continually nurse them and protect them from the consequences of their own rashness, but independent enough to contend that persecution is one of their own internal affairs, and that they must be allowed to carry it on in their own way. And, as it is their fancy to persecute, they certainly indulge their fancy in a most comfortable and thorough way. They hate the Jews, and take every means to show their hatred. The Paris meeting drew up a memorial on the subject of the persecutions of the Jews in Roumania and Servia to be presented to all the great powers; and the memorial was formally presented to Lord Derby, by Baron de Worms and Mr. Serjeant Simon. Lord Derby, and through him the English public, was invited to take notice of what the treatment of Jews in those provinces has been and is. We are told of synagogues burnt, of Jews thrust into the water by Roumanian soldiers using their bayonets and the butt-ends of their muskets, of murders, ravishment, expulsion of whole families in the midst of the winter, exclusion from trade, and general reduction to beggary. "Every crime," as Serjeant Simon stated, "committed by Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria has been practised by Christians upon Israelites in Roumania; the barbarity has only been on a smaller scale." The scale, no doubt, makes a great deal of difference. If only ten Bulgarians had been massacred at Batak, as there were only ten Jews drowned by the soldiers at Galatz, Europe would have heard and thought nothing of the Bulgarian atrocities. But as an indication of the spirit in which government

is carried on in Servia and Roumania, and as it would be carried on if fresh Christian tributary provinces were carved out of European Turkey, the murder of ten Jews by servants of the government is as instructive as the murder of a hundred would be. It is a crying wrong which Europe in one way or another ought to find the means to remedy.

It is interesting to inquire why the Jews are so hated and persecuted in Servia and Roumania—that is, in countries where Christianity presents itself in its lowest form. It is not so very long since Jews were treated with a very imperfect degree of toleration in most European countries, and it has evidently required that a Christian nation should be something more than Christian, and have reached a high degree of civilization, before it will really consider Jews on an equality with Christians. It would have seemed very strange to Englishmen of the last generation to see a Jew master of the rolls, and even now no Jew can sit in the House of Lords. Practically, however, there is now complete toleration of the Jews in France and Austria, and almost complete toleration of them in Germany and England. The first cause of the hatred of the Jews was of course the religious one. They were in Christian eyes an accursed race, who had despised and rejected the founder of Christianity. When this special cause of animosity had lost something of its force through the increased intercourse of the Christian with the non-Christian world, the Jews fell into the general rank of the unorthodox. This is the light in which they are at this day regarded in Russia. They share the general condemnation of those who refuse to dwell in the light of the Greek Church. They are treated as an iron and relentless despotism treats those who do not please it; and, like the Roman Catholics, are kept down, harassed, and worried by all the arts of bureaucratic ingenuity. Russia, backward as it is, does not go further than this; but in Roumania and Servia other feelings are allowed to come into play. There the Jews are hated, not only because they are not Christians, but because they are an alien race, keeping to themselves, having their own traditions and customs, marrying among themselves, and seeming like wanderers encamped on a territory which does not belong to them. They rouse the distrust which gipsies pitching their tents on a wayside green rouse in the breasts of English villagers. In accordance with this view, the Roumanian courts have held

that a Jew cannot be considered a Moldavian or Wallachian by birth, and therefore that the clause in the constitution by which the affairs of the principalities are regulated, providing that all persons born Wallachians or Moldavians shall be regarded as civilly equal, does not apply to the Jews. The Roumanian government has even gone so far as to insist that the subjects of those countries with which it has concluded treaties of commerce shall, if Jews, not reap the benefits of those treaties; so that, whereas an Austrian or an English Christian is entitled to hold land or trade in the principalities, an Austrian or an English Jew is not. In the eyes of a Roumanian there is not, and cannot be, any such person as an Austrian Jew or a Roumanian Jew. All Jews are born, live, and die as aliens to every government. Lastly, these barbarous Christians are afraid of the commercial cleverness of the Jews. They do not see how they are to do business if Jews compete with them. One of the greatest causes of offence which the Jews have given is that they have offered to lend money at lower rates than the native usurers would take. Accordingly the Jews are kept out of every branch of trade by which it was thought they would thrive. They may not sell drugs, or liquors, or tobacco, or raw articles, or colonial produce. This prohibition reduces them to something like starvation, but it is really only an instance of protection gone mad. That the laws should be so shaped as to injure the consumer, and that the energy of those who could do business well should be debarred a field in order that those who do business badly may flourish, is the basis of protection all over the world; and if the Jews are once looked on as aliens, they are logically excluded as foreign interlopers. That they happen to live in the same country with the protectionists, and must starve before their eyes if protection asserts itself to the full, is only an accident in the development of a great principle.

Lord Derby received the Jewish deputation with every mark of cordial concurrence of opinion, and promised that what he could do to further their wishes should be done. So far as Turkey goes, everything is easy. England is certainly not going to interfere in Turkey in order to make the condition of the Jews worse than it is. It will not acquiesce in any settlement which will enable people on a level with the Servians to treat Jews as Jews are treated in Servia. If good government is introduced, it must be a gov-

ernment good for Christians, Jews, and Mahomedans alike. But how to get at Servia and Roumania seemed to Lord Derby a more difficult matter. Something may be done, perhaps, whenever there is an opportunity of concluding or revising a treaty of commerce. We do not regard Jews here in England as aliens, and we need not accept any treaty with a country which says that, in its eyes, English Jews are not Englishmen. But there are very few English Jews who dream of settling or trading in Roumania. With us, therefore, the question is merely a theoretical one. It is not so with Austria. There Jews abound, and a few steps would take them from Austrian into Roumanian territory. It is a matter of considerable importance to Austrian Jews that they should be allowed to hold land and trade on the Roumanian side of the frontier. Austria has every motive for not allowing its treaty of commerce to be construed in the Roumanian sense; and the most practical thing that England can do is to uphold Austria in its contention. But it may be doubted whether this is all that we can do and ought to do. Why do we interfere in European Turkey? Because we say that European Turkey exists through our countenance and assistance, and when we countenance and assist we have a right to insist on good government. What is true of Turkey is still more conspicuously true at this moment of Servia. Why is Servia to pay none of the penalties of defeat in war? and, although utterly at the mercy of its enemy, is even to receive an accession of territory at her expense? Simply because it is countenanced, assisted, and protected by the great powers. It is to them that Servia now owes its national existence. In a country that is not so much under our wing as absolutely our creature, we have as much right to insist on what we think to be good government as we can possibly have in European Turkey. The Servians are at the mercy of Europe, which can treat them as it pleases, and the call of duty to protect the Jews in Servia is quite as strong as it is to protect the Christians in Turkey. There is no reason why the Servians should be so petted and favored that they shall retain the luxury of persecution; and if the Jews were adequately protected in Servia by a formal covenant with Europe, the pressure of so striking an example would inevitably tell before long on Roumania.

From The Saturday Review.

THE STORM-WAVE IN BENGAL.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, the lieutenant-governor of Bengal, has published an official account of the terrible disaster which visited the islands and adjacent coasts at the mouth of the Megna on the 31st of October. He went over the whole scene of the calamity, traced its course and progress, ascertained as nearly as possible the number of lives lost, examined into the wants and resources of the survivors, and organized the aid which was to be bestowed on the sufferers. The whole population affected numbered about a million, and of this number more than two hundred thousand perished. At the mouth of the Megna are the three islands, fronting the Bay of Bengal, of Sundeeep, Hattia, and Dukhin Shahbazpore, enclosed between the coasts of Buckergunge on the west and Chittagong on the east, and it was these islands and these coasts which were swept by the storm-wave. The islands suffered much more severely than the coasts. Sir Richard Temple gives the population of Sundeeep at eighty-seven thousand, and calculates that forty thousand of the inhabitants were drowned. Out of fifty-four thousand on Hattia Island thirty thousand, and out of two hundred and twenty-one thousand on Dukhin Shahbazpore Island seventy thousand are estimated to have perished. The population was one of peasant proprietors, the richest in Bengal, the chief produce being rice, which was produced in quantities sufficient not only to provide for the requirements of the locality, but to admit of exportation on a considerable scale. There was only one single village approaching in importance to a town, and this has been entirely swept away. The chief wealth of the people consisted in the cows, oxen, and buffaloes which they used in agriculture, and in the numerous boats with which they kept up communication with the mainland. Two widespread habits contributed greatly in the hour of need to avert the extremity of suffering and privation. The people were accustomed to live in hamlets surrounded with a thick wall of trees, and they buried their grain in deep pits until they wanted to use it. When the great wave swept over their dwellings, they were floated on to the trees, many of which were a species of prickly thorn, which caught and held them even when they were too unconscious or nervous to have helped themselves; and when the waters subsided, those who had escaped — and scarcely any one had

escaped who had not been saved by a tree — were not without means of supporting life until assistance came. They opened their pits, dried the grain in the sun, and, though the misery they had to endure was very great, they were saved from the horrors of starvation.

There was a severe cyclone in the Bay of Bengal on the night of October 31. But it was not the wind which was the main agent of destruction. It was the storm-wave, sweeping along to a height of from ten to thirty feet, and in some places, where it met with any resistance, mounting still higher. What was the real direction of the wave is still a matter of doubt. Sir Richard Temple says that he found the prevalent opinion to be that it came first from the sea up the Megna with salt water, and then the cyclone turned round and rolled the fresh water from the river downwards, the salt and fresh waters being thus piled up at the point of confluence, and rushing all over the surrounding tracts. But the lieutenant-governor does not think that the facts he himself observed are in accordance with this account. In the extreme east of the scene of devastation, it seems that the direction of the inundation was from the south-west — that is, from the sea. But the almost unvarying direction of the bent, broken, and uprooted trees, in the parts to which he paid especial attention, convinced him the storm broke from the north and north-west — that is, from the upper reach of the Megna; and this view is corroborated by a circumstance which he notices in speaking of the sufferings of the inhabitants. He says that there must have been much trouble about water at first. But either the drinking-tanks speedily recovered from the brackishness left by the sea-wave, or else the storm-wave must have mainly consisted of fresh water; for the drinking-tanks were not brackish when he and his party tasted them a few days afterwards. The disaster came without any warning. In the evening the weather was a little windy and hazy, and had been somewhat hot; but the people retired to rest apprehending nothing. About midnight there arose a cry of "The water is on us!" and a great wave burst over the country, followed by another, and again by a third, all three rushing rapidly southwards. The air and wind were very cold, so that some who had escaped to the trees fell off from numbness and exhaustion; but the temperature of the water itself was noticeably warm. The cottages were swept away with the people in them, and

were immediately broken up, and where the trees abounded the people were floated into them. There was no need to climb the trees; the water carried the victims of the storm-wave into the branches, and those who held on firmly enough were saved. If all who were saved were saved by trees, the trees must have been very numerous; for even in the worst case, that of the island of Hattia, where thirty thousand perished, there were twenty-four thousand saved, and in the adjacent island of Dukhin Shabbazore Sir Richard Temple calculates that two hundred and fifty-one thousand people were saved, which seems an enormous number to have owed the preservation of life to being caught in branches. But in some places there were great gaps in the lines of trees, and there the destruction of life was unchecked, while again numbers of trees were swept away. So numerous were the trees torn up by the roots that they virtually barricaded the passage out to sea by the western branch of the Megna, so that Sir Richard Temple could not approach by sea the devastated tracts on that side.

The survivors showed much quiet fortitude. In a few hours they were at work drying their grain, and they made frameworks with broken branches, over which they threw sheets and cloths, such as they had about them at the moment, and so made what Sir Richard Temple calls little tent-like habitations on the sites of their former houses. But a scene of the most dreadful desolation spread all around them. Dead bodies lay and soon decomposed on every side. The cows and oxen were almost all gone, but the buffaloes had for the most escaped, through their great power of swimming. The boats, great and small, which constitute the only means of carriage in these tracts, filling the place of carts, were all lost, having been "jammed and smashed up together," or wrecked or carried far inland; and not only was a great part of their wealth thus taken from the people, but they were deprived of the means of communicating with, and seeking help from, the mainland. The whole aspect of the country was changed; for the trees were no longer green, but appeared to be of a drab color, with bare branches or dead leaves. When the storm burst the rice-crop was ripening for the harvest, and where the plant had not advanced beyond the stage of flowering the crop was totally destroyed; but it was saved where the grain had formed or begun to form. So abundant, however, would the crop have been if it had not

been injured, that Sir Richard Temple calculates that, if only one-third is found to have been saved, it will suffice for the wants of the population. The plantain trees had lost all their fruit, but the coconuts withstood the storm and afforded some sustenance. Terrible as has been the loss of life, the material injury seems not to have been so great as might have been expected. Order was soon restored by the prompt intervention of the authorities on the mainland. Most of the local native officials had been drowned on the islands; and of those who escaped, some stood by their posts and did their duty well, while some few deserted and fled for their own safety, and these offenders, who belonged chiefly to the lowest grade of the police, will, Sir Richard Temple says, be duly punished. But all the higher authorities who were near enough to render any effective aid showed the most exemplary activity and zeal, and before Sir Richard Temple left he had sketched out a complete scheme of what the course of the government and its agents was to be. The great danger was, he thought, that of an epidemic from exposure to the climate, from the putrefaction of the dead bodies of men and animals, and from the pollution of the drinking-water, and he established a large medical staff ready to combat disease as soon as it might show itself. For the general body of the people the best thing to be done was, he thought, to cheer them, to give them heart to work, to encourage them to rebuild their houses and open shops. Government was to interfere principally as a comforter, and, if

there were to be relief centres, these centres were set up, not so much to give relief, which was to be accorded only in extreme and exceptional cases, as to preserve order. The inhabitants, who are a thrifty, industrious race, will soon, Sir Richard Temple thinks, build new houses, buy new boats, and find the land as profitable as ever. A little money may have to be spent by government in its work of encouragement; but the local resources will be sufficient, and no application to the Imperial treasury will be necessary. Nor will it even be necessary to remit the land-tax. It is small in these districts in comparison to the total profits of the land, and the people are quite able to pay it. The government got in all its land revenue during the much worse crisis of the famine of 1874 in every district of Bengal; and Sir Richard Temple sees no reason why the result should be worse in the case of the tracts over which the storm-wave swept. Altogether, this memorandum by Sir Richard Temple is most creditable to him, and to the whole system of Indian administration. It shows that those who govern India never spare themselves trouble to gain a real practical knowledge of facts; that they sympathize with the victims of calamities, and keep up every official to a high standard of duty; and that at the same time they do not lose their heads when great misfortunes happen, see what the natives can be made to do, and are not to be diverted by pity or ignorance from insisting that the paramount claims of the government shall be respected and satisfied.

THE VARIATIONS OF GRAVITY. — The pendulum observations made in India have shown that there is a deficiency of attracting matter under that great continent, and this conclusion is borne out by a comparison of the geodetic and astronomical longitudes of stations on the east and west coast, from which it appears that the ocean bed exercises a stronger attraction than the raised land. In the *Astronomische Nachrichten* Herr Hann calls attention to this, and also to the circumstance that oceanic islands show an excess of attraction which cannot be accounted for by the nature of the rock of which they are composed. The theory that there are great cavi-

ties under the large continents appears hardly tenable, and the more probable supposition would seem to be that they rise above the sea-level by virtue of their specific lightness, floating perhaps like icebergs surrounded by a floe, with the molten liquid under a thin crust. There are, however, difficulties connected with precession and nutation and tides in a fluid interior, all of which Sir W. Thomson has pointed out, and we can only wait for further data. The balance of evidence, however, seems now to have changed, inclining to the hypothesis of a moderately thin crust with fluid or semi-fluid interior.

Academy.

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MY SECRET.

I HAVE with my heart a secret,
It lies fast buried there ;
No human heart may know it,
Nor its treasures deep and rare.
'Tis forever smiling upon me,
Bearing my spirit away,
To bathe in the golden sunlight
Of its ever sunny day.

The green trees knew my secret
As I wandered beneath their shade,
And my heart woke up to the music
Their quiv'ring branches made.
I whispered it softly and gently,
That the waking birds may hear,
And they bore it over the valley
In a strain so sweet and clear.

To the stars in their pathless glory
I breathed it in trembling delight ;
And they slowly unfolded their story
Before my enraptured sight.
The sunset o'er valley and mountain,
The dawning by fountain and stream,
Have gilded my heart's fair treasure
With many a radiant gleam.

When night with her cool, dark shadows,
Falls over a weary land,
I unfasten my heart's closed door
With an eager trembling hand,
And I bring out my precious secret,
And we commune, she and I ;
And on golden wings of fancy
Through boundless regions fly.

Oh ! earth's many voices, awaken,
I am thirsting to learn your song ;
I am longing to mingle my secret
With your ever-musical throng.
Fain would I tune my fingers
To the chords of the mighty refrain,
And catch the sweet echoes falling
From a never-dying strain.

It needeth not always the sunshine,
Tears make it radiantly fair,
And some of its loveliest jewels
Have been planted by sorrow and care.
But often comes over me thrilling
A strange, sharp agony,
As of something for which I am yearning,
And unsatisfied ever must be.

Oh, rest thee, my heart's dear treasure !
Some day thou shalt fully know
All the joy and the bliss on thee dawning
But dimly and faintly below.
So I bear thee through clouds and through
sunshine,
'Mid the world's confusion and strife,
For in thee is silently growing
An ever fresh green life.

And when, with the years ever fleeting,
My weary hands I fold,
And slumber no more to waken,
With heart and memory cold,
My secret shall rise with my spirit,
From earth-stains purified,
To pour forth its treasure for ages
At the feet of Him who died.

M. C. W.

LIFE-MOSAIC.

MASTER, to do great work for thee, my hand
Is far too weak ! Thou givest what may
suit
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced ; or, many-skilled,
combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned,
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
Just one by one, as they were given by thee,
Not knowing what came next in thy wise
thought.

Set each stone by thy master-hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple-pavement give it place.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Good Words.

A SNOWY DAY.

THERMOMETER at twenty — flood and field
Are treble-locked, and petrified by frost ;
Fair Nature's lovely face is half concealed,
And all her rich variety is lost.
Beneath a spotless veil of virgin white.
The clouds are densely black — the wind nor-
east,
And yonder schoolboy's shouts are heard a
mile.
The idle plough stands on the upland height,
Frost-bound immovably, and man and beast
Suspend the industry of daily toil.
Come forth and breathe the crisp and bracing
air,
Till mind and body thrill with genial glow.
Come forth and see ; and seeing, tell how fair
The beautiful monotony of snow.

G.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHURCHES OF
THE UNITED STATES.

THREE months ago, in writing on "America in the Centennial Year," we had occasion to emphasize the general truth, that the social, political, and ecclesiastical conditions of life in the United States are and have been, as to many fundamental points, not only not analogous, but in direct contrast to those which obtain in this country. The same truth will have to be borne in mind in dealing with the subject which is to occupy attention in the present article. To take one leading instance, which involves much that is collaterally and consequentially bound up with it—the matter of ecclesiastical disestablishment. Certain Churches in America were "by law established" during, and long after, the colonial period of American history; they were disestablished by degrees, the process not having been completed, in some instances, till fifty years ago. But as to provide with landed or tithe endowments constituted no part of the process of establishing these Churches, so disendowment—except so far as local assessment and taxation had served as endowment—formed no part of the process or idea of disestablishment. The Churches were all, more or less, endowed with landed property; some of them had endowments of great value, but not one of them suffered in respect of such property any sort or degree of disendowment. Again, let it be observed that the enactments which virtually "established" the different American Churches within their several states were such as either never were enacted at all in England, or were only enacted centuries after the Church had already taken possession of the whole land, occupying everywhere a position of sole and undisputed authority, such enactments in the case of the English Church being, indeed, not steps of advance, but rather precautions against decline, or penalties against desertion or neglect. In the colonies the laws to which we have referred were the means whereby the Church built up its supremacy, the outworks by which it held aloof its adversaries; in England similar enactments were props

against decay, or buttresses against the advancing tide of innovation or Dissent. The work in America was one of constitution, of "establishment;" in England the process marked the beginning of that revolt against the previously unchallenged supremacy of the one and sole Church, which has been proceeding ever since, and which, proving too strong, by infinite odds, for the legislative restraints by which attempts were thus made to suppress it, has led to a series of enfranchising or disenfranchising enactments by which the process of disestablishment, according to the American idea, has already, even in this country, come to be considerably advanced, although the work of disendowment has not yet begun.

The distinction which we have thus indicated lies at the root of all true thinking as to the comparative ecclesiastical conditions of America and England; it affects the whole development of the subject. We shall, therefore, illustrate what we have stated in the foregoing paragraph, first, by a quotation from the highest authority, living or dead, on questions affecting the inner truth and the philosophy of English history, and then, by a reference to the case of New England, as regards the matter of Church-establishment.

We have first of all [says Mr. Freeman] to get rid of the notion that there was some time or other when the Church was "established" by a deliberate and formal act. There have been times and places when and where a Church really has been established by an act of this kind. The re-establishment of Christianity in France is a case in point. There the civil power did deliberately establish a form of worship; and the establishment took the form of an agreement, a *concordat*, between the supreme power of the French nation and the head of that religious body of which a branch was to be re-established in France. Here there was something which may not unfairly be called a bargain between Church and State. But nothing of this kind ever took place in England. There was no moment when the nation or its rulers made up their minds that it would be a good thing to set up an Established Church any more than there was a moment when they had made up their minds that it would be a good thing to set up a government by king, lords, and commons.

There are only two dates in our history when anything of the kind can be conceived to have happened. It must have happened either at the first preaching of Christianity or else at the Reformation. . . . The popular notion is that the Church was "established" at the Reformation. People seem to think that Henry the Eighth, or Edward the Sixth, or Elizabeth, having perhaps "disestablished" an older Church, went on next of set purpose to "establish" a new one. They chose, it seems to be commonly thought, that form of religion which they thought best; they established it, endowed it, clothed it with certain privileges, and, by way of balance, subjected it to a strict control on the part of the State.

But, as a matter of history and a matter of law, nothing of the kind ever happened. As a matter of law and of history, however it may be as a matter of theology, the Church of England after the Reformation is the same body as the Church of England before the Reformation. . . . No English ruler, no English Parliament, thought of setting up a new Church, but simply of reforming the existing English Church. Nothing was further from the mind of either Henry the Eighth or of Elizabeth than the thought that either of them was doing anything new. Neither of them ever thought for a moment of establishing a new Church, or of establishing anything at all. In their own eyes they were not establishing but reforming; they were neither pulling down nor setting up, but simply putting to rights. They were getting rid of innovations and corruptions; they were casting off an usurped foreign jurisdiction, and restoring to the crown its ancient authority over the State ecclesiastical. . . . There was no one act called the "Reformation;" the Reformation was the gradual result of a long series of acts. There was no one moment, no one act of Parliament, when and by which a Church was "established;" still less was there any act by which one Church was "disestablished" and another Church "established" in its place. . . . In all that they did Henry and Elizabeth had no more thought of establishing a new Church than they had of founding a new nation; for in their eyes the Church and the nation were the same thing.*

Such being the facts as regards the "establishment" of the Church of England, the truth as to the question of endowment is in strict correspondence with these facts.

* Disestablishment and Disendowment. By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D., pp. 32-40.

If we wish [says the same authority] to argue this question on its true ground [let us say, — if we wish to understand this question and all questions related to it directly or collaterally], we must put out of sight the popular notion that at some time or other the State determined to make a general national endowment of religion. And we must also put out of sight the other popular notion that, at some time or other, the State took certain funds from one religious body and gave them to another. Neither of these things ever happened. If there ever was a time when the State determined on a general national establishment of religion, it must have been at the time of the conversion of the English nation to Christianity. But the conversion of England took place gradually, when there was no such thing as an English nation capable of a national act. The land was still cut up into small kingdoms, and Kent had been Christian for some generations, at a time when Sussex still remained heathen. If any act which could be called a systematic establishment and endowment of the Church ever took place anywhere, it certainly took place in each particular kingdom for itself, not in England as a whole. The churches of Canterbury and Rochester undoubtedly held lands while men in Sussex still worshipped Woden. But it would be an abuse of language to apply such words as systematic establishment and endowment to the irregular process by which the ecclesiastical corporations received their possessions. The process began in the earliest times, and it has gone on ever since. And nothing was done systematically at any time. This king or that earl founded or enriched this or that church in which he felt a special interest; and from this it naturally followed that one church was much more richly endowed than another. The nearest approach to a regular general endowment is the tithe, and this is not a very near approach. The tithe can hardly be said to have been granted by the State. The state of the case rather is that the Church preached the payment of tithe as a duty, and that the State gradually came to enforce the duty by legal sanctions.* . . . It should also be remembered that, though the duty of paying tithe was taught very early, yet for a long time the tithe-payer had a good deal of choice as to the particular ecclesiastical body to which he would pay his

* This legal enforcement did not begin till tithe had become property by what must be regarded as a sort of common law — till all the land had long been bought, sold, or inherited, subject to the charge and payment of tithe.

tithe. Nothing was more common than an arbitrary grant of tithe to this or that religious house. In short, the ecclesiastical endowments of England have grown up, like everything else in England, bit by bit. A number of ecclesiastical corporations have been endowed at all manner of times and in all manner of ways; but there was no one particular moment when the State of England determined to endow one general religious body called the Church of England.*

The original endowments of the Church of England, indeed, whether in land or in tithe, were as really voluntary gifts and offerings as those donations of land and those yearly offerings in kind which are made by recently converted tribes at the present day in Polynesia, in Africa, or elsewhere, to their missionary preachers or pastors, or to the churches which have ordained and sent forth these preachers and pastors. In a recent report of the London School Board on educational endowments there occurs a passage which we are tempted to quote in this connection. "Your committee," says the report, "recognizes that there is a limited analogy between the operation of endowment and the operation of voluntary agency. Endowment is a voluntary agency of the past,—or [of the] present extending to the future." The endowments of the Church of England unquestionably represent, with few exceptions, the voluntary contributions of the past. In this respect they differ essentially from Church revenues derived from public taxation. In the American colonies the established Churches derived their revenues to some extent from endowment, but to a much larger extent from public taxation. Disestablishment did away with the latter source of revenue, but left untouched the former.

Let us now turn, as we proposed to do, to consider the matter of church-establishment in New England, and to notice the disparity between the case of the colonies and of the mother country. Our leading instances shall be the Plymouth colony and Massachusetts.

The men of Plymouth were the true fathers of religious liberty on the Amer-

ican continent. Arminianism and religious liberality, Calvinism and intolerance, were almost inseparably united, alike in England and on the continent of Europe, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The men of Plymouth, between leaving England and settling in America, had been long enough in contact with the Arminianism of Holland, if not to unlearn their Calvinism, yet to learn to modify it, and to acquire the principles of tolerance and a sense of the rights of conscience.

It is true that, like the other colonies of New England, they regarded themselves as being a religious congregation not less than a civil commonwealth. This assumption, which, or its equivalent, had up to that time pervaded the whole national life and framework of Europe, making Church and State everywhere to be one, was not likely soon to give way, did not, in fact, soon or easily give way, anywhere, and was likely to be adhered to with intense tenacity, in such colonies as those of New England, in such a company of colonists as that of New Plymouth. But though the colony was ruled by the church-meeting, it was not greatly governed, nor were public forms of religion to any considerable extent enforced, at least at first, by legal enactments or by pains and penalties. Plymouth Colony tried to go back to first principles; the colony was little else than the congregation, was a mere voluntary association, without any code of laws, but settling all questions as they rose by the vote of the majority. In this congregational colony Church and State were thus one, each being but a special aspect of the same community. If under such circumstances, the wants of the ministers of the congregation and the ecclesiastical needs of the community had been provided for permanently and adequately by common lands devoted to sacred purposes, or by a common custom of tithe, universally agreed and acted upon, until it had grown to have the force and equity of common law, the analogy between the case of this colony and of the early State Churches or Church States of the seventh and eighth centuries would have been complete. Such, however, was not the case. It was assumed

* Ibid., pp. 14-17.

that due provision would be voluntarily made for the maintenance of the pastorate and of religious services; and, for many years, the matter was left unregulated by any public law or general custom. No agreement of the community set apart, in permanence, a proportionate and adequate endowment; no uniform and universal self-imposed tribute of support in kind became naturally, and by an authority of common consent more efficacious and authoritative than any parchment statute, the common law of the settlement. The whole matter was left to the operation of "the voluntary principle," to use the modern phrase. This principle, no doubt, produced considerable results; though no law or binding custom of tithe was acknowledged, many of the citizens actually gave tithe to the Church. The community, also, gave sites for meeting-houses, and more or less, in many cases, glebes or lands towards the support of the ministry. Nevertheless, the results were, after a generation had passed away, found to be altogether insufficient.

It became necessary, accordingly, to have direct legislation on the subject. By this time, indeed, the colony had been forced to depart from its original simplicity of conception and government, and the civil commonwealth, with its apparatus of laws and exclusively civil functionaries, had come out into distinct form. In 1655 (thirty-five years after the landing of the "fathers"), in consequence of complaints from some ministers on the subject of maintenance, the General Court of the colony determined that no pastor should leave his congregation for this cause without informing the magistrates, and that the magistrate in any case of real deficiency of maintenance, should take measures, after using persuasion, to compel, if necessary, the "hearers" to contribute properly to the support of the ministry. Two years later, the due maintenance of the ministers was made a distinct matter of town (or township) responsibility, and it was ordered that four officers in each township should be chosen to assess a rate upon the inhabitants for the support of the ministry and public worship of the Church; or, if such officers could not be chosen, or, for whatever reason, were not chosen by the public assembly, giving authority to the magistrates to appoint three such. The rate of payment to the minister was to be determined by the Church, with the concurrence either of the inhabitants duly assembled, or, failing this, of the magistrates. Other regulations on the same

subject followed in subsequent years, and power of distress against recusants was given to the officers appointed to collect the minister's dues.

About the same period the Plymouth colony made it obligatory upon every new settlement to build its meeting-house, to procure a settled minister,—"an able, godly man for the dispensing of God's word,"—and to levy a rate on all lands included within the township, for the discharge of the expenses connected with the establishment and maintenance of the ministry.

It seems evident that the middle of the seventeenth century was too early a date for the maintenance of religion in the Plymouth colony on the voluntary principle. That principle was fairly tried, and was found wanting. Nevertheless, it must not be lost sight of that, even in legal interferences and enactments, the "voluntary principle"—in a free democracy like that of the Plymouth colony—was at the bottom of the law, and lent force and efficacy to the enactments. Nor can we, for our part, doubt that what was done needed to be done, and was justly done, and that that part of New England is vastly better and happier to-day, and, under its "voluntary" *régime*, finds its Christian ordinances more easily sustained and provided for, because of the godly enactments of the seventeenth century. The voluntary principle of to-day could hardly have been applied with ease or efficiency in such a state of society as that of New England in 1650. Nine hundred years before, in the Saxon times of our own country, it could not, in our modern sense and fashion, have been applied at all. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways." It is natural to bring modern ideas to our study of past ages; but if we do not get rid of them as we proceed with the study, we shall never come to any but absurd conclusions as to those ages.

In a few other respects the legislation of Plymouth Colony, although milder than that of its sister commonwealths in New England, made some efforts towards the legal enforcement upon the citizens of outward conformity and respect to the Church. In 1650 it was forbidden to "set up any churches or public meetings diverse from those already set up and approved, without the consent and approbation of the government." In the following year a penalty of ten shillings was attached to the neglect of public worship "in any lazy, slothful, or profane way," which regulation,

however, was repealed in this tolerant State eight years afterwards. No man was allowed to be a freeman of their commonwealth, — to have any franchise or official responsibility, — who was not of generally orthodox opinions, or, at least, who professed any contrary opinions. Legal disability, for ecclesiastical reasons, was never carried farther than this in Plymouth Colony.

In Massachusetts, founded a few years later than Plymouth Colony (1627), a very different spirit prevailed. The most rigid and despotic State Churchism reigned in this colony, and in the colonies which sprang from it, or were closely associated with it, as Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. In few parts of the Protestant world were proscription and persecution kept up at once so long and so relentlessly as in these New England colonies. As State-Church prescription ruled with more continuous and unsleeping rigidity, so it was maintained to a much later period, and in more annoying forms, in these colonies than in the mother country. During the latter part of the last century, it was still in strong force, and in the early years of the present it was still operative in hampering the gospel efforts, and degrading the position and character of Methodist pioneer preachers.

Much of the annoyance caused by New England State Churchism, especially in later times, arose from the fact that the established clergy — who were Congregationalists — were paid by local assessed rates or taxes, and not out of ancient endowments or property. The original law of rating was adopted so early as 1644, in which year the confederate commissioners of the United colonies, one Plymouth commissioner dissenting, recommended to the General Courts of all the colonies whom they represented that those in the several plantations who "were taught in the Word" should be called together, and should put down what they were willing to contribute towards the maintenance of the ministry; and that if any man refused "to pay a meet portion," he should be "rated by authority in some just and equal way," such rates being recoverable by civil process. This recommendation seems to have been at once adopted in all the "plantations," except Plymouth, which, as we have seen, came into this method some ten years later. It was also enacted that every town (township or parish) should provide for itself meeting-house, parsonage, and minister, and that, voluntarily or otherwise, all the inhabitants should con-

tribute a due proportion towards the expense. Down to 1800 the exact penalties which defaulting towns must pay stood unrepealed on the statute-book. Only seven years after the foundation of the State (in 1634) a law had been passed, imposing a penalty of five shillings for absence from meeting on Lord's Day, fast, or thanksgiving. Even so late as 1791 legislation on this subject was neither obsolete nor exhausted. In that year the law was modified, and able-bodied men, absent from meeting for three months, were allowed to compound for their neglect by a fine of ten shillings. Nor was this law repealed in Massachusetts until 1835. Connecticut and New Haven colonies walked with Massachusetts step by step in their legislation on these subjects during the greater part of the seventeenth century. To quote a writer, to whom we are much indebted in this article, "All were by law obliged to attend upon Congregational worship" — the established religion — "and support the same by rates, laid and collected like those for other civil charges. No church could be established without leave of the court."*

Even after the colonies had become states — "sovereign states" — the same principles were upheld. In the Massachusetts Bill of Rights of 1780, the third article made it a duty of the legislature to "authorize and require the several towns, parishes, and precincts to make suitable provision at their own expense" for public worship and the "maintenance of public Protestant teachers." Further, in 1786 an act was passed giving power and authority to every annual town-meeting to "grant and vote such sums as they shall judge necessary for the settlement, maintenance, and support of the ministry, meeting-houses, etc., *to be assessed upon the polls and property within the same.*" Thus was established throughout the state, town by town, parish by parish, precinct by precinct, the religion of the majority in each place. In New England, we need scarcely add, the religion of the majority was almost universally Congregationalist, although New England Congregationalism was often modified by Presbyterian ideas, such as the distinction between teaching and ruling elders and the institution of the Church session. Thus all dissenters were taxed directly and in the most vexatious and offensive manner — by a poll tax and by a property tax —

* See *British Quarterly Review*, January and April of last year.

for the support of a form of religion of which they disapproved. If there had been any such form of Church establishment in England it must have been swept away long since. The Church-rate grievance was utterly trivial in comparison. In the United States the all but universal impression is that Church establishment in this country involves direct and weighty rating or taxation in support of the Church of England. We have scarcely found one American, however generally well informed, who was not under this impression. It is the natural inference from their own history and experience.

Of the penal enactments and proceedings against dissenters and heretics, and in particular against Anabaptists and Quakers, which were kept up for very many years, and carried out with an unrelenting severity—even, in the case of some Quakers, to the extremity of hanging—not exceeded in the worst times of Stuart intolerance in the old country, we have no space to speak. At a period even later than the middle of the last century, when in one town, Norwich, in the state of Connecticut, the revivalist or Methodist Congregationalists, called at that time the "Separates," had, despite official discouragement and pecuniary mulcts, become so numerous as to form the majority in the town-meeting, and had therefore disallowed, and claimed the legal right to disallow, the payment of rates to the established Church, the State Assembly interfered, and taxed them by special act for the support of the worship from which they conscientiously abstained and dissented. On their refusal to pay this tax, as many as forty persons, men and women, were imprisoned in a single year.

At the opening of the present century some advance had been made towards a better state of things. Indeed it would have been impossible to keep up the commerce of the world between these colonies and other lands, or the commerce of life and thought within the colonies themselves, if some modifications of existing laws had not been admitted. As now in Germany or in France, so in New England in the year 1800, a dissenting or independent congregation could, on certain conditions, obtain recognition as legal, and the members could claim that their taxes paid for the maintenance of religion should be transferred towards the support of their own minister and worship. But they were bound to prove their membership and, by petition or suit, formally to establish their claim to have the transfer made. The

presence within the States of foreign and foreign-speaking settlements, coming from various countries of continental Europe, would alone have made this modification necessary. Nevertheless, so jealously was this liberty watched and guarded, that in 1804 it was judicially decided in Massachusetts that an itinerant Methodist minister could not be regarded as the "settled" minister of his people, and could not recover from the town treasurer the taxes paid by his flock. Every citizen was bound to belong to some Church; and was finable for non-attendance at public worship. In Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont matters were substantially on the same footing.

In the small colony of Rhode Island alone had the principle of absolute voluntaryism been adopted. Here, about the middle of the seventeenth century, Roger Williams, escaping from the penal laws of Massachusetts, found and founded a refuge, originally for Baptists, but also for all who were content to live without an established religion. Rhode Island refused to persecute even Quakers, provoking sectaries as these usually were at this time—sometimes, indeed, public nuisances—and at length made bold (in 1716) to declare it unlawful for any rate or tax anywhere to be laid or levied on behalf of any minister or ministers.

It is proper, however, in judicially studying this whole question to give due weight to what the no less candid than well-informed writer in the *British Quarterly* says respecting this special case of Rhode Island: "In fairness it should be borne in mind that her central position, surrounded by the other colonies, made it possibly a little easier for her to have her own way; while the extreme smallness of her population reduced the importance of her action in all respects. Seventy-two years after the founding of the colony, when (December, 1708) her first general census was taken, there were only 7,181 inhabitants. Nor did the other colonies believe that the Rhode Island way worked well for herself, in a moral and religious points of view. Cotton Mather, who had great powers of statement, expressed a feeling largely existent when he said of it: "I believe there never was held such a variety of religions together on so small a spot of ground as have been in that colony. It has been a *colluvies* of Antinomians, Familists, Anabaptists, Anti-Sabbatarians, Arminians, Socinians, Quakers, Ranters, everything in the world but Roman Catholics and real Christians—

though of the latter I hope there have been more than of the former among them; so that if a man had lost his religion, he might find it at this general muster of opinionists." "Everything but Roman Catholics and real Christians." It seems Rhode Island imposed disabilities upon Roman Catholics in 1663, which were not removed till the period of the Revolution, in 1783.

Elsewhere among all the American colonies we find no such exception as Rhode Island. The case of Pennsylvania, if closely examined, would, we believe, not prove to be really an exception; and, taking into account its Quaker, its Huguenot, and its large German settlements, forming, in the earlier years of its history, the predominant elements in its population, it seems evident that while it could not be organized on any other than liberal principles, could not possibly have been settled and governed on New England principles, so neither could it have been colonized and governed on the principles which prevailed in Rhode Island. It is an important point, however, besides, that it was founded half a century later than the New England colonies, when the political and ecclesiastical temper in England was very different from what it had been fifty years before. We apprehend that whilst in Pennsylvania there was universal toleration, and, moreover, many congregations and even settlements — signally those of the Quakers and Baptists — relied solely on voluntary liberality for the support of the ministry and of public worship, nevertheless the public assembly of citizens in each locality claimed and exercised the power, if they thought fit, to impose a common rate or tax for the support of the religion of the majority.

In Virginia the established religion was Episcopalian and Anglican, and was maintained, as elsewhere, by public tax or rate. But discipline and penalties were not enforced, as in New England, by the stern and direct authority and action of the civil power. The discipline was that of the Church of England, but enforced there more laxly than in the mother country; it was not identified with recent law and living and growing organization, and was suffered to fall into decay at an earlier period than in England.

Maryland, as all know, was a tolerant colony. There also Anglican Episcopacy was established; but some of the best and oldest families of the colony, including that of Lord Baltimore, in whose family

the government was vested, were Roman Catholic.

In New York State the Reformed Dutch Church was the original established Church, with all the rights of the mother Church in Holland. It still retains a powerful hold on the state — numbering some seventy thousand members, and being in possession of large endowments, especially in New York City. The Reformed Dutch is indeed the wealthiest Church to-day in New York, and is distinguished both by the splendor of its sacred buildings and the high ability and character of its ministers. Throughout this state, however, as elsewhere wherever there was the need — and throughout the country districts the need was universal — the minister of the majority in each place was maintained by public taxation. The people, however, were not sufficiently theological to emulate the "dour" earnestness in Church matters of doctrinal and persecuting New England. Congregationalism, though it naturally passed over from New England into Long Island, and so planted itself strongly by the side of the city of New York, seems never to have obtained a wide or powerful hold of the state, or even of the city. Presbyterianism, in its different varieties, Dutch, German, and English, has had and has a much stronger hold.

The small state of Delaware was originally Swedish, having been settled as early as 1627. After being in the hands of the Dutch for a few years, it was ceded to the English in 1664. High Lutheranism was originally its established religion, but after its cession to the English, Anglo-Episcopacy — between which and High Lutheranism there are strong analogies and affinities — being the prevalent religion of Maryland, with which Delaware was closely associated, naturally found a congenial lodgment in Delaware.

North Carolina followed the laws and customs of Virginia, from which it was an offshoot. South Carolina and Georgia were settled at a considerably later period. Throughout all these colonies Anglican Episcopacy was the established religion, but public opinion was opposed to over-zeal or systematic legal persecution in religious matters. Scotch Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Moravians were intermingled with the Anglo-colonial population. South of the Hudson, Congregational Puritanism did not find a congenial soil.

Everywhere alike, however, the idea of established religion in the American col-

onies was identified with the thought of direct taxation for the support of that religion, taxation in a specially offensive and odiously direct form. And in the leading colonies — afterwards states — it was associated also with the recent memory of legal penalties and oppressions of the most irritating nature. In the United States disestablishment meant — and was welcomed as meaning — deliverance from such odious and oppressive imposts, tyrannies, and penalties as we have described. The wonder is not that, in this sense, disestablishment at length forced its way into act and effect some fifty years ago, but rather that in such a country of liberty, of individuality, of democratic progress, as America, it endured so long. We cannot say when the last rag of establishmentarian law was done away in the States. In Massachusetts it seems to have been in 1835. Possibly some remnants of it may yet linger in the Southern States, but we have been able to gain no information on the subject.

If we survey the period between the first settlement of the Eastern States and the War of Independence, we may distinguish in general the following tides or currents of emigration to the colonies. We name first the Congregational, which set in with steady force and continuity till the star of Cromwell's ascendancy had risen in England, and which renewed its flow after 1662 had more than brought back to English Nonconformists the days of suffering and proscription. This current set steadily over to New England, carrying thither, unhappily, a force of bigotry not inferior to that from which the emigrants had fled to the American shores. Intermediate between the former and the latter set of this current was the flow of Cavalier emigration — Anglicans chiefly, but intermingled also with Roman Catholics — which set towards Virginia and Maryland. Some years later the penal driving and harrying, the repressions and oppressions, of the Scottish Presbyterians during the reigns of the last two Stuarts, sent crowds of Scottish settlers to all the states south of the Hudson. In Maryland some Presbyterians had settled as early as the time of James I., and the states of New York and Maryland first, and, after its settlement, that of Pennsylvania, received, from this cause, a large infusion of Scottish settlers who were careful to take their Presbyterianism with them. The downfall of the Stuarts and the Scotch risings in 1715 and 1745 were the cause, at a later

period, of extensive Scotch emigration from the Highlands. The states to the farther south, the Carolinas and Georgia, received their full share of Scottish settlers. North Carolina, in particular, was long a favorite field for Highland emigration.*

Accordingly, New England was, a hundred years ago, intolerantly, and by a large predominance, Congregational, New York and Pennsylvania knew little of Congregationalism, but not a little of Presbyterianism in different forms, in addition to a share of Anglo-Episcopalianism and many foreign admixtures, while the states south and west of the Delaware were predominantly Anglo-Episcopalian, but held also a considerable intermingling of Presbyterianism, except Virginia, where there was little else than Anglicanism. Methodism, at this period, had only been heard of here and there; it was scarcely known in the land. It had, however, made a small beginning in Maryland and Virginia, and also in the city of New York. Its character, thus far, was that of an irregular offshoot of the Church of England, and it found its natural shelter and home under the shadow of Anglo-Episcopacy. The points we have now noted are important in their relation to the future development of the various religious bodies within the states and to the geographical situations which they were destined to occupy.

Dr. Warren, of the University of Boston, in a paper which he read before the Evangelical Alliance, in New York, three years ago,† has given a vivid picture, first, of the wonderful variety of heterogeneous and more or less conflicting elements which made up the religious aggregate of the United States in the former part of the eighteenth century; and, next, of the electrical influence by means of which, for the first time, some sense and premonition of unity was transfused through the entire area of the colonies.

Shut in [he says] between the territories of France upon the north and west, and Spanish Florida on the south, bisected near the middle by large Dutch and Swedish populations in New York and Delaware, overdotted with settlements of every European nationality, the little British colonies of two hundred years ago presented in most respects the least hopeful aspect of all the European dependencies in the New World. No two existed under a

* See in Macrae's "Americans at Home," Vol. I., the interesting chapter entitled "Highlanders in North Carolina."

† Entitled "American Infidelity; its Factors and Phases."

common charter; scarce two had a like religion. Here a Romanist colony was nearest neighbor to settlements of fugitive Huguenots; there the plain and quietistic Quaker was separated only by a boundary line from the formal and rite-loving Anglican. Noblemen and peasants, Papists and Protestants, Roundheads and Cavaliers, royalists and haters of royalty, believers and unbelievers, all found themselves standing on a common platform—all faithful to their Old World affinities. Out of elements so utterly heterogeneous, whence could unity and order come? . . . Toward the middle of the last century came the fulness of God's time for generating a new Christian nationality. First a soul was needed to organize the rich though motley elements into one living national body. That soul was communicated, as by a divine afflatus, in the great Whitefieldian revival. In its mighty heat the old intellectual and spiritual partition walls, by which the colonies had been so long isolated, fused and let one tide of gracious influence roll through the whole domain. For the first time in their history, the British colonies were agitated by one thought, swayed by one mind, moved by one impulse. Again and again through all these colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia, this most famous evangelist of history moved in triumph. Puritan New Englanders forgot that he was a gowned priest of the very Church from whose oppressions they had fled to the wilds of a new world. Dutch New York and German Pennsylvania almost unlearned their degenerating vernaculars as they listened to his celestial eloquence. The Quaker was delighted with his gospel simplicity, the Covenanter and Huguenot with his "doctrines of grace." The Episcopalians were his by rightful Church-fellowship, and thus it came to pass that when, after crossing the ocean eighteen times in his flying ministry, he lay down in death at Newburyport, he was unconsciously, but in reality, the spiritual father of a great Christian nation. The fact has never been duly acknowledged by the historian, but a fact it is.

From an interesting and valuable paper by Dr. Hurst, of Drew Seminary, published recently in the *New York Christian Advocate* (August 24, 1876), we are enabled to state, at least approximately, what were the numbers of the ministers and the congregations belonging to the different Christian professions in the colonies of a hundred years ago. They were estimated as follows:—

	Ministers.	Churches.
Congregationalists . . .	575	700
Baptists . . .	350	380
Episcopalians . . .	250	300
Presbyterians . . .	140	300
Lutherans . . .	25	60
German Reformed . . .	25	60
Reformed Dutch . . .	25	60

Associate . . .	13	20
Moravians . . .	12	8
Roman Catholic . . .	26	52
Methodists . . .	20	11
Total . . .	1,461	1,951

At that time the total population is estimated as having amounted to three million, of which five hundred thousand were slaves. The proportion of ministers and of churches to-day is, in comparison of the population, much more than twice as large, although the population has multiplied by thirteen.

It is remarkable how the Baptists had increased and multiplied, notwithstanding the unrelenting persecutions which followed them in New England for several generations, and the general antipathy against them also in the Anglo-Episcopal states. It must, indeed, be borne in mind that their congregations were often small, and that a large proportion of their "ministers" were virtually laymen, following secular occupations six days and having never received formal ordination. Still the list we have given already shows what has been abundantly established since, that there is a powerful congeniality between that sect, which places itself at the opposite extreme to everything that savors of ritualism or ministerial authority, and the spirit and predilections of a large proportion of the free and democratic—the sometimes wild and eccentric—settlers of the American continent, especially among the less cultivated classes and in the more sparsely settled districts. There are, as we know, Baptists and Baptists; the majority of American Baptists were in 1776, and are still, of a very different type from those of whom Englishmen think in association with the names of Robert Hall, J. H. Hinton, and Dr. Steane; although there are in the United States many Baptist ministers and Baptist congregations, that need not fear a comparison with the best and foremost that are or have been in this country.

"The order of growth of the denominations," says Dr. Hurst, "was not anticipated by any of the seers, of whom the number was large at the beginning of our national history." No one could have foreseen that, if the first was not to become last, the last was to become first, and the first considerably to descend in the scale. Dr. Styles, president of Yale College,* uttered his prophecy in 1783: "When we look forward," he says, "and

* New Haven, Connecticut.

see this country increased to forty or fifty millions, we shall doubtless find the united body of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches making an equal figure with any two of them." The period looked forward to by Dr. Styles has all but arrived, but the results are very different from his expectations. The Presbyterians, indeed, organized more thoroughly and vigorously on a broad connectional basis, and gathering independence, energy, and facility of development from their entire liberation from the trammels of local settlements and establishment, have wonderfully grown during the present century; but the Congregationalists have in proportion considerably declined. In the mean time an obscure and subaltern sect, unrecognized by statisticians, and scarcely referred to by name, and then only to be noted as utterly feeble and insignificant, by the ecclesiastical reviewers and prognosticators of ninety years ago, has grown to be by far the largest and most popular Church in the States, whilst next to this communion comes up the somewhat heterogeneous aggregate of Baptist churches.

In 1874, there was published in the official report and record of the New York meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, as an appendix, a "Statistical Exhibit of Evangelical Christianity in the United States." Dr. Schaff and Dr. Prime were the editors of the volume generally, and this particular table was prepared by the Rev. Daniel Dorchester of Lowell. It is exceedingly elaborate, and was brought down to the latest dates. According to this document the Methodist family of churches numbered upwards of three million communicants, the Baptist family more than two million, the Presbyterians of all shades very nearly a million; the Lutherans, of all sorts, nearly half a million; Congregationalists three hundred and nineteen thousand; Episcopalians two hundred and forty thousand; and other bodies, including Friends, Evangelical Adventists, and a number of still smaller sects, about one hundred and forty-five thousand more.* In a note to this table Dr. Schaff, himself a member of the German Reformed Presbyterian Church, says in regard to the Episcopal Church, "The religious and social influence of this body is much greater than its numerical strength, especially in the large cities,—New York, Philadelphia, and Boston." It will be observed that in this statistical table of Evangelical Chris-

tianity the Roman Catholic churches are naturally omitted.

According to the census returns for 1870, the denominational preferences of the population were assigned as follows:—Methodists, 6,528,000; Baptists, 4,360,000; Presbyterians of various classes, including the German and Dutch Reformed, 3,300,000; Roman Catholics, 1,990,000; Congregational, 1,177,212; Episcopalians, 991,051; Lutherans, 977,332; Christians, 865,602; Friends, 224,664; Universalists, 210,884; Unitarians, 155,471; besides minor sects.

What surprises one in this list is the large number of persons whose "preference" is assigned for the Society of Friends. It seems to show that the number of nominal "Friends" is very large indeed in proportion to the number of *bonâ fide* worshippers. The number of Roman Catholics, on the other hand, is less than might have been expected. The Roman Catholic authorities themselves claim three million adherents; but this is, no doubt, an exaggeration. All American statistics, however, returned by paid officials of their public service, are notoriously untrustworthy. They can only be taken as a very rude approximation to the truth.

There is a denomination enumerated in this return under the name of Christians, which is altogether omitted and ignored in the tables contained in the volume of the Evangelical Alliance. It is, however, recognized in another official census table for 1870, where it is set down as having 2,822 church-buildings, eight hundred and sixty-five thousand sittings, and over six million dollars of property, or less than one-tenth of the property of the Methodist bodies. We presume that this sect answers to that commonly designated in this country as "The Brethren," and we are confirmed in this view by the fact that it does not appear to have organized any missions, either for home or foreign evangelization, or indeed any other denominational enterprises or outgrowths, so that it is not only altogether unnoticed in the table we have quoted from Dr. Schaff's volume, but in the "Methodist Almanac" it is not mentioned in the "Comparative Statistical Summaries of Denominations," although it appears, in the way we have noted, in the two census tables to which we have referred, and which are given in the almanac.

The Churches which have mainly done the work of evangelization among the colored men are the Methodists and the Baptists. This fact must be borne in mind in

* In the case of the Friends, the number (57,405) must be taken as professed members, not communicants.

connection with the great numerical superiority of these two bodies. The Methodists, however, with the exception of New England, New York City, St. Louis, perhaps also Chicago, and some few localities besides, are, throughout the Union, the leading denomination in respect of numbers. The Methodist is, *par excellence*, the American Church. It has been wholly developed within the Union, has been altogether independent, since its first real organization, and from the early times of its feeble obscurity, of the mother Church in England, and has, in some important respects, been moulded on a different model—a model more suited to a vast territory and a new country; it has from the beginning been racy of the soil, and has shaped and adapted itself, every way and at every turn, to the conditions of American society. Its itinerant basis—its itinerant alike for bishop, presiding elder, and circuit or station minister, its unrivalled plasticity, its free and various use of lay influence, its variety of organization, from the simple village meeting, independent of a settled pastor, to the ornate service of the wealthy and cultivated city congregation, its equally ready use of all gifts and attainments, of the learned and the unlearned, its uneducated rusticity here, its educated refinement there, and, though last not least, its experimental preaching, its fellowship meetings, its generous theology, have all combined to make Methodism the popular Church of America. It is often excelled both in culture and in power of a certain kind by some of the other Churches; excelled sometimes by Congregationalism, sometimes by Presbyterianism, and again sometimes by Anglo-American Episcopacy; it is, on the whole, in proportion to its numbers and its popular hold, excelled in high social and even political influence by all the denominations we have named. But it is absolutely more powerful as a Church, it possesses more ecclesiastical wealth and property, and it has more diffused influence in the community than any of them.

We have already remarked that at the period when the United States achieved their independence, Congregationalism occupied New England, Anglo-Episcopacy prevailed in the South, and Presbyterianism held an influential position in the intermediate states, and that this condition of things had an important bearing on the later development of Methodism. Let us add here that the situation of so great a city and centre as Philadelphia, on the very edge of the southern region, after a

while gave Episcopacy in that city a relative position and proportionate development not greatly inferior to that which it held in Baltimore, whilst, again, the extraordinary tolerance and the mutual friendliness between varying sects, which were scarcely less characteristic of Baltimore than of Philadelphia, and which had characterized Baltimore for more than a generation before Philadelphia was founded, had given to Presbyterianism in Baltimore an early position of respect and influence next to that enjoyed, of Protestant sects, by the Church of England. The range of Presbyterianism, accordingly, extended from New York to Baltimore, while, on the other hand, the range of Episcopalian influence extended from the south as far north as New York. In such a port and garrison as New York, the Church of the English sovereign and Parliament, of the English gentry, and of English official life, could not but hold a position of dignity and influence, however little it might be known inland or throughout the state generally. Indeed, even in Boston, Anglo-Episcopacy, though the number of its followers was small, held a distinguished position at the time of the Revolution; it was a sort of foreign Church, but its dignity was undeniable, and its social position was high. Elsewhere, however, throughout New England, the traces of it were few and far between. Congregationalism was the Church of New England, the established religion, Anglo-Episcopacy was "the English Church."

Now, leaving out of account, as we must do in the present article, all foreign continental strains of emigration and of public faith and worship, the new element which, after the Revolution, was to enter, with predominant power and amazing force and swiftness of development, into the religious life and growth of America, and which was to confound all the predictions of the politico-ecclesiastical seers, was Methodism. Nevertheless, even the power and spread of Methodism were, more or less, limited and conditioned by the lines of denominational position and influence which were already occupied by the Churches we have named.

Congregationalism reigned without a rival in New England in 1776, and it is still by far the predominant denomination in the New England States. It holds much more than the citadel still. It is still the denomination which—sometimes, indeed, under the Unitarian form, though not so largely as thirty years ago

— possesses not only an unrivalled ascendancy, in respect of culture, wealth, and social position, over all others, — with the doubtful exception in Boston, and here and there besides, of the Episcopal Church, — but possesses also a decided superiority of numbers. Methodism, although dominant, at least in numbers and popular influence, throughout every other section of the states, has never attained to more than a subordinate position in the original New England territory. It holds, in this part of the country, much the same position, relatively, which it occupies in most parts of England. Rank, fashion, intellectualism, as yet, in Boston and New England, hold themselves aloof from the Methodist Church. Of the descendants of the early settlers — the aristocracy, these of New England — not a few of the most distinguished have left Congregationalism for liturgical Episcopacy.* But we never heard of any family in such a position of society identifying itself with Methodism.

On the other hand, Methodism, having been, in a sense, identified with the Church of England, some of whose most devoted clergy in Maryland had worked with the itinerant evangelists of Methodism, in a spirit similar to that which inspired such clergymen as Grimshaw and Fletcher in England, unfolded and advanced with great power from Baltimore as a centre. In and around that city the devoted Asbury — afterwards Bishop Asbury — made his home more often and more happily than elsewhere. In that city the early conferences of Methodism in America were held for many years, in almost unbroken succession. Dr. Coke found a loving welcome there in his visits to America. But, further, as a consequence of the Revolutionary War, very many of the settled Episcopalian clergy throughout these southerly regions, being passionate loyalists, left America as the war proceeded, as disaffection grew and deepened, and victory, at length, began to declare itself on the side of the colonists. Into the gap thus made in the religious organizations of the colonies — the states, as they soon came to be — Methodism stepped. Its ministrations were ready to hand, and were of an eminently popular character. They were not offensive to the doctrinal or, for

the most part, the ecclesiastical prejudices or predilections of the people. Calvinistic Puritanism — settled and fortified Congregationalism — were not found in the regions of which we speak. There was Presbyterianism, it is true, but Presbyterianism in 1775–1784 was as characteristically “the Scotch Church,” supported exclusively by people of the Scottish race, as Episcopalianism had been the “English Church,” the Church of English loyalists. Methodism gathered converts chiefly among the people of English race. Nor was it either, on the one hand, identified with political revolutionary propagandism, or, on the other, with strong or settled loyalism. Its elder teachers had been loyalists, but of these several had returned home. Asbury, though an Englishman and of Church of England predilections, had embraced the cause of the Revolution — moderately, but decisively. On one or two occasions, indeed, an attempt was made to create a prejudice against Methodism, as identified with English Toryism. Wesley’s public course in England in the later stages of the Revolutionary contest — for, privately, he had, in 1775, remonstrated strongly with the ministry of the day as to the impolicy and injustice of their conduct towards the colonies — was likely to raise a suspicion against Methodism in the minds of strong revolutionists. But the Methodists, when the suspicion assumed anything like form or found any expression, so earnestly and decisively affirmed and established their own true-heartedness as American citizens that this cause of prejudice was soon and effectually dispelled.

Methodism accordingly obtained, at the early time of which we speak, a strong lodgment and wide acceptance within the provinces of Maryland (including Delaware) and Virginia, and also obtained some hold in the Quaker city. A certain affinity between Quakers and Methodists has often been found; but, besides, in Philadelphia as in Baltimore, Methodism took up, in part, the ground vacated by English Episcopacy. In New York, although, partly in connection with the military and partly through Hibernian emigration, Methodism had obtained some position there since 1766, yet its hold was small and slight. Nor, indeed, has Methodism, down to the present day, ever attained a development and representation in New York at all proportionate to its position and influence in the country at large. At Baltimore, on the contrary, it has from the first maintained its influ-

* For example, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, the esteemed representative of the family of the famous original Governor Winthrop, who was formerly American minister in this country, and long one of the leaders of the Whig-Republican party in the States, is now a member of the Episcopal Church.

ence. Indeed, Methodism has long been by far the most powerful organization in that pleasant and warm-hearted city. At the present time there are, we believe, no fewer than eighty Methodist churches in Baltimore. Presbyterianism, we believe, holds the second position in the city in point of numbers; in character, social position, and general influence Presbyterianism is not inferior to any denomination in Baltimore. Protestant Episcopacy, also, holds a distinguished and influential position in Baltimore; and, as might be expected, from the earliest history of Maryland, Roman Catholicism has in Baltimore one of its chief American strongholds. In Philadelphia, Methodism has stood well almost from the beginning. It has now a larger absolute number of adherents in Philadelphia than in any city in the land; it has, indeed, a larger following in this city than any other Protestant Church has in any city in the States. But Methodism is stronger, comparatively, in Baltimore than anywhere else, and its absolute numbers, we believe, fall but little short of the Methodism of Philadelphia. Presbyterianism, also, is exceedingly strong in Philadelphia, stronger, we believe, than in any city in the States.

New Jersey, lying between New York State and Pennsylvania, was up to 1736 a part of the state of New York. In this fertile and favored little state, with so many of the attributes of a "south land," Methodism found early and kindly rooting. Dr. Stevens, in his spirited and excellent "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," gives the following picture of the territorial position and development of Methodism at the close of the War of Independence. The view extends from New York and New Jersey towards the north down to North Carolina in the south.

During most of the war Methodism had its chief successes in its southern fields. Abbott and his fellow-laborers kept it alive and moving in New Jersey, and at the peace that State reported more than one thousand members; but, out of the nearly fourteen thousand returned in 1783, more than twelve thousand were in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. There were more within the small limits of Delaware than in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, or New York. New York had but about sixty, Philadelphia but a hundred and nineteen, Baltimore more than nine hundred. Nearly all the preachers who entered the itinerant ranks during these years were raised up south of Pennsylvania. It was, in fine, during these stormy times that Methodism took that thorough possession of the central colonies which it has ever since maintained,

and began to send forth those itinerant expeditions, which have borne its ensign over the South, over the West, and even to the north-east as far as Maine; for we shall hereafter see that not only Lee, but many of his assistant founders of Methodism in New England, were from these middle provinces. While the war lasted they pushed their way southward and westward, but as soon as the struggle closed they broke energetically into the North. Methodism thus took much of its primitive tone from the characteristic temperament of the colonies of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia,—a fact which had no slight influence on its history for more than half a century. The subtler intelligence and severer temper of the North, and especially of the North-east, were to intervene at the opportune moment, to develop its literary, theological, and educational interests, and to embody it in effective and enduring institutions and forms of policy; but it needed yet the animation, the energetic temperament, the social aptness and vivacity, the devotional enthusiasm, of the more southern countries. At the end of the Revolutionary War there was, probably, not a Methodist in the Eastern States; for the society formed by Boardman, in Boston, had become extinct. It was to achieve its chief triumphs, for some time yet, southward and westward, and to encounter in those directions adventures and hardships for which the ardent and generous spirit of its present people and ministry peculiarly fitted it. It went forward, not only preaching and praying, but also "shouting," infecting the enterprising, adventurous, and scattered populations of the wilderness and frontiers with its evangelic enthusiasm, and gathering them by thousands into its communion. It pressed northward, at first, with the same zealous ardor, but became there gradually attempered with a more deliberate, a more practical, yet a hardly less energetic spirit. The characteristics of both sections blended, securing to it at once unity, enthusiasm, and practical wisdom, especially in its great fields in the West, where, for the last half century, and probably for all future time, it was destined to have its most important sway.*

The struggle of Methodism to establish itself in the north-eastern provinces has been strenuous and obstinate; more difficult and protracted than in any other section of the country; but the contest has been for a great prize—to obtain an effectual lodgment among the most intellectually energetic and the most cultivated population of the Union—to establish evangelical Arminianism in regions where orthodoxy meant strict Calvinism—and if the success gained is not yet complete or wholly satisfactory, it has nevertheless been great and important.

* Dr. Stevens's "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," Vol. I., chap. v.

The first Methodist preacher who was able to make any real beginning in New England was Jesse Lee, whose preaching under the elm on Boston Common is one of the waymarks of American Methodist history. This was in 1790. At this time Methodism "had spread into all the Atlantic States out of New England; it had penetrated into the primeval wildernesses of the West, and its itinerant heralds were marching in the van of that vast emigration which has since covered the immense regions of the Ohio and Mississippi with magnificent states. It had even entered Canada, and passing along the waters of New England had established itself in Nova Scotia." And yet from New England itself it had turned aside. Other fields were spiritually neglected; this was already covered with organized Churches. In other fields the land was as open to the itinerant laborer as the wants of the scattered and untended settlers were pressing. Here the ancient Churches were entrenched fortresses which frowned against the stranger, and "orthodoxy" denounced the heretical Arminian intruder. Dr. Stevens gives a chapter to the subject of the mission of Methodism to New England, and recurs to the subject again and again. He shows that its efforts in that field are justified alike by the special reasons assignable for making them and by the proved results, but, he adds, "its progress there has, from the beginning, cost untold exertions on the part of its ministry and people."*

The difficulty and importance of the work in New England continually attracted Asbury to this field, although it was always a sore trial to him to visit it. In 1794 he was itinerating from state to state in these eastern regions and came into Connecticut. In this state there was an association formed against Methodism. "Ah!" he exclaims, "here are the iron walls of prejudice; but God can break them down. Out of fifteen United States thirteen are free; but two† are fettered with ecclesiastical chains, taxed to support ministers who are chosen by a small committee and settled for life. My simple prophesy is that this must come to an end with the present century." The good bishop was too sanguine. A generation

was to pass before his anticipation was realized.*

Asbury [says Dr. Stevens] traversed New England each of these years down to the last before his death. He always approached it with peculiar feelings; with mingled repugnance and hopefulness. He seemed there as in a foreign land, while all the rest of the nation was his familiar domain. Everywhere else he was welcomed by enthusiastic throngs; there he was repelled, and pursued his solitary journeys comparatively a stranger, finding refuge in families which were proscribed as heretical by public opinion, and in "meetings" which were impeached as fanatical conventicles. Yet he believed that Methodism would "radiate" over these elder communities. "I feel," he writes [this seems to have been about the year 1804], "as if God will work in these States and give us a great harvest. Surely we shall rise in New England in the next generation."†

The labors of Asbury, of Lee, of Hedding, and many another able and devoted man, their coadjutors and successors, in the states of New England, were not in vain. The bishop's longings have been fulfilled, if not fully up to the measure of his conception, yet in good degree. All things considered, the successes of Methodism in New England have scarcely been inferior to the most brilliant and striking of its triumphs elsewhere. The work was difficult and slow; the struggle was protracted and very arduous. But powers of thought, of administration, of statesmanship, have been developed in the course of the long struggle, not yet fully over, the benefit of which to American Methodism has been very great. Other regions may have been fitter training grounds for popular and passionate eloquence, and for wide and adventurous enterprise; but in New England the keenest intelligence of Methodism has been elicited, tested, and, matured. And the manifest results of the labor bestowed have been very striking and encouraging. Its indirect influence has, perhaps, been as valuable as the direct. Both Unitarianism and strict Calvinism have lost power; orthodoxy has revived and become evangelical. But its direct results have been great. Even in Boston, although the inner circles and higher holds of culture and social rank have not been penetrated, the lower declivities of business life have been largely won, and Methodism makes more progress than any other Protestant denomination.

* History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Vol. II., chap. v.

† Massachusetts and Connecticut. Massachusetts had long before absorbed Plymouth, and Maine had not yet been erected into a separate State.

* Stevens's "History," Vol. III., chap. viii.

† Ibid., Vol. IV., chap. vii.

In Massachusetts, generally, Methodism holds the third place among the denominations; being, strangely enough, higher there than in Baptist, in latitudinarian, in miscellaneous Rhode Island, where it is fourth. In New Hampshire and Connecticut it holds the second place. The spread of manufactures within these states and Massachusetts, also, during the last forty years, has, no doubt, greatly helped Methodism, as, unfortunately, it has also contributed to the spread of Popery. Methodism has spread among the English-speaking Protestant and commercial population. Roman Catholicism has spread through the influx of Irish. In Maine, Methodism has had to fight some of its hardest battles, but now stands numerically first on the list of denominations. One reason of that, doubtless, is that Maine has been largely settled, opened up, developed, since the century began. In America, as in England, Methodism adapts itself with pre-eminent facility to new incoming populations; it also goes onward with the advancing tide as no other denomination can. In Vermont, as in its neighboring state, New Hampshire, Methodism stands second on the list. But Vermont is hardly New England; it lies on the New York side, and was formerly a part of New York State.*

We have heard Americans express their wonder that Methodism in England has not overspread the land, and risen up with an irresistible tide above the highest watermark, as in America. But the history of Methodism in New England may suffice to explain the reason. With few exceptions Methodism throughout this country has been confronted by much greater difficulties, more formidable opponents, social influences far more powerful, more deeply rooted, more widely spread. New England was but a small corner of America, nor can its culture, its Church prestige, its influences of rank and wealth, be compared with those in England arrayed on behalf of all that is traditional against all

innovation. In America the prestige, the forces, the resources, the courage and confidence gained in other regions of the Union, all came to reinforce the Methodist enterprise in New England. The assailing, the invading Church, has now for many years been the greatest Church in the land. No such advantages have belonged to Methodism in any part of this country. But where, as in middle-class commercial towns and seaports, in new manufacturing populations, or in mining regions suddenly opened, Methodism in England has found an open field, amid conditions somewhat resembling those ordinarily attaching to its operations in the United States, English Methodism has proved itself no less able than transatlantic to obtain a paramount hold upon the populations, and to advance upon the crest of the flowing tide. Nowhere, however, — absolutely nowhere, — throughout England have conditions been found for the spread and triumphs of Methodist evangelization equally favorable with those found over the greatest part of the States. Our national establishment is deep-rooted everywhere. Not seldom, also, the influences of a Calvinistic Puritanism not less prejudiced, not less hard and impenetrable, than any which could be found in New England add another element of difficulty. The whole soil is preoccupied — sometimes it is preoccupied with a tangle of mixed and ancient roots and growths — and it has often been hard, indeed, for Methodism to gain a rooting.

Nevertheless it has found a rooting often even under such conditions, and it is evident that in this respect the future of English Methodism is to be better and more prosperous than the past. Methodism in England is at the present time organizing itself for home missionary toil and successes with a wisdom, a skill, a resolution, never before equalled.

Next to Methodism, among connectional or collective churches, Presbyterianism has spread itself widely and successfully through the States. This has been very much, no doubt, owing to the original tenacity and fidelity of the Presbyterian settlers and pioneers, who took their Presbyterian principles with them wherever they went. Sometimes they had at first to put up with Methodism — in default of anything more like their own denomination — and afterwards became attached to it; but if possible, and as far as possible, they, as a rule, adhered to their Presbyterianism. Hence churches were founded in the wilderness, and woven into networks of

* Congregationalism in New England has been strong in the universities of Harvard, near Boston, and Yale, at New Haven, both for many generations strictly Congregational, and still virtually and by all old traditions and associations identified to a predominant extent with Congregationalism; in the case of Yale, in its orthodox character, in the case of Harvard, under latitudinarian forms, which, however, seem at present to be undergoing to some extent a process of retransformation through the spread of Evangelical and Trinitarian sentiments or sympathies. These universities have been to New England and Congregationalism what Oxford and Cambridge have been to England and the Church of England. The new University of Boston — a Methodist foundation, of which Dr. Warren is chancellor — will doubtless greatly help Methodism in New England.

synodical connection round about influential centres. Thus Presbyterianism has spread inland and far away westward from the central seaboard states, and is found very powerfully developed through the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and still farther south, and all through the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi. In some centres—as in St. Louis—Presbyterianism is more than a rival to Methodism.

New England, on the other hand, beginning to colonize and push westward at a later date, has largely leavened the states lying westerly along its own parallel, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, and the northern parts of Illinois, and in particular the great centre-city Chicago. Congregationalism, however, has not the same connectional instincts as Methodism or Presbyterianism.

The Baptists have everywhere spread over the land. Like Methodism, they have had the advantage of using to the uttermost lay gifts and services. No scruple about college learning or ministerial training has stood in the way of their advances. A separate Baptist church can spring up anywhere and find a pastor in some speaking lay brother. Such a rough and ready system is well adapted to a large proportion of the American people, especially to strong-opinioned and unlettered farmers, who love a cheap religion and detest anything that savors of form or dainty culture. Baptists accordingly—a pre-eminently democratic sect, and a very cheap sect—have found great acceptance in the States. Above all others, except, perhaps, the Methodists, they have made converts among the colored people. Their monadic simplicity, their pure democracy, the *sovereign state-ship* of each separate church, stamp the Baptist churches as eminently adapted to the conditions of American homely and country-fashion life. There is, nevertheless, much Biblical culture and much activity of mind among the better class of Baptist churches. The Baptists have a larger number of theological seminaries than any denomination in the States.

Of the Protestant Episcopal Church we have not space to say what we should have wished. After the Revolution (in 1784) this Church was reorganized. For many years it was very feeble, but during the last thirty years it has rapidly developed in organization and numbers, and still more in influence. It is very powerful in the great eastern seaboard cities, and has also taken a strong hold of the more

recently developed north-western and far-western states, such as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Kansas. The sagacity of its leaders, the great liberality of its wealthy churches in the east, the self-devotion and enterprise of its western clergy, the local dignity and the influence within their provinces of its diocesan bishops, and the unity and spirit of its organization, all co-operate to promote its development, in newly-opened fields. In the intermediate distances it entered too late into the race to cope with such rivals as the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Baptists; but unquestionably it has a great future before it. Unfortunately developed Ritualism is its curse, especially in the fashionable churches of the East, and its discipline enforces a law of exclusiveness as regards other Churches not less arrogant and intolerant than the utmost pretensions known in this country, coupled, at the same time, with a power and reach of synodical inquiry and control of which nothing as yet is known in our own Established Church; enforces it, too, equally on the ministers and in the Churches of America and the foreign mission-field—in New York or Wis-Chang, in Milwaukee or Jeddo.

Such is a slight and rapid general view of ecclesiastical antecedents and development among the Anglo-American Protestant Churches in the United States. Slight as it is, it seemed worth while to present it, because it includes some important points, and especially some illustrations of principles in their working under novel circumstances and in free fields, which are scarcely known at all to the English public.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PREACHER.

THE sermon Mr. Graham heard at the chapel that Sunday morning in Kentish Town was not of an elevating, therefore not of a strengthening, description. The pulpit was at that time in offer to the highest bidder—in orthodoxy, that is, combined with popular talent. The first object of the chapel's existence—I do not say in the minds of those who built it, for it was an old place, but certainly

in the minds of those who now directed its affairs — was not to save its present congregation, but to gather a larger — ultimately that they might be saved, let us hope, but primarily that the drain upon the purses of those who were responsible for its rent and other outlays might be lessened. Mr. Masquar, therefore, to whom the post was a desirable one, had been mainly anxious that morning to prove his orthodoxy, and so commend his services. Not that in those days one heard so much of the dangers of heterodoxy — that monster was as yet but growling far off in the jungles of Germany — but certain whispers had been abroad concerning the preacher which he thought it desirable to hush, especially as they were founded in truth. He had tested the power of heterodoxy to attract attention, but having found that the attention it did attract was not of a kind favorable to his wishes, had so skilfully remodelled his theories that, although to his former friends he declared them in substance unaltered, it was impossible any longer to distinguish them from the most uncompromising orthodoxy; and his sermon of that morning had tended neither to the love of God, the love of man, nor a hungering after righteousness — its aim being to disprove the reported heterodoxy of Jacob Masquar.

As they walked home, Mrs. Marshal, addressing her husband in a tone of conjugal disapproval, said, with more force than delicacy, "The pulpit is not the place to give a man to wash his dirty linen in."

"Well, you see, my love," answered her husband in a tone of apology, "people won't submit to be told their duty by mere students, and just at present there seems nobody else to be had. There's none in the market but old staggers and young colts — eh, Fred? — But Mr. Masquar is at least a man of experience."

"Of more than enough, perhaps," suggested his wife. "And the young ones must have their chance, else how are they to learn? You should have given the principal a hint. It is a most desirable thing that Frederick should preach a little oftener."

"They have it in turn, and it wouldn't do to favor one more than another."

"He could hand his guinea, or whatever they gave him, to the one whose turn it ought to have been, and that would set it all right."

At this point the silk-mercier, fearing that the dominie, as he called him, was

silently disapproving, and willing therefore to change the subject, turned to him and said, "Why shouldn't *you* give us a sermon, Graham?"

The schoolmaster laughed. "Did you never hear," he said, "how I fell like Dagon on the threshold of the Church, and have lain there ever since?"

"What has that to do with it?" returned his friend, sorry that his forgetfulness should have caused a painful recollection. "That is ages ago, when you were little more than a boy. Seriously," he added, chiefly to cover his little indiscretion, "will you preach for us the Sunday after next?" Deacons generally ask a man to preach *for* them.

"No," said Mr. Graham.

But even as he said it a something began to move in his heart — a something half of jealousy for God, half of pity for poor souls buffeted by such winds as had that morning been roaring, chaff-laden about the church, while the grain fell all to the bottom of the pulpit. Something burned in him: was it the word that was as a fire in his bones, or was it a mere lust of talk? He thought for a moment. "Have you any gatherings between Sundays?" he asked.

"Yes, every Wednesday evening," replied Mr. Marshal. "And if you won't preach on Sunday, we shall announce tonight that next Wednesday a clergyman of the Church of Scotland will address the prayer-meeting."

He was glad to get out of it so, for he was uneasy about his friend, both as to his nerve which might fail him, and his Scotch oddities which would not.

"That would be hardly true," said Mr. Graham, "seeing I never got beyond a license."

"Nobody here knows the difference between a licentiate and a placed minister; and if they did, they would not care a straw. So we'll just say *clergyman*."

"But I won't have it announced in any terms. Leave that alone, and I will try to speak at the prayer-meeting."

"It won't be in the least worth your while except we announce it. You won't have a soul to hear you but the pew-openers, the woman that cleans the chapel, Mrs. Marshal's washerwoman, and the old greengrocer we buy our vegetables from. We must really announce it."

"Then I won't do it. Just tell me: what would our Lord have said to Peter or John if they had told him that they had been to synagogue and had been asked to speak,

but had declined because there were only the pew-owners, the chapel-cleaner, a washerwoman, and a greengrocer present?"

"I said it only for your sake, Graham: you needn't take me up so sharply."

"And ra-a-ther irreverently, don't you think? Excuse me, sir," said Mrs. Marshal very softly. But the very softness had a kind of jelly-fish sting in it.

"I think," rejoined the schoolmaster, indirectly replying, "we must be careful to show our reverence in a manner pleasing to our Lord. Now, I cannot discover that he cares for any reverences but the shaping of our ways after his; and if you will show me a single instance of respect of persons in our Lord, I will press my petition no further to be allowed to speak a word to your pew-openers, washerwoman and greengrocer."

His entertainers were silent — the gentleman in the consciousness of deserved rebuke, the lady in offence.

Just then the latter bethought herself that their guest, belonging to the Scotch Church, was, if no Episcopalian, yet no Dissenter, and that seemed to clear up to her the spirit of his disapproval.

"By all means, Mr. Marshal," she said, "let your friend speak on the Wednesday evening. It would not be to his disadvantage to have it said that he occupied a Dissenting pulpit. It will not be nearly such an exertion, either; and if he is unaccustomed to speak to large congregations, he will find himself more comfortable with our usual week-evening one."

"I have never attempted to speak in public but once," rejoined Mr. Graham, "and then I failed."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said his friend's wife; and the simplicity of his confession, while it proved him a simpleton, mollified her.

Thus it came that he spent the days between Sunday and Thursday in their house, and so made the acquaintance of young Marshal.

When his mother perceived their growing intimacy, she warned her son that their visitor belonged to an unscriptural and worldly community, and that notwithstanding his apparent guilelessness — deficiency indeed — he might yet use cunning arguments to draw him aside from the faith of his fathers. But the youth replied that, although, in the firmness of his own position as a Congregationalist, he had tried to get the Scotchman into a conversation upon Church government, he had failed: the man smiled queerly and said nothing.

But when a question of New Testament criticism arose he came awake at once, and his little blue eyes gleamed like glow-worms.

"Take care, Frederick!" said his mother. "The Scriptures are not to be treated like common books and subjected to human criticism."

"We must find out what they mean, I suppose, mother," said the youth.

"You're to take just the plain meaning that he that runneth may read," answered his mother. "More than that no one has any business with. You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors if they will let you; and for that reason you must cultivate, not a spirit of criticism, but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the Word. You have got a fine voice, and it will improve with judicious use. Your father is now on the outlook for a teacher of elocution to instruct you how to make the best of it and speak with power on God's behalf."

When the afternoon of Wednesday began to draw toward the evening there came on a mist — not a London fog, but a low wet cloud — which kept slowly condensing into rain; and as the hour of meeting drew nigh with the darkness it grew worse. Mrs. Marshal had forgotten all about the meeting and the schoolmaster; her husband was late, and she wanted her dinner. At twenty minutes past six she came upon her guest in the hall, kneeling on the door-mat, first on one knee, then on the other, turning up the feet of his trousers. "Why, Mr. Graham," she said kindly as he rose and proceeded to look for his cotton umbrella, easily discernible in the stand among the silk ones of the house, "you're never going out in a night like this?"

"I am going to the prayer-meeting, ma'am," he said.

"Nonsense! You'll be wet to the skin before you get halfway."

"I promised, you may remember, ma'am, to talk a little to them."

"You only said so to my husband. You may be very glad, seeing it has turned out so wet, that I would not allow him to have it announced from the pulpit. There is not the slightest occasion for your going. Besides, you have not had your dinner."

"That's not of the slightest consequence, ma'am. A bit of bread and cheese before I go to bed is all I need to sustain nature and fit me for understanding my proposition in Euclid. I have been in the habit, for the last few years,

of reading one every night before I go to bed."

"We Dissenters consider a chapter of the Bible the best thing to read before going to bed," said the lady with a sustained voice.

"I keep that for the noontide of my perceptions — for mental high water," said the schoolmaster. "Euclid is good enough after supper. Not that I deny myself a small portion of the Word," he added with a smile as he proceeded to open the door, "when I feel very hungry for it."

"There is no one expecting you," persisted the lady, who could ill endure not to have her own way, even when she did not care for the matter concerned. "Who will be the wiser or the worse if you stay at home?"

"My dear lady," returned the schoolmaster, "when I have on good grounds made up my mind to a thing, I always feel as if I had promised God to do it; and indeed it amounts to the same thing very nearly. Such a resolve, then, is not to be unmade, except on equally good grounds with those upon which it was made. Having resolved to try whether I could not draw a little water of refreshment for souls which, if not thirsting, are but fainting the more, shall I allow a few drops of rain to prevent me?"

"Pray don't let me persuade you against your will," said his hostess, with a stately bend of her neck over her shoulder as she turned into the drawing-room.

Her guest went out into the rain, asking himself by what theory of the will his hostess could justify such a phrase — too simple to see that she had only thrown it out, as the cuttle-fish its ink, to cover her retreat.

But the weather had got a little into his brain: into his soul it was seldom allowed to intrude. He felt depressed and feeble and dull. But at the first corner he turned he met a little breath of wind. It blew the rain in his face and revived him a little, reminding him at the same time that he had not yet opened his umbrella. As he put it up he laughed. "Here I am," he said to himself, "lance in hand, spurring to meet my dragon!"

Once when he used a similar expression, Malcolm had asked him what he meant by his dragon. "I mean," replied the schoolmaster, "that huge slug, *the commonplace*. It is the wearifulest dragon to fight in the whole miscreation. Wound it as you may, the jelly mass of the monster closes, and the dull one is himself again — feeding all the time so

cunningly that scarce one of the victims whom he has swallowed suspects that he is but pabulum slowly digesting in the belly of the monster."

If the schoolmaster's dragon, spread abroad as he lies, a vague dilution, everywhere throughout human haunts, has yet any *head-quarters*, where else can they be than in such places as that to which he was now making his way to fight him? What can be fuller of the wearisome, depressing, beauty-blasting commonplace than a Dissenting chapel in London on the night of the weekly prayer-meeting, and that night a drizzly one? The few lights fill the lower part with a dull, yellow, steamy glare, while the vast galleries, possessed by an ugly twilight, yawn above like the dreary openings of a disconsolate eternity. The pulpit rises into the dim, damp air, covered with brown holland, reminding one of desertion and charwomen, if not of a chamber of death and spiritual undertakers who have shrouded and confined the truth. Gaping, empty, unsightly, the place is the very skull of the monster himself — the fittest place of all wherein to encounter the great slug, and deal him one of those death-blows which every sunrise, every repentance, every childbirth, every true love, deals him. Every hour he receives the blow that kills, but he takes long to die, for every hour he is right carefully fed and cherished by a whole army of purveyors, including every trade and profession, but officered chiefly by divines and men of science.

When the dominie entered all was still, and every light had a nimbus of illuminated vapor. There were hardly more than three present beyond the number Mr. Marshal had given him to expect; and their faces, some grim, some grimy, most of them troubled, and none blissful, seemed the nervous ganglions of the monster whose faintly-gelatinous bulk filled the place. He seated himself in a pew near the pulpit, communed with his own heart, and was still. Presently the ministering deacon, a humbler one in the worldly sense than Mr. Marshal, for he kept a small ironmongery shop in the next street to the chapel, entered, twirling the wet from his umbrella as he came along one of the passages intersecting the pews. Stepping up into the desk which cowered humbly at the foot of the pulpit, he stood erect and cast his eyes around the small assembly. Discovering there no one that could lead in the singing, he chose out and read one of the monster's favorite hymns, in which never a sparkle of thought or a glow of

worship gave reason wherefore the holy words should have been carpentered together. Then he prayed aloud, and then first the monster found tongue, voice, articulation. If this was worship, surely it was the monster's own worship of itself. No God were better than one to whom such were fitting words of prayer. What passed in the man's soul God forbid I should judge: I speak but of the words that reached the ears of men.

And over all the vast of London lay the monster, filling it like the night—not in churches and chapels only—in almost all theatres and most houses—most of all in rich houses: everywhere he had a foot, a tail, a tentacle or two—everywhere suckers that drew the life-blood from the sickening and somnolent soul.

When the deacon—a little brown man, about five and thirty—had ended his prayer, he read another hymn of the same sort—one of such as form the bulk of most collections, and then looked meaningly at Mr. Graham, whom he had seen in the chapel on Sunday with his brother deacon, and therefore judged one of consequence, who had come to the meeting with an object, and ought to be propitiated: he had intended speaking himself. After having thus for a moment regarded him, "Would you favor us with a word of exhortation, sir?" he said in a stage-like whisper.

Now the monster had by this time insinuated a hair-like sucker into the heart of the schoolmaster, and was busy. But at the word, as the Red-cross Knight when he heard Orgoglio in the wood staggered to meet him, he rose at once, and, although his umbrella slipped and fell with a loud discomposing clatter, calmly approached the reading-desk. To look at his outer man, this knight of the truth might have been the very high priest of the monster, which, while he was sitting there, had been twisting his slimy, semi-electric, benumbing tendrils around his heart. His business was nevertheless to fight him, though to fight him in his own heart and that of other people at one and the same moment he might well find hard work. And the loathly worm had this advantage over the knight, that it was the first time he had stood up to speak in public since his failure thirty years ago. That hour again for a moment overshadowed his spirit. It was a wavy harvest morning in a village of the north. A golden wind was blowing, and little white clouds flying aloft in the sunny blue. The church was full of well-known faces, upturned, listen-

ing, expectant, critical. The hour vanished in a slow mist of abject misery and shame. But had he not learned to rejoice over all dead hopes and write *Te Deums* on their coffin-lids? And now he stood in dim light, in the vapor from damp garments, in dinginess and ugliness, with a sense of spiritual squalor and destitution in his very soul. He had tried to pray his own prayer while the deacon prayed his, but there had come to him no reviving, no message for this handful of dull souls—there were nine of them in all—and his own soul crouched hard and dull within his bosom. How to give them one deeper breath? How to make them know they were alive? Whence was his aid to come?

His aid was nearer than he knew. There were no hills to which he could lift his eyes, but help may hide in the valley as well as come down from the mountain, and he found his under the coal-scuttle bonnet of the woman that swept out and dusted the chapel. She was no interesting young widow. A life of labor and vanished children lay behind as well as before her. She was sixty years of age, seamed with the small-pox, and in every seam the dust and smoke of London had left a stain. She had a troubled eye, and a gaze that seemed to ask of the universe why it had given birth to her. But it was only her face that asked the question: her mind was too busy with the ever-recurring enigma, which, answered this week, was still an enigma for the next—how she was to pay her rent—too busy to have any other question to ask. Or would she not, rather, have gone to sleep altogether, under the dreary fascination of the slug monster, had she not had a severe landlady who *would* be paid punctually or turn her out? Anyhow, every time and all the time she sat in the chapel she was brooding over ways and means, calculating pence and shillings—the day's charring she had promised her, and the chances of more—mingling faint regrets over past indulgences—the extra half-pint of beer she drank on Saturday, the bit of cheese she bought on Monday. Of this face of care, revealing a spirit which Satan had bound, the schoolmaster caught sight—caught from its commonness, its grimness, its defeature, inspiration and uplifting, for there he beheld the oppressed, down-trodden, mire-fouled humanity which the Man in whom he believed had loved because it was his Father's humanity divided into brothers, and had died straining to lift back to the bosom of that Father. Oh

tale of horror and dreary monstrosity, if it be such indeed as the bulk of its priests on the one hand and its enemies on the other represent it! Oh story of splendrous fate, of infinite resurrection and uplifting, of sun and breeze, of organ-blasts and exultation, for the heart of every man and woman, whatsoever the bitterness of its cark or the weight of its care, if it be such as the Book itself has held it from age to age!

It was the mere humanity of the woman, I say, and nothing in her individuality of what is commonly called the interesting, that ministered to the breaking of the schoolmaster's trance. "*O ye of little faith!*" were the first words that flew from his lips—he knew not whether uttered concerning himself or the charwoman the more—and at once he fell to speaking of him who said the words, and of the people that came to him and heard him gladly—how this one, whom he described, must have felt, *Oh, if that be true!* how that one, whom also he described, must have said, *Now he means me!* and so laid bare the secrets of many hearts, until he had concluded all in the misery of being without a helper in the world, a prey to fear and selfishness and dismay. Then he told them how the Lord pledged himself for all their needs—meat and drink and clothes for the body, and God and love and truth for the soul—if only they would put them in the right order and seek the best first.

Next he spoke a parable to them—of a house and a father and his children. The children would not do what their father told them, and therefore began to keep out of his sight. After a while they began to say to each other that he must have gone out, it was so long since they had seen him; only they never went to look. And again after a time some of them began to say to each other that they did not believe they had ever had any father. But there were some who dared not say that—who thought they had a father somewhere in the house, and yet crept about in misery, sometimes hungry and often cold, fancying he was not friendly to them, when all the time it was they who were not friendly to him, and said to themselves he would not give them anything. They never went to knock at his door, or call to know if he were inside and would speak to them. And all the time there he was sitting sorrowful, listening and listening for some little hand to come knocking, and some little voice to come gently calling through the keyhole; for sorely did he

long to take them to his bosom and give them everything. Only if he did that without their coming to him, they would not care for his love or him—would only care for the things he gave them, and soon would come to hate their brothers and sisters, and turn their own souls into hells and the earth into a charnel of murder.

Ere he ended he was pleading with the charwoman to seek her Father in his own room, tell him her troubles, do what he told her, and fear nothing. And while he spoke, lo! the dragon-slug had vanished; the ugly chapel was no longer the den of the hideous monster: it was but the dusky bottom of a glory-shaft, adown which gazed the stars of the coming resurrection.

"The whole trouble is that we won't let God help us," said the preacher, and sat down.

A prayer from the greengrocer followed, in which he did seem to be feeling after God a little; and then the ironmonger pronounced the benediction, and all went—among the rest Frederick Marshal, who had followed the schoolmaster, and now walked back with him to his father's, where he was to spend one night more.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

FLORIMEL had found her daring visit to Lenorme stranger and more fearful than she had expected: her courage was not quite so masterful as she had thought. The next day she got Mrs. Barnardiston to meet her at the studio. But she contrived to be there first by some minutes, and her friend found her seated and the painter looking as if he had fairly begun his morning's work. When she apologized for being late, Florimel said she supposed her groom had brought round the horses before his time: being ready, she had not looked at her watch. She was sharp on other people for telling stories, but had of late ceased to see any great harm in telling one to protect herself. The fact, however, had begun to present itself in those awful morning hours that seem a mingling of time and eternity, and she did not like the discovery that, since her intimacy with Lenorme, she had begun to tell lies: what would he say if he knew?

Malcolm found it dreary waiting in the street while she sat to the painter. He would not have minded it on Kelpie, for she was always occupation enough, but with only a couple of quiet horses to hold it was dreary. He took to scrutinizing the

faces that passed him, trying to understand them. To his surprise, he found that almost every one reminded him of somebody he had known before, though he could not always identify the likeness.

It was a pleasure to see his yacht lying so near him, and Davy on the deck, and to hear the blows of the hammer and the *swish* of the plane as the carpenter went on with the alterations to which he had set him; but he got tired of sharing in activity only with his ears and eyes. One thing he had by it, however, and that was a good lesson in quiescent waiting—a grand thing for any man, and most of all for those in whom the active is strong.

The next day Florimel did not ride until after lunch, but took her maid with her to the studio, and Malcolm had a long morning with Kelpie. Once again he passed the beautiful lady in Rotten Row, but Kelpie was behaving in a most exemplary manner, and he could not tell whether she even saw him. I believe she thought her lecture had done him good. The day after that Lord Liftore was able to ride, and for some days Florimel and he rode in the park before dinner, when, as Malcolm followed on the new horse, he had to see his lordship make love to his sister without being able to find the least colorable pretext of involuntary interference.

At length the parcel he had sent for from Lossie House arrived. He had explained to Mrs. Courthope what he wanted the things for, and she had made no difficulty of sending them to the address he gave her. Lenorme had already begun the portrait, had indeed been working at it very busily, and was now quite ready for him to sit. The early morning being the only time a groom could contrive to spare—and that involved yet earlier attention to his horses—they arranged that Malcolm should be at the study every day by seven o'clock until the painter's object was gained. So he mounted Kelpie at half past six of a fine breezy spring morning, rode across Hyde Park and down Grosvenor Place, and so reached Chelsea, where he put up his mare in Lenorme's stable—fortunately, large enough to admit of an empty stall between her and the painter's grand screw, else a battle frightful to relate might have fallen to my lot.

Nothing could have been more to Malcolm's mind than such a surpassing opportunity of learning with assurance what sort of man Lenorme was; and the relation that arose between them extended the sittings far beyond the number necessary for the object proposed. How the first of

them passed I must recount with some detail.

As soon as he arrived he was shown into the painter's bedroom, where lay the portmanteau he had carried thither himself the night before: out of it, with a strange mingling of pleasure and sadness, he now took the garments of his father's vanished state—the fillibeg of the dark tartan of his clan, in which green predominated; the French coat of black velvet of Genoa, with silver buttons; the bonnet, which ought to have had an eagle's feather, but had only an aigrette of diamonds; the black sporran of long goat's hair, with the silver clasp; the silver-mounted dirk, with its appendages, set all with pale cairngorms nearly as good as Oriental topazes; and the claymore of the renowned Andrew's forging, with its basket hilt of silver and its black, silver-mounted sheath. He handled each with the reverence of a son. Having dressed in them, he drew himself up with not a little of the Celt's pleasure in fine clothes, and walked into the painting-room. Lenorme started with admiration of his figure and wonder at the dignity of his carriage, while mingled with these feelings he was aware of an indescribable doubt—something to which he could give no name. He almost sprang at his palette and brushes; whether he succeeded with the likeness of the late marquis or not, it would be his own fault if he did not make a good picture. He painted eagerly and they talked little, and only about things indifferent.

At length the painter said, "Thank you! Now walk about the room while I spread a spadeful of paint: you must be tired standing."

Malcolm did as he was told, and walked straight up to the "Temple of Isis," in which the painter had now long been at work on the goddess. He recognized his sister at once, but a sudden pinch of prudence checked the exclamation that had almost burst from his lips. "What a beautiful picture!" he said. "What does it mean? Surely it is Hermione coming to life, and Leontes dying of joy. But no: that would not fit. They are both too young—and—"

"You read Shakespeare, I see," said Lenorme, "as well as Epictetus."

"I do—a good deal," answered Malcolm. "But please tell me what you painted this for."

Then Lenorme told him the parable of Novalis, and Malcolm saw what the poet meant. He stood staring at the picture, and Lenorme sat working away, but a

little anxious, he hardly knew why: had he bethought himself he would have put the picture out of sight before Malcolm came.

"You wouldn't be offended if I made a remark, would you, Mr. Lenorme?" said Malcolm at length.

"Certainly not," replied Lenorme, something afraid, nevertheless, of what might be coming.

"I don't know whether I can express what I mean," said Malcolm, "but I will try. I could do it better in Scotch, I believe, but then you wouldn't understand me."

"I think I should," said Lenorme. "I spent six months in Edinburgh once."

"Ow ay! but you see they dinna thraw the words there jist the same gait they du at Portlossie. Na, na! I maunna attemp' it."

"Hold! hold!" cried Lenorme. "I want to have your criticism. I don't understand a word you are saying. You must make the best you can of the English."

"I was only telling you in Scotch that I wouldn't try the Scotch," returned Malcolm. "Now I will try the English. In the first place, then—but really it's very presumptuous of me, Mr. Lenorme; and it may be that I am blind to something in the picture——"

"Go on," said Lenorme, impatiently.

"Don't you think, then, that one of the first things you would look for in a goddess would be—what shall I call it?—an air of mystery?"

"That was so much involved in the very idea of Isis—in her especially—that they said she was always veiled, and no man had ever seen her face."

"That would greatly interfere with my notion of mystery," said Malcolm. "There must be revelation before mystery. I take it that mystery is what lies behind revelation—that which as yet revelation has not reached. You must see something—a part of something—before you can feel any sense of mystery about it. The Isis forever veiled is the absolutely unknown, not the mysterious."

"But, you observe, the idea of the parable is different. According to that, Isis is forever unveiling; that is, revealing herself in her works, chiefly in the women she creates, and then chiefly in each of them to the man who loves her."

"I see what you mean well enough; but not the less she remains the goddess, does she not?"

"Surely she does."

"And can a goddess ever reveal all she is and has?"

"Never."

"Then ought there not to be mystery in the face and form of your Isis on her pedestal?"

"Is it not there? Is there not mystery about the face and form of every woman that walks the earth?"

"Doubtless; but you desire—to do you not?—to show that although this is the very lady the young man loved before ever he sought the shrine of the goddess, not the less is she the goddess Isis herself?"

"I do, or at least I ought; only—by Jove!—you have already looked deeper into the whole thing than I."

"There may be things to account for that on both sides," said Malcolm. "But one word more to relieve my brain: if you would embody the full meaning of the parable, you must not be content that the mystery is there: you must show in your painting that you feel it there; you must paint the invisible veil that no hand can lift, for there it is, and there it ever will be, though Isis herself raise it from morning to morning."

"How am I to do that?" said Lenorme, not that he did not see what Malcolm meant, or agree with it: he wanted to make him talk.

"How can I, who never drew a stroke or painted anything but the gunwale of a boat, tell you that?" rejoined Malcolm. "It is your business. You must paint that veil, that mystery, in the forehead and in the eyes and the lips—yes, in the cheeks and the chin and the eyebrows, and everywhere. You must make her say without saying it that she knows oh, so much, if only she could make you understand it!—that she is all there for you, but the all is infinitely more than you can know. As she stands there now——"

"I must interrupt you," cried Lenorme, "just to say that the picture is not finished yet."

"And yet I will finish my sentence if you will allow me," returned Malcolm. "As she stands there—the goddess—she looks only a beautiful young woman, with whom the young man spreading out his arms to her is very absolutely in love. There is the glow and the mystery of love in both their faces, and nothing more."

"And is not that enough?" said Lenorme.

"No," answered Malcolm. "And yet

it may be too much," he added, "if you are going to hang it up where people will see it."

As he said this he looked hard at the painter for a moment. The dark hue of Lenorme's cheek deepened, his brows lowered a little farther over the black wells of his eyes, and he painted on without answer. "By Jove!" he said at length.

"Don't swear, Mr. Lenorme," said Malcolm. "Besides, that's my Lord Liffort's oath. If *you* do, you will teach my lady to swear."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Lenorme, with offence plain enough in his tone.

Thereupon Malcolm told him how on one occasion, himself being present, the marquis her father happening to utter an imprecation, Lady Florimel took the first possible opportunity of using the very same words on her own account, much to the marquis's amusement and Malcolm's astonishment. But upon reflection he had come to see that she only wanted to cure her father of the bad habit.

The painter laughed heartily, but stopped all at once and said, "It's enough to make any fellow swear, though, to hear a—groom talk as you do about art."

"Have I the impudence? I didn't know it," said Malcolm, with some dismay. "I seemed to myself merely saying the obvious thing, the common sense, about the picture, on the ground of your own statement of your meaning in it. I am annoyed with myself if I have been talking of things I know nothing about."

"On the contrary, MacPhail, you are so entirely right in what you say that I cannot for the life of me understand where or how you can have got at it."

"Mr. Graham used to talk to me about everything."

"Well, but he was only a country schoolmaster."

"A good deal more than that, sir," said Malcolm solemnly. "He is a disciple of Him that knows everything. And, now I think of it, I do believe that what I've been saying about your picture I must have got from hearing him talk about *the* revelation, in which is included Isis herself, with her brother and all their train."

Lenorme held his peace. Malcolm had taken his place again unconsciously, and the painter was working hard and looking very thoughtful. Malcolm went again to the picture.

"Hillo!" cried Lenorme, looking up

and finding no object in the focus of his eyes.

Malcolm returned directly, "There was just one thing I wanted to see," he said—"whether the youth worshipping his goddess had come into her presence *clean*."

"And what is your impression of him?" half murmured Lenorme, without lifting his head.

"The one that's painted *there*," answered Malcolm, "does look as if he might know that the least a goddess may claim of a worshipper is that he should come into her presence pure enough to understand her purity. I came upon a fine phrase the other evening in your English Prayer-Book. I never looked into it before, but I found one lying on a book-stall, and it happened to open at the marriage-service. There, amongst other good things, the bridegroom says, 'With my body I thee worship.' 'That's grand!' I said to myself: 'that's as it should be. The man whose body does not worship the woman he weds should marry a harlot.' God bless Mr. William Shakespeare!—*he* knew that. I remember Mr. Graham telling me once, before I had read the play, that the critics condemn 'Measure for Measure' as failing in poetic justice. I know little about the critics, and care less, for a man who has to earn his bread, and feed his soul as well, has enough to do with the books themselves without what people say about them; and Mr. Graham would not tell me whether he thought the critics right or wrong: he wanted me to judge for myself. But when I came to read the play, I found, to my mind, a most absolute and splendid justice in it. They think, I suppose, that my lord Angelo should have been put to death. It just reveals the low breed of them: they think death the worst thing, therefore the greatest punishment. But Angelo prays for death, that it may hide him from his shame: it is too good for him, and he shall *not* have it. He must live to remove the shame from Mariana. And then see how Lucio is served!"

While Malcolm talked, Lenorme went on painting diligently, listening and saying nothing. When he had thus ended a pause of some duration followed.

"A goddess has a right to claim that one thing—has she not, Mr. Lenorme?" said Malcolm at length, winding up a silent train of thought aloud.

"What thing?" asked Lenorme, still without lifting his head.

"Purity in the arms a man holds out to her," answered Malcolm.

"Certainly," replied Lenorme, with a sort of mechanical absoluteness.

"And according to your picture every woman whom a man loves is a goddess — the goddess of nature?"

"Certainly. But what *are* you driving at? I can't paint for you. There you stand," he went on, half angrily, "as if you were Socrates himself driving some poor Athenian nob into the corner of his deserts! I don't deserve any such insinuations, I would have you know."

"I am making none, sir. I dare never insinuate except I were prepared to charge. But I have told you I was bred up a fisher-lad, and partly among the fishers, to begin with, I half learned, half discovered, things that tended to give me what some would count severe notions: I count them common sense. Then, as you know, I went into service, and in that position it is easy enough to gather that many people hold very loose and very nasty notions about some things; so I just wanted to see how you felt about such. If I had a sister now, and saw a man coming to woo her all beclotted with puddle-filth, or if I knew that he had just left some woman as good as she crying eyes and heart out over his child, I don't know that I could keep my hands off him — at least if I feared she might take him. What do you think now? Mightn't it be a righteous thing to throttle the scum and be hanged for it?"

"Well," said Lenorme, "I don't know why I should justify myself, especially where no charge is made, MacPhail — and I don't know why to you any more than another man — but at this moment I am weak or egotistic or sympathetic enough to wish you to understand that, so far as the poor matter of one virtue goes, I might without remorse act Sir Galahad in a play."

"Now you are beyond me," said Malcolm. "I don't know what you mean."

So Lenorme had to tell him the old armoric tale which Tennyson has since rendered so lovelily, for, amongst artists at least, he was one of the earlier burrowers in the British legends. And as he told it, in a half-sullen kind of way, the heart of the young marquis glowed within him, and he vowed to himself that Lenorme and no other should marry his sister. But, lest he should reveal more emotion than the obvious occasion justified, he restrained speech, and again silence fell, during which Lenorme was painting furiously.

"Confound it!" he cried at last, and sprang to his feet, but without taking his eyes from his picture. "What have I been doing all this time but making a portrait of you, MacPhail, and forgetting what you were there for! And yet," he went on, hesitating and catching up the miniature, "I *have* got a certain likeness! Yes, it must be so, for I see in it also a certain look of Lady Lossie. Well, I suppose a man can't altogether help what he paints any more than what he dreams. — That will do for this morning, anyhow, I think, MacPhail. Make haste and put on your own clothes, and come into the next room to breakfast. You must be tired with standing so long."

"It *is* about the hardest work I ever tried," answered Malcolm, "but I doubt if I am as tired as Kelpie. I've been listening for the last half hour to hear the stalls flying."

From Fraser's Magazine.

FIELDS AND FIELD SPORTS IN MADRAS.

THE presidency of Madras contained within the long angle of the peninsula is divided, exclusive of native states, into twenty districts, analogous in size and importance rather to French departments, or the English kingdoms of Saxon times, than counties. Most of them fringe the eastern and western seaboard, but three or four occupy the interior between the Madras and Malabar coasts, abutting at no point upon the sea. They would be accounted considerable states in Europe; Coimbatore and Salem amongst them, for example, each comprising more than eight thousand square miles. Broad undulating plains, far-stretching alternations of upland and hollow, characterize their surface; and though mountain masses and long ranges rise up here and there, and generally close up the horizon, and hills, single or in clusters, are dotted like islands over the great champaign, the general aspect of a level country is maintained, and the Great Peninsular Railway runs across from sea to sea, four hundred miles, without a single tunnel.

In these inland districts the old country life of India has been least changed, and the primitive gods survive undisturbed. The plains, like moorlands at home, usually lie high, and extend for miles, their rugged surface strewn with stones and disjointed rock; a low yellow-flowered bush grows here and there, and a thin

covering of coarse grass gives a green tinge during the rains, but a sere and wan appearance during most of the year. The higher undulations are often crested with rocky spires and dislocated granite ridges; and occasionally long dykes of black serpentine, or veins of milk-white quartz, may be traced following the dip of the strata, sometimes ceasing, then again cropping out, for long distances. Stony water-courses wind on all sides towards the lower levels, and here and there is met a rocky flat, riddled with hollows, sometimes of considerable depth, in which rain-water lies long, even in the hot months, enabling a long-thorned bush or two, or even a low tree, to sustain themselves in a favorable crevice. Now and then such a bush may be met with covered with bits of rag, denoting that some sick wayfarer there sank down and died, to soothe whose angry ghost each passer-by leaves an offering of a scrap. The gaunt goats and cattle scattered over the waste gather round the water-hollows in the evening before straggling in long files to the villages on the skirts of the plain, driven by the lean lads, who, perched on rocky piles, have watched them all the day — dusky Damœtases and Corydons much given to piping on quaint earthen flutes, but with chants and voices unmusical to Western ears. There is little other motion of life on the desolate expanse. Pale grey harrier hawks and chestnut-colored kestrels may often be seen gliding a few feet above the ground, steadily beating and quartering it, and from time to time balancing with outspread tail and vibrating wings over some small quarry, now dropping down suddenly and noiselessly, now resuming flight. Herds of antelope watch any chance passers along the rough tracks, that here and there cross the plains, with heads and eyes all turned towards the intruders, ready to disperse with light bounds at any suspicious motion; and occasionally on the more lonely tracts is a troop of the magnificent Indian bustard, looking in the distance quite like human figures — for the cock bird when alarmed and drawn up stands fully five feet high, and its white neck and olive-brown plumage, beautifully pencilled and flecked with black lines and shadings, give it much the semblance of a white-turbaned native.

The skirts of these arid plains sink gradually into lower-lying levels, and cleared and ploughed patches begin to denote the presence of cultivable soil, here, however, but poor and shallow, a mere sprinkling over rock, scratched up

with the immemorial plough of the country, which is but a curved and sharpened stake. Only one crop of quick-growing grain can be won yearly from these meagre plots, and but little labor is bestowed on them. Lower still the soil becomes richer, redder, and deeper, and the fields are inclosed by strong quickset hedges, not unlike blackthorn, and trees are not unfrequent. Some of the fields bear crops of various local grains and growths, some are devoted to pasture. The milch cattle, though small, are sleek and shapely, and give a fair amount of good milk for half the year; they are very nimble and unruly, difficult to keep out of grain-fields, however securely fenced; their value has so much risen of late years that in localities supposed to breed them best, it is found more profitable to devote land to pasture than to cultivation. The sheep are the best in India, short-bodied and small-tailed, producing excellent mutton; their wool is thick and curly, generally white, with black heads, sometimes wholly black; a sort of blanket of capital quality, used by all classes of natives, is made of it. Proprietors of flocks make much profit by folding them on arable lands, the owners of which pay a fee for the manure. Still farther beyond on the lowest level foliage becomes thicker, fields still more carefully inclosed bearing far heavier crops watered from large wells; and before long tiled or thatched roofs, appearing over the fences under wide-armed trees, give notice of a village. The fertile bottom extends around sometimes for long breadths, oftener restricted to less than a mile, and then begins to ascend gradually, and merges again in parched, high-lying barren plains; and so on for long leagues on all sides.

Enough has been written of rajahs and Indian chiefs, their pearls and gold, and eastern gorgeousness. Who has not read of spearing the grim-tusked boar, or slaying the execrated man-eating tiger? A glance may be given at the humble tillers of the soil, their fields, crops, and ways of cultivation, and also, perhaps, at those less exciting field sports which in such scenes replace for Anglo-Indians those followed over autumn stubbles and heather at home. We are encamped out in a wide open country; there is much business to be attended to during the long sultry day, and no better preparation for it than brisk exercise for the first hours after dawn. It is towards the end of the year, when crops are ripening fast. In the early morning dusk, whilst cocks

are crowing and birds twittering in the shadows, we mount a pony and ride out sharply a mile or two to a spot where gun-bearers, and some boys and beaters in charge of half a dozen dogs, spaniels, terriers, and half-breeds, have preceded us. Night still seems to linger under the trees, and the strong sickly-sweet odors of creepers in the hedges, and of some flowering trees that diffuse their perfume during darkness, are still floating in the air. Arrived at the trysting spot we dismount and assume the gun. We are on a wide cultivated upland, sloping gently into fertile bottoms, and in the distance may be seen the bare whitening skirts of the parched maidân.

Indian agriculture in the South is roughly divided into "wet" and "dry," the former consisting of rice cultivation only. People unacquainted with the East are apt to imagine that rice is the prevalent cultivation and food of the population, but this is far from being the case. Rice is rather what white bread is in Scotland and Ireland, not the general food, but rather an occasional luxury; although the same perverse fashion which makes the whitest bread at home preferred to the more nutritious brown, leads all classes in Asia to esteem rice more highly than any other cereal, though containing much the least nutriment of all. When, too, it is considered that rice can grow only in water, and therefore on levels where water can be supplied with certainty for some months, it will be obvious that in a country of very irregular surface the area capable of being so irrigated must be very limited. Thus in the district of Coimbatore, for instance, out of nearly a million and a half acres of cultivated land there are little more than seventy thousand acres producing rice; necessarily then the latter must be the food of a minority. In a delta region, like Tanjore, or a great river valley, such as that of the Ganges, the proportions are different, yet insignificant in the total area of the country. Still, poor food though it be, rice supports its millions, more probably than any other grain, and albeit such races are ever deficient in pith and manhood, and "wet" villages in India ever the abode of Brahmans, and centres of intrigue and roguery, as revenue officials well know, most beautiful, delightful, and refreshing to look upon is a wide stretch of rice cultivation — how refreshing none can tell who have not seen the network of tender green plots, separated by ridges of darker grass, lying set amid brown or yel-

low sunburnt uplands, with troops of snow-white paddy-birds flying about or standing knee-deep in the grain.

"Dry" villages are occupied chiefly by non-Brahmanical classes, foremost amongst whom are the Valâlas, the hereditary cultivators and yeomanry of the land, a sturdy simple race, born, as themselves say, to cultivate the soil, and content generation after generation to pass laborious lives with hand upon the plough. Fortunate, perhaps, in knowing their own good; for if the earth is not always most just, nor always pours forth too easy returns, yet anxieties of ambition or commerce lie beyond their sphere, and wars sweep by and leave them as before amid their fields and cattle, with sleep at will beneath their trees. They are remarkably abstemious, eating no flesh, and strictly eschewing intoxicating liquors; their food consists almost entirely of "dry" grains and pulses, and yet withal they are strong and well filled out, often tall and muscular, in favorable contrast to the sparer rice-eating castes. One marriage-custom, more barbarous than Arcadian, prevails amongst them, strongly opposed to all Brahmanical ideas, namely, marrying very young boys to grown women; the reason assigned is that there may be an additional working member — important in an agricultural family; but the results are morally incongruous, for the boy's father supplants the bridegroom, who when he grows up finds a family already provided for him, and in his turn follows the custom of the country. It is remarkable that this practice, with the same object, and too often the same result, is reported to obtain in Russian village communities, where, it is said, a strapping woman may be frequently seen carrying her baby husband in her arms! Still general dissoluteness of morals must by no means be inferred in either case; the Valâlas are exceptionally steady and averse to crime.

The condition of the ryots or cultivators has been greatly improved during the last thirty years. Unwise restrictions have been done away, and every man so long as he pays the assessment, moderately calculated, upon his holding, cannot be turned off; neither can it be raised even should he make improvements, which become his own; and he can sell or sub-let the land, which is indeed virtually his. Hence every cultivator knows exactly his position, what he may venture, and what expect. "Dry" cultivation is so called because carried on by aid of rain only; when a field is so situated as

to admit of being watered from a well or tank, it becomes a "garden," producing besides grains sugarcane, tobacco, bananas, and other valuable crops. Such gardens are the mainstay of a district, especially in times of drought, when the earth's surface is baked red and glowing with fervent heat.

As an English summer landscape is diversified with fields of wheat, barley, beans, peas, vetch, etc., so Indian uplands and hollows are covered in the later months with growths and grains of many names and aspects, mostly of the millet kind, and generally lofty and luxuriant, as befits a land of the sun; when grown in gardens the crops are still more tall and heavy. We are passing by a three or four acre piece of *kumboo*, or spiked millet (*Penicillaria spicata*), a noble grain, rising a man's height on good soil, bearing a spike-shaped head, six to nine inches long, somewhat like a bulrush-head but more pointed, all close-set with small round grains covered with purple downy bloom. This fine millet, five per cent. more nutritious than rice, is a favorite crop and grown extensively; acres of it are waving all round in the morning breeze with low stately undulations. Next to this comes a plot of *gram* (*Dolichos biflorus*), a low close-growing vetch-like pulse, homely but most useful, replacing corn for horses in India, and a general food for all cattle; its dark-green growth often alternates with the lighter-colored bluish-green Bengal gram, commonly called *chenna*, a more delicate variety. Adjoining this is a field of Italian millet, more familiar to us hanging in bunches in bird-dealers' shops, those dry yellow ears, however, giving little idea of the green drooping beauty of the growing grain. This is often accompanied by an allied species, called by the natives *shamay* (*Panicum miliare*), growing about the height of barley, its long plume-like panicle bowing beautifully with the weight of the grain. Then succeeds a field of multifarious mixed cultivation, first perhaps a breadth of tall broad-leaved castor-oil plants, familiar now in England in "sub-tropical" gardens, then a dozen rows of sticks up which clamber varieties of many-colored beans, next some lines of flax-plants, somewhat like yellow-flowered hollyhocks, mixed with a few straggling red-headed plants of the cockscomb kind, used for flavoring pottage; and following these a patch of low broom-like yellow-flowered bushes bearing pods producing a fine clear oil.

We pass by a narrow path through all

this varied cultivation—the upper and poorer plots are mostly open, the lower generally inclosed with hedges of prickly pear—till we arrive at a large piece of *kumboo* that has been recently reaped; that is, the ears have been cut off with a small sickle-like knife, leaving the tall stalks, which will afterwards be pulled up by the roots, so loosening the ground, and used for thatch or fodder. By this is, a small extent of waste stony ground bearing only a few scattered thorn-bushes; here we take our stand, while on the farther side of the reaped field the dogs are loosened and the beaters advance towards us shouting and clapping their hands. As they approach a yelping amongst the dogs announces something afoot, and presently a hare darts out across the open and is forthwith rolled over. The Indian species is mouse-colored, with a black velvet patch behind the ears, and inferior to the English in size and flavor, but acceptable where variety for the table is limited. Quickly following this four or five grey partridges whirr upwards from a corner; they are stronger in flight and more difficult to hit than the English, which they much resemble; only one falls to the gun. Two or three more hares are started, but escape in contrary directions out of sight.

We pass thence through a gap in a tall hedge of milk-bush (*Euphorbium tirucalle*) characteristic of these regions; a growth of green leafless shoots, growing one from the other, and branching into thick masses, brittle and exuding copiously a milk-like blistering juice. No cattle will touch it, and it grows rapidly on the poorest soil from branches stuck in. Old stocks are often as thick as a man's arm, and rise twenty feet high; on open plains villages are often surrounded with a lofty ring of it, concealing all the houses within, and serving as a green rampart against prowling foes human or four-footed, and against the furious winds that sweep the plains in the monsoon. Passing the gap we enter a field of cotton of the American kind, now much cultivated; the bushes, trimmed so as to spread rather than rise, straggle low over the ground, and their reddish flowers are turning into round green bolls, some of which—for all stages may be seen on the same bush—are bursting and displaying the pure white tufts and filaments within; a beat amongst the bushes starts some hares, most of which steal away unseen through the bushes, and another covey of partridges that have, however, run to the farther end, and only rise at the hedge. At the bottom of the field we come

upon a *nullah*, or watercourse, a dozen yards wide; five or six times in the year a roaring torrent rushes along its bed, otherwise utterly dry, and its rough broken sides are filled with stunted bushes and long withered grass. A nullah like this is a sure find, and we walk beside it, the dogs and beaters a little behind. Soon a hare scuds out, a partridge whirrs swiftly up, and now and then a bevy of nearly a score quail rise up together from a single corner with startling suddenness, and scatter on all sides in a very baffling manner. The nullah traverses several more fields of different growths, and we follow it with varying success. At last it leaves them and becomes a narrow lane hollowed through deeper soil, and bordered on each side by high thick hedges of thorns, prickly pear, and milk-plant intermixed. Formidable fences these, even to the clad and booted, much more to natives bare of limb and foot! Skirting these spiny barriers, we discern on one side a narrow entrance between two ancient stems of milk-bush, guarded by a wattle door of woven thorns. Unhitching this we enter a garden field of two or three acres; its area has been levelled where uneven by digging out the soil and throwing it on to the hedge banks, that are much raised thereby; water is thus freely conducted over the surface, which is divided into large compartments, that can be filled one by one from shallow intersecting channels. The garden bears a fine crop of *rāgi* (*Eleusine coracana*), the most nutritious and favorite of all dry grains, not excepting wheat; it is close-growing, short-strawed, and bears a head dividing into from four to six curved spikes, two or three inches long, filled with small round seeds, which will keep ten years in dry pits. We cross the garden along the fresh grassy bank of the main channel, still wet with the recent current, and pass through another thorny wicket into a larger field of abounding luxuriance. Here in close rustling array grows the largest and tallest of native cereals, *cholum* or great millet (*Sorghum vulgare*), the most useful and, next to *rāgi*, the most nourishing;* the thick polished stems

rise ten feet high on watered soil, bearing large swelling heads of clustering hard round seeds, the size of peppercorns, red, white, or glossy black; for there are three varieties. Sixtyfold is no uncommon return; and a field of this noble millet is beautiful to behold, the lofty shining stems hung with long green leaves, and the multitudinous heads, too strong to wave, quivering and whispering with an *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* pleasant to eye and ear. African travellers report this widely extended grain as abundantly grown in negro countries, where an intoxicating beer is largely brewed from it; but this one of its many uses seems quite unknown in India. Proceeding on under the cool shade of this giant crop, we come to the well, the cause and means of this luxuriance.

No rural feature in the East is more delightful than a great garden well. Square and spacious, twenty or thirty feet wide, the perpendicular sides are often dug as deep, for two-thirds of the distance through solid rock, till water be found. The excavated earth and stone are piled up on one side of the well into a mound, the inner side plumb with that of the well, the outer sloping down into the garden. On the crest of the mound a couple of strong posts are planted three feet or so apart; between them at the bottom a good-sized wooden pulley-wheel is fixed, and a smaller between their tops. At the foot a large trough, usually hollowed from a tree, conducts to a channel carried along a raised bank, sloping gradually from the mound far into the field, and in front of the pulley-supports a paved track is laid at a sharp descent down the mound. This is the bullock walk, and up and down it move the bullocks that raise the water from below. A long leathern bag or bucket, tapering almost to a point, is sewn at the mouth to an oblong iron frame fastened to a strong rope running over the lower pulley, and a cord attached to the end of the bag passes over the upper wheel. The rope, usually of twisted hide, must needs be long, as the water is often twenty-five or thirty feet below the top of the mound; one end is harnessed to a couple of bullocks, the bucket and frame at the other are dropped splashing into the water, and the bullocks move briskly down the inclined plane; as they go, the long dark leathern bag emerges distended, spouting water at twenty crevices, and ascends to the top

* Analysis of some of the food-grains of India, showing their respective percentages of life-sustaining compounds.

Grains	Nitrogenous Ingredients	Non-nitrogenous Ingredients	Inorganic Ingredients
Rāgi . . .	18.12 . .	80.25 . .	1.03
Cholum . .	15.53 . .	83.67 . .	1.26
Kumboo . .	13.92 . .	83.27 . .	.73
Wheat . . .	14.45 . .	83.15 . .	2.4
Rice . . .	9.08 . . .	89.08 . .	0.47

"Dry grains" are ground, made into paste, and

eaten as porridge, or more generally fried or baked into cakes, scones, etc.

of the mound; the driver pulls the upper cord which lifts the tail of the bag, and as the open iron mouth reaches the trough it pours forth the water down trough and channel into the garden, whence it is led from plot to plot till all are watered, and when abundant conducted into the adjoining gardens. Immediately the water is emptied, the bullocks shuffle quickly *backwards* up the slope, and down goes the dripping bucket into the water, soon mounting again and sending another gush down the channel, and so the work goes on for several hours, a bucket bringing up from thirty to thirty-five gallons about once a minute.

A *neem* tree grows beside the well, stretching its light green foliage and bunches of olive-like berries over the water; from the tips of its branches hang several of the long beautiful nests of the weaver-bird, whose brown, yellow-breasted inhabitants are continually flitting in and out of the pendant entrance-tubes in security from all enemies, and at its foot are placed four or five splinters of stone, streaked with red and white paint. A few flowers are laid before this rude shrine of rustic divinities. We pause a while under the shade, for the sun is now high and hot, and watch the great bucket-bag descend with a splash and mount streaming up; tufts of fern and long grass cling to that side of the well fed by the continual moisture, and low bushes lean over round its rim. Such sights are grateful in a tropical land, and pleasant the dash and gurgle at each discharge of the bucket, and the ripple of the hurrying lymph as it struggles down the slanting watercourse, along which, here and there, an oleander bush displays its richly-scented red or white flowers, whilst the humped bullocks ply their task, backwards and forwards, with meek eyes and faces intelligently responsive to the driver, who hesitates not to address them volubly in long speeches of encouragement or remonstrance.

Leaving the well, we pass into the village hard by, one of ordinary size, containing perhaps forty or fifty houses, built on an irregular piece of land over which the dry limestone rock crops up, useless for cultivation and overgrown with a tall plant* bearing broad bluish-green leaves and large pods filled with silky fibres, that covers waste places, like docks at home. There is a small street of low windowless houses, thatched or tiled, a strong wooden door in the middle of each, and on either

side of it a divan-like seat runs along under the broad impending eaves, curving up at the ends couch-fashion. This outside verandah, which is the family gathering-place and drawing-room, is whitewashed and banded with red, as are all the walls. Beyond the street the abodes of the lower castes lie dispersed—here a cluster of round peak-roofed huts, there some better dwellings with small inclosed yards, in which grow a cocoanut-tree or two; the whole surrounded with a rough stone wall whitewashed and red-striped, as are also the tree-trunks. Somewhat apart a few weavers are plying their craft; the strong cloths, some twenty-two yards long, on which they are employed are stretched upon supports under a line of flowering trees planted for the purpose, and they pace rapidly up and down these primitive looms, shuttle in hand: their trade is much diminished since their fabrics, made to wear, have been supplanted by floods of the cheaper English, made to sell. Somewhere in or near the village a big old banyan or peepul tree will be seen rising from the middle of a square stone-built platform, as usual striped white and red; here gather the elders to settle disputes and questions of caste, and not far off will be the village temple, a small sacellum, solidly built of small red bricks, little ornamented, and devoted to one of the saktis, or malignant forms of the wife of Siva, a deity and worship doubtless of aboriginal descent, adopted by the Brahmans into their mythology to increase their influence. By its steps are placed two or three snake-stones—time-worn granite blocks bearing a cobra rudely sculptured in relief on one side, in an upright posture, with folds disposed right and left, sometimes having one, sometimes five heads, the hoods always expanded: occasionally a woman's bust ends Melusina-like in serpent-coils. Everywhere over the country, at the foot of trees, placed before or ranged round the walls of temples, these stones are met with, generally blurred and mouldered with age; some have regarded them as the oldest sculptures in India, relics of primitive snake-worshipping races. They have no priests now, nor do men regard them much, though a mysterious awe invests them, and none will point at them lest the hand should rot; but women, especially those who long for children, worship them with offerings of flowers and libations of oil. Meanwhile women and girls in dark blue or red garments, adjusted in true ancient Greek style, with round jars poised on their heads, are passing and repassing

* *Calotropis gigantea*.

to and from the well just below the village, one of the great square wells already described, half of it, with the bullock-walk and water-raising apparatus, fenced off by strong hedges running up to each side, and half within the village ground for public use. From one corner a narrow flight of steps is cut down its side to the water by which the women descend to fill their jars. Files of other women, bearing baskets of grain or vegetables, are starting for the neighboring market, and massive carts are creaking by, some drawn by grim black buffaloes, some by the tall white bullocks bred in jungles by the Cavēry stream.

From the village we pass by a very narrow lane, worn so deep and hollow by the constant passage of cattle that the hedges almost meet above; this soon opens on the lowest level of the surrounding watershed, where on each side of the dry bed of a wide sandy nullah lie several acres of flat spongy soil better fitted for pasture than cultivation. At this season it is covered with long harsh grass, with here and there spaces of a fresh delicate kind growing closely, knee-deep. A few mimosa bushes, beset with pale slender thorns three or four inches long, and bearing clusters of yellow, or white and red, woolly blossoms, haunted by green-mailed beetles and huge blue-black bees, are scattered about like hawthorns in English meadows, and an incessant chirping and shrilling fill the air from multitudes of locusts and grasshoppers that rise at every step. Here we may expect to meet with the choice game-bird of the country, the florikin (*Sypheotides auritus*). It is of the bustard family, nearly the size of a hen, the plumage beautifully mottled and barred with dark and light shades of brown and black, the male sometimes wholly black; the chin is white, and there are two or three white feathers in the wings. The male, too, is distinguished by a tuft over each ear three or four inches long of three bare-shafted feathers ending in small oval webs. Its chief food is grasshoppers, and it is often difficult to flush, running long distances through the grass or lying so close as to allow being stepped over without rising; its flesh is held to be the most delicate and best-flavored of all Indian game-birds. Choosing a large open space of grass, we advance in a line with beaters on either side and dogs working in front, invisible in the tall growth; presently there is a dash and whimper, and up flies the expected game, a satisfactory shot; and whilst reloading, another springs up and mounting high flies fast away. But

this delicate quarry is prized by other foes than the sportsman, and a probable cause of its scarcity and lurking habits is the pertinacity with which hunting hawks will quarter ground like this with keen downward glance that discerns the least movement in deepest herbage. As the florikin is speeding away, a chestnut-headed, grey-backed merlin dashes arrow-like from behind a tree and swoops upon it. Eluding the attack by a hair's-breadth the bird dives swiftly into thick grass, and the hawk, recovering itself with light upward sweep, would have followed but for our advance. Though marking exactly the spot, we traverse it again and again, but the frightened bird will not rise, till at last it flutters up from the very jaws of a dog. We proceed to beat the remaining ground, and bag another brace, which is fair success in these districts, where florikins are scarce, though plentiful farther north. Whilst beating, an agitation amongst the dogs indicates a danger hardly known to sportsmen at home. Two or three, with raised ears and uneasy yelp, are surrounding some object in the group; we approach, and see a large cobra, with head erect and thrown back, swaying to and fro as a dog comes too near, and as we come up the grim spectacled head expands and a fierce hiss is heard—signs of instant attack, only prevented by a charge of shot. It seems much distended, and after some hesitation and mutterings of "The good snake!" (for so the natives commonly designate the cobra, and rather scruple to molest it, and should they kill one frequently beg its pardon) one of the beaters slits it up, and discloses inside another snake, almost half its own size, apparently not long swallowed.

We now approach a large well, furnished with a double bullock-walk and bucket-apparatus; the water is near the surface, deep, and enough to irrigate a dozen or fifteen acres of rice land, a little oasis of wet cultivation amongst the prevailing dry. Most of the paddy-plots have been recently cut, leaving the short stubble on the still wet soil; this is just what snipe delight in, and at the first step on the oozy ground, with the soft familiar cry up glances the favorite dark-brown white-breasted bird, and as it falls another rises and drops to the second barrel; and as we move on they spring up thickly, some darting away down the wind, some alighting again, but generally wild and difficult. So we go over the ground, bagging some, missing perhaps more, till at the last corner the sudden and simultaneous uprising of a

dozen ends the sport, leaving us in loud wonderment why nothing fell to the second barrel, though with a secret conviction that the flurry had led to firing under them. Snipe-shooting here replaces the grouse-moors and well-preserved stubbles at home. In the great irrigated tracts the birds often swarm from October to March, and men whose eye and hand act well together find great sport. Enthusiasts will follow it up for a long tropical day, with feet in cold water and a burning sun darting down upon the head, intent upon bagging their hundred birds. Good shots often accomplish this, but in our opinion at an unwise risk, though the birds are less wild and lie closer in the midday heat. Many a disordered liver and dangerous fever or dysentery may be traced to a day's sniping and a bag of fifty brace.

Here our morning shooting ends. It is past eight o'clock, and the sun smites fiercely; we have walked some five or six miles since he first showed his flaming rim over the low eastern horizon, and we reckon a bag of a leash of hares, two brace partridges, ditto florikin, three brace quail, and four ditto snipe. The pony, that by circuits and dexterous squeezing through gaps has accompanied our course, is now brought up; we mount, and ride sharply along narrow labyrinthine lanes, between thick thorny hedges twisting amongst the gardens and inclosed fields, sometimes deep and hollow, sometimes raised upon earth excavated from gardens on each side. We pass fields of diversified cultivation, from the towering *cholum* to the lowly *gram*, now and then catching glimpses of the white bullocks moving up and down their walk, and hear the cry of the driver and the splash and rattle of the bucket.

At one spot, where three lanes meet, a weird goblin-like troop opens on our sight. In a corner, backed by a high dark hedge, fenced off by a low line of prickly pear, there is grouped an assemblage of grotesquely hideous figures. In front stands a row of horses, nearly life-size, rudely formed of pottery, painted in staring colors. Most are white, some pied, with comparisons and housings of pottery-work, colored brightly. Three or four bear riders grasping weapons, with yellow faces, grinning teeth, thick black moustaches, eyebrows, and hair, and belts, necklaces, and ornaments in gaudy hues. Behind this uncouth cavalry are ranged some colossal figures eight or ten feet high, of the same material, decked in the same style with various insignia, fillets or tiaras on their heads and horrible countenances.

There are also two or three elephants, less than life, with tusks and housings, all in colored pottery. These nightmare-like figures are in all stages of decay; some blackened by time and weather, with limbs broken and great rents in their hollow bodies; others entire, but faded, and two or three new and staring with fresh paint. All are placatory offerings to local demons and evil spirits, who really receive the larger share of popular worship. Numerous they are and many-named, all male, but equally malignant with those female deities who occupy most village temples and are resolvable into some form of the wife or *sakti* of Siva. These male demons of aboriginal superstition are not recognized by the Brahmans, except as servants of their gods, and no Brahman assists at their rites; their office is to plague human kind; they inflict diseases on men and cattle, and bring on evil and misfortune. In cases of obstinate sickness, long-continued ill-fortune, frequent death of children, or murrain amongst cattle, a vow will be made to set up one of these images of potter's work to the demon suspected of causing the visitation. Moreover, any one who meets with an unnatural death, by accident or violence, is regarded as likely to become a demon of peculiar malignity, and so after death is any notoriously wicked person; the decease of such a character will strike a whole neighborhood with terror, as he is sure to become a most dangerous demon. We remember a remarkable instance of appeasing even in anticipation. A man of very bad repute cruelly murdered his wife; he was tried, but escaped through some defect of evidence, but the unhappy woman at once became, to the popular mind, a personification of unsatiated vengeance. An image was set up to her, and, strange to say, one of her still living husband was placed by her side! So universal is the idea that a soul suddenly cut off—

No reckoning made, but sent to its account
With all its imperfections on its head—

will be perturbed and restless, with a longing for revenge.

To all such dreaded beings, whether aboriginal demons or angry human spirits, these huge grim pottery images are set up, sometimes in the inclosures of temples, sometimes in haunted nooks like this. Behind the grotesque troop described above, there is a small decaying brick structure, shaped somewhat like a dog-kennel, and not much bigger, at the foot of an umbrella-headed thorn-tree; within

it may be seen a stone splinter, tipped with red, and a few flowers strewn before. A legend runs that, many years ago, a herdboys was driving his cattle home along the lanes in the dusk of the evening; when passing the spot where the three ways met, he observed a pilgrim with staff and rosary of large rough beads sitting on a stone in a corner; the boy was carrying a chaplet of flowers he had been twining, and carelessly asked the stranger where he should offer it. The other pointed to a lingam stone under a tree beside him; the boy stooped to place it there, and on looking up found the pilgrim had disappeared. He told the story to the villagers, who coming there and finding the stone, which no one noticed before, concluded there had been a vision of Siva, built a little shrine for the stone, and have resorted there since to worship; consequently, too, the spot has been considered suitable for these dedicatory pot-ware figures. It is curious how popular beliefs take similar lines and manifestations in widely separated lands and ages. Visions seen by peasants draw vast pilgrimages in European countries, and are represented by groups of figures placed in churches, and in numerous churches offerings are hung up, as of old to the sea-god, for deliverance from peril or sickness. So, too, Parvati, the grim and merciless spouse of Siva, worshipped to-day throughout India in many forms, all hideous and blood-stained, the mistress of disease and death, haunting mountain-caves and cemeteries with her retinue of ghosts, is evidently the same as "the triple Hecate," the queen of witchcrafts and "close contriver of all harms," classically as well as mediævally; and she again one with the Ishtar of the Babylonian tablets, the ruthless poisoner and destroyer of her worshippers, whose attendants were Sickness and Famine.

Urging the pony, that seemed inclined to swerve, past the fantastic company of clay monstrosities, we ride on apace; and soon the ground begins to rise, the lane becomes rough and stony, the hedges dwindle and we emerge on to the open plain, bathed in a shimmering glare under the intense sunshine, and crossed by a white track, which we must follow. No living thing is visible save a couple of jackals moving leisurely along, which break into a long gallop as we approach; the free air meets us refreshingly, and as we dip into a wide hollow a multitude of large quaint-looking stones, disposed in an unwonted manner, meet our view. It is a city of cairns scattered over a space of

many acres. As in Europe, these tombs of an unknown race stand amidst living populations, utterly remote and disconnected from all present associations, and are numerous in many spots of these districts. We diverge from the track and pass through them, noting that, while in strict antiquarian language they would be termed kistvaens, they seem to comprise almost every variety of megalithic construction. Generally they present the appearance of heaps of blackened stones of various sizes, some thirty feet in diameter, but all evidently much worn down and reduced by age and exposure. Most of them are surrounded by circles of stones, double, triple, and, rarely, even fourfold, some only just appearing above ground, others four or eight feet high, and a few are distinguished by a huge upright stone, or *menhir*, placed close outside the circle, like the headstone of a grave. These circle-inclosed cairns cover underground chambers termed by antiquaries kistvaens, averaging six feet long by three or four wide, and from six to ten deep, constructed by four prodigious stone slabs, placed edgewise, with a flat one for the floor, and closed above by an enormous overlying capstone. The chambers were all originally subterranean and covered by the cairn heaps; but the latter have disappeared from many, and the earth around them sunk away, leaving half the chamberwalls projecting above the surface, often still bearing up the capstone, that, in many instances, much overlaps its supports, so that the whole looks rather like a gigantic mushroom. The greatest of the tombs stood conspicuously in the centre, as of a chieftain buried amongst his people. At its head rose a broad rude monolith, over twelve feet high; huge rough stones formed a double circle, the cairn over the chamber had disappeared, and the immense massive covering-stone had been displaced, and lay around in fragments. The chamber thus exposed had been laid bare to the bottom, doubtless by some treasure-seekers; it was ten feet wide, as many deep, and rather more in length, the sides formed of four prodigious single slabs. It was a wild, impressive scene, as we stood by this rude memorial of some nameless leader of a forgotten race. The silent barren plain extended far around in rocky ridges and dreary yellow expanses, whilst about us lay multitudes of blackened grave-mounds, with here and there the massive chambers half revealed, the capstones still covering some, on others tilted and half fallen, whilst on all

sides stood tall rough stones, some upright, some leaning and awry. It realized the poet's vision of the

Dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor.

The people to-day entertain many quaint notions to account for the origin and purpose of these antique remains, for the most part resolvable into "myths of observation," *i.e.*, stories suggested by the appearance of the objects themselves. It does not occur to the natives to regard them as sepulchral, but rather as the dwelling-places of some pygmy or legendary people, prompted probably by the pottery, some evidently used in cooking, found in the chambers, as well as by a curious aperture always existing in one of the end-slabs. What its use may have been is doubtful, unless it were for introducing urns into the sepulchral chamber, though ill-placed for that; but the people look upon it as a door. It is remarkable that exactly similar holes exist in European kistvaens, in France and elsewhere. The pottery, it may be noted, is of very various shapes and sizes, for the most part unlike any now in use, of better texture too, polished black or red, ornamented with wavy white lines, often bearing marks of fire. One characteristic shape is a tall urn, shaped like a lecythus, but with rim turned over, and standing on three or four short legs. Fragments of burnt bones, much-corroded iron knives and spear-heads, and eornelian or crystal beads, are found sparingly in the chambers and urns. One popular tradition respecting the tombs runs that, in a far distant age, the astrologers predicted all humankind would be destroyed by a rain of fire; so the men took counsel and built impenetrable houses of solid stone, furnished them with provisions and utensils, and dwelt in them. But one day a shower of gold fell, which lured them forth; and, as they were gathering the gold, "the fire shower of ruin all dreadfully driven" descended suddenly and destroyed all but a few who had stayed at home. Another account delivers that, in a bygone cycle, there lived a race of pygmies, who nevertheless possessed the strength of elephants, and could easily split rocks and lift enormous masses. These built the stone chambers, and perished in the flood that closed the cycle.

One quaint legend avers that, in very ancient times, men lived for extraordinarily long periods, even hundreds of years,

and then did not die; but, when become feeble, lay helpless and unable to move. Sight and appetite remained; but they remained lying in their houses like huge breathing pumpkins, to the great inconvenience of the younger generations. At last, to get rid of these ripe-fruit-like encumbrances, their descendants constructed stone houses, placed the helpless ancients within, with food and pots, and came to the door daily to tend them whilst they survived. When at last they died the door was closed, and earth and stones heaped over all. So the people of the day lessened the nuisance of the pumpkin stage of their forefathers! Here, too, as in all countries, these mysterious remains are popularly believed to contain treasure, which accounts for their being so often ransacked; neither coins nor gold ever are discovered in them, their date being doubtless anterior to the use of either; but the common creed remains unshaken, and gives as a reason for nothing valuable being found, that unholy spells were used to make them secure; and that a man was often buried alive in them whose ghost guards and conceals the treasure against all seekers, only giving it up to the proprietor, or, as some say, if compelled by a human sacrifice. This recalls what Bertram Risingham tells of the practices of the old buccaneers, —

Seek some charnel when at full
The moon gilds skeleton and skull;
There dig, and tomb your precious heap,
And bid the dead the treasure keep;
Sure guardians they, if fitting spell
Their service to the task compel.
Lacks there, such charnel? Kill a slave
Or prisoner on the treasure-grave;
And bid his discontented ghost
Stalk nightly on his lonely post.*

We can pause no longer by the ancient graves, but gallop on over the rolls and stretches of the maidân, and presently its outskirts come in view, and, just beyond them, our camp, with the white tent shining beside the thick dark-green foliage of a fine tamarind tree — one of India's noblest and most useful growths, broad-trunked and massive-armed, producing excellent timber, and bearing profusely the brown acid pulpy pods serviceable in so many ways. Arrived and dismounted, a bath and breakfast follow, and then multifarious business till the wheels of the fervent sun-chariot have neared the western mountains.

M. J. W.

* Rokeby, Cant. II.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHADOW OF THE DOOR.

I.

A RIVER, eighty or a hundred yards in width, flowing with a strong current — a rounded point projecting well out on its eastern bank, and changing just there the general direction of the stream — the region, in the western part of North Carolina, before the hills rise into mountains, — these are the only features of the general landscape which the reader of the following narrative will have to bear in mind.

On the point mentioned, elevated some twenty feet above the water, stood, at the time when I saw it, many years ago, a plain house of wood in the ordinary carpenter's style. Unlike most houses of its class, which are usually placed as near the public road as possible, this was but a few yards from the river; while the road that followed the main course of the stream cut across the base of the projection on which the house stood, and which included the fifty acres and more of the small farm attached to it. With the road at a distance in front, and a broad stream, fringed with trees in its rear, the house and its occupants were very nearly shut out from the observation of all but persons who directly approached it.

It had been built and occupied for a few years by William Dempton, who, with the wife he brought with him, made his appearance as an entire stranger to the neighborhood. He said nothing of his affairs, except that he wanted to purchase a small property. He invited no questions, and, if not surly, was unsocial. His wife was one of the subdued sort — in the cut and color of her dress, the tone of her voice, the meekness of her manner, and even the washed-out hue of her complexion. People felt, somehow, that they learned more of him by looking at her than in any other way.

There was little learnt, however, in any way. Dempton bought the land lying between the road and the river; paid for it in cash; seemed to have money enough to do what he wanted, but evidently wanted to do as little as possible — except in building a house much larger than he had need of. When a year or two went by, the problem which his coming had presented took a new form: not, why he came and who he was; but, what was the use of a house and a farm to a man who was not using either for the purpose that other men would?

II.

"WILLIAM, will you let me speak to you?"

"Speak! why not? I haven't stopped you."

"Yes, you have, again and again; for you know what I mean, and I can't keep still about it."

"I guess you can, for you've got to. It's you that have shut us both up; for if I let you begin on anything, you get round right off to the same cursed old subject again."

"That's not true now, William, and hasn't been for a long while, as you know; for it was something harder to bear than blows that shut my mouth, except when I had to speak, as I must speak now."

"You can't say I ever struck you," returned the man, with the manner of one who was willing to get up an altercation, if he could change the subject in that way.

"Nor have I said you did — with your hand; nor, for that matter, though you are speaking so harshly now, with hard words either. But you've laid a weight on me by your looks and manner that's just crushing the very soul in me. Don't go away," — and as the man rose to his feet she rose also, — "I'll go with you if you do. I'll wait till you come back, if it's all night. Speak I will, and of nothing else, even though the worst happens I've been afraid of."

She had just acquitted him of using hard words, and one look into his face showed that he had no need of them. Sombre-visaged as he always was, and with strongly-marked features, he was not ill-looking, with some smoothness of skin and freshness of complexion. But while his wife was speaking, the skin seemed more tightly drawn across the forehead; sharp lines cut the smooth cheek; the deep-set eyes half closed, as if to hide the expression that glowed within; and the paleness of repressed passion spread over his face.

"What are you afraid of?" He uttered the words quietly; but there was a change in his tone like that in his countenance. The woman evidently observed and felt that gathering up and preparation of the spirit to do ill, which is more fearfully suggestive even than its outbreak. Her hands, pressed against her bosom, trembled; her voice sank lower in a compressed tone that seemed to exhaust the lungs with the one word, "Murder."

For a brief pause they stood — he with his eye fixed upon her, she shrinking from it, yet as one resolved to go through what

she had begun. Then suddenly, with an impatient movement of his head, he exclaimed, "Pho! what put that into your head?"

Slowly drawing a long breath, as if something had not happened she expected, the woman answered, —

"You put it there, William. I've seen it in your eye; I've read it in your manner. I can't be mistaken. I'm sure the thought of getting me out of the way has come to you more than once. It hasn't frightened me for myself. What good is life to me? I'd be glad to leave it—but not by your hand. Yet it's not that that's breaking me down, and has closed my lips till the words come in spite of me. It's not of myself and you together that I've been thinking, but of you and murder together. You say that I always came back to the same subject. That is why I did, because there is murder in it."

"Are you crazy?" here Dempton broke in. "In what was there murder? Do you know what you say?"

Perhaps it had not surprised him that she had entertained some personal apprehensions; indeed, he had somewhat played upon her fears. But her last words evidently touched upon something for which he was not prepared. There was a startled as well as inquiring look upon his face as he raised his head abruptly. Her reply, though still in the same repressed voice, was prompt and distinct.

"I ought to know, for I've been saying it over to myself for years, and as much of it to you as I dared—for your sake, William, more than for my own."

"Say it out then now, once for all, and have done with it. The last time you broke out in this way, I told you that once more would end it, and now we've got there. As sure as we are living now, one or both of us will be dead before there's another chance."

"I knew it," said the woman; "I knew it wasn't only because I wanted you to give up living here, and kept telling you that your plans about it would never end well, that you looked so black, and spoke as you did."

"Any man would look black," returned her husband, "who had such a dead drag on him as you have been since we first set foot on this place."

"I would have dragged you back, if I could, when you took the first step to come here. I knew before we started we were coming for no good."

"Why did you come then? I told you

to stay behind till I sent for you, but you would come."

"So you did; and your sister wanted me to stay. But you knew I couldn't live with her, and you wanted all the money. And as God hears me, I *would* come because I was your wife, for worse as well as for better; and I believed the worse was at hand. I meant it should not be the very worst, if I could help it."

"This was all for my sake, was it?" said Dempton, with a sneer, yet in a tone of inquiry that seemed designed to lead his wife on.

"It was for your sake, William, and my own too; for when I married you I meant to keep my promise, God helping me, to the end. He knows I did not look for this; but he knew that this was to be, and that this was my part, and I mean to be faithful to him as well as to you."

"Oh yes, yes!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "I know all that. We've lived a hell on earth because you were too good to let it be anything else. See here, Jane,"—and as he spoke he laid his hand on her arm, which shook in his grasp as though the passion he suppressed in his voice was quivering through his nerves,— "let's have it all out now in plain terms. What I understand about your meaning is this. You think I've wanted to kill you rather than stand your croaking about the way we live here, and not going back to respectability and the old home, and your prophesying evil to come of it. Keeping that sort of talk up and nothing else for years is enough to make a man think of killing himself or somebody. If I have let such thoughts out sometimes, it's you and your doleful ways that have made me. But I begin to think you mean more, and that's just what I want to understand. What is it, woman? What did you mean by saying there was murder in the old subject? Speak out! I'm not afraid to hear if you ain't to tell."

She met his stern gaze with a steady eye, and answered still in the same distinct, subdued tones; but there was a huskiness in her voice that indicated the agitation within.

"I hoped you would understand me, William, without any plainer words. There shall be no doubt about them now. The time has come when there's nothing left but to speak out. What I am going to say came to my own eyes and ears—no one helped me to it. When father died and left the old homestead and all his securities to brother James because he was feeble in mind and body both, and

couldn't make his way as you could, I saw the change that came over you. Every one saw it, but not as I did—for you were always grave, and no one wondered that you were cut down at getting only the money in the bank and the little house and acre lot we lived in. You were never bitter or sullen to me till then. I had learned before to be afraid of offending you, but I never thought you were a dark man who could have any deadly secret. When you married me, William, you said you liked me because I was quiet but quick." As she said this, she caught her under lip between her teeth, and a movement in her throat showed her effort to keep down her emotion. The man never moved, and continued to regard her with the same fixed look.

"The six months after father's death made me quieter than ever, and quicker to notice all that was going on. I knew that you felt one way about Jim and talked to him another. People thought it good of you after the first disappointment was over, to be pleasanter with him than you ever were with any one else. I soon began to feel that it was bad. I saw you were playing a game, and don't mind saying that I set myself to watch you. Not as your enemy, William"—she said this quickly, breaking out of the low tones she had used, for a grim expression passed over the steely countenance into which she was gazing—"not as your enemy, but as your faithful wife who would no more let you do harm if she could help it, than she would let harm come to you. I couldn't tell you now, if there were any use in it, all that happened to make me sure I was right, and to show me what you were about. It came to me by little and little; one thing after another. It turned my heart cold, and I went about as if I had drawn a thick veil round me to keep people from seeing what was in my thoughts."

All this while Dempton's hand was on his wife's arm. He had relaxed his hold but not abandoned it, as if by some magnetic influence of his touch he could dominate her spirit. But at this moment the passion he had so long repressed was too much for him. Tightening his grasp, he raised her arm and shook it violently between his face and hers which he had brought near together, and then with, "Curse your cunning," flung her hand back upon herself. It struck her across the eyes. The lids instinctively closed with the suddenness and violence of the blow. She kept them so a moment and

then raised them—her eyes undarkened by a shadow of fear, but dilated with an expression of horror and sorrow combined that had its effect even upon the man before her. She muttered, "The first blow! the first blow!" and with the other hand pressing back the hair from her forehead, looked at him as if his eyes had a dreadful fascination. There was no confusion in his, but somewhat less of intentness as he said quickly, "Go on, Jane; I'm sorry. Go on; there's no stopping now."

"No," she said, repeating his words with a long-drawn breath, "there's no stopping now. Better get to the end as quick as I can. The end is, William Dempton, that I made up my mind you were coming here, not because you could get more land and make your little money go farther—there were less out-of-the-way places for that than here—but because you had talked James into the idea of one day following you, pretending the climate would be good for him, and a large plantation down here would be a good investment. You meant to get his money somehow, I was sure. How, I could not think, but you would find a way—there was no good way to such an end. I got a glimpse of it at last, just before we left. Do you remember that evening when the lawyer came who managed the purchase of our house and lot, and you told him about father's will, and why you sold out and were coming down here? I wondered at your being so free to talk with him. It was not natural in you; and when you raised your voice so that every word could be heard as you went with him to the gate, I knew you meant that those people passing by might hear how good-humoredly you made light of his asking why you did not break the will. I had followed you out on the stoop, and had stepped down on the path behind you. As you came back with a slow and heavy tread—I couldn't but notice it—you said to yourself, bringing each word out in the same slow, firm manner, 'There's a surer way than that.' It was pitch-dark, and you went by without seeing me. There was no light in the entry, except what came through the door of the room where we had been sitting. It fell on you as you turned to go in, and then I saw for the first time that dreadful look that struck my heart as you struck my face just now. Had it been my way to scream as some women do, I should have cried out 'murder' then. But the idea of it, and the fear of it, sank deeper into my mind. It's the word that has been ringing in my

brain ever since. I went quickly round to the back door, and perhaps you thought that I had been up-stairs, for when I came into the room you said nothing. The black look had nearly passed away, but my eyes met yours, and I was willing they should speak for me. You never asked, and I didn't say anything. But I tell you now, William, that from that hour I have had but one purpose in living—to be what you called me, but not as you meant it—a drag upon you. I have meant to hold you back from doing what it was you had planned or thought of doing, and from going any way towards it. It was not to make you unhappy. I believe that you know well why it was, and that you believe me when I say it was only for your sake. Not for anything that might happen to me or to James, but to keep you from murder—murder—murder.”

Her voice sank with each repetition of the word, and her lips moved once when no sound issued; as if, now the dreadful thought and fear were uttered that had so long been brooded over, there was a dismal necessity to repeat it. Her brave spirit had struggled on so far. She had borne up under the twofold horror—that while trying to impede her husband's advance towards the crime he meditated in the distance, she might possibly provoke its commission sooner and in a still more fearful way. She had reached the end. She could say, and do, and bear, no more. The one word, in the utterance of which her worn-out spirit exhausted itself, was simply the token of the strife within. The pale face grew more pallid; the quivering lips became rigid and bloodless; the keen expression of an anguished soul died out of her eyes, and she fell to the floor in a swoon.

No further words passed between her husband and herself on the subject that had so powerfully agitated her. He raised and not ungently laid her on the bed, by the side of which they had been sitting. Such simple means of restoring her as were at hand he promptly used. Not even a look was exchanged as she recovered. “Will you lie still for awhile?” he asked; to which a faint “yes” was the only reply, when he left her.

A day in February was drawing to its cloudy end as she moved about the house again: more feebly than her resolute spirit would have allowed, had there not been an unusual reaction from the scene through which she had just passed. The subdued air, with which she usually appeared would not, to a close observer, have had the

effect of weakness. It was that of one who submitted rather than was crushed. But now an utterly broken spirit was evident in her countenance and every movement. She made her last effort—with what result?

Somewhat later than usual the preparations for their evening meal were completed. Dempton had once come in, but, finding the delay, had gone out again among the outhouses. When he returned, the table was ready, the candle shedding its dim light; but no other sign of life appeared. He called her name: there was no answer. He opened the door, calling again and peering round in the last glimmering of the twilight. He waited a few moments and called once more. He looked for her bonnet and shawl; they hung upon the nail as usual. He took the candle and went up to the story above; the whole unfinished space was bare and empty. His eye glanced round upon the articles in ordinary use. Where was the water-pail? He caught up the lantern—and there was an unwonted tremulousness in his manner as he hastened to light the candle within. Going round to the rear of the house, the outline of the footpath that led down to the river was dimly visible. After taking a few steps, he opened the door of the lantern and let its light fall full on the path. It was soft and sloppy with the rain that had fallen during the day, so that the latest footprint was well defined. There could be but two sorts—hers and his; and there could be no doubt whose was the fresh mark of the narrower sole and smaller heel. Striding quickly onward till he reached the bank, he paused at the top of the steep descent, and, supporting himself by a tree as he leaned forward, he said, in a tone that, unconsciously to himself, was low and hushed, “Jane! are you there?” Unconsciously to himself, also, the idea that was growing more solemnly distinct before his mind, gave a gentleness to his voice which, if her ear had caught, would it not have brought her back from the very gate of death? As he listened intently, the rush of the river swollen by the rains was all that he heard. It needed all the courage of that resolute man to descend the bank, trying to distinguish the forms of objects amid the darkness, and at last to stand upon the log that was put there for convenience in dipping up the water. The stream was higher, the current stronger than he expected, and swept close up to the log with bitter force. He turned the light on either side. He raised it above

his head to cast its rays far out upon the stream—as if there could be any use in that! If anything had happened there only a moment before, no trace of it remained. It happened in the utter loneliness and darkness, and vanished into the night.

He needed no evidence in sight or sound. Only in this way could her absence be explained. While waiting for his return, she had noticed that water would be needed, and as she was accustomed, went for it herself. It came to him, now, that of late she had never asked him to do this for her, and he had never once offered. His bosom heaved—wretched as he was, there was something of manhood's best in him still—as he thought of her in her feebleness going out into the dark, for he had taken the lantern with him. Still, perhaps, somewhat light-headed, she had bent over the stream, and the first grasp of the pail by the current had drawn her in. Once off her feet, the curve of the bank would project her into the full force of the river, which would bear her far down before anything could arrest her course till life was extinct.

So it proved to be. The next day her remains were found amid some drift-wood on the opposite side of the river, and a long way down, her hand still clutching the pail. Her countenance, scarce more pallid than before, had a placid expression it had not worn for years.

III.

How William Dempton met his neighbors, and went through the scenes that followed the death of his wife, need not be told. Though, as I have said, not surly, he was repellent in manner, so that as few words were exchanged as circumstances permitted. Whether or not the idea crossed his mind that he was the object of suspicion, it made no perceptible difference in his conduct. He stated the facts as they had occurred, in immediate connection with the accident, and left them to make their impression, apparently careless of the result.

Yet he felt what had happened, as his sturdy frame might have felt a blow dealt him by some powerful hand. Not overthrown, nor even staggered, he was intensely conscious that it was a blow, and a hard one.

The reader will have gathered from the conversation detailed above, the principal facts with which we are concerned. His wife had truly read his heart, and it was this disclosure of the keen discernment

of the woman who, notwithstanding her occasional expostulations, had gone along in the main so quietly by his side, that provoked his unusual outburst of passion. The emotion it expressed still stirred his inmost soul. He well knew that her meekness was not weakness; that she was resolute to do whatever she thought was her duty; and that her conduct towards him had been governed by this principle. Though not prepared to learn, as he did, from her own lips, how soon she had detected the purpose which he kept in the background of his own mind, he had counted on her knowledge of his character as one means by which he would keep her silent: he had never supposed that he could bend her to participate in his plans. On this account he had exaggerated his natural sternness of manner, and though never abusive or violent, had affected a roughness of speech. She would take refuge in silence rather than keep up contention. Perhaps, just glancing at the future, he counted on her sense of a wife's duty as a shield when it might be needed. Thus he had explained to himself their manner of living for the three or four years past, and his own object in keeping it up.

The blow, then, which was given him by her death, following so suddenly on their last interview, was received by him mainly in his conscience. Though utterly without religious principle, he had religious ideas that were as unquestioned by him as the sunlight. If he had wanted to do anything the sun must not shine on, he would not attempt to deny the sunshine, but would simply wait for the night. So in matters of conscience. God, and another world, and a day of judgment, were undisputed facts. But he acted as if there were a moral night-time: not for him to hide in—that would have implied activity in getting out of the way of objects keenly discerned and felt—but to wait for, and be passively enveloped by it. Then he would do what he pleased, unseen. A state of mind by no means singular, for it explains many a man's conduct.

At the point where he now stood, however, a ray of light darted through the gloom of William Dempton's mind.

If all that while his wife had believed that his plans were tending towards the commission of a deadly crime, what held her back from speaking out as she had done that last day? There had been many an opportunity as good. He had encouraged her idea that he might meditate personal violence against herself: it

helped him to govern her more easily. But when he saw that she had not been trembling merely at this imagination of her own, but was overpowered by her apprehension of the very truth that never till now had seemed so vast an object to his own mind, he sought for an explanation. That he did not shrink from doing so was characteristic of the man. There were certain objects that were troublesome to look at. If darkness covered them from his sight, he was satisfied. But he was no coward; and if he must see, would look with all his eyes.

She, then, that shrewd, discerning woman, who he knew was his friend as well as his wife, had judged him to be one who could neither be persuaded nor driven from his set purpose. Intense as her desire was to arrest it, she thought the attempt would be hopeless except through the workings of his own mind. He could supply the very phrase with which she would support her own spirit under that long trial. She would pray God to work in his heart through the few words which only she could wisely utter. Perhaps he had overheard some such prayer, or something that had fallen from her lips in conversation had suggested the idea. She had done all that she could without lessening her chance of success, and left him to his own conscience and to God. What an idea of him she must have had, if, being the woman she was, she would not attempt more than this!

Then, for the first time in his life, William Dempton understood what it was to be left to his own conscience. During the first hours of his pondering over it, conscience was not an idea only, but a reality. He felt that his wife had more influence over him in her death than in all her life before.

Had this occurred at a time when there was a pause in the course of events which he had started — when some fresh impulse was required to continue it — it is probable that no such effort would have been made. But when such affairs as his are in progress, they gather momentum which renders it hourly more difficult to stop. He would have to be tenfold more in earnest to do it now than a year ago. Yet at this very moment there was a special motive for him to be active in the way.

Happy for herself in the time of her death, his wife was ignorant that he had received information only the day before, of the success of his long-laid plan. The post, that arrived in that remote region only once a week, had brought him word

of his brother-in-law's final resolve to join him, and that he was on the very eve of carrying it out. All the communications between the two families passed through Dempton's hands. His wife knew only what he thought fit to impart. Her own letters he faithfully delivered, but they were few and brief, and the correspondence was mainly his. He neutralized the effect of her representations, partly by admitting their truth, partly by toning down her strong language; but mainly by his own plausible statements as to the prospects which that region opened to a new-comer. Let James Elsey come and see for himself. Let him bring the money to pay down, which, in the unbusiness-like ways of the people, would make the sum seem twice as large as if he only promised to pay, and he might suit himself as to land on his own terms. In that case Jane and he would be together again. They would both have a better chance in that climate to live long, and they would all have an opportunity to rise in the world such as Dempton by himself could never hope for.

Such were the ideas suggested, with variations, from time to time, that prevailed with a lonely man, somewhat feeble in health, and shrinking from society, to convert his property into ready money, and join the sister who was his only intimate, and her husband, who, besides showing a generous and friendly spirit, had some claims on the score of his disappointment. As often happens, the resolve that had so long been pondered was taken suddenly at the last, and acted upon promptly. The letter Dempton had received, announced the writer's immediate departure. He would be some days upon the road; nor, had Dempton been so inclined, was there any way of arresting his journey by the news of his sister's death.

Here, then, the crisis in the fate of those three persons came almost in one day, and suddenly.

Men who meditate crime seldom study it out in all its detail. The dark result is in the future — known to be there, but not actually seen. The first step, and the next, and the following, are evident and easy; after that, the general course itself is hardly distinct. There is an indefinite interval yet to be passed over before the result. Few spirits are so hardened as not to receive a shock when, all at once, there appears but one step more before the irreversible event.

This was what befell William Dempton. All that had as yet distinctly occupied his

thoughts was to persuade Elsey to make the move. There was no reason as yet to look beyond that point. It had been uncertain if he should ever get even so far. Thus matters stood only a few hours before, while he yet held that unopened letter in his hand. The news it brought startled him with its significance, and he had purposely let a day go by without speaking of it to his wife. With the event of that day, however, the final issue of his whole scheme advanced upon him at one stride. For James Elsey to come while his sister was living, creating all the stir of such an arrival with its preparations for the routine of their new life, was one thing—and seemed progress quite fast enough for the steady-moving spirit of a man like Dempton. Just because he was so deliberate, it came as near as anything could to take his breath away, that things suddenly assumed a shape so imminent. What effect would his sister's death have upon Elsey? Would he still be inclined to remain? Would he not attract more observers into their little circle than Dempton cared to have? Obviously there was less margin for opportunities than the latter had counted on. There was a necessity to do promptly whatever he decided on doing.

And why should he not be prompt? If he seriously held to his purpose, why delay to carry it out? Why not grasp the opportunity so suddenly within his reach, and that might not remain there?

For this once only, he looked in the face that truth which his wife's words, aided by the impression of her death, brought before his mind—only long enough fairly to see it, and make his rejection of its promptings deliberate and wilful. Should he and Elsey meet and mingle condolence as the afflicted widower and the sorrowing brother, and he himself take his chances for bettering his condition that way? Where everything had so unexpectedly proved favorable to his purpose, should he give it up because of what happened on that one day?

A coarse ruffian would have broken out into an oath and sworn to have his way in defiance of heaven and hell.

William Dempton only paused in his walk up and down that path which his wife had last trod between the house and the river, and raising both hands tightly clenched above his head as though he were about to deal a double blow, brought them forcibly down again by his side. It was the only sign of emotion that escaped him—except the measured heavy tread which, like his slow, determined utterance,

had always been noted by his wife as indicating the immobility of his spirit.

The die had been cast: Satan had won.

IV.

A DAY or two passed by when Dempton had occasion to drive to "Spicer's store," as it was termed—the centre of business and gossip to the whole neighborhood.

No one would have thought from his appearance and manner that anything unusual had happened, or that he had anything but the tenor of his ordinary life before him. He returned the greetings of the few persons whom he met, and then went through the process which had been the unfailing astonishment of the lookers-on ever since he first came among them. He had a few purchases to make, and he made them at once and was done with it. Any one else would have drawn them out into half-a-day's bargaining. What a waste of opportunity!

In one respect he departed from his usual manner. He mentioned that he was preparing to receive his wife's brother—which, as he had never volunteered before a statement about his own affairs, made a marked impression. Not much was said, indeed: simply that Mr. Elsey was coming, with a view to "settle" in the neighborhood; but what he would do when he learned what had happened, Dempton could not foresee.

This was all that was made known of the circumstances of Elsey's coming except what the neighbors saw with their own eyes. Dempton drove past one day, having with him a slight-built, delicate-looking man, respectably attired, whose dejected air was fully accounted for by the dreadful news he had so lately heard. Those easy-going people took their excitements mildly; but Mrs. Dempton's sudden death had roused them to a keener interest than usual in all that pertained to her husband's affairs. On the day of her funeral, when his house was necessarily thrown open, much speculation had been started by the unfinished condition of the upper part. It was now concluded across the counter of Spicer's store that, with the articles he had lately bought, Dempton would fit up a sleeping-place for the "stranger" up-stairs, and probably, if the latter remained, would finish off a room, for which, it had been noticed, there was abundance of unused materials. This conjecture received confirmation not long afterwards, when sounds of hammering came over to the public road, and the figures of the two men were seen as if

busily at work. With which incident the record up to this period in the history ends.

A month more went by. The spring opened slowly. There were frequent rains, and the roads were bad. Dempton had been seen now and then in his wagon with Elsey, and once they attended the nearest place of worship, exchanging a few words with the neighbors as they went in and out. There was nothing in this to excite comment, as the one was a stranger, and the other an unsocial man; and they might both be reasonably credited with a special reserve, in view of the late painful accident.

But one day Dempton appeared, with horse and wagon, at the store, unaccompanied by Elsey. Less sparing of his words than usual, he took occasion to say that his visitor had left. He had wished to go up into Virginia, and had started before daylight the day but one before, so as to catch a conveyance on a road at some distance to the north.

One Dick Pender, who happened to be present, here struck in with, —

"Why, that was you, then, squire, comin' across the creek t'other side of my house just after sunrise. I was wonderin' what brought you there so early."

"Yes," said Dempton, "we started soon after three o'clock, the roads were so deep; but I made the distance over to the Corners in pretty good time, and came across a man there who belonged over towards Wilkesville, and was on his way home. He agreed to carry Mr. Elsey right on to Wilkesville, and as that saved a good deal in distance, Elsey got in with him, and I turned back. I got to the creek, as you say, Mr. Pender, after sunrise, but it was a good while after; and I remember thinking you had overslept yourself, from the way in which you shaded your eyes, as if the light had taken you by surprise."

This was not only more than any one had ever heard Dempton say before, but the only instance in which he had been known to attempt a pleasantry. A laugh went round at Pender's expense, who, under the circumstances, felt rather flattered by it: indeed, it figured largely in the accounts he afterwards gave of his share in this history. At the same time, every one noticed that Dempton spoke with unusual freedom, and even with an approach to heartiness that seemed forced. Elsey was coming back, he told them, probably to remain; but his sister's death had somewhat disturbed his plans, and re-

quired his presence at his former home on business. On his way thither he thought he would take a look at the up-country of Virginia, for which he had always something of a fancy. Meantime he, Dempton, meant to finish the house, for he was confident of Elsey's return, and wished to have it as comfortable as possible. He was about to plaster the rooms up-stairs, and came to the store now to procure something he wanted for that purpose.

All this was very naturally said, and excited only the attention such particulars always gain from such people as he addressed. No remark was made upon it after he left, except of surprise at his "coming out quite sociable." The incident was told and retold till interest was exhausted, and everything connected with Dempton had fallen into its usual train.

One pleasant evening not long after, a group was collected at the store, on the outskirts of which a half-dozen negroes shifted round, ready to put in a word or let out a guffaw as opportunity offered. Some one happened to mention Dempton's name, when Nep, a free negro, who owned a skiff on the river, in which when the water was not too high or too low, he spent a good part of his time, struck in with, "I 'speck Mas'r Dempton gwine to hab de frustratest corn in dese parts dis year."

"What do you say that for, Nep?" asked one of the party.

"'Cause he got mighty rich heap of manoor. I smelt him toder day. Golly!" Everybody laughed, each negro in particular, as if he himself had to laugh for every body.

When the yah-yahing ceased, questions poured in from all sides. "Where were you, Nep?" "How did you happen to be there?" "What were you doing?" "Didn't you get a good whiff of yourself, old boy?"

"You needn't poke no fun at me," replied Nep; "'twas jest as I tell yer. I was a-tryin' to git de skiff up roun' de pint, and had amost gib it up, de current was so wilent, when I tought I'd jump asho, and work up stream dat way. I pulled de skiff along, tuggin' most like to break my back, and nebber tinkin' nuffin' ob Miss Dempton till I got sight ob de log whar she tumbled off. It kind o' skeared me, and I stopped, and sez to myself — 'Nep, you gwine to put foot right dar on dat welly spot?' And jest den de wind cum ober de bank, I tell yer — thick. Sez I, dis chile don't stop long h'yar. Git de roomatiz in de nose, or de knock-down, or sumfin wus, if I does. So I jump into

de skiff, and off she went for kill down stream. Didn't hold on to nuffin' 'cept my breff, and when I let dat go, de sploshun cum mighty nigh upsettin' de skiff."

Nep's energetic description brought the "house down," his sable friends fairly rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of fun. The negro had no more to tell, though cross-examined till he lost his temper, and walked off, saying, "Dey might go and smell for demselves, if dey liked." But every one felt there was something in his story more than his own imagination. Its truth was not questioned, for Nep's manner carried conviction with it, in spite of its ludicrous accompaniments. No one hinted at anything suspicious, the most likely suggestion being the simplest — that Dempton's old cow had died, and that he had buried her near the river-bank.

So matters stood, or rather, from this point they started. Nep's adventure was repeated with variations till the whole neighborhood heard of it. Who can tell how the seeds of suspicion are planted? The birds of the air bring them. The winds gently waft them about. Some slight warmth of excitement is created by an incident like that narrated above, and all at once a tinge of doubt spreads itself over the whole community.

Such a process, however, takes time, and that was a community where everything and everybody took plenty of time. Weeks passed away before people began to wonder why Elsey did not return. Dempton seldom gave any one the opportunity of speaking to him. He was frequently seen about the house and farm, and he seemed busy. Yet a sharper curiosity than usual noted how little after all he did. Was he only trying to seem busy? He was regularly at the store once a week, where the group, always larger when the post-bag was opened, were conscious of a growing desire to have more light thrown on the point of common interest; but none of them cared to question Dempton, for he was eminently a man to be let alone. There was no want of pluck among those people. Their slouching, lazy ways covered any amount of that quality. The very existence of such a spirit, however, made them feel that whenever things got to be serious, words had to be weighed on both sides, or trouble would come of it. So Dempton came and went, impressing them more than ever by his never taking a step, nor speaking a word, nor spending a moment, more than what he was doing required.

Still, even under a slow fire, steam will

get up, and Dick Pender was the valve through which it announced its pressure. He had more occasion than any one else to go by Dempton's place. One day his lanky figure on an equally lanky nag was seen approaching the store with an evident eagerness to get there, regardless of risk to man or beast. The sun was now powerful enough to make the shady and breezy side of the house attractive; and as this happened to be the front, all the loungers, black and white, witnessed Pender's unusual style of approach. Not a man of them uttered a word, which was itself significant. Before he opened his lips, there was not one of them but thought of Dempton — so quick is the magnetism of feeling on a subject of engrossing interest.

"What's up, Dick?" uttered by one of the party, was sufficient to unlock his lips. Not much, after all. Yet in the mood they were in, it seemed everything. Pender had been slowly jogging by, his eye ranging over Dempton's house and fields from the moment they came in view, as if they were a MS. in unknown characters, and he were searching for the clue to read it. Suddenly a cloud of smoke rose somewhat on one side, and towards the rear of the house — such as might be produced by a quantity of damp rags thrown on a bed of coals. Pender's one gift was a keenness of vision that had helped to give him the name of the best hunter in all that region. A slight rise in the ground and the bushes by the roadside gave him the opportunity to study out what Dempton was about. The result was to satisfy Pender that he was burning — not rags simply, but clothing and other articles, among which he was sure were the fragments of a trunk that had been pulled apart.

There would have been nothing in this a few months ago. The passer-by would not have stopped to notice it. Even Pender could not then have seen so much, for there would have been no intentness of feeling to bring his vision to its sharpest; nor was it till he had told what he had seen with unwonted point and promptness of expression, that he and his hearers were aware how deep was the source of their excitement. He had lifted the stone from the spring, and its waters flowed freely. Then and there for the first time were the suspicions that had been gathering strength in every mind openly expressed, and the possibility discussed that James Elsey had come to a violent end by Dempton's hand.

Yet I should not say it was discussed. There was much less among those people of the spirit that makes mischief than prevails in a busier, sharper community; less readiness to meddle; more consciousness of responsibility in touching another man's character. Such, at least, was the impression I brought away with me from a two months' sojourn among them; and all the experience of after years has not made the value seem less of such qualities—be the circumstances what they may that foster them. The dullest-minded in the group to whom Pender told his story, felt that it was not a subject for tattle. And it must give some elevation of spirit even to the dullest man when he sets a guard upon his thoughts and words about a possible criminal, in respect for their common manhood.

At any rate, the seriousness that pervaded that whole community, from that day onward, had something dignified in it—rudely as it was sometimes indicated.

From Temple Bar.

THE WORDSWORTHS AT BRINSOP COURT.

TENNYSON has immortalized his "moated grange" by placing the love-lorn Mariana there; his brother poet, Wordsworth, had his also, in which he frequently sojourned himself. We are not told the precise locality where the sickly maiden was "awearry, awearry;" but the spot where the healthful poet occasionally dwelt is in Herefordshire. It is called Brinsop Court, and was, for over twenty years, the residence of Mr. Hutchinson, Wordsworth's brother-in-law, his wife and family. It is, in itself, a remarkable and interesting place; but the interest deepens when we learn that it has frequently received, as guests, the Wordsworths, their relatives the Quillinans, Southey, H. C. Robinson, and other celebrities.

Although essentially "a court" in the olden time, it is now, literally, a "moated grange," surrounded by sounds and sights connected with farming. The broad moat encircling the house and lawn that once served as protection against the foe is now alive with flocks of ducks and geese. The whirr of the threshing and winnowing machines, the crowing of cocks, the grinding of the cider-mill, the low of flocks and herds, and the call of human voices, sound without the moat, while within all is comparative repose.

Having crossed the bridge, formerly a drawbridge, the first object that attracts the eye is a tall cedar which rises above the broad-faced, two-storied court. This was planted by Wordsworth forty years ago, and bids fair to co-exist with the poet's name. We seem to see him, surrounded by relatives and friends, setting the diminutive tree which has now grown to such proportions; and to hear the couplet, jest, or laugh accompanying the act. We do see the walks he paced, the garden he frequented, the sedge-covered, tree-spanned waters at the back of the court beside which he mused, and the ruined arches he inquiringly surveyed.

Although antiquarians have been busy with the arches, they do not appear to have ascertained the precise date of our "moated grange." The oldest part is supposed to have been built in Stephen's reign, by a Dauncy or Dansey, who came from Normandy with the Conqueror, and in whose family it remained until the present century. Its antiquity is, indeed, patent to all, for at the back of the commodious dwelling-house is a quadrangular court, surrounded by relics of a past age. Here antiquarians, like doctors, "differ;" for the large ruined apartment to which we mount by crumbling stone steps is by some accounted a chapel with a crypt beneath, and by others a banqueting-room. Whatever its former use, it was called by the common people Holy Stage. Its length and breadth are noble; the rafters of its high, pointed roof, cross both ways; there is fresco painting still remaining, and the imagination as readily conjures up the ghosts of jovial knights and squires at the festive board, as of cowed monks at prayer.

But the poetical touch that would have struck the Wordsworthian chord is a small arched doorway, opening from this hall, or chapel, as may be, and looking in the moat below. All means of ingress have disappeared, and Mariana could scarcely have found her watery solitude more weird or dreary. The moat is so deep and dark, the low trees are so intimately intertwined, and the rushes and sedges are so thick, that even the fowl seem frightened from the spot and leave it to the spirits that haunt it. Still we picture Wordsworth here, or at the duck's nest not far off, or by the brook and mimic fall, recalling, possibly, the bolder surroundings of his house at Rydal Mount. But time changes everything, and the Hutchinsons have departed from the court, and Rydal Mount is being, we are told, rebuilt.

Still, life, cheerfulness, and labor survive, and there are signs of them everywhere. Turning from the moat and doorless arch, and casting our eyes from raftered roof to boarded floor, we see that the great hall is filled with little hillocks of what is familiarly called "sharps," or food for fattening cattle. Descending the ruined steps, we perceive that in the centre of the great quadrangular court are unwieldy cider-butts brought out to dry, round about which poultry pick up grain; and against an ancient building, near a broad archway, rises a grated hutch. Here not only do rabbits munch in one compartment, but two motherless kittens disport themselves in another, which are being "brought up by hand" by children not far off. All this would have attracted the poet almost more than the surrounding ruins. So would the tangled garden, and the summer-house, now converted into an aviary; so doubtless did the luxuriant orchards. We almost see him beneath the apple-blossoms of spring and the rosy fruit of autumn.

We do actually see what best represents him on entering the large, wainscoted dining-room of the house. This is a copy of his portrait by Pickersgill, which surmounts the high and antique mantelpiece, and has been presented as an heirloom to Brinsop Court by Lord Saye and Seal, Archdeacon of Hereford. It was from the original of this picture, now at St. John's College, Cambridge, that the engraving was taken which forms the frontispiece to Wordsworth's "Life and Works." It is now easy to call before the mind's eye the forms of the poet and his companions. The portrait, the quaint apartment, the Gothic window, the cedar, lawn, moat, all aid the imagination. We see first Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson, who, having lived eighteen years in Nadnorth, came to reside at Brinsop Court, where they passed twenty-one years more. It was on the eve of their marriage, in the Vale of Grasmere, that Wordsworth composed the twenty-third of his published "Miscellaneous Sonnets," which we venture to reproduce:—

What need of clamorous bells or ribands gay
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;
Shed on the chosen vale a sunbright day!
Yet no proud gladness would the bride display
Even for such promise: serious is her face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts
 keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the maid appear;

No disproportion in her soul, no strife;
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the wife
To her indulgent lord become more dear.

It was of this "indulgent lord" that Wordsworth writes, in a letter to Professor Reed, dated Brinsop Court, September 27, 1845; and sonnet and letter not only form a touching homily, but testify to the loving, sympathetic spirit of the writer. It says:—

This letter is written by the side of my brother-in-law, who, eight years ago, became a cripple, confined to his chair by the accident of his horse falling with him in the high-road, where he lay without power to move either hand or leg, but left in perfect possession of his faculties. His bodily sufferings are by this time somewhat abated, but they still continue severe. His patience and cheerfulness are so admirable that I could not forbear mentioning him to you. He is an example to us all, and most undeserving should we be if we did not profit by it. His family have lately succeeded in persuading him to have his portrait taken as he sits in his armchair. It is an excellent likeness, the best I ever saw, and will be invaluable to his family.

It may not be out of place here to say that this portrait, painted by Lucy, is now in the possession of Mr. Hutchinson's daughter, at West Malvern, and conveys, even to a stranger, the impression of the "patience and cheerfulness" mentioned by his brother-in-law. When Wordsworth wrote the foregoing, his wife was also probably at the side of her crippled brother, since they were at Brinsop Court together.

The portraits of the two men remain, but of the wife and sister no picture is left to aid the imagination. Mrs. Wordsworth refused to sit either for portrait or photograph, having a wholesome dread of all publicity. Both she and her husband disliked the idea of laying bare the sanctity of private life to the world, and it was with much difficulty that the poet's biographer could prevail on her to furnish him with those details most interesting to the public. Still, it is to Mrs. Wordsworth and her sister, Sara Hutchinson, as well as to Wordsworth's sister Dorothy, and daughter Dora, that much of his poetry is due. Devoted to him and to his genius, they never wearied of encouraging him to write, or of accompanying him on his long and fatiguing walks. When his eyesight failed, his wife, the beloved companion of half a century, was his untiring amanuensis, and it is not surprising that he should

say that "he never saw an amiable single woman without wishing that she were married."

Yet two of these, his untiring aids and companions, were single women, and had they been married, some of Wordsworth's poetry might never have been written. Sara Hutchinson, a woman of no slender intellect, passed her time between Brinsop Court, Rydal Mount, the poet's home, and Greta Hall. It was to her he wrote the lines on her spinning-wheel; and the two poems signed S. H., honored by a niche in his own poetical volumes, are her composition. She was afterwards Southey's amanuensis. Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister who was his constant friend from childhood, and to whom so many of his poems are addressed, was also frequently in this our moated grange. She was, like her brother, a great walker, and at sixty would take her ten miles' walk among the Herefordshire meads, woods, or orchards. But she outwalked her strength by crossing the Alps more than once, and was an invalid for the last twenty years of her life. Miss Hutchinson has a charming and touching photograph of her, taken during this trying period, and when she was verging on eighty. Her face appears placid and unwrinkled, if pensive, and is surrounded by a full-bordered cap.

A story is told of a favorite Brinsop dog, interesting from its connection with Dorothy Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan, afterwards her nephew, by marriage with Dora Wordsworth. Dorothy was not naturally fond of dogs, but this one, Prince by name, attached himself to her, and accompanied her unheeded, during her long, solitary Herefordshire rambles. On the eve of one of her departures from the Court, he discovered, as dogs will, what was about to happen, and lay at her bedroom door all the night. The following morning he secreted himself in the cart that conveyed her luggage to Hereford, and finally met her at the coach. It was with difficulty that they could restrain the affectionate animal from following her, and with still greater that they could get him home again. Sometime after, when poor Prince was, like Dorothy, "stricken in years," he became sadly infirm, and a burden not only to those about him, but to himself. We hope that aged dogs do not fully understand what that means, or their declining years would be more burdensome still. However, Prince's young master, George Hutchinson, Mrs. Wordsworth's nephew, did not find the old dog a burden, and when the command to get rid of him

was repeatedly issued, he begged him off with entreaties and tears.

At last, however, the fiat went forth that Prince must die. There was no kindly chloroform in those days, so the faithful dog was hanged by a servant named Jerry Preece, during the temporary absence of his friend George. Quillinan was staying at the Court at the time, and was engaged in laying night-lines across the moat. When the boy returned, he unadvisedly sent him to search for worms in "the duck's nest," a spot immortalized by Wordsworth in his fifteenth miscellaneous sonnet:—

Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-
tree bough,
And dimly gleaming nest — a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow.

When George, in high spirits at his quest, drew near this retired place, he chanced to look up at a neighboring willow-tree. There he saw his beloved Prince ignominiously hanging by the neck. The shock was so great that the boy went half mad with grief, and would not be consoled. Quillinan, who had not known of the place of execution, was much distressed. Retiring to his room, he hastily wrote the following impromptu lines by way of consolation, which he threw out of the window facing the cedar and moat, to the boy wailing beneath it, with the words, "Look, George! Here's an epitaph."

EPITAPH ON A FAVORITE DOG.

Stop! passenger, and drop a tear;
A most ill-fated Prince lies here.
His reign in youth was wild and pleasant;
He hunted rabbit, hare, and pheasant;
Grown old, he bid adieu to sport,
And mildly ruled at Brinsop Court.
But shame on these reforming times
Of revolutionary crimes!
This harmless, old, and good Prince-royal
Was vilely used by hands disloyal.
His noble neck was hempen-collared,
And stretched upon a willow-pollard.
Oh, wicked traitor, Jerry Preece,
Repent, if you would die in peace.

We do not know whether these verses consoled George Hutchinson, but they were engraven on stone, and placed at the head of Prince's grave. The remains of the good dog still rest at Brinsop Court, but the tombstone has been removed to Miss Hutchinson's garden at West Malvern. The lines, composed in a few minutes, afford proof, if any be needed, of Quillinan's genius, to whom Wordsworth wrote as follows before he became his son-in-law in 1840:—

It is in your power to attain a permanent place among the poets of England. Your thoughts, feelings, knowledge, and judgment in style, and skill in metre, entitle you to it; and, if you have not yet succeeded in gaining it, the cause appears to me to lie in the subjects which you have chosen. It is worthy of note how much of Gray's popularity is owing to the happiness with which his subject is selected in three places; his "Hymn to Adversity," his "Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College," and his "Elegy." I must, however, in justice to you, add that one cause of your failure appears to have been thinking too humbly of yourself, so that you have not reckoned it worth while to look sufficiently round you for the best subjects, or to employ as much time in reflecting, condensing, bringing out, and placing your thoughts and feelings in the best point of view as is necessary.

It would be well if the writers of the present day would take to heart this advice, given by Wordsworth to Quillinan four years before his marriage with Dora. She also was an accomplished scribe, and her husband was wont to call her "the queen of letter-writers." But not many years after the epitaph to Prince was written, she, like the faithful dog,

Slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Unlike her parents, she died young, and is the last of the spectres that flit before us as we sit, facing her father's portrait, in the wainscoted dining-room of our moated grange. Neither the Mount, the Hall, nor the Court could preserve a life so dear; and, after a vain effort to keep her here below a little longer by residence abroad, she was laid to rest in Grasmere churchyard, where, three years later, in 1850, her father was placed by her side.

There is one other member of this united family party who, though "unknown to fame," was not undeserving of it. This was Mrs. Hutchinson's brother, John Monkhouse, known as "the blind agriculturist," a very remarkable man, who was much at Brinsop Court, and in his later years at Rydal Mount. We are told that after Wordsworth's death his widow also became blind, and it was a touching sight to see her and her blind cousin, Mr. Monkhouse, both in extreme old age, walking arm in arm about the spot where the poet had lived and wandered.

All this and much more recurs to us as we roam within and around this old moated court. Fresh inmates dwell here now, and Wordsworths and Hutchinsons are dead or scattered; still memory holds them by her invisible chords, and would

gently detain their unsubstantial presence where they have once been.

Not only here, however, where they habitually lived or visited, but in the old church where they worshipped, is the remembrance of them preserved. And if the Court is, in some sort, idyllic from old associations and modern surroundings, from its situation in the heart of nature and the pastoral occupations of its inhabitants, the church and schoolhouse are equally so. Situated within easy distance of the Court, they are also surrounded by woods and meads. The present vicar, the Rev. William Fowle, has restored the one and erected the other. Outside the picturesque schoolhouse is a merry-go-round, on which a dozen or more joyous children ride energetically together, their cheerful voices echoing to the quiet churchyard beyond. Within "God's acre" is a tombstone to a faithful female servant, who died at Brinsop Court while Wordsworth and his wife were paying their last visit there, in 1845. The turf of the churchyard is smoothly mown, and dotted and surrounded by evergreens. A seemly and quiet spot for Christian burial. Inside the ancient church is a memorial window to the poet who frequented it. This has been raised in the chancel by the vicar and a few friends; and it is refreshing in this exciting age to come upon a peaceful country oasis where one who sung so bravely and sweetly of God and nature is thus affectionately remembered. The vicar hopes soon to see a second memorial window in this interesting old church, to recall to this and future generations three other members of the Wordsworth family who also knelt within the sacred walls—the poet's wife, sister, and daughter—Mrs. Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth, and Dora Quillinan.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
PRINCE BISMARCK'S LITERARY FACULTY.

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

No reader of Bismarck's diplomatic despatches or speeches in Parliament, even in the meagre reports of our daily papers, can have failed to be impressed by an extraordinary power of individual thought and expression widely differing from the ordinary style of such utterances. His most official statements are frequently interrupted by striking observations or turns of language—all the more impres-

sive as they are evidently unsought for — and in moments of excitement his language, written or spoken, frequently rises to a climax of primitive force and grandeur. But the real importance of Bismarck's literary achievements lies in a very different field. This side of his nature has hitherto been strangely neglected alike by the great statesman's eulogists and his defamers.

Bismarck's temperament — his complexion, as Smollett would say — is essentially that of a poet. I am not alluding here to the youthful efforts which the statesman is said to have offered at the shrine of the muse; nor to his well-known love for music or for nature. I speak of the absolute spontaneity with which he approaches the gravest problems of political science, and which leads him to conclusions glaringly at variance with the ordinary routine of statecraft, and not unfrequently with his own most cherished prejudices. When, for instance, as early as 1861 we find the Junker* and aristocrat by birth, and the violent Conservative by persuasion, throwing out the idea of a universal German Parliament, which the more enlightened statesman was some years later to carry out on the most democratic basis — universal suffrage — we must acknowledge a faculty of political intuition attributable to the *creative* mind alone.

Let us hear the testimony of his enemies on the subject. Count Arnim, the late Prussian ambassador in Paris, now an outlaw and an exile, stands foremost amongst the number. It once was his ambition to be Bismarck's successor, if possible his rival. This ambition extends even to the field of literature. Count Arnim, in his published despatches to the Foreign Office, evidently aims at terseness, wit, brilliancy, and power of expression, all qualities for which his great enemy is renowned. But the literary failure of the unfortunate count is almost as signal as his political. His similes, such as "The clerical wine will be considerably modified by the water of political necessity," show signs of elaboration, and his historic parallels are sometimes far-fetched and little to the point. The account of his first reception by President MacMahon is chatty and amusing, but one never loses the impression of the diplomatist affecting the literary man. This is exactly the reverse with Bismarck. In "*Pro Nihilo*," the pamphlet published in Count Arnim's

defence, and most likely written, or at least immediately inspired, by himself, trying to explain a certain "psychological process" to which some of Prince Bismarck's utterances are said to owe their origin, the author, whoever he may be, proceeds: "To the prodigious qualities of the Imperial chancellor belongs that of not finding the truth from objectively established facts. He does not 'find' it — he 'creates' it. Intuition or inspiration shows the truth to this extraordinary intellect, and his intelligence, so extensively fertile in combinations, then groups the facts in such a manner that they serve as a basis for the first and frequently quite correct impression. The consciousness which had perhaps existed that the first impression rested upon his own or somebody else's inspiration recedes in the further course of the conception of truth from the energy which subordinates the reality of external facts to the creative power of the personal will."

The short meaning of this terribly involved sentence seems to be a charge against Bismarck of a strong tendency towards what is euphemistically called romancing. But what is that grouping of facts from a central point of vision but the birthright and primary function of the poet? He sees into the essence of things, although accidentals may escape him. And if this subjective vision proves true when applied to the realities of science or politics, what better, or indeed what other, criterion of the man's greatness can we demand? What *à priori* difference, indeed, is there between the empty dreamer and schemer and the wise statesman and philosopher? The event alone can decide. No great man can do without what philosophers might term the inductive faculty. The dry summing up of details is the work of the intellectual journeyman; the master looks to the whole. The late Mr. Buckle, most eminently a man of facts, says on this subject, speaking of the various developments of the modern mind: "In that field, which our posterity have yet to traverse, I firmly believe that the imagination will effect quite as much as the understanding. Our poetry will have to reinforce our logic, and we must feel as much as we must argue."

Another point dilated upon with intense delight by Bismarck's political adversaries is his early reactionary violence. M. Julian Klaczko, in his clever book, "The Two Chancellors," first published in the columns of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, never tires of speaking of the anti-Liberal

* Reactionary country squire.

bearing of Bismarck in the first two legislative assemblies of Prussia, his hatred of constitutionalism in any form, his opposition to the liberty of the press, to the emancipation of the Jews, and other demands of the revolutionary epoch of 1848; his passionate adherence to Austria, at that time the great stronghold of reaction in Germany—sentiments strangely at variance with his later conduct. Bismarck's friends might cite the examples of most eminent statesmen of the age as precedents for such political inconsistency. But few eminent politicians would like to see a short hand account of their early speeches at the debating society, and, as Guizot has it, "*L'homme absurde seul ne change pas.*"

But to Bismarck's early Toryism there is a psychological side: referable, I think, to what I have ventured to call his poetic temperament. Bismarck's family traditions and early impressions were not wholly of a reactionary type. Paternally, it is true, he descended from an ancient and noble family, whose exaggerated loyalty sacrificed in the sixteenth century two of their fairest estates to the rapacity of their prince. But his mother, the intellectual leader of his father's household, was of gentle but not of noble birth—a distinction observed with the utmost strictness in Germany—and her father, Privy-Councillor Menken, was a statesman of the large-minded school of Frederick the Great. Bismarck also seems to have roused against himself the suspicion of latent Radicalism by occasional outbursts against the narrow-minded prejudices of his fellow Junkers in the Alt-Mark. But when, in 1847, he entered the Preliminary Diet of Prussia, the keen atmosphere of the revolutionary epoch gave a shock to his sensitive nature. Glib-tongued orators of the Liberal party, with whom the inexperienced young provincial felt himself unable to cope, assailed what appeared to him the sacred rights of monarchy and the very foundation of social order. Even the person of the sovereign was not exempted from the fierce attacks of the advanced democrats. The scenes in the streets of the capital were a counterpart of the angry debates of the Assembly. Infuriated mobs, citizen soldiers strutting along in the consciousness of their new dignity, were sights not altogether lovely in the eyes of the æsthetical and aristocratic observer. The young man's nature bristled up at such antagonistic sights. The loyal blood of the Bismarcks boiled in his veins. On one occasion he inflicted personal castiga-

tion on an unfortunate democrat who had spoken insultingly of the royal family in a public place. In the Chamber he defiantly proclaimed the rights of throne and altar; any concession to the current of the time he denounced as cowardice. Even to the predominance of Austria in German affairs he submitted without hesitation; she seemed to him Prussia's natural leader and ally in their common struggle with the Revolution. This, it must be remembered, was the "period of strife and stress" in his political life. When afterwards he gained wider views and experiences, when impulse—for impulse it mainly was—gave way to reason, he recanted his errors, in what manner and to what degree the history of Europe can testify. An amusing incident belonging to the early period of Bismarck's career may conclude this part of the subject. It is connected with his maiden speech, received by his audience with similar shouts of laughter and indignation to those which roused the ire of the youthful member for Maidstone. Bismarck did not, like Lord Beaconsfield, hurl a prophecy of future success at his antagonists, but his retort was none the less significant. Calmly he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began perusing its contents in the most unconcerned manner until the president had restored order. So much as to Bismarck's political career; too much, the reader perhaps will say, considering the professedly unpolitical character of this paper. But it was important to show that even in the practical concerns of statesmanship Bismarck could not wholly suppress that poetical germ of his nature which in another field was to bring forth rich fruit.

Prince Bismarck is not an author. He may be classed amongst Carlyle's "great silent ones," as far as literary utterance is concerned. A collection of his speeches, which is in the course of publication, has been made from the notes of the shorthand writers without his coöperation, as far as appears. But in 1868 appeared a work somewhat pretentiously called "The Book of Count Bismarck," by Herr Hese-kiel, a Conservative novelist of some repute, which contained, together with a mass of ill-arranged and mostly anecdotal biographical material, a number of private letters, by the Prussian statesman, to his wife and his only and much-beloved sister, Frau von Arnim.* The question why pri-

* An English version of this book has been made in the slipshod manner in which such work is unfortunately but too frequently done amongst us. The style

vate letters of the most intimate kind have been trusted to such an editor, does not concern us here. We simply have to consider them as literary documents of rare interest.

I have spoken of Bismarck as a man of impulse, a poet. Using the word now in its more proper meaning, I should say that his poetic gift, as evinced in these letters, lies chiefly in two striking features—a remarkable amount of quiet humor and an infinitely tender, almost lyrical, sympathy with the beauties of nature. To characterize Bismarck's humor, one might say that it has a touch of Sterne in it. Not of Sterne's satire and fanciful extravagance, but of the subtle touches of realism with which that unrivalled prose poet brings before us the life, the thoughts, the conversations, and little eccentricities of a couple of English country gentlemen. A somewhat similar kind of minute humorous observation—although, of course, in a much lesser degree of literary perfection—is observable in the letters which Bismarck addressed to his sister from his rural solitude. At that time he was a disappointed man. He had tried the army and the civil service without much satisfaction to himself or others. The estate of his father in Pomerania, which he had undertaken to manage, was encumbered with mortgages. Congenial society also could hardly be found amongst the feudal nobles of that province, or of Alt-Mark, compared with whom a Conservative squire of Bucks or Huntingdonshire would be a model of social enlightenment and political progressiveness. At times Bismarck tried to out-Herod Herod. His feats in the hunting-field and at drinking-bouts, where a horrid mixture of stout and champagne was quaffed by the bumper, earned him the nickname of "*der tolle Bismarck*"—that is, mad or wild Bismarck. A story of a number of young foxes being suddenly let loose in the drawing-room to frighten the female cousins reminds one of Tony Lumpkin's practical jocularities. But moody reaction followed such fits of artificial buoyancy. Bismarck would disappear for days amongst the woods of his estate, or lock himself up in his closet, poring over numberless volumes of miscellaneous literature. Even Spinoza he explored to find "adversity's sweet milk, philosophy," with what result may be imagined. At one

time, it is said, he had made up his mind to say good-bye to his native land and seek his fortune in India.

There is, however, nothing of bitterness or disappointed egotism in his letters of this period. They are written in a spirit of *bonhomie* mixed with gentle self-irony and an occasional indication of impatience and discontentment. What, for instance, can be more thoroughly good-natured than the humor with which Bismarck describes the "farce of shooting the fox," daily performed by the simple-minded father and most patiently endured by the son? or what more tenderly filial than the closing passages of the same note addressed to his sister, where he reminds her to give a few more details of her daily life in her letters to the old gentleman? "Tell him who has called on you and on whom you have called, what you have had for dinner, how your horses are, how the servants behave, whether the doors creak and the windows are weather-tight—in short, *facts*!" Also he does not like to be called papa, having a particular objection to that term." A Dutch painter could not have hit off more perfectly the good-natured country gentleman of the old school walking his preserves and sheep-pens and winding up his old-fashioned clocks than Bismarck has done in a few touches.

"Madame," he says, addressing his sister in 1845, evidently in imitation of one of Heine's favorite mannerisms, "I can hardly resist the temptation to fill an entire letter with agricultural complaints, night frosts, sick cattle, bad rape and bad roads, dead lambs, hungry sheep, want of straw, fodder, money, potatoes, and manure; in addition, John is whistling outside a most infamous polka-tune both falsely and pertinaciously, and I am not cruel enough to stop him, knowing that he is trying to soothe his violent love trouble by means of music. The ideal of his dreams, by the persuasion of her parents, has given him the *congé*, and married a carpenter: exactly my case but for the carpenter, who is still rumbling in the lap of futurity. However, I must get married, Devil take me, that's clear. For since father's departure I am lonely and alone, and this mild, damp weather makes me feel melancholy and longingly loving. It is no use contending. I must marry Miss — after all; every one says so, and nothing is more natural, as we have both been left behind. It is true she leaves me cold, but then they all do that. . . . When I came from Angermünde the waves of the River Zam-

of the narrative had not much to lose by the process, but the peculiar charm of the letters has, of course, been obliterated entirely. Moreover mistakes abound throughout the volume.

pel separated me from Kniephof, and as no one would trust me with horses I had to stop the night at Naugard with a number of travellers, commercial and otherwise, all waiting for the abating of the waters. After that the bridges of the Zampel were torn away; so that Knobelsdorf [a friend of Bismarck] and myself, the regents of two great counties [alluding to an appointment he held in his province], were enclosed in a little spot of earth by the waves, while an interregnum of anarchy prevailed from Schievelbein to Damm. As late as one o'clock one of my carts with three casks of spirits was carried away by the floods, and in my affluent of the Zampel a carter with his horse was drowned; I am proud to relate."

At this passage M. Klaczko in the clever pamphlet already alluded to utters a shriek of horror. With an elegant allusion to another flood—a sea of human blood, shed of course by Bismarck's fault alone, in France—he points out the brutality of the joke at the expense of an ill-fated menial. But really there is no brutality at all in the case. In connection with the drowned carter, Bismarck goes on to detail several other misfortunes of equal importance. Some houses have tumbled down; a landowner in the neighborhood has hanged himself from desperation at the want of fodder. "An eventful year!" Bismarck exclaims: he is simply mocking and chafing at the narrowness of his circle of vision, in which the commonplace occurrences of life have to stand for historic events. That the life of a servant was not a matter of trifling to him he had shown previously, when with considerable personal danger he saved his groom from drowning. The medal awarded to him for this brave deed was for some time Bismarck's only order. A diplomatist who inquired somewhat superciliously after the meaning of the unpretending decoration Bismarck silenced with the *nonchalant* reply, "I am sometimes in the habit of saving a person's life."

Numerous other letters of a similar character might be cited, one in especial dated 1850, in which Bismarck, who in the mean time had married Fraulein Johanna von Puttkammer, describes his troubles as *paterfamilias* on a trip to the seaside; the company including, besides himself and Frau von Bismarck, two squalling children with a corresponding number of tuneful nursemaids. Matrimonial Britons ought to take example by the great chancellor's heavenly patience. In 1851 Bismarck was appointed Prussian ambas-

sador to the German Diet at Frankfort-on-the-Main, then just re-emerging from the storms of the Revolution. The influence of Austria, which lorded it over the minor potentates of Germany and suppressed the remainder of Liberal feeling in the southern states with an iron hand, was quite in accordance with Bismarck's political views at the time. For diplomacy and statecraft in the abstract he also felt a deep reverence. But soon after his arrival at Frankfort the scales fell from his eyes. With indignation he recognized the humiliating position of his own country, and partly, no doubt, to this sudden reaction in his whole feeling is due the utter contempt with which he speaks of the doings and intrigues of his brother diplomatists. These feelings are expressed with wonderful force of utterance in a remarkable letter to his wife (Frankfort, May 18, 1851), too long to quote here, but well worth the attention of the reader, particularly at the present moment. "Unless external events supervene," he writes, "I can tell you now what we are going to achieve in the next one, two, or five years, and, indeed, will undertake to achieve it myself in twenty-four hours if only the others would be sincere and reasonable for a single day. I always knew that they were cooking with water, but I am surprised at this sober, silly, watery broth, in which there is not a speck of fat to be seen. Forward me Schulze (village mayor), X., or Herr von —ski from the turnpike house, and I will turn them into first-rate diplomates."

From the irksomeness of his office Bismarck escaped as frequently as possible into the quietude of the country, which in the neighborhood of Frankfort is fertile and beautiful. In one of his letters from this period he describes a delightful swim at night in the Rhine. His description of the woody mountain-tops and the battlements of castle ruins lit up by the moon is instinct with the spirit of romanticism. Descriptions of beautiful scenery of the most varied kind abound in Bismarck's letters. Wherever he went on his diplomatic wanderings—to Vienna, to the south of France, to St. Petersburg and Holland—the letters to his wife give a running commentary of his travelling impressions. Even from the battlefields of Bohemia and France he sends her hurried scraps to say what he has seen and done and felt. As biographical records these are invaluable; but even forgetting the historic import of the man and the date one can hardly read without interest

and sympathy a passage from a letter to his wife written on the eve of the battle of Sadowa, which, after a hurried account of the events of the previous days, he concludes: "Greet every one cordially. Send me a novel, but one at a time only. God be with you. Just received your letter; thousand thanks. I can feel with you the calm after we had left. Here in this throng of events one cannot realize the situation, except perhaps at night in bed." What epic poet could have drawn a great statesman and leader of the people in the midst of events of which he is the primary cause — seeking an hour's forgetfulness in a work of fiction, but never losing the thought of wife and home — with more graphic touches than is done unconsciously in these few broken lines?

To return to Bismarck's love of nature, it ought to be mentioned that, unlike many Germans, he is passionately fond of the sea. Even to so dull a place as Ostend he looks back "with longing," "for there," he writes, "I have met again an old love, quite unchanged and quite as beautiful as at our first acquaintance. I feel the separation bitterly, and look forward with impatience to the moment when, at Norderney, I may rest again on her heaving bosom; I can hardly understand how one can live away from the sea." A piece of landscape painting from a very different region is the only further specimen of Bismarck's descriptive power which the limits of space will allow me to quote. In the early autumn of 1862 he made a short tour to the south of France previously to assuming the office of prime minister. His letters to his wife are resplendent with air and light of southern seas and skies. Here is one dated Luchon, September 9th, 1862: "The day before yesterday we ascended from here the Col de Venasque: first two hours through splendid beech forest, full of ivy, rocks, and waterfalls; after that a hospitium, then again two hours' steep ascent on horseback over the snow, with views into the distance, still, deep lakes among snow and cliffs. At a height of seventy-five hundred feet there opens in the pointed crest of the Pyrenees a narrow gate through which one enters Spain. The land of chestnuts and palms presents the appearance of a mountain gorge surrounded by the Maladetta, in front of us Pic de Sauvegarde and Pic de Picade. To the right flow streams towards the Ebro, to the left towards the Garonne; and on the horizon rises up one glacier and snow-covered peak behind the other far into Catalonia and Aragon. Here we

breakfasted on a slight acclivity of the rocks — red partridges without salt or water — and afterwards rode downwards again on giddy mountain paths, but with splendid weather . . . To-day we saw the lake of Oo — a mountain gorge like the upper lake at Berchtesgaden, but enlivened by a tremendous waterfall rushing into it. We went on the lake singing French chansonnettes and Mendelssohn — that is to say, I listened. After that we rode home in a storm of rain, and are now dry and hungry again."

It was during this tour in the south of France that Bismarck at Avignon picked on the grave of Laura the olive branch which soon afterwards he offered to the indignant Radicals of the Prussian Chamber as a symbol of his conciliatory feeling. He also met Napoleon, with whom on this and later occasions he lived on the friendliest terms. Bismarck seems to have exercised a kind of fascination over the mind of the emperor, who half incredulously, half admiringly, listened to his vast schemes. The same charm of the Prussian statesman's personality has been experienced by many different people under different conditions. Even Jules Favre submitted to it when, during the siege of Paris, he met the enemy of his country, and M. Thiers supplied the clue to the phenomenon by calling Bismarck, somewhat uncomplimentarily, "*un sauvage plein de génie*," using the word "*sauvage*" in the sense of an impulsive nature untamed by the fetters of conventionality or diplomatic usage. Who has ever heard of Metternich or Talleyrand inspiring personal sympathy or even personal hatred? There is of course a reverse to the medal. The impulsiveness and irritability of Bismarck's nature have not unfrequently led him into personal squabbles unworthy of his position alike as a statesman and an individual. In such moments he drops the extreme and cordial politeness of his ordinary bearing, and one is not astonished at reading that even so bold a man as Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent in the Prussian camp, did not relish the idea of facing Bismarck's wrath at Versailles.

It is true that in moments of excitement Bismarck becomes all but an orator. His ordinary speaking is by no means perfect. There is in his delivery nothing of Mr. Gladstone's wonderful smoothness and readiness of parance. Bismarck's utterance resembles clock-work. He says a certain number of words, stops for a second regardless of comma or colon, and takes up the sentence again where he left

it. But under the influence of personal feeling the stream of his words flows more rapidly. His huge form seems to tremble under the storms of passion, and the impression is powerful, although not always pleasant. His personal sallies and the way he utters them somewhat remind one of Mr. Lowe.

It remains to refer briefly to the numerous happy and unhappy sayings which, with Bismarck's signature affixed, have become truly "winged words." Some of these, like the combinations of "blood and iron," and the no less celebrated phrase of "Might goes before right," he distinctly repudiates. Others have been erroneously fathered upon him. The unpleasant *bon-mot* about "letting the Parisians simmer in their own gravy" is by no means an invention of Bismarck's, but simply a very common German proverb somewhat brutally applied to the unfortunate city. The story of Bismarck having replied to the anxious query of Count Karolyi, if he intended to break the treaty of Gastein, "No; but if I had that intention should I answer you otherwise?" is, if not true, at least well invented. The cynicism of truth is decidedly one of the characteristic features of Bismarck's diplomatic action. The description of Napoleon as the "embodiment of misunderstood incapacity," at a time when the world looked up to the Tuileries as the modern Delphi, shows psychological foresight. But the best, because the simplest, of Bismarck's "happy thoughts" is perhaps his observation with regard to Nicholsburg, the splendid castle of Count Mensdorf, where the preliminary treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia was signed. "My old mansion of Schönhausen," he said, "is certainly very insignificant compared with this magnificent building. A good thing, therefore, that we are at Count Mensdorf's, and not he at my house."

It has been my wish in this brief paper to indicate rather than to prove a literary vein in the great statesman's intellect. The reader whose interest in the matter is roused is referred to the original sources. It may be said that in the best case a parcel of clever letters is a slender foundation for a position in literature. But does quantity alone decide the question? Walpole's idea of cataloguing royal and noble authors as such is not quite so snobbish as appears at first sight. An author whom his position seems to exclude from ordinary literary competition is always a phenomenon of some interest. His desire for literary fame must at least be genuine.

As regards Bismarck, he will, with his few spontaneous effusions, perhaps stand a better chance with posterity than other statesmen whose literary productions fill a moderate-sized bookcase.

From Good Words.

SELF-HELP IN SCIENCE.

THERE was great excitement in the straggling Fifeshire village of Kettle one day in the spring of 1816. The inhabitants were all active, searching here, searching there, and going out in bands in this and that direction. A toddling child had gone astray, and could not be found, had perhaps been carried off by the gypsies, as Adam Smith had been; and the concern and grief of one couple was made common to all, as is the wont of villages, in spite of gossip and petty strifes, at less exciting times. But no child rewarded the eager searchers, though they had even met with blows at the suspected gypsy's encampment. When hope had almost been abandoned, and it seemed hardly possible to do more, in rushed the pig-wife to the father's house, crying, as she threw the child, safe and sound, into the mother's arms, "There, woman, there's your bairn! but for God's sake keep him awa' frae yon place or he may fare waur next time." The infant, who had already shown a keen love of animals and great courage and determination in handling them, had several times been found eagerly looking through the bars at a young litter. He had in some way got to gratify curiosity by nearer scrutiny, and had been for a whole night beside them. The adventure, odd and even ludicrous as are its circumstances, may be said to typify the life of the hero, as finding nothing in nature that is common or unclean, or unworthy of kindly interest, pursuing his studies in face of all obstacles and warnings "to keep awa' frae yon place," and doucely seeking to make a home with nature in her less accessible corners without thought of object beyond the delights of new knowledge.

Thomas Edward, with whom Mr. Smiles has done well to make the world fully acquainted in his latest work,* will take high rank among self-helpers. We

* "Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society." By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Lives of the Engineers," "Self-Help," etc. Portrait and Illustrations by George Reid, A.R.S.A. John Murray.

can scarcely imagine what he might have done had he been blessed with more sympathy in his chosen pursuit while young, and expressly educated for it. Nevertheless, though illiterate, lonely, and poor, he has accomplished a great work, and his life is perhaps as deserving of study on account of the faithfulness, patience, and self-denial that have characterized it, as for the direct contributions he has made to science, and these are by no means small. The son of a weaver who had become a militiaman in the days when the thought of Napoleon was a nightmare on men's minds, Thomas Edward was born in 1814, at Gosport, where his father was stationed. After the disembodiment of the militia, the Edwards returned to Kettle, the mother's native place; but work being hard to find there, they resolved after a short time to go to Aberdeen. Here, being close to the Inches (which some sixty years ago were green and beautiful), the child found an inexhaustible field for observation. Each new creature he made acquaintance with he yearned to catch and to make a pet of. Before he was four years of age, his mother had been involved in difficulties with the neighbors through his "vermin." He brought home beetles, tadpoles, frogs, stickle-backs, crabs, rats, newts, hedgehogs, horseleeches, and birds of many kinds.

The fishes and birds [Mr. Smiles says] were easily kept; but as there was no secure place for the puddocks, horse-leeches, rats, and such like — they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbors complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs, and stuck to them, fetching blood; the puddocks and asks roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them. The boy was expostulated with. His mother threw out all his horse-leeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests; and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use. The next time that he went out to play, he brought home as many "beasts" as before. He was then threatened with corporal punishment. But that very night he brought home a nest of young rats. He was then flogged. But it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him, as to be entirely beyond the power of outward appliances.

If Tom were sent a message it was odds but some bird or fine butterfly or other insect caught his eye and he was off in

chase, forgetful of his charges. When set down to rock the cradle as his mother was filling her husband's pirns (reels) or otherwise engaged, he escaped, as if at the prompting of some irrepressible instinct. His father threatened to confine him to the house, and tried it, with no avail — for the sun shone out of doors and all creatures were abroad, as if whispering to Tom to come and join them; then he was actually tied, but he loosed his bands by dragging the heavy table close to the grate, and thus setting fire to them, and almost to the house itself, in the process. His clothes were next taken from him and carried by his father to his workshop; but Tom tied an old petticoat round him, and was off to the woods — the strangest spectacle! When he came home his father threatened to chain him. "But," replied Tom, "ye hinna a cooch" * — for he had no notion of anything being chained but dogs. "Never mind," said his father, "I'll chain you."

But there was no need for that next day, nor the next. Tom's exposure in the petticoat had brought on a fever, which kept him down for three months, and the first thing he spoke of was his beasts. "Mother, where are my crabs and bandies that I brought home last night?" "Crabs and bandies," said she; "you're surely gaun gyte [become insane]; it's three months sin ye war oot." This passed the boy's comprehension. His next question was, "Has my father gotten the chains yet?" "Na, laddie, nor winna; but ye mauna gang back to your auld places for beasts again." "But where's a' my things, mother?" "They're awa. The twa bottoms of broken bottles we found in the entry the day you fell ill were both thrown out." "And the shrew mouse you had in the boxie?" "Calton [the cat] took it." This set the boy crying, and in that state he fell asleep, and did not waken till late next morning, when he felt considerably better. He still continued, however, to make inquiries after his beasts.

His father after this was inclined to take a less severe view of his erratic ways, and would sometimes go for short walks, when the boy would assail him with questions that he could not answer about the rocks, and how they came there, and many other matters. Tom now formed parties of boys, with which he wandered in the woods or by the seashore; but he always found it possible to escape from them when anything special attracted his

* A dog-kennel.

attention, and he desired to follow it. One of the most notable of these early escapades was his taking off his shirt to wrap in it a paper bees' byke (nest), which was new to him, and which he thus conveyed home; but on its being observed that he was shirtless, he came very near to getting beaten, and had his wasps' nest destroyed before his eyes.

He was next sent to a dame's school; but his habit of taking tame rats, mice, and other creatures there in his pockets became intolerable to the mistress. A crises came through a tame "kae," or jackdaw, which his mother one day sent him out with, under orders not to bring it back to the house again. He could not find it in his heart to part with the "kae," and carried it to school, hid in his trousers. But the "kae," failing to accommodate itself to his altered position when he knelt down at prayer, disturbed the school by its sudden *cre-waw! cre-waw!* set the children all laughing, and caused him to be expelled in spite of the friendship that existed between the teacher and his mother. It was the same at two other schools of more importance. Against all his good resolutions, the temptation not to lose the chance of getting a rare bird or beast always proved too much for him. Before he was six years old he was declared utterly incorrigible and hopeless, and his parents soon after were glad to get work for him in a tobacco-factory, at which he could earn two shillings a week. They thought that he was falling into idle ways in his rovings and gatherings of "vermin." Here he met with some encouragement from his master, as he was fond of birds. But before he was eight the consideration of larger wages, and the prospect of extending his field of observation, caused him to seek work at a mill about a couple of miles from Aberdeen. Though he had to rise at four in the morning, so as to be at the mill by five, and was seldom home till nine in the evening, and with but short meal-hours, he was happy and contented at Grandholm Mill. The wages were from three to four shillings a week, rising to five or six. Edward says:—

People may say of factories what they please, but I liked this factory. It was a happy time for me whilst I remained there. It was situated in the centre of a beautiful valley, almost embowered amongst tall and luxuriant hedges of hawthorn, with watercourses and shadowy trees between, and large woods and plantations beyond. It teemed with nature and natural objects. The woods were easy of

access during our meal-hours. What lots of nests! What insects, wild-flowers, and plants, the like of which I had never seen before! Prominent amongst the birds was the sedge-warbler,* which lay concealed in the reedy copses, or by the margin of the mill-lades. Oh, how I wondered at the little thing; how it contrived to imitate all the other birds I had ever heard, and none to greater perfection than the chirrup of my old and special favorite the swallow.

When he first saw a kingfisher the sight was like a revelation—an introduction to a world of poetry. But, as in poetry, illusion and reality lie near each other, so his simple account of his chase after it actually reads like a parable of life and its dreams.

But this delightful life could not last. When he was barely eleven his father apprenticed him to a man named Begg, a drunken shoemaker, who had a particular dislike to his natural-history pursuits, and beat him so mercilessly in his mad fits that the boy at last refused to go back, and ran off, making his way on foot to his mother's relatives at Kettle, who, however, so little relished the new accession, that he had to return home again, as he had come, somewhat humbled.

He now agreed to finish his apprenticeship with a man in Shoe Lane. In addition to his pupil-money, his employer received a percentage of his earnings. Here Edward was in a measure his own master, and pursued his studies, managing to begin a botanical garden, which he stocked with rare wild-flowers. He saw birds and animals stuffed in the gunsmiths' windows, and tried his hand on a mole, of which he was not a little proud. Having finished his apprenticeship, he got steady work for a time at set wages, and would have gone on with some degree of content, although he never liked his trade, had not a slack period come. He was thrown out of work, and his funds ran down. He tried to stow himself away in a ship for America, but, as the vessel was rigorously searched before sailing, he had to come forth.

His next step was to enlist in the Aberdeenshire militia, but we can infer that the military drill was not much to his taste. He nearly incurred severe penalties for breaking the ranks when a rare butterfly flitted past during parade. He was only saved by the earnest appeal of a lady friend of the officer in command. He

* Called also the English mocking-bird and Scottish nightingale.

disliked his trade so much that he tried several things (he was a church beadle for a short period), but in his twentieth year he could not see any prospect of a better opening in Aberdeen, and removed to Banff, where he had found work. His landlady was greatly puzzled by him, as well as his shopmates, who were often brought into rather close neighborhood to his favorites; her excessive carefulness compelling him to make his stool serve for a repository. She said, "She didna ken fat [what] kind o' chiel he was. A' body tried to keep awa' frae vermin but himsel'."

He married when only twenty-three years of age a sensible Banff woman who so far understood him, and helped him, and did not banish his "vermin;" and though she had good cause to appreciate his sobriety, for, in spite of advice, he never took whiskey with him in his rambles, she could not but have agreed so far with his drunken fellow-workmen, when they spoke of him as "a queer wanderin' kind o' creature." He now began seriously to collect, since he had room to keep. "It was indispensably necessary for him to husband carefully both his time and his money, so as to make the most of the one and the best of the other. And in order the better to accomplish this, he resolved never to spend a moment idly nor a penny uselessly;" a resolution from which he never departed. His wages were only 9s. 6d. a week, so that he could not abridge his working-hours.

He had bought an old gun for four-and-sixpence; but it was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel to the stock with a piece of thick twine. He carried his powder in a horn, and measured out the charges with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. His shot was contained in a brown paper bag. A few insect-bottles of middling size, some boxes for containing moths and butterflies, and a botanical book for putting his plants in, constituted his equipment.

He did not cease work till nine at night, and commenced it at six in the morning. The moment he was free he set out on his rounds, with his supper in his hands or in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink.

So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths or beetles, or plants or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept till the light returned. Then he got up and again

began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labor. It was no unusual circumstance for him — when he had wandered too far, and came upon some more than usually attractive spot — to strip himself of his gear, gun and all, which he would hide in some hole; and thus lightened of everything, except his specimens, take to his heels and run at the top of his speed, in order to be at his work at the proper time. . . . His neighbor used to say of him, "It's a stormy night that keeps that man Edward in the house."

Sometimes he was caught in severe rain-storms on lonely moors, and before he could find shelter his insufficient pill-boxes had given way with the wet, and he presented the aspect of a vagrant so overrun with vermin that the good people into whose houses he went ran away from him in fright. Often all the bed he could get was to drop feet-foremost into a hole in a bank. "Think of having a polecat or a weasel sniff-sniffing at your face while asleep! Or two or three big rats tug-tugging at your pockets, and attempting to steal away your larder! These visitors, however, did not always prove an annoyance. On the contrary, they sometimes proved a windfall; for when they came within reach, they were suddenly seized, examined, and, if found necessary, killed, stuffed, and added to the collection." Many were the adventures he thus had with creatures of the night — polecats, otters, and rats. With owls and other night-birds he was abundantly familiar, and from night observations he was able even to note some new facts about so well-known an animal as the rabbit.

He divided the district into three circuits — six miles along the coast one way, and about five the other, and a radius of some five miles inland; and, though he could only visit one circuit on one night, each of them was visited twice a week, and his nets and other repositories he had set down for securing prey were carefully searched. But he was considerate, and tried to save the creatures all needless pain, using chloroform, which he always carried with him. It is worth noting, too, that, scant of time as he was, he faithfully kept the Sabbath, which was no doubt in favor of health, not to speak of higher things.

When he was by stress of weather hindered from going abroad, he devoted his time to making cases for his specimens, many hundreds of which he finished at one time or other in his life. But these did not always protect him from pillage.

After having, with great labor, placed his collection (numbering nearly a thousand) of insects in these cases, and stowed them away in the garret, what must have been his feelings when, on going to take them out again, he found that they had all been gnawed away by rats or mice? His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. "Weal," said he, "it's an awfu' disappointment; but, I think, the best thing will be to set to work and fill them up again." And he did; so that in 1845 he was able to give an exhibition in Banff, with such favorable results that he listened to the advice of friends to transport the collection to Aberdeen, and exhibit it there. With much anxiety a shop was rented for the purpose. At much expense and labor the collection was transported to the "granite city." But, though the exhibition was visited by a few scientific persons who could not credit that he had himself made the collection, the crowd did not rush to it, though in view of them he had reduced the price of admission to one penny. Dr. Macgillivray, the well-known naturalist, was delighted, but told Edward that the people of Aberdeen were not yet prepared for such an exhibition, especially that it was the work of so poor a man, and said he had come a century too soon. Another of the visitors was that very lady who, in the days of militia drill, had by her appeals saved him from punishment for breaking the ranks in pursuit of the butterfly. She asked him to her house to meet some scientific people, but his shyness and the distressing circumstances in which he was placed made him decline to go. Debt was above all things hateful to him. With all drawbacks, he had hitherto kept clear of it. But ruin now stared him in the face. He was deep in debt; and a stranger in a strange place. No wonder that he was depressed in spirit. He actually yielded to a melancholy suggestion, and was very near to committing a tragically rash act. His ruling passion saved him; but the incident is so touching that we must give it:—

He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat before rushing into the sea; when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sand near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills, as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habits to the others. Desirous of knowing something more of the nature of this bird, he ap-

proached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away. He followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Donmouth. When he recovered his consciousness, he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the further side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense love of nature.

Calmer and brighter thoughts now came back, and with them new energy. He advertised his collection for sale, and sold it, paid his debts, and returned to Banff, to begin anew his work of shoemaking and collecting. Very much the same life was carried on as before, and by the year 1850 he had made another collection, in some respects surpassing the first one. But, owing to an unfortunate fall over a steep cliff, the effect of which confined him to bed for a month, he was compelled to sell the greater part of it. Luckily about this time, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. James Smith, of Monquhitter, who lent him books, and otherwise aided him. Under this genial encouragement, he pursued his researches, till, in 1858, he had formed a third collection, more valuable than either of his former ones. For many years, through lack of books, he had been under the necessity of sending his specimens to others at a distance to be named; and it had so often happened that such specimens were never returned to him, that he had learned never to part with his discoveries unless he had duplicates of what he sent away. But now he had done much to improve his education, and, though he was indefatigable in following out his old system, he devoted a part of his time to recording his observations. These were at first inserted in the *Banffshire Journal*, and afterwards, at Mr. Smith's suggestion, in the *Zoologist*, and attracted considerable attention.

It was fortunate for him that he had been able to form this third collection; for it was the only provision he had against misfortune. He had educated his family well; and how could he save anything? In 1858, misfortune came; he was taken seriously ill. He had before this time had frequent twinges of rheumatism, and had not materially altered his ways; but now the doctor shook his head, and gravely warned him. He was told that, although his constitution was originally sound and healthy, it had, by constant exertion and exposure to wet and cold, become impaired to a much greater degree than had at first been supposed. He was also distinctly warned that if he didn't at once desist

from his nightly wanderings, his life would not be worth a farthing. "Here," adds Mr. Smiles, "it appeared, was to be the end of his labors in natural history."

To get wherewithal to pay the doctor and the bills that had accumulated during his illness, his only hope lay in the sale of his third collection. Accordingly it went, as the others had done. "Upwards of forty cases of birds were sold, together with three hundred specimens of mosses and marine plants, with other objects not contained in cases. When these were sold Edward lost all hopes of ever being able to replenish his shattered collection." But a measure of strength returned, and not only did he, to some extent, replenish his stock, but he won honors in a new field. He had been introduced to Mr. Spence Bate, who, in conjunction with Mr. Westwood, was engaged in writing the account of the "Sessile-eyed Crustacæ," and to the Rev. Mr. Merle Norman, a well-known zoologist. In order to aid them, he was led to devote himself more particularly to marine zoology. He had no trawling or other gear, but he set traps in the pools at the seaside; he went along the shore and picked up the wreck from the wave; he sent his daughters for miles along the coast to get the waste from the fishermen's nets and lines, which, after much importuning, they had promised to keep for him. As the record of many falls and bruises conclusively tells that no cliff or scaur was left unscaled when he was in chase of a much-wanted specimen, so now no pool, however deep, could stop his way when he wanted a rare crab, or fish, or fish-parasite. The value of the contributions which he was able to make to science in this particular department are fully recognized in the valued works of Messrs. Bate and Westwood and Mr. Norman. In recognition of his services to science, a few years ago, he received the honor of an associateship of the Linnean Society, and was made a member of one or two other scientific societies in Scotland. Various efforts were at one time or other made to get some unimportant scientific post for him: he tried photography; applied even for a berth as a police-officer, or tide-waiter. None of these things were successful. The only tangible recognition of his scientific merits is the curatorship of the Banff Museum with a salary of £4 per annum. In face of the ignorant perversities of others, he has done good service in preserving some of its most valuable antiquities — of which the "Auld Been,"

which has a history, is not the least prominent.

Mr. Smiles does not need to apologize for writing the life of such a man because he still lives. His own shyness and modesty have prevented him from gaining the recognition and reward which he might have secured, and surely no liberal-minded man will grudge him the benefit of being "put into a book." He well deserves the exceptional honor. We sincerely trust that the Banff folk will pleasantly disappoint his over-modest expectations, and buy many copies; and that in later editions it will hardly be correct to end the volume with the words that conclude the present edition: —

"HERE I AM STILL on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family; with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator."

H. A. PAGE.

From Nature.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT MYCENÆ.

OF all the archæological discoveries which this nineteenth century has witnessed, that which Dr. Schliemann has just reported from Mycenæ will certainly be regarded as among the most important. Indeed, as throwing a light on those early days of Greece, the glories of which are reflected in the Homeric poems, it will stand pre-eminent, and cast even the researches made by the same ardent explorer at Hissarlik into the shade. There was in that case always some degree of uncertainty, and even his most sincere admirers and sympathizers could not but feel that among the successively disinterred cities it was doubtful which, if indeed any, was the Troy of the Iliad, and whether "the treasure of Priam" was in reality that of the unburied father of Hector.

At Mycenæ, on the contrary, the claim of the ruins which bear that name to be regarded as the representatives of the ancient city founded by Perseus, the mas-

sive walls of which were built by the Cyclopes, appears to be indisputable. It is true that Strabo relates that not a vestige of the town had survived to his time, but the account of Pausanias fully identifies the spot where modern geographers place Mycenæ as having been in his days the traditional site of the city.

"In returning to Tretus on the way to Argos, the ruins of Mycenæ are," he says, "seen on the left, nor is there anything recorded of greater antiquity in the whole of Argolis. When Inachus was king he called the river which flows by after his name, and consecrated it to Juno. In the ruins of Mycenæ is the fountain called Perseia. There are also the underground buildings of Atreus and his sons, in which were kept their treasures. There is, too, the tomb of Atreus and of all those whom Ægistheus slew at the banquet after their return with Agamemnon from Troy. As to the tomb of Cassandra, it is disputed by the Lacedæmonians who live about Amychi. But there is the tomb of Atreus himself and of the charioteer Eurymedon, and that in which Teledamus and Pelops lie together (who were the twin sons of Cassandra, and were slaughtered as infants by Ægistheus at their parents' tomb), and the grave of Electra. But Clytemnestra and Ægistheus were buried a little without the walls as they were not thought worthy to be interred within, where Agamemnon himself, and those who were slain with him, lie."

Such was the legend seventeen hundred years ago, and making all allowance for the reconstruction of history or legend to which local guides are so prone, there is enough to show that a strong tradition remained upon the spot of an early race of kings whose deeds were famous in the then remote days when the Iliad was composed.

Even now the gate with the lions still stands in the Cyclopean walls, the subterranean buildings and various sepulchres still exist, and the tradition of the treasures of Atreus and his sons appears not to have been without a good foundation. Who were the occupants of the tombs now rifled by Dr. Schliemann must of course be conjectured, but he seems to have brought to light more than one of the kings of the golden city, more than one *βασιλῆα πολυχρυσοῖο Μυκῆνης*.

Until we receive photographs of the various objects discovered in the tombs it is idle to speculate upon their forms, which are of course but vaguely described in a hurried account such as that furnished to

the *Times* by Dr. Schliemann. Though many of them appear to be novel in character and the general contents of the graves rich beyond all comparison, yet the results of the excavations do not as yet appear to be at all out of harmony with what might have been predicated of the contents of a royal tomb belonging to what prehistoric archæologists would term the close of the bronze period of Greece — a country where notoriously much allowance must be made for Egyptian influences. The bronze knife, the curious bronze dagger, the bronze swords and lances, the former having scabbards ornamented with gold, the gold-covered buttons, which from the description would seem to be not unlike those found by Sir R. Colt Home in some of our Wiltshire barrows, the long flakes or knives of obsidian, the style of ornamentation of the gold with impressed circles and spiral lines, are all in keeping with such a period. But though in general harmony with what might have been expected, there are, as already observed, also important and special features of novelty in the discovery.

The unprecedented abundance of the gold ornaments, the masks, the great diadems — which possibly may throw some light on the Scandinavian bronze ornaments which go by that name, and also on the Irish gold "minds" and the golden crosses in the form of laurel leaves — the silver sceptres with the crystal balls, the engraved gems, the vases, the great gold pin with the female figure crowned with flowers — possibly the Juno Antheia worshipped in the city of Argos — in fact the whole find will attract the attention of both classical and prehistoric antiquaries.

The pottery discovered appears also to be of peculiar fabric and material, and will no doubt contribute much to our knowledge of ancient fictile art. As all the originals will go to enrich the already important Museum of National Antiquities at Athens, it will be mainly from photographs and drawings that these wonderful objects will be known in this country. Let us in passing express a hope that the photographic and artistic representations of the Mycenæ treasure may be more satisfactory than those which constitute Dr. Schliemann's Hissarlik Album.

With regard to the antiquity to be assigned to these interments, it will be well to bear in mind that they lay at a considerable depth below the slabs first discovered by Dr. Schliemann, the ground beneath which he originally regarded as virgin and undisturbed; that above these

slabs lay a great thickness of *débris*, probably accumulated at a time when the city was inhabited, and yet that Mycenæ was destroyed by the Dorians of Argos, about B.C. 468, at a period so early in Greek history that no authenticated coins of the city are known. It seems to have been from the depth at which the interment lay that they escaped the researches of former excavators, including Lord Elgin, upon the site. The reputed tomb of Theseus, which was rifled by Cimon the Athenian the year after the destruction of Mycenæ, must have lain nearer the surface, but the bronze spear and sword which were found in it, and which were brought with the bones in triumph from Scyros to Athens, point to its having belonged to much the same period. The spear of Achilles in the temple of Minerva at Phaselis, and the sword of Memnon in the temple of Æsculapius at Miomedia, were also of bronze, of which metal, as Pausanias observes, all the weapons of the heroic age were made. Had Augustus but known of the buried treasures of Mycenæ when he was collecting the *arena heroum* for his museum at Caprea, the researches of Dr. Schliemann might have been in vain.

As it is, he is to be congratulated not only on the extent and importance of his discoveries, but also on his investigation having brought to light those horned Juno idols which he anticipated finding. His theory of some of the owl-like figures from Hissarlik bearing reference to the name of γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη has met with more ridicule than it deserved, and if the discovery of those horned figures of βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη should be substantiated, Dr. Schliemann will be fairly entitled to claim the victory over his adversaries. Under any circumstances both he and his no less enterprising helpmeet deserve the most cordial thanks of all scholars and antiquaries.

J. E.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
EARLDOMS.

LORD REDESDALE'S promotion may suggest some reflections on the composition of the order in the peerage to which he will henceforth belong. Though an earldom is the most ancient of English titles of nobility, the senior existing earldom of England not merged in a higher title dates only from the reign of Henry VI.; and Lord Shrewsbury has a precedence of forty-three years over Lord Derby, the

second earl on the roll of peers, whose ancestor was raised to the rank which his descendant now enjoys by Henry VII. The third earldom, Huntingdon, was created by Henry VIII.; the fourth, Pembroke, by the government of Edward VI.; the fifth, Devon, by Queen Mary; the next three — Suffolk, Denbigh, and Westmoreland — by James I.; the next four — Lindsey, Stamford, Winchelsea, and Chesterfield — by Charles I.; the next seven — Sandwich, Essex, Carlisle, Doncaster (the title by which the Duke of Buccleuch sits in the House), Shaftesbury, Berkeley, and Abingdon — by Charles II.; the next four — Scarborough, Albemarle, Coventry, and Jersey — by William III.; while the last surviving earldom in the peerage of England, not merged in a higher title, is that of Poulett, which dates from the reign of Queen Anne. The remaining earls in the House of Lords are, of course, either "of Great Britain" or "of the United Kingdom," or representative peers for Scotland or Ireland. Several dukes and marquises, however, hold earldoms of early creation. Thus, the Duke of Norfolk is Earl of Arundel, and premier earl, the Duke of Beaufort is Earl of Worcester (1514), and the Duke of Rutland is descended from Thomas Manners, thirteenth Lord De Ros, created Earl of Rutland in 1525. This peer, by the way, made a pun in dog Latin about his creation, observing to Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor, "*Honores mutant Mores.*" "Nay, by your leave, my lord," replied More, "the pun is better in English — 'Honors change manners.'"

The English earldoms now in existence, and dating back from the fifteenth century, appear to be but three in number, while those dating from the sixteenth century may be counted on one's fingers. Indeed, though the aristocracy of birth in this country is both ancient and illustrious, the titles borne by its members are nearly all of modern origin. The oldest barony, that of De Ros, dates from 1264, the 49th of Henry III., though the Irish barony of Kinsale was created by Henry II. in 1181. But hardly a score of baronies can boast an older origin than the reign of James I., the first of our princes who seems to have bestowed honors with a prodigal, not to say a reckless hand. Yet long before his time "the commonalty murmured that there were never so many gentlemen or so little gentleness." Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that, in spite of pretty numerous creations in late years, the peerage at the present day probably bears a

smaller proportion to the number of the queen's subjects than in any former reign.

In William III.'s time the House of Lords counted little less than two hundred peers to a population of some five millions. It now counts about five hundred lords temporal to a population for England alone of about twenty-four million.

The earls are less than a third of the Upper House; and rarely indeed is the title attained by any one who has begun life as a commoner. Since the Revolution, however, three prime ministers have crowned their careers by the acceptance of earldoms. History, nevertheless, has obstinately refused to change Walpole's name into Orford, though the elder Pitt is frequently known as Chatham. Earldoms won by lawyers during the same period have been more numerous, as the titles borne by Lord Aylesford, Cowper, Macclesfield, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Eldon, and Cottenham bear witness. Lord Aylesford was himself the son of a chancellor and an earl (of Nottingham). Mansfield was a son of the Scottish Viscount Stormont. The rise of the first Earl of Hardwicke is perhaps the most extraordinary in our legal annals. Philip Yorke, the son of "a solicitor of respectability at Dover," was called to the bar in 1715 at the age of twenty-four, and in 1720 was made solicitor-general. Four years later he became attorney-general, and in 1733, before he had completed the forty-third year of his age, lord chief justice of England and a peer of the realm as Lord Hardwicke. A little more than three years placed him on the woolsack, where he sat comfortably for some nineteen years, being further raised during his tenure of office to an earldom. It must be remembered, too, that the office of chancellor meant a good deal more in those days than at present; both the power and patronage enjoyed by the keeper of the great seal were greater, while the authority of the first lord of the treasury was not so great.

Most of the counties in the two islands give titles to earls, marquises, or dukes, but there are a few still left for aspirants to these honors. Monmouth and Dorset are at present unoccupied; though if the Duke of Buccleuch should ever succeed in getting the attainder of his famous ancestor completely reversed he would become Duke of Monmouth in the peerage of England as the lineal descendant of Charles II.'s son by Mrs. Lucy Walters. Earl of Monmouth was the title borne by

Charles Lord Mordaunt, who was so created by William III. for his share in the Revolution, and who is better known by the title of Earl of Peterborough, in which he succeeded his uncle. Another county is awaiting a peer who shall have the courage to accept the style and designation of Earl of Flintshire. Oxford, again, is not likely now to be claimed by any descendant of the De Veres or even Harleys. York and Gloucester are held to be more or less titles for members of the royal family; though it should be added that every earl is conventionally of kin with the sovereign, and is officially addressed by her Majesty as "our right trusty and well-beloved cousin."

From Chambers' Journal.

CAPRICES OF THE NILE.

THE Nile, as is well known, annually overflows its banks, and deluges a considerable part of Lower Egypt, such overflowings giving periodical fertility to the soil. These floodings, however, are by no means uniform in character. Sometimes the floodings are large, sometimes disappointingly small. Nor do they always take place at the same period in the year. Occasionally they are late and tardy in their rising and falling. When the river rises well, it is called "a good Nile;" when insufficient in volume, it is called "a bad Nile;" just as we speak of a good and a bad season.

These caprices in the rise of the Nile have appeared to be so mysterious that certain astronomers are inclined to trace some connection between them and the absence or return of solar spots. But on this theory there are differences of opinion. While one astronomer thinks that spots in the sun lead to a heavy rainfall, others just think the reverse. Obviously, the sun-spot theory is somewhat visionary. The rise of the Nile depends on meteorological conditions near the sources of the river in central Africa, of which we possess but imperfect information. A correspondent of the *Times* (October 31), who, writing from Alexandria, gives a variety of curious particulars regarding the Nile, comes to the conclusion that the solar-spot theory is untenable. He says, that "so far as can be seen in Egypt, there does not appear to be any periodicity of high Niles agreeing absolutely with the acknowledged periodicity

of sun-spots, and the cause or causes of *maximum* rainfalls must be sought for nearer home."

A bad Nile followed by the heat and desiccation of an early summer, such as occurred in 1869, is productive of that terrible result, a want of fresh water, either for domestic purposes, or for the lower animals. But that is not all. In consequence of the dryness of the ground in the region adjoining Alexandria, the salt water of the sea percolates inland and gives a saline quality to the Nile and waterworks for a distance of seven miles. The writer whom we have quoted, speaking of the drought of 1869, says: "At Rosetta the water was unfit for man or beast, the cattle died from it, and vegetation languished; people gave famine prices for a goat's skin of muddy stinking water from such ditches in the country as the sun had not evaporated. There were just the elements for a plague or epidemic. At every low-Nile period, the fresh water in Alexandria is bad, more or less; it was so this year; but after a very low Nile it is very bad, and may be the cause of an epidemic some day."

The Romans, by means of gigantic tanks, of which remains are visible near Alexandria, did much to assuage the evil effects of a low Nile; but in the present day, though Egypt is in various ways advancing in a knowledge of the useful arts, we cannot expect to see anything like a revival of the energy demonstrated in the occupancy by the Romans. The miserably backward condition in almost every country that had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Turks evokes the most painful emotions. The ingenious writer just referred to sees no prospect of the waters of the Nile being conserved by the present rulers of the country. "Had such a river," he says, "and such a delta existed in any state of western Europe or America, the thing would have been done long ago, if

not by the State, by private enterprise. Look at Holland. Look at Lincolnshire, where, by private enterprise, seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of salt marsh and swamps and fens, under exactly the same conditions as those marshes of the delta of Egypt (save wanting the rich Nile-mud to hasten and increase the value of the returns), have been reclaimed, and where an estate which sold for seven thousand pounds before the reclamation works were commenced, sold for fifty-seven thousand pounds after they were completed, and the value of everything was increased by a hundred per cent. The problem of the reclamation of the marshes of the delta of Egypt is precisely identical, so far as the means of doing it are concerned, to that of the English fens; the only difference, in fact, being that in Lincolnshire the object is to keep out the tides when they are up, and open the sluices when they are down, in order to let out any rain-water in case of heavy rains when there is too much of it; here you want a bank and sluices to keep out a sea which has scarcely any tides at all, and the sluices to let out into the sea the Nile-water after it has deposited all its mud into the marsh. To reclaim Lake Mareotis by a sea-bank and sluices about half the size of those used in Lincolnshire, and a small canal to let in the muddy Nile-water, or clean out and extend the present ones, and reclaim its two hundred thousand acres, is a very small and simple matter. The harbor-works at Alexandria will soon be finished, and the plant and staff would be at liberty for the sea-bank and sluices — a rare opportunity of doing it cheaply. With the experience of what has been done in the Lincolnshire fens, and canals in India paying 39·7 per cent., 36·6, and 22·72 per cent. of revenue on capital, no one need hesitate to discuss a thing promising such safe results."

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CUPID SCHOOLED.

I.

WHEN she was as gay as a linnet,
And I was as fresh as a lark,
Never a day but some minute
We met betwixt dawning and dark.

II.

"Katie, and when shall we marry?"
"Marry?" she said, with a sigh,—
"That's cake and ribbons on Monday,
And sorrow ere Saturday's by.

III.

"You are as lean as a lizard,
I am as poor as a mouse;
Nothing per annum, paid quarterly,
Hardly finds rent for a house.

IV.

"'Love and a crust in a cottage,'
Capital! just for a pair:
What if the hut should grow populous?
How would the populace fare?

V.

"Oh, ay! the uncle you reckon on,—
Gouty, and rich, and unwed,—
Dick! they wait ill, says the adage, who
Wait for the shoes of the dead.

VI.

"Ah! if I loved you, I'd risk it!
That's what you're thinking, I guess:—
Why, I would risk it to-morrow,
Dick, if I cared for you less!

VII.

"Love's apt to fly out at window
When Poverty looks in at door:
Rather I'd die than help banish him,
Dick, just by keeping you poor.

VIII.

"Kiss me! you'll look in on Sunday?
Won't my new bonnet be brave?
June at its longest and leafiest—
My! what a ramble we'll have!

IX.

"Bye-bye! There's grandmother waiting
Patient at home for her tea:
Dick, if you wouldn't wed both of us,
You must be patient for me!"

X.

Showers, if they ruffle its foliage,
Freshen the green of the grove:
True lovers' tiffs, said old Terence, are
Only fresh fuel to love.

XI.

If I flung off in a passion—
If she crept in for a cry—
Sunday came smiling and settled it,
Katie was wiser than I.

XII.

Love's but a baby that, passionate,
Cries to be mated, at birth:
Time isn't lost if it teaches you
What a good woman is worth.

XIII.

What if the waiting was wearisome?
What if the work-days were drear?
Time, the old thief, couldn't rob us of
Fifty-two Sundays a year.

Blackwood's Magazine.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From thine own hand;
The strength to bare it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That thou art watching closely
My truest need;
That thou, my Good Physician,
Art working still;
That all thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
What thou dost choose,
The soul that really loves thee
Will not refuse.
It is not for the *first* time
I trust to-day!
For thee my heart hath never
A trustless "Nay!"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness,
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As thine own gift,
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,—
Thou art so near!

'Tis thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

From The London Quarterly Review.
ARCTIC HEROES, FROM EIREK, OF SCANDINAVIA, TO CAPTAIN NARES.

WE have to speak of a heroism peculiarly honorable and peculiarly British. We do not mean, ungenerously as well as wrongfully, to infer that men of other nations have not engaged in the same long-suffering perilous enterprise we are about to narrate, and with equal heroism in many instances; but that some of the most prominent, most persevering, and most successful of those gallant navigators and explorers have been natives of Great Britain. Battles, sieges, deadly contests of man to man, by land and by sea, are largely and gloriously recorded in our histories, — but a patient and prolonged contest with one of the great elements of physical nature, and at unusual disadvantages, develops a totally different kind of human energy, self-reliance, and resolution. It is not the active valor of a few minutes, of an hour, of a day, or even of a month, that is now in question, but the unswerving will and passive fortitude of body and mind, which are among the rarest and grandest characteristics of any race of men.

In brief story, from earliest date, even before the discovery of the mariner's compass, we have to tell of the almost unaccountable attraction with which the frozen regions of the north pole have possessed the imaginations of sailors. In few words we must narrate of ships locked up in the ice, sometimes of unknown seas, months after months surrounded by darkness, ice, and snows, and remaining in these regions for years; enduring not only the intense cold, but a monotony of scenery around and above, varied only by strange atmospheric phenomena; also the long period of unearthly silence, except in the intervals of bleak winds, the cracking of huge masses of ice, the stealthy creeping or the downward crash of glaciers, the distant growl of bears, or hollow scream of birds; add to these the failure of fuel, the failure of provisions, the failure of game, or the failure of ammunition for shooting — the failure of all things, even of the last hope; but the failure of human fortitude, and the sense of duty and honor, never. In the

imaginary contemplation of these scenes, and the desires and hopes — now quite vague, now clearly defined — which they bred, we read of the anxious thoughts of our King Alfred, of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.; of Edward VI. and Edward VII.; of Francis I. of France; of the Danes, the Italians, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Spaniards; of Peter the Great, and subsequently of the empress Catherine of Russia; and in the reign of our George III., we read, not only of the mental impulse towards the frozen north, but of the personal efforts of the greatest of England's early navigators — need we say Captain Cook? — and of a "middy" and "cox'n," being then a lad, who was destined in after years to become the greatest of naval commanders, — need we say? Horatio Nelson? These men, and all similar men, faced death in any form the great ocean might present to them, feeling — to use the noble words which Sir William Gilbert addressed to his crew in a storm off Newfoundland — that they were "as near to Heaven by sea as by land!"

That the Scandinavians were the first navigators who penetrated into the polar regions seems pretty clear, and not only their *sagas*, but various records, as well as substantial evidences, prove that they discovered Iceland (which they called *Snowland*) and Grœnland. With regard to the latter, the Norwegian chief Eirek, on seeing the two lofty mountains on the coast, now called Herjolf's Ness, named one of them *Huitserken* (or whiteshirt), and the other *Blaaserken* (or blueshirt), the former being covered with snow, and the latter with ice. And this was as far back as A.D. 982. Eirek then sailed on a voyage of discovery northward during three years. Of the nautical skill, instinct, and daring of the Scandinavian sea-kings, nearly a thousand years ago, we can believe almost anything; but to what extent Eirek and others penetrated into the polar regions will never be known. If any records should ever be discovered, they will not be likely to have any better authenticity than belongs to ancient Icelandic and other poetical legends and ballads.

No adequate space can here be afforded

even for the most concise account of all the authentic and well-recorded Arctic expeditions of modern times. And this will at once become apparent when we state that, dating from the first polar voyages of John Cabot — with his sons Lewis, Sebastian, and Sanchias, — in 1496, down to the voyages of M'Clintock and M'Clure, in our own day, no fewer than one hundred and thirty different expeditions have sailed from various countries, illustrated by two hundred and fifty books, with prints, maps, plans, documents, etc. And of these full one-half may claim the honor of belonging to Great Britain. Some notice of the most prominent men, and most important facts, together with some remarks on the great value of these discoveries, must therefore be all that can be given in the present paper.

In 1380 a Venetian merchant (Nicolo Zeno), and in 1431 another Venetian (Pietro Quirino), undertook voyages of discovery in the northern seas; but both of them having been wrecked off the coasts of Flanders and of Norway, no further mention of their attempts need be made. But in 1496, John Cabot, a third Venetian, also a merchant, residing in Bristol, obtained an audience with the king (Henry VII.), before whom he submitted his charts, plans, and what he bravely and, as it turned out, wisely called his "demonstrations." Inspired by the voyages made by Columbus, the British people, as well as the king, were alive to all such expeditions, and his majesty at once granted John Cabot, and his three sons, a royal patent, authorizing them "to sail under the flag of England, with five ships, of whatever burthen and strength in mariners they might choose to employ." What follows will strike the reader of the present day as both royally cool and amusing, — "to subdue, occupy, and possess all such towns, cities, castles, and isles, as they might discover, as the lieutenants of the king." This primitive method of "colonization" was coupled with the somewhat unreasonable stipulation that the equipment of the whole undertaking should be "at their own proper cost and charges." There were a few other equally stringent regulations, as may be seen in Rymer's

"*Fœdera Angliæ*," and also in Hakluyt's "Collection," III. 25, 26. Owing to the difficulty, in all probability, of raising the requisite funds from private resources, a twelvemonth elapsed before the expedition left England.

John Cabot sailed in the spring of 1497, and it really does appear that he discovered the northern part of America some months before Columbus discovered, as a positive certainty, the southern coast; in other words, that John Cabot was the first who discovered America. The account of the discovery was written in Latin on a map drawn by Sebastian, of which the following is a translation: "In the yeare of our Lord 1497, John Cabot, a Venetian, and his sonne Sebastian (with an English fleet set out from Bristol) discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24th of June, about five of the clocke, early in the morning. That island *which lyeth out before* the land [mainland] he called the Island of St. John, upon this occasion, as I thinke because it was discovered upon the day of St. John the Baptist. The inhabitants of this island wore beasts' skinnes, and have them in as great estimation as we have our finest garment. In their warres they use bowes, arrowes, spears, darts, wooden clubs, and slings. The soil is barren in some places, and yeeldeth little fruit, but it is full of white bears, and stagges far greater than ours. It yieldeth plenty of fish, and those very great, as seales, and those which we commonly call *salmons*; there are *soles* also, above a yard in length [!], but especially there is great abundance of that kind of fish which the *savages* call *baccalaos*. In the same island also, they breed hauks, but they are so black that they are very like to ravens, as also their partridges and eagles, which are in like sort blacke."

For the discovery of this hitherto unknown land, viz., a part of the North American continent, the king ordered a reward to be given to John Cabot on his return, which, even allowing for the difference of value in money, must appear to us anything but munificent. In the expenses of the royal privy purse of Henry VII. the following entry may be found:—

10th August 1497. — To him that found the New Isle, £10.

The author of the "Memoir of Cabot" insists upon it, and in a great measure proves, that John and Sebastian Cabot discovered the American continent "*fourteen months before Columbus beheld it.*" In the records of the Rolls' Chapel, after lying in darkness amidst a heap of all sorts of papers, the author of the "Biographical Memoir of Cabot" raked out the following very interesting, and, to all appearance, confirmatory petition to King Henry VII. for permission to make a second voyage to the same land:—

To the Kinge.

Please it your Highnesse of your most noble and habundaunt grace to grant to John Kabotto, Venecian, your gracious Lettres Patent in due forme to be made according to the tenor hereafter ensuing, and he shall continually praye &c.

H. R.

Rex

To all men to whom theis Presenteis shall come send Greytynge: Knowe ye that We of our Grace especiall, and for dyvers causis us movyng: We Have given and graunten, to our wellbeloved, John Kabotto, Venecian, sufficient auctorite and power, that he may take at his pleasure VI Englishe Shippes &c with their apparail requisite &c and then convey and lede to the Londe and isles of late founde by the seid John in oure name and by oure commandmente, &c.

Whether from the sudden failure of health, or eyesight, or whatever cause which is never likely to be known, John Cabot did not sail with this expedition, but deputed his son Sebastian to take command of it. This great navigator appears to have been born in Bristol, and was then only three-and-twenty years of age. He sailed on this second expedition in the summer of 1498. He seems to have directed his course towards the north pole. He believed, as he said, "that if he shoulde saile by way of the *North West*, he should by a shorter tract come into *India.*" But after great perseverance in the Arctic regions, being unable to find the passage to India, and his provisions failing, he returned to England at the close of the year. The records of this

voyage and his discoveries are few, and those few occasionally at some variance.

We will now take a succinct and cursory view of the more important Arctic expeditions from the time of John and Sebastian Cabot. Among the two or three hundred books that have been published on this subject, we do not think we can do better than select for especial review or reference "A Narrative of Arctic Discovery," by John J. Shillinglaw, F.R.G.S., published some years ago, concerning which Admiral Washington, hydrographer to the navy, spoke highly; and Admiral Sir Robert McClure—the discoverer of the north-west passage—wrote that it was "a valuable book, containing every requisite information on Arctic expeditions up to that time." We will therefore make a running commentary on Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative of Arctic Discovery" down to his details of the measures adopted by her Majesty's government for the relief of Sir John Franklin and his companions. After that we must avail ourselves of other sources of information, from those who so ably carried out the arduous undertaking.

A good many years elapsed after the voyages of John and Sebastian Cabot, and no further attempts were made in the northern regions till Portugal, which was at that time perhaps the greatest maritime power, turned her thoughts towards those frozen shores which have always had a strange attraction for the more daring navigators of the globe. Gaspar Cortereal now proposed an expedition to King Emanuel of Portugal; and having obtained the royal permission, he fitted out "two ships, at his own expense," in the year 1500, and sailed from Lisbon, with the intention of completing, if possible, what had been done and attempted by Sebastian Cabot. He safely reached a part of Labrador, and explored the coast for more than six hundred miles.

"We derive," says Mr. Shillinglaw, "a remarkably clear and minute account of this expedition from a letter, dated 19th October, 1501, written by Pietro Pasquilli, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Portugal, to his brothers in Italy, only eleven days after the return of

Cortereal from his northern voyage, a translation of which is subjoined :—

On the 8th of the present month, one of the two caravels which his most Serene Majesty despatched last year on a voyage of discovery to the north, under the command of Gaspar Cortereal, arrived here, and reports the finding of a country distant hence west and north-west two thousand miles, heretofore quite unknown. They proceeded along the coast *between six and seven hundred miles* without reaching its termination, from which circumstance they conclude it to be of the mainland *connected with another region which last year was discovered in the north*, but which the caravel *could not reach* on account of the ice and the vast quantity of snow; and they are confirmed in this belief by the multitude of great rivers they found, which certainly could not proceed from an island. They say that this country is *very populous*, and the dwellings of the inhabitants are constructed with timber of great length and covered with the skins of fishes. They have brought hither of the inhabitants, seven in all, men, women, and children, and in the other caravel, which is looked for every hour, there are fifty more.

These fifty-seven—men, women, and children—were kidnapped for slaves, as will shortly be stated in direct terms :—

They are of like color, figure, stature, and aspect, and bear the greatest resemblance to the gipsies; are clothed with the skins of different animals, but principally the otter; in summer the hairy side is worn outwards, but in winter the reverse; and these skins are not in any way sewed together or fashioned to the body, but just as they come from the animal are wrapped about the shoulders and arms: the loins are generally enveloped in a covering made of the great sinews of fish. From this description they may appear mere savages, yet they are gentle and have a strong sense of shame, and are better made in the arms, legs, and shoulders, than it is possible to describe. They puncture the face, like the Indians, exhibiting six, eight, or even more marks. The language they speak is not understood by anyone, though every possible tongue has been tried with them. In this country there is no iron, but they make swords of a kind of stone, and point their arrows with the same material. There has been brought thence a piece of a broken sword, which is gilt, and certainly came from Italy. A boy had in his ears two silver plates, which beyond question, from their appearance, were made at Venice, and this induces me to believe that the country is a continent; for had it been an island, and visited by a vessel, we should have heard of it. They have great plenty of salmon, herring, cod, and similar fish; and an abundance of timber, especially the *pine, well adapted for masts and yards*, and hence his Serene Majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of

which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labor, and are the best slaves I have ever seen.*

The two silver plates which came from Venice, and the remains of the sword from Italy, very clearly show that Sebastian Cabot had landed there, and overthrow, even were there no other proofs, the attempt of Portugal to claim the earliest discovery of this northern part of the American continent. With regard to slaves, a project for making them, not so much from the northern as from the southern regions, a direct article of most lucrative commerce, was now projected, and more than countenanced by his "most Serene Majesty." In 1502 Cortereal sailed with two ships on a second voyage to the Arctic regions. He appears to have entered an unknown strait (probably the one subsequently found by Hudson), where he was separated from his other ship, and "never heard of more." It seems probable that he may have been wrecked on the coast, and if not lost among the breakers, he was pretty certain of being effectually stopped from all future slave-dealings by the relatives of those fifty-seven men, women, and children he had previously stolen. Directly the news of his loss reached Portugal, Michael Cortereal sailed to the same region, in search of his brother. But "somehow" the same fate, or one as good, awaited him; as he never returned, or was heard of again.

The king was so grieved at the loss of these brothers, that he sent out two "armed ships" to search for them; but they returned without any tidings. King Emanuel then abandoned his commercial designs upon the northern people as slaves; and the next voyages of discovery were taken up by Spain, into whose service Sebastian Cabot had entered, in 1512.

Cabot projected another voyage, in 1516, to discover the north-west passage. This was unfortunately stopped by the death of King Ferdinand; the courtiers became dangerously jealous of the high honors that had been conferred upon Sebastian Cabot; and he returned to England, where Henry VIII. fitted out a small squadron "to extend the discoveries of Cabot." But the chief command was given to somebody else—one Sir Thomas Pert. This was

* "Memoir," pp. 239-241. This valuable document is preserved (lib. vi. cap. cxxvi.) in the precious volume entitled "*Paesi nuovamente ritrovati et Novo Mondo da Alberico Vesputio Florentino intitolato*," published at Vicenza in 1507, and now a work of the greatest rarity. (The original and French translation are in the library of Harvard College. — Bancroft's "United States," p. 4.)

pretty certain not to end well. It seems that when they had reached the north latitude of $67^{\circ} 30m.$, the courage of Sir Thomas failed him; a mutiny also broke out; and the expedition came at once to a close. Nevertheless, "it amounts almost to a certainty," says Mr. Shillinglaw, "that Cabot in this voyage entered what is at present known as 'Hudson's Bay,' or, at any rate, the strait which bears the same name; and it seems also highly probable that Frobisher and Hudson, in later times, were guided by what was known and published of Cabot's attempts, before they undertook their several voyages." This is not to be regarded in any sense of detracting from the merit of what the latter thoroughly accomplished, nearly every triumph of scientific discovery being built upon previous steps, experiments, and substantiated facts.

Another Italian again led the way into northern seas, and on this occasion it was in the service of the French government, who now for the first time turned its attention in that direction. In 1524 Francis I. fitted out four ships, and gave the command of them to a Florentine, named Giovanni Verazzano. He coasted North America, "embracing the whole of the present United States, and a large portion of British America." Eventually he came upon a cluster of islands, which were probably those now known as the Bay of Penobscot, when his provisions failing, he returned to France. He seems to have landed at Georgia, where he found the natives very friendly, but as he proceeded northward he describes them as fierce and hostile. The loss of the battle of Pavia prevented the king from sending out another expedition. In the same year Spain had sent out vessels to the north, but they returned without any special results, and two or three years after this, England again — in 1527, the nineteenth year of Henry VIII. — sent out "two faire ships wel manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men, set forth oute of the Thames to seek strange regions." How little or how much was accomplished by these vessels with their "cunning men" will never be known, "by reason" — as Hakluyt, III. 120, laments — "of the great negligence of the writers of those times." One of the vessels is said to have been commanded by Verazzano, previously mentioned, about whom there are conflicting accounts: one, that he was "killed, roasted, and eaten" by savages in the sight of his own ship; and the other, that he was seen ashore in 1537, "and therefore," as one of

the narrators gravely and logically remarks, he could not have been roasted and eaten in 1527.

The French, some eight years after the voyage last mentioned, fitted out two ships under the command of Jacques Cartier. They circumnavigated Newfoundland, and, according to Mr. Shillinglaw, were the first Europeans who entered the Bay of St. Lawrence. Cartier returned safely to France; and in 1535, he was again despatched with three ships. He ascended the St. Lawrence as high up as the Indian town of Hochelaga, where he was received most kindly by the natives, and in particular by their old king, Agonhauna. To this town they gave the name of Mont Royale, which afterwards became the great city now known as Montreal. On their departure, we much regret to record, they treacherously carried off the hospitable old king, by whom they had all been so well treated. These were the sort of doings, which in those days — in *all* days — account in the most obvious manner for most of the hostilities of tribes called "savages," who might rather, in such cases, retort the epithet upon their "civilized" visitors.

Notwithstanding these discoveries, the French did not perceive the value of Canada till some years after the visit of Cartier; and the next expedition to northern seas proceeded from England in 1536. The most remarkable feature in this is the fact of its personal adventurers, as well as originators, being private gentlemen and lawyers — to wit "Master Hore, of London, a man of goodly stature, and of great courage, and given to the studie of cosmographie;" and among the company were many "gentlemen of the Inns of Court, and of Chancerie." They set sail with hilarity and hope; but they evidently had not been judicious in choosing navigators, as they were thrown out of their calculation by the unusual length of the voyage to Cape Breton, so that they had come to an end of all their provisions. They were reduced to so dreadful a condition of absolute famine, that some of them even resorted to cannibalism. At this juncture a vessel from France chanced to arrive, "well furnished with vittaile;" when the "gentlemen of the Inns of Court and Chancerie," forgetting all their reading, rushed upon the "vittaile," and seizing enough for their present need, hastened back to France. Heavy complaints were soon afterwards made to Henry VIII., who caused a strict inquiry to be made into all the particulars; when the king,

finding how grievously his subjects had suffered, pardoned them for their "felonies," and paid the injured Frenchmen "oute of his own purse" for the food of which they had been plundered.

The French eventually awoke to the importance of Canada, and the king fitted out two vessels, giving the chief command to the Sieur de Robeval, with a number of prodigious titles, such as "lieutenant-general and viceroy in Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, the Great Bay, etc.," and a subordinate command to the original discoverer, Jacques Cartier. Of course there was an element of discord to begin with. The ships reached Mont Real, but all settlement there was resisted by the Indians. Can we at all wonder at this, after what had been done by Cartier on his first visit — not to speak of the fifty-seven men, women, and children, carried off sometime before by the Portuguese? So there was no more friendly intercourse with the Indians, and the French navigators had even to build a fort for self-protection on a spot where the city of Quebec now stands. After this there occurred, as might have been expected, a jealousy between the leaders, and Cartier returned to France. The Sieur de Robeval, aided by his brother Achille, bravely persevered in an attempt to found a settlement; but they both "disappeared" forever — nobody knew how, except the Indians.

Our Edward VI. now appears on the scene; he takes great interest in the views of the merchants who thought that after so many failures in a north-westerly direction, the efforts of navigators should now be turned towards the chance of effecting a passage to the Indies by the north-east. Again we hear of Sebastian Cabot. He had been in the service of Spain, and made several voyages, in one of which he sailed up the Río de la Plata some three hundred and fifty leagues. He was now in England, and King Edward gave him a high office in the marine department, together with a munificent pension. A new expedition was fitted out, the full instructions for which were drawn up by Cabot in a masterly style; but being too far advanced in years to take the command in person, that post was assigned to Sir Hugh Willoughby, "a most valiant gentleman." A second ship was placed under the direction of Richard Chancellor, "of great estimation for many goode parts of wit in him." The code of instructions drawn up by Cabot was as follows:—

Ordinances, Instructions, and Advertisements of and for the intended voyage for

Cathay, compiled, made, and delivered by the Right Worshipful M. Sebastian Cabota, Esq., Governour of the Myserie and Companie of the Merchants Adventurers for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknownen, the 9th day of May, in the yeere of our Lord God, 1553, and in the 7th yeere of the reigne of our most dread Sovereigne, Lord Edward VI.; by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the Church of England and Ireland, *in earth supreme head*.* [On the 20th May, 1553, the three ships dropped down to Greenwich, on which occasion we have the following spirited sketch.] The greater shippes are towed with boates and oares, and the mariners being all apparelled in watchet or skie-coloured cloth, rowed amaine and made way with diligence. And being come neere to Greenewich (where the Court then lay) presently upon the news thereof, the Courtiers came running out, and the common people flockt together, standing very thicke upon the shoare, the Privie Counsel they lookt out at the windowes of the Court, and the rest ranne up to the toppes of the towers; the shippes hereupon discharge their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the manner of warre and the sea, insomuch that the tops of the hilles sounded therewith, the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang againe with the noyse thereof. One stood in the poope of the ship, and by his gestures bids farewell to his friendes in the best manner hee could. Another walkes upon the hatches, another climbs the shrouds, another stands upon the maine yard, and another in the [main] top of the shippe. To be short, it was a very triumph (after a sort) in all respects to the beholders. But (alas!) the good King Edward (in respect of whom principally all this was prepared) hee, only by reason of his sicknesse, was absent from this shewe, and not long after the departure of these shippes the lamentable and sorrowful accident of his death occurred.

On this occasion, for the first and, we believe, the only time on record with us, there were signs of sad presentiments and foreboding of evil. When the ships sailed, many of those on deck "looked oftentimes backe, and could not refraine from teares, considering into what hazards they were to fall, and what uncertainties of the sea they were to make triall of." Even one of the commanders (Chancellor) was visibly affected,—"His natural and fatherly affection also somewhat troubled him, for he left behinde him two little sonnes, which were in the case of orphanes if he spedde not well." It does not appear that the chief commander, Sir Hugh Willoughby, or Richard Chancellor, though valiant gentlemen, had been bred

* Hakluyt, Vol. I. p. 226.

to the sea, or could in any way be considered as great practical sailors.

They reached the islands which stud the coast of Norway. Willoughby arranged, in the event of the vessels separating, that they should meet at Wardhuys, a seaport of Finmark. On the very same day this arrangement was made, a storm arose which drove them far apart, "never to meet again." Willoughby had tried in vain to obtain a pilot at Senjen. He eventually made Nova Zembla, and endeavored most bravely to proceed in a northerly direction; but being driven back, he endeavored to sail towards Wardhuys, and began "to grope his way along the naked and barren coast of Russian Lapland." At length they reached the mouth of the Arzina, near Kegor. Willoughby had the third ship still with him. Freezing, and probably starving, he sent out parties in boats, or over the ice, in different directions to obtain assistance; but no signs of people, or huts of any kind, could be discovered. Nothing was heard of ships or men in England, or elsewhere, during two years. Eventually some Russian fishermen wandering along the coast found the two frozen ships, with everybody on board frozen into images—to the number of seventy. The last words written in Sir Hugh Willoughby's journal, viz., that they could discover "no people, or any similitude of habitation," were found lying before "the stiff and frozen corpse of the noble commander."

The voyage of Chancellor was attended with great success in many respects, which is fully and carefully described in Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative." After quelling a mutiny, Chancellor held on his course, as Hakluyt tells us, "towards that unknown part of the world, and sailed so farre, that he came at last to the place *where he found no night at all*, but a continuall light and brightnesse of the sunne shining clearly upon the huge and mightie sea." He eventually discovered the White Sea, and next touched at Archangel, "in those days nothing but a castle." He also discovered Moscow, which he reached by a journey in sledges over the snow, a distance of six hundred miles from the coast. Chancellor says that "he took Moscow," at that time, "to be greater than London, with the suburbs," which we should take the liberty of very much doubting, unless "with the suburbs" means not those of London, but the vast straggling heaps of huts around Moscow. Chancellor returned safely to England. In 1555 he was again sent out by rich merchants with

a new expedition. He was on his way homewards, with a cargo valued at £20,000, and accompanied by an ambassador from the emperor Ivan Vasilovitch, when his vessel was wrecked during a storm in Pitsligo Bay. In attempting to reach the shore in a boat, amidst the darkness and the breaking waves, and chiefly through his anxiety for the preservation of the ambassador, the heroic Richard Chancellor was lost, together with "seven Russes, and divers mariners of his ship;" but the ambassador was safely landed by the remaining seamen forming the boat's crew.

The ambassador proceeded to London, where he was received with all ceremonies by Philip and Mary, and entertained sumptuously during three months. On his departure he was accompanied to Gravesend by "divers aldermen and merchants," all interested in the new trade with Russia, and parting "with many embracements and divers farewels," and Hakluyt adds, "not without expressing of teares."

We are induced to linger a little over these early navigators, on account of the great and novel interest which belongs to them, the great commercial, as well as geographical value of their discoveries, and the circumstance that their eventful voyages are so much less generally known than those of the great navigators of our own times. They were the worthy and almost necessary forerunners of Davis and Hudson, of Baffin and Ross, and the rest of our Arctic heroes, and their fame should ever be held dear to us, their deeds ever cherished in our memories. The following extract from Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative" will now introduce two new and important names:—

Meanwhile, during Chancellor's absence on that voyage in which he subsequently lost his life, the Muscovy Company had fitted out a small vessel, called the "Searchthrift," which, on the 29th April, 1556, sailed from Gravesend, under the command of Stephen Burrough, the master of Chancellor's ship in his first voyage. Previous to their sailing, the "Right Worshipful Sebastian Cabot," and a large party of ladies and gentlemen, paid a visit to the vessel, and examined all the preparations with great interest, and afterwards the "goode olde gentleman, Master Cabota," gave a banquet, at which, "for very joy that he had to see the towardness of their discovery, he entered into the dance himselfe amongst the rest of the young and lusty company."

It was not until the middle of July that Burrough reached the Straits of Waigatz, where he was beset on all sides by "monstrous heaps of ice," and was constantly in danger of being annihilated by these enormous masses coming

in collision with each other. They were likewise nearly capsized by an immense whale, which, however, they managed to affright by shouting. Burrough penetrated about fifteen leagues beyond the mouth of the river Pechora, but all his efforts to proceed farther proved abortive, and he therefore returned, with the intention of again resuming the attempt.

In order to preserve a strict chronological order, we have now to turn our faces to the north-west. The name of Martin Frobisher is one of which this country may well be proud; and yet his connection with the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" is all that is remembered of him by many. Mr. Barrow truly says, in his "Naval Worthies of Elizabeth's Reign"—"He was one of those men who, by their zeal, energy, and talent, acquired and preserved for Queen Elizabeth the proud title of "sovereign of the seas;" but few, however, know that he earned his early honors in a northern clime: few know that for *fifteen long years* he was continually pressing upon the minds of his friends, and the merchants of the city of London, the desirableness of renewing the attempt to find a passage by the north-west; the former proved lukewarm, and the latter, he soon perceived, were not wont to regard "venture without sure certaine and present gaines." When, indeed, will the time come that a noble idea shall receive from the world the attention which is its due, uninfluenced by any sordid or narrow-minded motive?

Our author's last question has been very handsomely answered on several occasions, since the publication of his book; and by none more completely than by the expedition of 1875-6. But to proceed.

Let those who are disposed to faint under difficulties, in the prosecution of any great and worthy undertaking, remember that *eighteen years* elapsed after the time that Columbus conceived his enterprise before he was enabled to carry it into effect,—that most of that time was passed in almost hopeless solicitation, amidst poverty, neglect, and taunting ridicule; that the prime of his life had wasted away in the struggle; and that when his perseverance was finally crowned with success, he was about his fifty-sixth year. This example should encourage the enterprising never to despair. (Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," Vol. I. p. 174.)

It is, nevertheless, the sort of "encouragement" that everybody could not outlive.

In the year 1576, Frobisher found means to fit out three very small vessels, the largest being only thirty-five tons, and fired salutes when off the royal palace at Greenwich. Queen Elizabeth waved her hand from the palace windows, and sent a gentleman on board "to make known her good likings of their doings," and wishing them "happie successe." Frobisher reached

Greenland without any mischance, but was unable to land, in consequence of a great storm. In this he lost a boat, with her crew, and one of his vessels then deserted him. After this he eventually penetrated some sixty leagues into a "strait," which now bears his name.

"And landing here he met with a salvage people, like to Tartars, with longe blacke haire, broad faces, and flatte noses, the women marked in the face with blewe streekes downe the cheekes and round about the eyes, having bootes made of seales skinnnes, in shape somewhat resembling the shallops of Spain." Here Frobisher lost a boat's crew of five men, and, notwithstanding he "shotte off falconets and sounded trumpets," he never again heard of them. In revenge, he managed, by tinkling a bell, to entice one of the natives to the ship's side, and "plucked him, by main force, boat and all, into his barke, whereupon, when he found himself in captivity, for very choler and disdaine, he bit his tongue in twaine within his mouth, notwithstanding he died not thereof, but lived untill he came to England, and then died of cold which he had taken at sea." With this "strange infidell on board, whose like was never seene, read, nor heard of before, and whose language was neither known nor understood of any, they returned to England."

Half of the strange infidel's tongue having been bitten off, it is not very surprising, in any case, that his language was not understood. Frobisher, on his arrival in England, was received with acclamations; but that which most contributed to his popularity was something of a perfectly new and unexpected kind. Among the odd heap of curiosities brought back by sailors and others, were small pieces of heavy, black-looking stones, one of which happening to fall into the fire, and afterwards to get broken, discovered a spot that "glistened with a bright marqueset of golde." It was instantly taken to the "goldfiners in London," who pronounced it to be pure gold. A fresh expedition was immediately projected, and urged forward with general excitement. This time, it was not at all for the discovery of a north-west or a north-east passage, but "in the hope of more of the same golde ore." So Frobisher again set sail from Blackwall in 1577, "with a merrie wind," and all on account of the precious metal he was to bring back. Queen Elizabeth shared the popular enthusiasm. But, unfortunately, all this was founded on a delusion, the declaration of the London goldsmiths and adepts notwithstanding, as the heavy black stones in question contained no gold whatever. Howbeit, Frobisher returned with two hundred tons of the

supposed ore. His arrival was attended with the greatest excitement, and her Majesty appointed special commissioners "to look thoroughly into the cause for the true triall and due examination thereof, and for the full handling of all matters thereunto appertaining."

Clearly her Majesty was to be highly commended; but how the special commissioners who sent in a most favorable report upon the supposed ore, escaped with their heads in those days of rather summary decisions and punishments, surprises one, the more so when we find that another expedition for the same purpose, on a very much larger scale, — viz., of fifteen vessels, — sailed the next year, comprising mariners, miners, goldfiners, soldiers, gentlemen, carpenters, and the framework of a large wooden house, to be erected, we may suppose, for the chief commissioner of the gold-mines, his bodyguard, and staff. This costly expedition was, of course, a total failure as to its chief object; but the perils and the sufferings they all went through in the Arctic seas, — now drifting about for twenty days together in dense mists and fogs; now with fastened and "moored anker" upon some great island of ice, submitting their ships to its guidance; now with pikes and pieces of timber standing day and night to "bear off the force" of the floating masses of ice that threatened to crush them; now kneeling round the mainmast, praying help from God, — must place this disastrous expedition among the most memorable. And this, in especial, from the great energy, skill, and fortitude of Frobisher, who was in no way responsible for the errors and stupidities of the goldfiners and commissioners. Frobisher, after his return to England, with his shattered vessels, declared that "had it not been for the charge and care he had of the fleets and freighted ships, he both would and could have gone through to the South Sea, called Mar de Sur, and dissolved the long doubt of the passage which we seek to finde to the rich country of Cataya."* Be this as it may, there seems every probability that the "strait" he had entered was that which now bears Hudson's name. So far from the ardor of Frobisher being destroyed by his failure, it appears that he proposed a fourth voyage, in which he was supported by the great admiral, Sir Francis Drake. The queen, however, "shook her head," and we may also imagine that she said some-

thing characteristic to the London goldfiners.

Nevertheless, in the short space of two years, another expedition sailed from England, — and on this occasion it was with a view to the discovery of a north-eastern passage. It was boldly attempted by Pet and Jackman; but they returned unsuccessful. Three years afterwards, Sir Humphrey Gilbert obtained from Queen Elizabeth the gift of all such "heathen and barbarous countries" as he might discover. But the haunting idea of gold still remaining, a fifth part of the gold and silver that might be found was to belong to the crown. Gilbert made two voyages, in the second of which he was accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh. They were unsuccessful; but Gilbert sailed a third time, "to take possession of Newfoundland." The coast was reached, but here they were overwhelmed by a tempest, in which the gallant Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with all on board his ship, was lost.

About two years after this, "Master John Davis, a man well grounded in the principles of the arts of navigation," is appointed to a command by "divers worshipful merchants of London," not for the sake of gold or silver, but for the advancement of "God's glory, and the discovery of a passage to India." The three important voyages of Davis are full of interest; as are also the three voyages of Barentsz, who was sent by the Dutch to "penetrate by the north to China and Japan." On one occasion the ice closed upon them, so that the ship of Barentsz was lifted quite out of the water, and remained fixed. They had to build a hut to live in. The cold was so intense that if they touched a piece of iron it brought away the skin with it, and their Dantzic spruce froze so hard that it burst the cask. The darkness once lasted eighty days; but they eventually escaped in two boats, leaving their ship high up amidst the ice, and reached the northern extremity of Nova Zembla. Barentsz now felt that he was dying. He desired the sailors to raise him up in the boat; and thus standing, and "gazing on the terrible scene of his shipwrecked hopes," the spirit of the heroic Dutchman passed away.

England again in 1602 sent out an expedition to the north, under George Weymouth. Next, the king of Denmark despatched a vessel. Then we read of Bennet, and Cunningham, and Knight; and then we have the renowned Henry Hudson. He was fitted out by the London "Mus-

* Hakluyt, Vol. III., p. 80.

covy Company" in 1607, and he announced that he should "endeavor to find a passage, if possible, directly across the pole itself." He did not succeed; and next year he made another voyage, with no better result. The year after, he again sailed forth, this time in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and discovered the bay and river "on the shores of which New York now stands." His further successes, and his cruel end, we shall give in the words of Mr. Shillinglaw's "Narrative."

On the 17th April, 1610, Hudson sailed from the Thames, on that voyage from which it was his sad fate never to return. Sir John Wolstenholme, Sir Dudley Digges, and others who were persuaded of the existence of a *north-east* passage, fitted out a ship called the "Discovery," of fifty-five tons, at their own expense, the command of which was given to Hudson. He touched at the islands of Orkney, Færoe, and Iceland, and, on the 15th June, "raysed the Desolations," where he found the sea full of whales, of whom they stood somewhat in fear. From this, he pursued a north-westerly course, and about the end of the month met with an island, which Davis had laid down on his chart, now known as Resolution Island. Hudson not being able to go to the north of it, therefore took a southerly course, and "fell into a great rippling, or ouerfall of current, the which setteth to the west." This was the entrance of the great strait, now known by his name, into which he pushed his way, notwithstanding the icy obstacles which were continually placed in his course. But a far greater obstacle to his progress was the increasing dissatisfaction of his crew. In vain did he call them together, and show them his chart, representing that he had sailed more than a hundred leagues further than any other Englishman; his consideration for their opinions had the usual effect in such cases; "some were of one minde, and some of another; some wishing themselves at home, and some not caring wher, so they were out of the ice." However, they were all forced by dire necessity to assist in freeing the ship from her perilous position; and, after several days of harassing weather, on the 11th July, in latitude 62° 9m., he reached some islands, which he named the Isles of God's Mercy. A few leagues further, and Hudson beheld that vast sea open before him, which seemed to be the completion of his most sanguine wishes. He made no doubt but that it was a portion of the mighty Pacific; what feelings of exultation must have filled his breast at the thought of his having succeeded in accomplishing that which had baffled so many before him!

They were now quite frozen in, and the provisions being nearly all gone, the crew had nothing but the prospect of starvation, through cold and hunger, during a long and dreary winter.

They, for a time, were able to obtain food by a great number of white partridges that came there, but these soon disappeared, and Hudson and his crew were reduced to starvation and misery. At length, the ice broke up, and the brave navigator got safely away. But the mutinous spirit of the crew again arose, and one morning, as Hudson came out of his cabin, he was seized from behind by the cowardly wretches, carried on deck, and cast into the sea. They then threw eight sick men in after him, and hoisted sail!

The reader will now have obtained a very clear knowledge of the extreme difficulties, perils, and prolonged sufferings which were certain to attend these Arctic voyages, and what sort of men the early discoverers were who so cheerfully undertook them. That it is impossible, within our space, to give any account of the whole of these, the very list of the names of those who followed Davis and Hudson will sufficiently attest. For after Hudson, we read of Button, Pool, Hall, Gibbons, and Bylot from the years 1610 to 1615; and then we have the famous Baffin, the accuracy of whose lunar observations was praised a century afterwards by Captain Parry. Next we come to Hawkrige, and then Jeus Munk, sent out from Denmark. With Munk's expedition we must pause an instant to speak of the wonderful aerial phenomena they witnessed, viz., three distinct suns, and, on another occasion, two; also, an eclipse of the moon, which appeared to be "environed by a transparent circle, within which was a cross, seemingly dividing the moon into four quarters." Jeus Munk's crew were afflicted with scurvy to such a degree that they were too weak to shoot any of the numbers of wild fowl, though dying from cold and starvation. "Munk himself, after remaining four days in his hut without food," crawled forth, and found that "out of a crew of *sixty-four* souls, *two* only survived." As if inspired by despair, these three Danes dug into the frozen snow, tore up some roots and plants, which they devoured, got rid of the scurvy, and managed to fit up a small craft, and return to Denmark. After this, we have Luke Fox (in 1631) and Captain James; in 1652 the Danes again made an attempt under the command of Captain Danell. After this we read of Gillam, and Wood, Knight, Barlow, and Vaughan in 1676 and 1719, with Captain Scroggs, Middleton, Moore, and Smith, in 1741 and 1746. We must here revert to the expedition sent out by Russia in 1725 under

command of Captain Vitus Behring in accordance with a plan said to have been devised by Peter the Great, when on his death-bed. Behring made various discoveries on his second voyage, in 1741, during which he perished miserably from cold, starvation, and scurvy. Then we read of Tchitscagoff (another Russian) and Hearne, Phipps, Lutwidge (in the reign of George III.), Clarke, the great Captain Cook—killed at the Sandwich Islands, and Clarke “reduced to an absolute skeleton,” dying at Petropaulowski. One of the midshipmen who sailed with Phipps and Lutwidge, was *Horatio Nelson*. Meares, Pickersgill, Young, and Lowenhorn (sent out by the king of Denmark) bring us down to 1787. The prodigious profits derived by the Hudson’s Bay Company in their trade with the “simple-minded Indians” of North America now brought forward Mr. Alexander Mackenzie, resident officer of the rival “North-west Company.” For the arduous work he accomplished the reader is referred to the voyages and travels of his day, 1789. The honored names of Vancouver and Kotzebue bring us down to 1815; and we then find ourselves ready (in imagination) to accompany Ross, and the yet more successful and admirable Perry, together with Back and Buchan, till we arrive at the heroic deeds and melancholy loss of Sir John Franklin. What all these men did and suffered, is of such great and varied interest, that we must not venture to ask space even to touch upon their several voyages; neither is this necessary, as their journals being of our present time, most people have read them, and those who have not can always find them in any good library. For the same reason we can only allude to the *fourteen* different expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, with the final discovery of the place where he died, by Captain (now Admiral) M’Clintock, and the discovery of the north-west passage by Captain (now Admiral) M’Clure.

Among our regrets at necessary conciseness, we must prominently allude to the American expedition fitted out by the patriotic merchant, Mr. Grinnel, of New York; and the extraordinary daring and success of Captain Hall, in a small, ill-adapted river-steamer, the “Polaris,” in 1871.

Of the expedition under the command of Captain Nares—accompanied by officers and seamen who would have done honor to the greatest days of Britannia’s highest glory—their efforts and their en-

durances, in all the main features and graphic details of varied scenes of peril and unflagging perseverance, have been recently exhausted by the public press, so that description would now be superfluous. Their deeds are placed on record, and we are proud of our countrymen. That they have not accomplished all that was, both reasonably and unreasonably, expected by those “gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,” or even the great and especial object of the expedition, does not militate against their courage, their skill, or their fortitude; and of course it does not deteriorate the value of what they really have discovered. But although they found it impossible to reach the pole in the direction they so manfully attempted, we can but agree with several of our contemporaries that a nearer approach may at some future time be made from another quarter. As for new “appliances and means,” we do not hazard a suggestion as to steam ice-ploughs; to boring and blasting on a large scale; or to some dozen of balloons, bearing men, food, warming and cooking apparatus, etc., because all novel ideas are, naturally enough, treated with ridicule; but we think that in the sure and steady progress of science there will certainly be found new and more successful methods of surmounting Arctic fortifications and barriers, gigantic and impregnable as the outworks have hitherto appeared. *Palman qui meruit ferat*; and, according to the *Times*, there will most probably be another expedition fitted out by America, were it only to recover their “lost sea” and reclaim their “lost land,” whose existence is denied by Captain Nares. That other polar voyages of discovery will, sooner or later, be made, we do not at all doubt; and it is quite possible they may be rewarded by other valuable additions to our knowledge, besides what may be gathered by getting nearer to the frozen summit of our globe. These may comprise the nautical, the geographical, the geological, the meteorological, possibly the *ethnological*, and almost certainly the ornithological, as well as the fauna and flora of frozen regions. Dr. Hooker has pointed out that the botanical specimens display very interesting peculiarities; and that “the existence of *ancient forests* in what are now Arctic regions” (proved by the recent discovery of great seams of coal), “and the migration of existing flora over land bound fast in perpetual ice, appear to call for vaster changes than can be brought about by a redistribution of the geographical

limits of land and sea, and to afford evidence of changes in the direction of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit,—and perhaps of variation in the ellipticity of the orbit itself.” As to the fish, of all degrees of magnitude, and of all degrees of the almost invisibly diminutive, there is a food as abundant for reflection as for nutriment.

But a far more interesting speculation presents itself. Tribes of unknown men have strayed, somehow—at some time or other—into these unknown solitudes. “Traces of them,” writes Mr. Clement R. Markham,* “have been found everywhere along the verge. They may have perished, or they may survive in the far north; but there is no doubt of their having entered the unexplored region from more than one point.” Mr. Markham then speculates on the possible condition and means of life of human beings without wood or metals, and dependent entirely on bone and stone for the construction of all implements and utensils, and suggests a comparison with “the condition of mankind in the stone age of the world.” But apart from these, and other great and recondite speculation, the practical benefits to be derived from Arctic exploration, in numerous respects, must be apparent from the additions to our knowledge brought home to the habitable regions of the earth by these heroic navigators and explorers of frozen solitudes.

* *Contemporary Review*, October, 1873.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SHADOW OF THE DOOR.

V.

It was Dempton's habit, as it was that of many others, to come to the store once a week and on the same day, both on the chance of a letter arriving and to make what purchases might be required.

When the time next came round, the company was larger than usual, and contained more persons of consideration. As, on his asking for letters, one was handed him, it seemed to be a sort of signal to the lookers-on. No sooner was it in his hand than one of the persons present said,—

“Squire Dempton,”—so he had been called from the first, by a tacit recognition of his superiority,—“will you allow me to ask if you have lately heard from Mr. Elsey?”

“No, sir, I have not,” was the prompt response, on which Dempton fixed upon the speaker a somewhat surprised look.

The pause that followed indicated the common feeling that some good reason must be forthcoming for asking this question at this time. Yet ordinarily it might have passed for a mere expression of friendly interest.

“Well, squire,” said Atkins, the man who had spoken, “we all heard that Mr. Elsey was coming back; and it has been talked round a good deal that he was going to settle among us, and it seems natural to show an interest in it.”

“Did you make his acquaintance, sir, when he was here?” asked Dempton.

“Not exactly, squire; I only spoke to him once, and was rather taken by his pleasant voice and looks, and should be glad to learn when he is coming back.”

“That is to say, Mr. Atkins, you knew him just as much as you know me. I believe we have been named once to each other.”

This brought Atkins to his feet, with a sense of being called upon to show his ideas of propriety and self-respect.

“Very true, Mr. Dempton, and I think once was enough to make my question a proper one. I hope you don't dispute it, sir?”

“I have no wish to dispute with you or with any one,” said Dempton, “but I have a right to my way, which is to come and go, asking and being asked no questions. It's not your question, Mr. Atkins, but your asking it, that surprises me; and between neighbors who want to live quietly, the quicker such a thing is understood the better.”

In saying this, Dempton's manner was so quietly resolute as to produce the effect which he intended of making every one feel that he took the position of one who had been interfered with. The more trivial the interference, the stronger such a position. Only a weighty reason can justify interference at all, especially in the eyes of a people jealous as they were of personal rights. Atkins felt this instantly, and had sense enough to treat it in the only manly way.

Dropping his tone of self-assertion, he said: “I ask your pardon, squire, for seeming meddlesome, which I didn't mean to be. If a gentleman speaks civilly when he meets a neighbor, and don't choose to do more, it's nobody's business but his own. But I must say, squire, for myself and the rest of us here, that all we know of Mr. Elsey was what you told us your-

self, and that's the reason, perhaps, why I was readier to ask about him."

Dempton saw that Atkins had drawn back, and was too shrewd not to concede something himself. Neither party could have had more than a general notion what was in the mind of the other. Each was intensely conscious of his own motive that gave importance to an incident in itself utterly trivial.

"That is true, Mr. Atkins," Dempton replied; "had I thought of it, your stopping me on my way out might not have struck me as it did. I don't like to be stopped; and to show you that I minded that more than your question, I'll give you an answer to it when I have read this letter, which, I think, has something to do with it."

So saying, he walked out to where his horse and wagon stood, while the party in-doors awaited his return in silence. The contrast between what appeared upon the surface and what was underneath imposed restraint upon them all. Dempton presently returned, and holding the open letter in his hand he said, with perfect naturalness of manner, —

"Gentlemen, this is a very grave business indeed, and, as it turns out, I am not sorry for what has passed between us this morning. This letter informs me that Mr. Elsey has never reached his former home, and that no communication has been received from him. I have been anxious about him for some time. When he left, it was understood between us that if he were detained by the way he would write, but otherwise I should not hear from him till he had completed his journey. Not hearing I thought little of it at first, supposing that when the letter came it would explain the delay. But, growing uneasy, after a while I wrote to the person with whom he left what business he had, and this is my answer. They are as much in the dark as I am; and I must admit I am seriously troubled."

As he ceased, Dempton glanced round, as expecting the remarks that would naturally follow. Looks were exchanged, but no words. The utter silence and grave faces of the group were very marked. Dempton's compressed lip and darkening countenance showed how he felt it. He half turned towards the door, when Atkins interrupted him with, "It does look very bad, indeed." Deliberately folding up the letter, and keeping his eyes fixed upon it, Dempton replied, —

"It looks very serious, Mr. Atkins, and I should expect my neighbors to show

some interest in it. My friend may have fallen ill on his journey; he may even have died suddenly. But"—and as he said this, he looked full at Atkins—"I was not prepared for your feeling it so much."

Here again what he said was so reasonable, his manner so in keeping with his recognized character, as to render it difficult even to hint at the suspicions that were entertained by every one present. Atkins again showed himself the readiest man among them.

"It seems to me, squire, that if Mr. Elsey had been taken sick among Christian people, or died in a Christian way, word would have been sent to you, or to his other friends. I suppose he had something about him to show who he was?"

"That's plain enough to be thought of," replied Dempton, "and makes it more of a trouble to me. It is possible that Elsey has come to a bad end—if that's what you meant. But I think you meant more; and the rule I have gone by all my life is to hold my tongue altogether, or speak out all my mind. I am no fool, sir, not to understand when a thing like this happens, and a man's neighbors meet him, as I've been met here to-day, that there is something underneath had better be brought on top. I wish to know what it is, if there's any one here man enough to tell me."

This bold challenge took every one by surprise. Here was the very man himself opening a way to the secret which they had taken for granted would be wrung from him only when he could hold it no longer. He could not have roused them up more thoroughly than by the taunt contained in his last words—yet they rather liked him for it. The stir that showed a half-dozen of them eager to take his words up, referred more to this taunt than to their suspicions. Atkins promptly interposed a milder and more judicious answer than the others would have been likely to give.

"Well, squire, I must say that's frank and fair; and none of us is going to resent a hard word at such a time—not I, for one. You mustn't think hard of me if I answer you just as plainly as you've asked. But you know, squire, why none of us is very ready to begin talk with you—which, I must say, has gone against you in this matter pretty bad."

And then Atkins went on in his blunt way, but not unkindly, to tell what the suspicions were, and how they had been excited. Nep's adventure and Pender's inspection figured largely, but somewhat

to his own surprise, Atkins got to the end of his story sooner than he expected. Those two incidents and the mere fact of Elsey's sudden disappearance, contained the substance of it. He felt unwilling to go back to the circumstances of Mrs. Dempton's death, which, in truth, had been the first unnoticed stimulant to suspicion; nor could he very reasonably dwell on the disposition which prevailed to suspect Dempton on account of his manners and mode of life. When he ceased speaking, the cork was drawn but the fluid was flat; the pent-up excitement of the past weeks suffered a collapse. In his simplicity, Atkins felt half ashamed of himself, and provoked at his neighbors as if they had got him into a scrape. He was too sincere and manly, however, not to give Dempton distinctly to understand that there was something to be explained, if it less than fully justified the suspicions that had been entertained.

The singular vigor of Dempton's mind and character now showed itself. Whatever the likelihood beforehand of some such occurrence, its gravity and the turn it took had to be met on the moment. He saw his advantage and used it with decision, but very calmly; did not press over eagerly the points in his favor; and promptly forestalled future proceedings by proposing an immediate investigation, which, he said, he had a right then and there to claim at their hands.

Never did a man, starting under such disadvantages, go so far and so quickly to reinstate himself in public opinion. Not only that: he gained what he never had before, some measure of personal regard—he seemed so manful, bore himself so well under a trial so sudden and so severe. There was not a sign of begging off or of evading any point of the inquiry. He seemed not to notice the favorable disposition which began to show itself, and which might have been readily applied to ease off the pressure.

His explanations, which we need not closely follow, were minute and full. The letter, which he put into Atkins's hands, was what he had said. A grim smile passed over his face as he acknowledged that there was some cause for Nep's disturbance, though it was only a dead dog that he himself had been compelled to dispose of the next day by the simple process of throwing it into the stream. They all knew how a negro's imagination would magnify such a circumstance. Pender, too, was right. He had been destroying some old clothes of his own that were

made utterly worthless by the work he had lately been engaged in: and there was an old moth-eaten hair trunk that had belonged to his wife which he burnt at the same time. He touched skilfully the prejudice against him on account of his manners. There might be causes unconnected with evil, yet implying much sorrow and trouble, to render him silent and reserved, not to speak of natural disposition. Must a man publish all this on coming to a strange place, or be suspected?

The master-move on Dempton's part then followed.

"Gentlemen," he said—and the plainer the white people of that region, the more punctilious are they on formal occasions as to that title—"had you been invited to meet me here for this purpose"—the shrewd man suspected they had come by a *quasi* agreement—"there could hardly be a better representation of the neighborhood. I am willing to trust myself to your judgment. Your verdict, as I may call it, will be accepted by the whole community. I propose, then, gentlemen, that we proceed at once and together to my house, and that a full and thorough search be made of the premises. I am ready to abide by the result. If there were anything else that I could do to back up the assertions that I have made, I would do it. But this is the utmost in my power. I think the law itself would not require more."

Dempton had taken them entirely by surprise when he offered to begin his explanation. His present proposal redoubled the sensation. A battery suddenly captured and turned upon its defenders could not have done more execution. He was master of the situation.

There was nothing demonstrative, however, in his manner or theirs. His suggestion was instantly and quietly acted on. It was obviously the only test of his explanation that was within reach; but by bringing it forward himself he had greatly added to his credit. He went out at the head of the little procession that followed him as an escort rather than as a guard. There would have been a promiscuous accompaniment of boys and negroes, and Dempton's cheek flushed as he observed it, but he said nothing. Some remarks passed in an undertone among the others, and one of them said aloud, "Gentlemen, we are going to visit Mr. Dempton's premises at his invitation, and I'm of opinion that it will be proper for the children and niggers to stay behind." One or two others beside youngsters and "boys" took

the hint, so that the party, as finally composed, was fairly respectable and representative. Dempton's manner rose almost to dignity as he said, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" and raised his hat; the response to which, though very unconventional, showed how the innate sense of propriety is brought out by a serious purpose or any high-wrought feeling. The half-hour's drive was made for the most part in silence, and they were soon gathered in one group before the door. Dempton then spoke.

"I ask it both as a favor and a right, gentlemen, that you will conduct this search thoroughly in your own way, so as perfectly to satisfy yourselves. I am ready to answer any questions, and to comply with any request you may think proper. Will you go through the house first?"

"Seeing we are at the door, squire, perhaps we may as well do that first," whereupon Dempton threw the door open, and the whole party entered.

It is unnecessary to accompany them in every step of what proved to be a long, and, so far as any discovery was concerned, a fruitless search. The house and everything in it were closely scrutinized. There were a bundle of papers and some letters, and a pocket-book with a few banknotes in it, which Dempton offered to put into the hands of any two of their number for closer inspection, if they desired it. With like carefulness the outhouses and all the surroundings were examined; every part of the farm was visited; any suggestion that was made by any one of their number, however improbable, was followed up. And any one of them might as well have submitted his own premises to inspection, so far as producing any evidence against Dempton. Throughout the whole proceeding nothing could be more frank than all his actions, though his words were very few, and the expression of his face intensely rigid. But that was natural to the man and the occasion.

Several hours were thus occupied, and towards the close the examining party showed a tendency to stop and consult together. Dempton left them to themselves; and when the last point of the search was passed, they all found themselves together again where it began—at the front door—Dempton standing a little apart. There was a moment's silence, broken by Atkins.

"Our friends think, Squire Dempton, that as I took upon myself to begin this day's work by the question I asked you,

it's my part to end it; and I have to say for myself and them that we don't find the first thing against you. It's all the other way. We couldn't say less, if we were disposed to, and you may depend upon our saying this whenever the subject is mentioned. It seems as if some apology ought to be made; yet we don't like to admit that we were quick to suspect a neighbor. We want to hear from you that you don't bear us any grudge for this day's business."

Dempton addressed his reply to the whole company.

"I hold that what Mr. Atkins has said is no more than my due; and feeling it to be so from the very beginning, I can't thank you, gentlemen, for coming to this result. But I bear no grudge, and shall deem you better neighbors for the part you have performed. What I have said and done to-day ought to be my sufficient defence; but I may as well let you know that if you are satisfied, I am not. I have something more to do, and that is—to follow up James Elsey's track and see if I can find some trace of him. I do not yet give up all hope, and shall set about my search as soon as I can arrange about the live-stock and other things I've got here that must be looked after."

"I reckon, squire," said Atkins, "that that's the best thing you can do, and you may be sure we shall all wish you good luck at it."

And so this momentous affair ended. Before nightfall it was rehearsed far and wide, with generally the same result—a more favorable opinion of Dempton than had ever been entertained, and an expectation that the inquiry he was about to make would solve the fate of James Elsey.

Not so: that entire community was utterly misled. Our acquaintance Nep was the sable digit providentially selected to point out the clue.

VI.

AGREEABLY to the intention he had announced, William Dempton lost no time in preparing for his proposed journey. He simply did what was absolutely necessary, arranging with one of his nearest neighbors to look after his small crops, and disposing of his live-stock among two or three others. A special readiness to oblige was found on all sides. The result was, that without its taking that form distinctly, he virtually distributed pledges of his good faith throughout the neighborhood, and insured the utmost possible

patience should his absence be prolonged. No one thing conduced more to this than his leaving his house as it was; simply fastening down the windows, and giving the key to Atkins. There was no danger, he said, that any white man would disturb it (tramps were unknown in those days); and as for the "darkies," they wouldn't venture it in the daytime, and no one of them would dare go near the house at night.

On the morning of his departure, Atkins, whom he had asked to be present, received the door-key from his hand, and was the only one to see him throw his saddle-bags across his horse, and take the lonely road among the hills towards Wilkesville and Virginia.

Under ordinary circumstances, had a second month followed the first without bringing news from the traveller, it would not have caused much comment, beyond the remark that he was "taking it mighty easy." He had told Atkins that the limit of his journey would be a town which he named in the interior of Pennsylvania, and that he would there communicate its result.

When four weeks went by, quite a lively expectation showed itself that the fifth would bring word from Dempton. At the sixth, the whole neighborhood was confident, and looked blank when the post-bag produced nothing. Here the part Dempton had played so well told powerfully. Caught badly once in yielding over-readily to suspicion, their minds were slow to turn that way again. Every squeal of Dempton's pigs, and mooing of his cow, was an appeal in his favor. The key of his house would have burned Atkins's fingers had he handled it suspectingly.

Still, it was generosity, not stupidity, that was enlisted on his side. All at once the idea awoke in almost every mind, that such a mystery could not be left to sleep out its third month, while they waited for what some of them began to think might never come. Where people act under such circumstances, they are apt to make up for lost time by an exaggeration of vigor. Their patience swung over to the opposite extreme. Their quietness became clamor. The stir throughout the community was unparalleled. A demonstration of some kind was inevitable. A spark would have kindled it, and a very live coal was suddenly thrown into the inflammable heap.

The postmaster had remembered that the letter mentioned already as having been received by Dempton was in answer to one of his own, addressed to "Sprage

Tompkins, Esq." in the town to which he told Atkins he was going. To this person Atkins had written, stating the circumstances of Dempton's departure, and inquiring about his movements. The reply disclaimed all knowledge on the subject, and sharply added, that by a slowness which seemed to the writer extraordinary, they had probably given a crafty criminal who counted upon it, ample time to escape. There was a large gathering at the store, in expectation of news, when this letter arrived; and the moment it was read aloud, as it was called for, the whole thing seemed as clear as day. They were made very mad by such a snubbing from a "Yankee lawyer;" but the deeper feeling was of indignation at being the dupes of Dempton. In two or three hours' time, the whole community had risen *en masse*, and lighted down on Dempton's place — ransacking it to the very inside of an old tin kettle.

The negroes of course were there, but trod gingerly, and hunted in groups. Even if it were broad daylight, not a "chile" among them was going to catch, or be caught by, a "spook" unawares. They peered, with Nep, nostrils dilated and specially intent, over the bank beneath which he sniffed the first suspicion of this now exciting history. Nep himself, with a companion or two, ventured into the house and up-stairs. "Whar you gwine, Nep?" said one of them as he led the way. "Why you go up dar fur?" But Nep persisted, with a shake of his head, as if he had at last made up his mind; and up they went, relieved to find they were not alone. Spicer the storekeeper, Atkins, and another respectable planter were in one of the back rooms, engaged in earnest conversation over the affair. "Well, boys!" said one of them, "there's nothing to be seen here; you'd better go down again." "Yes, mas'r," replied Nep, but still protruding his head through the doorway, and staring round with a peculiar expression that struck the three observers. "Why, you fool," said Spicer, "the walls aren't going to jump at you; what are you looking for?" Nep fairly caught his breath as he answered, "I—I—I don't see it, mas'r." "See what? what did you expect to see?" "Only a door, mas'r; I tought there was a door hy'ar."

"Nep," said Atkins, quietly, "come in here." Nep obeyed, his skin getting a greyish tinge, and his eyes glancing round rapidly. A tremendous scuttling on the stairway told what had become of his companions.

"Now, Nep," said Atkins, "you've got something to tell, and don't be scared about it. Were you ever in here before?" "Nebbar, mas'r, so help me —" "There," interrupted Atkins, "you needn't take your oath just yet. Only tell us the truth, and all you know about it. If you were never here before, what made you think there was a door here?"

I could not do justice to Nep's reply without so large an infusion of that irresistibly comic element which marks the unsophisticated negro in his most serious moments — and the more so on account of his seriousness — as would hardly agree with the tragic interest of the facts involved. Nep's part therein was, in itself, very trifling — but on what trifles do the gravest events sometimes depend!

He told a straightforward story, helped occasionally by Atkins's considerate questions, to this effect: —

Some months before, about the time of Elsey's disappearance, Nep had been caught at nightfall on the opposite side of the river. He had crossed in his skiff, and remembered it as the first time he had been able successfully to stem the current after the unusual floods which had prevailed. Having to go some distance back into the country, he was belated on his return, and struck the river a good way above the spot where he had fastened his skiff. To reach it he had to follow the curve of the shore opposite the point on which was Dempton's house. He admitted that he did not like being there in the dark; and, according to his own account, must have been stumbling along at a great rate among the roots and bushes on the bank, when, all at once, he could not help crying out, "O Lord! what's dat? for sure's you lib, I see'd a light 'cross de ribber right 'bove de place whar Miss Dempton must a come down de night she got drowned." He was afraid to move at first, and stared at the light, expecting — he did not know what. There was no stir however; and he soon saw that it was higher up and farther back than the top of the bank, and came from the house itself. His childish alarm changed to a child's curiosity, and he stood for some minutes watching the shadow of the person who was holding the candle. At last it seemed to be set down on the floor, and the person who had it — apparently Dempton himself — crossed the window, and opened what Nep was certain was a door, for he saw its dark substance come before the light, and noticed also the edge of its shadow drawn

up and down the window. Dempton presently came back, closing the door behind him, and bringing his own shadow full against the window as he stooped to take the candle up. All this must have been noted by Nep with a simple pleasure at the idea of seeing so much of what Dempton was doing when he thought himself unobserved. "I sez to myself — guess Mas'r Dempton would a blowed dat light out if he tought I see 'um." Nep then thought no more about it, but made his way to the skiff, and crossed the stream.

"Did you never speak of it?" asked Atkins.

"Oh yes, mas'r — told de old woman when I got home, and some ob de boys de nex' day; but dar wasn't nuffin much in it, and I soon forgot all about it, till I cam hy'ar dis mornin'."

"Well, what scared you so to-day when you came in here?" It was not strange, for such obtuseness occasionally happens to us at critical moments. But not one of his hearers seemed to catch as yet the point of his story, of which the negro himself had only a dim idea.

"Dunno, mas'r; made me feel mighty queer to cum hy'ar whar I seed Mas'r Dempton all by hisself. It kind a cum back to me, and I 'membered de candle on de floor, and de shadow of de door; and when I didn't see no door 'tall, seemed as if de debbil must 'a been at work."

"I don't see that this nig's story goes for much," said Spicer; "there's a closet in the next room with a door to it — I suppose it's there Dempton was."

"So there is," replied Atkins; "I noticed it when Dempton showed us his wife's clothes hanging there. Now I think of it," continued Atkins, half to himself, as if studying out the point, "I noticed, too, in what a clumsy way the door was hung, so that it opened right back against the window, and shut it up. Spicer! *that* door would have shut in all light of the the candle, and not let Nep see half of it."

The three men stared at each other for a moment in silence.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the planter, who had hitherto said nothing; "do you suppose he could have hid the body *THERE*," pointing to where the door, by the negro's account, should have been, "and then walled it up?"

Spicer was leaning with his hands behind him against the very spot, and shot from it with a convulsive spring. Atkins raised his hands and eyes to heaven.

Conviction came like a flash with the words just spoken. Nep disappeared, with how much or little of noise no one of them noticed till a loud cry rose out of doors, and, as those who saw him said, the negro went tearing down the path like a crazy creature, crying, "Dey's foun' de body! dey's foun' de body!" and then suddenly the poor fellow fell down in a fit.

The excitement created was fearful. Women screamed. Shouts of men were presently mingled with deep oaths. A rush from all sides was made for the house. The three men in the fatal room above had scarce time to recover from their first shock, when their silence was broken by the tramping and struggling of the excited throng. So unseemly a thing could not have happened but for the fact that the nervous tension to which they had all been subjected had become nearly unbearable, and nature itself demanded some physical outlet. Atkins now gave proof of that sturdiness of spirit of which indications have already appeared. He met the first who reached the upper floor, looking almost like madmen, with an uplifted hand, and a manner so collected and solemn, that its calming effect was instantly felt.

"For God's sake," he cried in a strong, earnest tone, "keep cool! Don't act in this wild way. It's all too soon. Nothing's found out yet. Let us behave like men who have a most solemn duty to perform."

They were crowding him more and more into the doorway from the larger into the smaller room, those behind still pressing up in the fierce excitement of the moment. He raised his voice to its full pitch, with the authority such exigence gives.

"Friends! neighbors! listen to me. Some of you back there, stop that rush, and help me to keep order. What are you after? There's nothing here that we've seen yet but an empty room. If there's anything to be found, we've got to find it. Let's go about it as orderly men should. Keep quiet, and I'll tell you all that has happened."

Such words, so spoken, had full effect. Indeed their passion had spent itself in its own outburst. Order was soon obtained, and then in a few clear words Atkins explained what the clue was which the negro had so unexpectedly put into their hands. By this time the front room, which was equal in size to the two smaller ones at the back that opened into it, was literally packed full—an idea of something proving powerful enough to keep

them from passing through the door at which Atkins stood, except a little way under the great pressure from behind. No one stepped in of his own accord. To their credit it must be said, that as soon as the necessity for greater freedom to move about appeared, most of their number voluntarily descended and awaited the result below.

Of the three rooms, one, as already stated, ran across the front of the house. The two at the back opened from it, and were made of unequal size by a rough stairway up into the loft, under the peak of the roof, constructed against the partition that divided the rooms. The space underneath this was fashioned into the closet which Atkins had observed. All three rooms had been roughly plastered by Dempton himself at the time when he had professed to be preparing for Elsey's return.

The first step taken was to examine the closet. With their attention thus directed to it, its depth, which should have been equal to the width of the stairway into the loft, seemed considerably less; on measurement it proved to be so. They listened at the inner partition of the closet while a strong rapping was made upon the wall of the next room. It was evident that there was a space between that deadened the sound. Thus the presumption of a secret there to be disclosed increased. Why need they approach it so gradually when a few blows of an axe would penetrate the concealed space—if it were there? Men naturally shrink from breaking violently in upon the dark silence of such a spot. They move about it till grown somewhat familiar with it. But at last there was nothing else to be done. Dempton's own store of tools supplied what was wanted. All the rest stood back while one vigorous arm knocked away the plaster and lath till there was made—a ghastly hole indeed! Who wanted to look at it? The recoil was general; and the expectant throng below, so eagerly awaiting the issue of the sounds they heard above, felt as if the horror were descending to them when they saw one strong man after another come almost tottering down the stairway, white as a sheet, and without uttering a word.

This was the first effect. At the immediate spot measures were soon taken to bring the whole secret to light. And a marvel of contrivance it was for such a purpose. A space some eighteen inches wide was carefully and closely plastered all round, except a concealed passage to

the outer air at the upper part. A layer of stones, also thickly plastered, composed its floor. On this bed—a bed of death, truly—were stretched the remains of a human form—rightly so termed, for the means taken to consume them had left but little. There was nothing to tell whose form it was, but of that there could be no doubt. To the few who had gone through that house before, and to whom that iron-nerved man had offered to take down the sister's clothing from the very partition that concealed the brother's fearful tomb, how strange it seemed that they could have been so blind, when now the story of his proceedings could be so plainly read in almost every step.

Dempton's first care, having slain Elsey, was to conceal his body; how he did it is sufficiently indicated above without entering into detail. The closet under the stairway to the loft was an afterthought. The rooms had originally communicated through the door which the negro had so strangely seen; and when he had completed his plan, Dempton had taken the door down and carried the side wall of the room smoothly over.

But what a head and heart, and what nerves, that could plan and execute all this, and, when done, endure to be with it day and night for months! There were some tokens, indeed, that Dempton had spent a portion of his time in and around the small barn; but they were so slight as not to carry conviction. One would like to believe it. Not that the actual difference between being under the same roof and only a little way off was so great; but it would indicate that the man had not stifled all his humanity.

It was afterwards ascertained that Elsey had taken with him to Carolina a large sum of money—the proceeds of his whole property. It was for this that Dempton had planned craftily, sinned ruthlessly, and succeeded. For he was heard of no more. There was no one to press inquiry and pursuit. He had gained a start, at any rate, that probably would have rendered pursuit useless. It was a half-century ago, when telegraphs were unknown, railways scarce beginning, and the policeman not yet evolved out of the constable. Dempton was content to renounce utterly what little property he left behind for what he carried with him.

He succeeded—that is, he was not pursued, brought back, and hung; without which palpable demonstration that justice overtakes the criminal, it seems to some

minds as if the moral government of the world were not vindicated.

Nor am I able to tell that the money that was so ill got brought a curse with it in the shape of vicious indulgence, and entanglement in other snares of sin, from the immediate consequences of which there was no second escape.

But I have failed in giving an idea of this man, if they who have followed this history must have ocular proof of his punishment. It was no shallow nature that had so yielded to the tempter—no nature to be enervated by bad success. Money could purchase no sensual indulgence that he would care for, to stupefy that vigorous mind. But strong natures, vigorous minds, and purposes that are not only bad, but base, often go together in this world. For years he had trained himself to think and act for such a purpose. That training invigorated him, not only to attain his end, but, what he did not think of, to be punished afterwards. Neither in meditating nor in consummating that crime had he joined himself to the criminal class, to live their life henceforth. Their excitements and pleasures were not for him. Let him go where he might, and apply himself to any occupation that suited a spirit like his, the characteristic qualities he could bring to it were stamped with the mark of those years of dreadful training. He could but coin fresh tokens of the parts in every act and hour of his future course, which—shall we call it successful, because it did not end on the gallows? Though no record of him remains, one saddens at the idea of the gloom in which such a life must have been passed, and ended.

From The Fortnightly Review.
CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

THE greater part of the work of the world is always carried on by people who are working well within themselves, who could do at any given moment far more than they are doing, who could very probably do very much more permanently than they are ever likely to do—at a cost which they dimly divine and are unwilling to meet. In the case of ordinary men and women who have commonplace work to do, we accept this tendency without re-

* *Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memories of his Life.* Edited by his Wife. London: H. S. King & Co., 1876.

mark, and as we decline to study its more accessible manifestations, we are naturally confused by its effects upon natures which are raised in different degrees by special gifts above the common level. In really great men like Goethe, and Milton, and Marlborough, and Wordsworth, it impresses us with a welcome sense of power held in reserve; there are others in whom it strikes us as fastidiousness, of which we do not venture to complain. We wish that Campbell, or Gray, or Leonardo da Vinci had given us more, but the work which such men do for us is so excellent in its different kinds, that we dare not bid them force their gift. When the superiority is less marked we are more exacting, at least when the possessor of the superiority tries to find a career in its cultivation. We are severe upon the wasted lives of those who have talent enough to begin some work out of the common hopefulness, and not strength enough to carry them on from intention to execution without fatigue, which often impoverishes the work, and yet more often disenchant the worker. Or we insist that, up to forty or fifty at any rate, a worker whose first work was good shall continue to improve with practice; we do not reflect that the spontaneous activity of the brain, like the spontaneous activity of the muscles, begins to decline very soon after growth is complete, and that impressions are assimilated far more perfectly when they are not collected with a view to the market. Most of those to whom this rule is applied think it hard, most of those who apply it think it necessary, though they never dream of applying it to those who are very unmistakably above themselves. But there have always been those of all degrees of greatness who have applied the rule to themselves, who have chosen to live at high pressure, though they were not unaware that it is easier and safer to live at low. Men so unlike as Raffaele, and Schiller, and Mendelssohn, and Mozart, and Dickens, and Kingsley are alike in this, that they gave all that it was in them to give, and did all that it was in them to do. We may say of some of them that their lives were not worthy of their art, even then we can hardly say that the art was marred by the life. Could Mozart have done better? Could Raffaele have done more? Pure excitements wore out Mendelssohn as fast as less pure excitements wore out these; the feverish endeavor of Charles Kingsley may have been more spiritual in aim and motive than the yet more feverish industry

of Charles Dickens, it was equally deadly in its result.

We feel that his widow has chosen the right motto for her memorial of him:—

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormy seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please.

He said himself in his speech at the Lotus Club, in 1874:—

One of the kind wishes expressed for me is long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible—then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar. . . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near. . . . Long life is the last thing that I desire. It may be that, as one grows older, one acquires more and more the painful consciousness of the difference between what *ought* to be done and what *can* be done, and sits down more quietly when one gets the wrong side of fifty, to let others start up to do for us things we cannot do for ourselves. But it is the highest pleasure that a man can have who has (to his own exceeding comfort) turned down the hill at last, to believe that younger spirits will rise up after him, and catch the lamp of truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet.

It was only as he neared the wrong side of fifty (or the right) that he became willing to leave things which he wished done for others to do, but from the early years of a singularly happy marriage he was strangely familiar with the thought that it would be a blessed thing to have it all over. It was with him among the beauties of the Moselle when his enjoyment of them was keenest, as well as among the cares of his parish and the literary labors forced upon him by the cares of his family. One almost thinks his craving for death when life was most intense was like an ascetic's craving for pain when rapture is at its highest—best understood, so far as either is intelligible, as the reaction of nature under a perpetual strain. Few who succeed as ascetics would have been happy or useful under the conditions of ordinary life: one cannot say that of Kingsley; his good-will, his ready sympathies, his quick perception, his fearlessness would have brought him comfortable employment and earned him honorable distinction if he had been content to take life at the rate of other country parsons. It almost seems as if it might have been so if circumstances had been a little easier—if he had had a

very moderate amount of private fortune, if he had come into a living with a clear income instead of having to spend borrowed money to make the house habitable, and repair in other ways the neglect of his predecessor, he might have been able to give more scope to his "favorite occupation" of "doing nothing," and to avoid to some extent what he disliked most, "work of any kind." He would still have been a notable observer, a famous fisherman, a telling preacher, a hearty friend; he would still have been vehement against injustice, or what he thought injustice; but, as he disciplined what was excessive in this vehemence, he might easily have come to the conclusion to which most men come — that it is best to do one's own share of the world's work and leave other people to do theirs; he would have gained something and lost much, and escaped much also.

However this may be, there was much in his disposition as well as in his circumstances to mark him out for a strenuous life. He said himself, writing in 1865 to Mr. Galton on his book on "Hereditary Talent:" —

We are but the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (seventy-nine), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl.

His father was ordained late in life, having come to the end of his career as a Hampshire country gentleman at the age of thirty through his guardians' improvidence and his own. He went to read for orders at Cambridge, and there became acquainted with Dr. Herbert Marsh, then Margaret Professor of Divinity, whose interest in German literature he shared. In theology the elder Mr. Kingsley was rather of the school of Simeon, but perhaps we may trace Dr. Marsh's influence in the resolution with which he stood up for geology at a time when a clergyman could not do so without courage. The connection bore fruit in other ways: Mr. Kingsley's first cure was in the Fens; Dr. Marsh, when Bishop of Peterborough, made him one of his examining chaplains, and gave him one of his best livings to hold for his son, then seventeen.

Mrs. Kingsley came of a West Indian family; her father was a man of books

and science, the intimate friend of Sir Joseph Banks and the distinguished John Hunter. At the time of the panic caused in Barbadoes by the earthquake wave, and darkness which accompanied the great eruption of the Soufrière of St. Vincent, "he opened his window, found it stick, and felt upon the sill a coat of powder. 'The volcano at St. Vincent has broken out at last,' said the wise man, 'and this is the dust of it.' So he quieted his household and his negroes, and went to his scientific books."

Charles Kingsley was born at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, in 1819: he only remained there six weeks, as his father was removing to another curacy in Nottinghamshire; but his mother had enjoyed the scenery upon his account as well as her own, and he always felt himself a Devonshire man. As a child Kingsley suffered more than once from brain fever, and was moved into a haunted room at Barnack Rectory, where he heard too many ghosts ever to believe in them in later life, though his imagination was still haunted by what he had experienced or fancied. In 1864, he gave the following characteristic *rationale* of the matter to Mrs. Francis Pelham: —

MY DEAR ALICE, — Of Button Cap — he lived in the great north room at Barnack (where I was *not* born). I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on it. I never heard of any skeleton being found; and Button Cap's history had nothing to do with murder, only with avarice and cheating.

Sometimes he turned cross and played *Poltergeist*, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise, which was undignified. So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning.

I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated national schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff — or perhaps some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof and ran down to the pond, and drank till he burst. He was rats.

Your affectionate uncle,
C. KINGSLEY.

When he was four years old, Kingsley preached his first sermon, which his mother wrote down and showed to Bishop Marsh,

who told her to keep it. Some sentences are prophetic of his later teaching. "Honesty has no chance against stealing. . . . Nobody can tell how the devil can be chained in hell. . . . If humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back by being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies and speaking evil, and not calling their brother fool and Raca." The first poems, composed eight months later, are less remarkable, and as a schoolboy his tastes and character were more conspicuous than his abilities. When he was eleven his parents had settled for five years at Clovelly, after a halt of ten months at Ilfracombe: he was sent to a preparatory school at Clifton (where he saw the Bristol riots, which scared him into strong Toryism), and thence to the grammar-school at Helston, then under the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, where he became intimate with R. Cowley Powles, who contributes some interesting letters and recollections. His translations into English verse were good, he worked fitfully at classics and mathematics, geologized eagerly, and botanized with passion; he had much information, which his schoolfellows had not, and was accordingly unpopular, because, without intending to snub them, he produced the effect. Moreover, though he was strong and active, he was not expert at games of any kind; on the other hand, he bore pain wonderfully, and excelled in all feats that required nerve and daring. At the age of fifteen he composed much poetry in verse and prose, of which Mr. Powles has preserved some interesting specimens: one called "Hypotheses Hypochondriacæ," on the death of a certain young lady, who, it appears, did not die, is in verse, and contains a good deal of observation of Devonshire landscape, and innocent Byronic sentiment, forcibly and musically expressed; the other, "Psyche," a rhapsody, probably refers indirectly to the same occasion; Psyche seeks love through the world and only finds it in God, and when she is gone the world misses her. He had come now to take an interest in the love of others, if not to have a serious love of his own: his interest showed itself characteristically in eager advice to his schoolfellow; he bids him "teach her a love of nature. Stir her imagination, and excite her awe and delight by your example. . . . Teach her to love God, teach her to love nature." He had already views on art, and, as Mr. Powles reminds us, it was not the fashion for boys to have views on art forty years

ago. His views were perhaps as enlightened as Shelley's; he thought Vandyke and Murillo the most exquisitely poetical of all painters, while Rubens was magnificent but terrible.

Hitherto his life had been happy, except for the shock of his brother Herbert's death; but the change in 1836 from Clovelly to Chelsea, and from Helston to King's College, was anything but a welcome one. He found clerical society, into which his family were naturally thrown, intolerably "shoppy;" all the details of parish work were disgusting to his boyish fastidiousness and his aristocratic prejudices. He had no relaxation that suited him, except the society of one or two acquaintances, no exercise except the tramp from Chelsea to the Strand, and from the Strand to Chelsea. It is not surprising that he overworked himself in a way that he remembered as long as he lived, with perceptible injury to his health, and more serious injury to the tone of his mind.

He was well prepared when he went to Cambridge, and obtained a scholarship at Magdalene in his first year; but the curriculum was thoroughly distasteful to him at the time, though, when he came to lecture on the school of Alexandria, he had argued himself into admiration of the discipline against which he had rebelled. The reaction was not long delayed; he was his own master if he dared to be, and he had never known the fear either of man or of more than man as a motive for obedience. He was always, indeed, a dutiful son, but his respect for his father's person took the form, even in later life, of holding that his father's opinions had never given his abilities fair play. The disease of "emancipation," which few clever young men escape, unless they are very modest and their elders very wise, attacked him in its severest form. He disbelieved almost all that he had been taught, and then was distressed at not knowing what to believe. He neglected his work and gave himself up to wild sports in the Fens, which then presented much of the bleak picturesqueness that he has immortalized in his prose idyls. He was very popular, but not very sociable, as few of his contemporaries cared for such strenuous amusements, and sowed their wild oats without so much heart-searching.

On July 6, 1839, on a visit to Oxfordshire, Kingsley met his future wife, Fanny, the daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger, his wife. Some fifteen years afterwards he said, "That was my real wedding-day." At first this only

intensified the crisis. Circumstances seemed to give the lover very little hope; in intervals of recklessness Kingsley thought of joining the prairie hunters, a scheme which he remembered when he travelled across America in 1873, when he met his brother, Dr. Kingsley (of whom, as of his other brother, we hear very little), in Colorado. But from the first, the influence of a pure and passionate attachment told. Mrs. Kingsley has naturally felt that the time has not come to tell the whole story; we have to read between the lines; and, after all, we cannot be sure how much of autobiography there is in the story of Lancelot and Argemone. The conjecture that there is something would force itself upon us, even if Mrs. Kingsley did not suggest it by comparing her husband to his own Lancelot. From some allusions to the period in his later letters, it would seem that there was a time when Lancelot was more nearly inclined to agree altogether with Argemone than Argemone knew. The nearest approach to an admission is a letter of December, 1840, where he says, "If I ever believe Christianity, it will be in that spirit in which you believe in it. There is no middle course between deism or the highest and most monarchical system of Catholicism. Between the two I waver." A letter of the next month explains his deference to her judgment:—

How I envy, as a boy, a woman's life at the corresponding age—so free from mental control as to the subjects of thought and reading—so subjected to it as to the manner and the tone! We, on the other hand, are forced to drudge at the acquirement of confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies, and scientific theories long exploded—while our finer senses and our conscience are either seared by sensuality, or suffered to run riot in imagination and excitement, and at last to find every woman who has made even a moderate use of her time, far beyond us in true philosophy.

In June, 1841, he wrote of Tract 90:—

Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in.

The nearest approach to a relaxation of this harsh judgment is to be found in a letter of 1865 to Maurice, where he says, "The Tract-90 argument was quite fair—*if its author could have used it fairly.*"

But although he rejected the system so impetuously, it came very near to domi-

nating him; he never lost the sense of what he owed it, or of what he had inferred from it, and it is just here that the narrative fails us. Kingsley's courage made his letters at the time the expression of his resistance, and not of the concessions which were half involuntary. The indication we get from a letter of his early married life, in which he says to his wife, "Was it not better and more poetical in my sorrow to use mortification than to bewail the moon" in verse. One is reminded of Argemone sleeping upon the ground in sympathy with the distress of Lancelot. The truth of the matter we suspect is as follows. Kingsley's muscles and senses were far more vigorous than the rest of his constitution: looking only to his strength, he was fit for an athlete; looking only at his temperament, he was fitter for a monk. His brain, or his personality, as we may choose to phrase it, was steadily on the side of the robust and active element, but was never impervious to the other. Hence all who were really intimate with him were struck by the union of the most exquisite tenderness with a manliness that often seemed aggressive. Hence, too, his personal predilection for mystical writers, even when he felt bound to protest against what he thought their demoralizing quietism. Hence, too, one is tempted to guess, an impulse to complete his conversion by renouncing his love, an impulse which may have been the stronger because the sense of unworthiness, which is to be found in all true lovers, was very strong in him. It is hard not to suspect some personal animosity in his reprobation of the depreciation of wedded love which for him was the one damning sin of asceticism.

Another consequence of Kingsley's constitution was extreme intellectual impatience. The importunate muscular energy which made mental application in itself a penance, became comparatively manageable by the help of tobacco, which he learned to prize at Cambridge, though we find that when he had long been a hard-working country parson, he could not work at writing when the weather interfered with energetic exercise. But the exuberant vitality asserted itself in another way—he threw himself readily into a combative attitude and condemned before he understood. After reading ten lines of Palmer on the Church, he was sure that the book was too sophistical and dangerous for his correspondent to read until she could read it with him, and was ready to convict the citations of the "Tract-writers" of bad faith on the strength of the counter-

citations of Dean Goode. This, of course, was in his salad days, when he was green in judgment, and thought Salisbury Cathedral a monument of elegant soul-crushing austerity; but years after he seriously maintained that the successful activity of the clergy promised nothing for the permanence or prosperity of the Establishment, unless the Church comprehended the necessity of an alliance with Arnoldism, because, "as we who know history know," the last fifty years before the Reformation were full of just the same superficial activity and improvement, the proof being, that during those years the fashion of founding colleges of priests, instead of monasteries, came in, and that many churches were built in Somersetshire.

Kingsley's leanings to democracy seem to have come from Carlyle, whose "French Revolution" and "Past and Present" did much to decide him to take orders. Oddly enough, he was introduced to Carlyle's writings by the same influence as that which led him back to comparative orthodoxy; but one must not forget that Carlyle has done so much to rehabilitate the past, that those who wished to restore it might for a time mistake him for an ally. He influenced Kingsley on two sides: he familiarized him with the conception which he and many since have taken for an evangel, though Schiller formulated it as a *pis aller*.

Die Welt-geschichte is das Welt-gericht.

He familiarized him, too, with the belief that every privilege had to be justified, and could not claim to be respected simply because it was there. Besides, the theory of democracy was in the air. Kingsley was impressed, like De Tocqueville, by the growing power of large masses of the proletariat and the growing disorganization of what remained of the old hierarchical system. Like De Tocqueville, he was slow to perceive that the proletariat was completely incapable of wielding the same extent of power that the chiefs of the old order had possessed, and that consequently the old directing classes would be able to retain indefinitely large powers of obstruction at any rate, and were likely to be reinforced at various points by the egotism of a *parvenu* oligarchy. Nor was it then so clear as now how small a proportion of the proletariat is capable of anything like sustained political passion, and Kingsley's illusions were more pardonable because he lived through the Chartist agitation and the Revolution of 1848 before he was

thirty. There was another more personal and more honorable reason for Kingsley's illusions in the fact that he was able to make friends of uncultivated people without any painful effort of condescension, a gift which is probably becoming rarer and rarer among the cultivated, while it tends increasingly to consign its possessors to a not wholly enviable eminence as "trusted friends and advisers of the working classes." Eversley was moreover a democratic parish of "heth croppers," hereditary poachers on Windsor Forest and other preserves in the neighborhood, and surrounded by commons which helped to maintain their independence in more innocent ways.

He went there six months after taking his degree, which was better than his friends had expected. For the last year he had read steadily, and for the last six months violently; his mind had recovered its tone as a result of so much exertion conscientiously, though, as he thought at the time unprofitably, applied; and though his letters of the time are full of awe-struck humility about himself, deepened by a mystical estimate of the clerical office, one is struck by the unhesitating tone in which he advises his friends on the gravest subjects often when dead-tired in body or mind, or both, as he tells his correspondents frankly.

His life at Eversley at first was full of hardship; he was only curate, there were no gentry in the parish, he lived in a cottage, working hard, faring, hard chopping wood for exercise, one might almost say for recreation, reading historical and unhistorical lives of saints and famishing for intellectual intercourse. For part of the time he had the farther trial of being cut off from all communication with his future wife, and nothing in the whole narrative of his life becomes him better than this passage in it: all the letters to his betrothed, including the letter of farewell on the eve of a parting — which for all that either knew, might last for life — are full of obstinate thanksgiving, he is so far from claiming pity that he will not even give it. With him, love is enough, for eternity will make amends for time. Nor was there anything in his faith to depreciate this life and its duties; his very ground for believing that the law of perfection was binding here was his immovable confidence in its transcendental fulfilment there, and although his love to the law doubtless sustained the confidence, the confidence deepened the love; it is a common experience which deserves more at-

tention than it has received, that most men abandon their wishes when the beliefs which those wishes have suggested appear to break down.

As the period of separation to which Kingsley had assented drew to a close, the prospects of the lovers brightened. He received the offer of a more desirable curacy, and their engagement was sanctioned. Before he went to Pimperne, the rector of Eversley had absconded, and the parishioners wisely exerted themselves to secure Kingsley as his successor. His brief stay at Pimperne brought him into contact with S. G. O., who was deep in statistics and abuses, and the condition of the Dorsetshire farm-laborer, not cheerful now, was more than disheartening then, as Kingsley wrote: "What is the use of my talking to hungry paupers about heaven? Sir,' as my clerk said to me yesterday; 'there is a weight on their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.'" At Eversley the task was less overwhelming. "He found a kindly people, civil and grateful for notice, and as yet wholly uninjured by indiscriminate almsgiving." His regular house-to-house visiting conquered them. "If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five or six times a day — and night as well as day — for his own heart's sake as well as for their soul's sake." His only recreation was fishing; he would not shoot because the population were poachers; he could not afford to hunt, though latterly he sometimes followed the hounds on an old hack, but from the beginning his knowledge and love of horses and dogs won the hearts of the stablemen and whippers-in of Sir John Cope's hounds. "When the first confirmation after his induction was given out in church, and he invited all who wished to be confirmed to come down to the rectory for weekly instruction, the stud-groom, a respectable man of five-and-thirty, was among the first to come, bringing a message from the whips and stablemen to say that they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr. Kingsley wished it they would all be happy to come again."

While Kingsley was bringing Eversley into some approach to order, it was daily becoming more apparent how far England was from being safe and orderly. It is very difficult to realize how menacing the clouds seemed which gathered and passed without bursting, but thirty or forty years ago nearly all thoughtful observers seem to have been convinced that heroic meas-

ures of some kind, something like a national reformation, a conversion to purified feudalism — or Christian socialism, or socialism without Christianity, or strict Benthamism and Malthusianism — were indispensable if England was to be saved from final ruinous decay, or at any rate from a bloody revolution. There has been no national conversion, no general adoption of heroic remedies. The only radical change has been the adoption of free trade in corn, and England at the present moment is as safe and prosperous as any nation has ever been, and may look forward reasonably and soberly to going on from good to better by the diffusion of an interest daily less fitful, because more intelligent in the application of very unheroic remedies. This interest is still kept up by the devotion of a minority, very far from unheroic, who impress upon the majority the importance of always doing a little in the right direction. At the beginning of the movement it was natural that this minority should have their whole minds set upon the need for fundamental change, and should gather into little groups with the object of initiating the application of heroic remedies on a small scale, not having yet learned from experience the beneficent effect of unheroic remedies largely applied.

One of these groups gathered round the late Mr. Maurice, and Kingsley was for some ten years one of its most active and influential members, more influential and more active perhaps than the titular chief, for we are inclined to think that Mr. Maurice's part in the battle (a very real part, since it sustained his followers) was to lift up his hands on the mountain. For Kingsley himself these years were the most fruitful of his life, the years of his most decisive activity as a parson and politician, as an author and as a director of souls. They were years also of conflict which astonishes us by its violence. The crust of prejudice or principle which still held the old order together was very thin, as is shown by the ease with which it has yielded to the dissolvent influences of the last ten years; but those who thirty years ago were struck with the menacing instability of a fabric already undermined found the shell still cruelly hard. It was this sense of isolation, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, which made Kingsley take the *nom-de-plume* of Parson Lot in his writings addressed to working-men; he felt himself a solitary ineffectual preacher of repentance in a city which deserved to be rained upon with

fire and brimstone. The tone of his addresses one thinks ought even then to have given little offence to conservatives. The main burden of his teaching was that working-men must emancipate themselves from the tyranny of their own vices before they could be emancipated from the tyranny of bad social arrangements; that they must cultivate the higher elements of a common humanity in themselves before they could obtain their share in the heritage of national civilization. He consistently discouraged every approach to illegality or violence, and on the memorable 10th of April he and his associates worked as hard as the Duke of Wellington to keep the peace. But the great body of the respectable and orthodox regarded it as a crime in a benighted clergyman to enter into amicable intercourse for any purpose whatever with revolutionists, especially when he admitted that the revolutionists had grievances, and stated those grievances with as much emphasis as if he had been prepared to join in revolutionary action. The rôle of Mentor is always thankless, and Kingsley had more than his share of its trials and less than his share of its rewards and consolations, such as they are. From first to last, too, he felt for his clients rather than with them; their wrongs made his blood boil, but their aspirations hardly made his heart beat higher. There is little in his letters, or the recollections of his associates, to show that he admired the working-men leaders with whom he came in contact; there is a good deal to deepen the impression made by "Alton Locke," that he was often struck by their absurd pretentiousness and unreality. An agitation in which members of different classes meet, is generally a happy hunting-ground for some of the most worthless members of both, and Kingsley had, as Mr. Hughes tells us, all the fastidiousness of an aristocrat, and disliked all wilful eccentricity. In every-day life he appreciated the comfort of undress quite sufficiently, but it shocked him to be associated with men, one of whom was capable of attending an important deputation in plush gloves. Then, too, if the leaders, with their theories of popular sovereignty, went beyond him, he went beyond the mass of the rank and file in the extent of the social reconstruction he desired. To his mind the principles of association and competition stood in sharp contrast, with nothing very solid or visible between. The ideal of English artisans has always been "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work;" not to get rid of

masters, but to agree with them on customary terms, subject to equitable revision from time to time. But Kingsley's ideal was that working-men should unite to be their own masters. The establishment of such an association is the conclusion to which he works up in his famous pamphlet on the distress in the tailoring trade. When the association failed (partly by bad workmanship, and partly, no doubt, because, when the glut of cheap Irish labor ceased, the ordinary trade got back to a comparatively wholesome state), and when other associations failed too, Kingsley saw nothing for the working classes to do but to "sit and consider themselves." In many respects he was twenty or thirty years ahead of his contemporaries, but he agreed with the economists in seeing only the failures of trades' unions, and the waste of unsuccessful contests, and in leaving out of sight the promise of future victory and the barriers already raised against oppression.

But no divergence of views and no fastidiousness of taste were allowed to interfere with his labors for the good cause: by the end of 1848 he had worked himself to a standstill. He had published "The Saint's Tragedy," and written "Yeast" in *Fraser*, and worked hard all the time at Eversley and among the Chartists, and at the Queen's College for working-men, to say nothing of some vehement and elaborate letters of spiritual advice.

While resting at Ilfracombe the idea of "Alton Locke" came to him. It developed itself with so much freshness and clearness, that he accepted it as an inspiration from above, and prayed against spoiling it. It is an advance upon "Yeast" in every way; one does not feel, as in "Yeast," that the story is arranged simply to give the hero occasions for talking trenchantly of matters which he does not understand; and it is an artistic gain that the writer is idealizing his observation rather than his experience. Both being written at a red heat, are far superior to his first work, "The Tragedy of St. Elizabeth," which represents the outcome of years of reading and meditation. Ever since leaving Cambridge he had contemplated writing her life, and that of St. Theresa as a pendant, to exhibit, as he supposed, the twofold aspect of the ascetic ideal upon the practical and the contemplative side. The half of the scheme that was executed shows that a poem with a purpose ought not to be too elaborate. The historical appreciation is falsified throughout; it was not Conrad, but the

democrats whom he burnt, that were Manichees; St. Elizabeth did not find Conrad's yoke heavy because it came between her and her home, but because she was naturally unmethodical, and took a childlike pleasure in giving. Montalembert believed in her far more implicitly than Kingsley, but he lets us see far more clearly that if she had not been a saint she would have been a goose.

Though "Yeast" was written first, it did not appear as a book till 1851, and in the interval he had formed and discarded plans for a second and third parts. In one, Luke, Claude, and Lancelot were to work out the ecclesiastical, pagan, and naturalist tendencies in art, and the result of the last experiment was to be Tregarva's conversion from Puritanism to an appreciation of art among other good gifts. In the other, Argemone was to undertake the regeneration of Whitefoord, and to fail until guided by Lancelot into the true gospel of the time. When "Yeast" did appear, it was a signal for a storm: the purpose of the book had been deliberately left to the reflection of the reader, and though this, when discovered, was edifying, or at worst unobjectionable, the temper and method of the book must have seemed objectionable enough; besides which, the doctrines that moral and spiritual life has a physiological basis, and that good comes out of evil which practically would not come without, never easy of digestion, appeared doubly offensive in an author who had nothing positive to suggest, and proclaimed the religious and intellectual bankruptcy of the existing system. The *Guardian's* review was of a kind which the author was almost justified in meeting with the compendious retort of Father Valerian, "*Mentiris impudentissime.*"

There was a longer interval before the appearance of "Hypatia," which was undertaken partly as a business speculation, like all the writings which followed it. After completing the first draft of "Yeast," he had more than half agreed to give up novel-writing: he was busy without it, and though what he called his "blessed habit of intensity" doubled his working power, it was no guarantee against exhaustion. But silence was a real difficulty to a man whose convictions were energetic and singular, and "Alton Locke" had brought money — which was wanted. He decided to take a curate to have time for writing, and a pupil or pupils in order to find funds to pay a curate. "Hypatia" was written *con amore*; in one of his letters while the

work was in progress, he calls her "a little darling," which is a stronger sign of paternal affection than he bestowed on either of the later novels which have the mellowness of over-ripe fruit, or even upon "The Water Babies," his last great and spontaneous success.

Before the publication of "Hypatia," Kingsley was mainly occupied with sanitary reform, a subject forced upon him by the epidemic of cholera in 1849, by the unhealthy state of his own parish, and by his discoveries in the worst parts of London, and also by the perception that the social problem was too large to attack as a whole, and that in pressing for the necessity of pure air and pure water, the risk of premature and doubtful theories was less than in dealing with political or economical problems. Even in "Alton Locke" he had expressed a wish that the working-classes would adjourn their political aspirations altogether in favor of social reforms, and in October, 1850, we find him writing to Maurice:—

All my old roots are tearing up one by one; and though I keep a gallant "front" before the Charlotte Street people (Council of Association), little they know of the struggles within me, the laziness, the terror. Pray for me; I could lie down and cry sometimes. A poor fool of a fellow, and yet feeling thrust upon all sorts of great and unspeakable paths, instead of being left in peace to classify butterflies and catch trout.

The same month he wrote to Mr. J. M. Ludlow about the *Christian Socialist*, whose epitaph he was to write in June 9, 1852, with wonderful eagerness and hopefulness urging that the contributors should not write down to the working classes in any way, but pour out their whole souls in a truly democratic spirit, treating their readers as ripe for the highest teaching that it was well to attempt to lay before any section of the nation. While he grudged no efforts and no risks, Kingsley was always on his guard against the prudery of equality, in which he recognized another disguise of his lifelong enemy, the spirit of asceticism. He resented theories which called men to give up beer and tobacco, or meat, as he resented the theory which called men to give up marriage. He would have agreed with Robespierre that atheism was an aristocratic vice, and he held that asceticism was aristocratic too. The ascetic claims for himself a privileged position in the next life, and is often at once the parasite and the patron of all who have reached a privileged position in this. Neo-Platonic spiritualism

was of course aristocratic too — it crushed our common nature in the interests of a special culture only accessible to the few, and from this point of view the writer was justified in regarding "Hypatia" as a democratic book, though to the uninitiated reader the democratic tendency is not very apparent.

"Hypatia" is a brilliant attempt to apprehend imaginatively the life of a period which could not yet be apprehended scientifically; its success marks something of a turning-point in Kingsley's career: hitherto his reputation had been that of a party chief; "Hypatia" gave him reputation of a wider and more peaceful kind, at a time when the struggle in which he had been engaged was dying away, partly by the desertion of the combatants and partly by the abatement of the national distress. Henceforward we may say that to reconcile the Church and democracy was only a secondary object with him, his primary object was to reconcile science and the creeds. From the beginning the fear of materialism had haunted him, and he had already endeavored to meet in "Phaeton" the floating doubts in which he rightly discerned the vanguard of a systematic assault upon all that has hitherto been recognized as religion. He has the merit of having anticipated the line of defence which apologists are still endeavoring to fortify: he insisted upon the dynamic and spiritual element in nature, feeling sure that most men, if they can be persuaded to dwell upon it, will find it easiest to conceive in the traditional anthropomorphic way. He also was one of the earliest to adopt a sophism which is rapidly getting accredited as a truism, that we ought to admire the beneficence of an order carried on under stable conditions, which we discover by the bad effects of neglecting them. "Hypatia," like most of his early efforts, was followed by an illness which necessitated a prolonged residence in Devonshire, to which we owe "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," which, oddly, enough, is not enumerated in the chronological list of his writings placed at the end of the second volume of the memoirs.

In other ways the years from 1852 to 1859 were happy years for Kingsley. When the strain of the struggle for social reform was lightened, he overflowed in boyish gaiety to his fellow-workers, especially to Mr. Hughes. All the letters and verses connected with their fishing expedition to Snowdon in 1856 are among the very best things that Kingsley either did

or inspired; to be appreciated as they deserve they should be read at length — the riotous animal spirits let loose are contagious; but if one tries to select samples they are apt to be as insipid as bubbles if one could catch them from an effervescing spring.

By January, 1857, Kingsley had completed "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago," the two most popular of his novels, and was able for the first time for three years to pass the winter at home. He began to be sought by persons of maturer years and better-fixed position than the young men who having shared the perplexities expressed in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," had found it natural to carry their troubles to a writer who had dared to avow the like.

The tragedy of the Indian Mutiny was a great shock to one whose happiness was so dependent on confidence in the order of the universe, and he missed one great pleasure in 1857, because when his friends proposed to him to go to the Art-Treasures' Exhibition at Manchester, he could not resolve to tear himself away from a sick parishioner who would have missed his daily visits. His health suffered again from confinement and over-exertion, and was not restored by a tour in Yorkshire which he undertook in view of a novel on the "Pilgrimage of Grace." The novel was partly written, but abandoned under the impression that it was degenerating into twaddle. He resolved to rest altogether, and to seek a new direction for his activity. When asked his opinion on Mansel's "Bampton Lectures," he replied that he had not read them and hardly knew whether he should; he had made up his mind on the subject and did not want to be disturbed, and thought that Mansel appeared to be making the mistake of regarding the divine action as conditioned by time.* For himself he was going to repair his resources and then renew the attack on the side of physical science.

The course of events seconded this resolution: no one was more sensitive than Kingsley to the great changes produced in the intellectual atmosphere by the appearance within a couple of years of "Essays and Reviews," Darwin's "Origin of Species," and Mill's "Essay on Liberty." They did not affect him to the same extent or in the same direction. Mill's essay simply filled him with unreserved, unreflecting, perhaps unfruitful

* It was characteristic of Kingsley to feel that the high value he put upon metaphysical distinctions dispensed him from giving much thought to metaphysics.

sympathy; Darwin's great work moved him far more powerfully: he was more convinced than ever that natural science was the subject of the day; he accepted Mr. Darwin's method and the great body of his facts with one characteristic reserve. He had no objection to the principle of evolution, but he could not apply it without precaution to ourselves; he thought it of the two more likely that existing anthropoid apes are degenerate men, than that men were the perfected descendants of extinct anthropoid apes. When the controversy between Huxley and Owen about the hippocampus minor was at its height, Kingsley attended the British Association and produced an amusing squib, which Mrs. Kingsley has done well to reprint, in which he calls Lord Dundreary of all people to pronounce judgment upon the knotty point. He could not bring himself to enter into such questions seriously; the excitement about them only convinced him the more of the value of the arcanum which Cardinal Manning and Mr. St. George Mivart are so fond of pressing on an ungrateful world — the old Greek doctrine that the different kinds of bodies are constituted by different kinds of souls. A conviction of this kind is obviously too deep to be affected by ordinary arguments or discoveries of detail; on these, too, Kingsley felt inclined to form opinions of his own, and, considering how eagerly he followed the course of investigation, one cannot accuse him of presumption for conjecturing *inter alia* that "mimicry" among butterflies might be due to hybridism, especially as he was always ready to admit upon competent authority that the facts were against him, with the ready saving clause that they were much more wonderful than his own theory.

If the great impulse which Mr. Darwin gave to popular interest in natural science carried Kingsley forward in a direction of his own, the great shock given to prejudice by the publication of "Essays and Reviews" carried him rather back. The mere fact that others had gone beyond him was enough alone to give him rank as a moderate. Moreover he sincerely disapproved of the boldness of the essayists; he held that, whatever they might assert, they were responsible for each other. He wished the book had never been published; he wished that, being published, it had been let alone severely. It is true that Mr. Maurice pained and alarmed him by accusing him of rationalizing because he was ready to admit mistakes in the Bible

if proved, but he was very reluctant to look out for them. He described his attitude very naïvely in a letter, thanking the present Dean of Westminster for his lectures on the Jewish Church.

"I have dared to bid my people relinquish biblical criticism to those who have time for it, and to say of it with me, as Abraham of the planets, 'Oh! my people, I am clear of all these things; I turn myself to Him who made heaven and earth.'"

Meanwhile official recognition and promotion had come. He had been made a fellow of the Linnæan and Geographical Societies, an honor which he valued very highly; he had been appointed a queen's chaplain; he had made the acquaintance of the late prince consort, to whom he attached himself with instinctive loyalty; he had lectured to enthusiastic classes of ladies upon sanitary reform; he had been appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge, and had a large class of undergraduates, and a special class, including the Prince of Wales. He accepted his professorship in the hope of making himself independent of his income from literature; some may think that his success as professor was a severer satire upon the university than anything in "Alton Locke." The only course of lectures which he ever published is written in a fearful and wonderful dialect, and contains little or nothing beyond vague vivid amplification of elementary facts; but his lectures were crowded, and a fair proportion of his hearers were induced to study the best original authorities on his subjects.

Within a year of his appointment he published a revised edition of "Alton Locke" with a preface which may be described as a protest against his own conversion to conservatism: he exaggerated the change which had taken place in the world because he underrated the change in himself. He had come to hold that a democracy required the influences of an hereditary monarchy and aristocracy, and of a Church, and if possible an Established Church. He regretted that the relation of landlord and tenant could not be permanently settled upon an hereditary semi-feudal basis; he convinced himself that it was hopeless to dream of the reclamation of the comparatively fertile wastes of England by peasant squatters. His attitude during the American war is noticeable. He insisted that the distress in Lancashire was caused by over-speculation, quite as much as by the cotton famine, and pointed

out that a national subscription in aid of Lancashire poor-rates was rather unreasonable, considering that poor-rates had long been much heavier in Hampshire than in Lancashire at the time the subscription was called for, and that Hampshire, with all her faults, had never asked for a national subscription to save her from the consequences of her own mismanagement. When the Freedmen's Aid Fund was started after the war, he doubted whether a fund was wanted, and did not doubt at all that whatever was wanted ought to be raised in America, considering what West Indian emancipation (by which he personally had been a heavy loser) had cost England. No personal motive is needed to explain his zeal on behalf of Mr. Eyre; it was quite of a piece with his enthusiasm for Rajah Brooke; he judged both upon the same principles, though most readers will think that in Mr. Eyre's case it was more than doubtful if the principles applied.

Much of his youthful radicalism persisted and even grew. In the wet summer of 1860 he preached a famous sermon, which edified his farmers and shocked the clergy, to explain, in the first place, that a wet season coming after three dry ones probably does more good than harm; and in the second place, that pious people ought to be very much shocked at the thought that it is possible for our intensest wishes to act in some swift untraceable way upon the weather (which certainly acts swiftly and untraceably upon our wishes), because this would involve the dislocation of the whole order of the universe, which it is assumed can only be altered for the worse. One feels he had travelled far since he wrote in 1843, "Never let us get into the common trick of calling unbelief resignation, of asking, and then because we have not faith to believe, putting in a 'Thy will be done' at the end." He was more consistent in interesting himself in Mr. Mill's election for Westminster, which led to a correspondence in which Mr. Mill was always very deferential, and also to a share in the agitation for women's rights. From the suffrage agitation he soon withdrew, upon the ordinary ground that the best women were against it, and he had thought out, perhaps not unaided, the reasons for which the best women were against it: they all appear to be corollaries from the fact that the agitation has interested those women most in whom secondary sexual characteristics form the smallest element in their nature. But he still urged the medical

education of women, the more because he had a strong, if not an exaggerated, sense of the importance of all that depends upon sex, and was therefore anxious that people of both sexes should be in a position to study it practically and scientifically.

His course upon this question exemplifies a tendency which grows sooner or later upon most active men, and grew early upon him, the tendency to discard coherent schemes and concentrate one's interest upon a few points where activity, or at least impulse, can still play unimpeded. His piety, one might almost say, gathered itself up into stoicism, as his socialism had gathered itself up into zeal for sanitary work, as his intellectual activity had gathered itself up into zeal for promoting knowledge of natural history. The last was perhaps his chief source of happiness in a period which does not seem to have been very happy. The success of the Wellington College Museum, and of the botanical class at Chester, was very sweet to him; but many things, we gather, had lost their savor.

A man cannot enjoy a canonry very much when he takes it as Kingsley took his, both at Chester and at Westminster, as a matter of duty to his children, and a relief from literary task-work. There were tangible things, too, to vex him, such as the enclosure of Eversley Common, which spoiled the beauty of the parish, and interfered with the comfort of the poor; the successful opposition to the proposal to make him a D.C.L. at Oxford, on the ground of the crudities and nudities of "Hypatia;" and, worse still, his controversy with Dr. Newman, in which, as Mrs. Kingsley truly points out, his defeat was the more calamitous because of the generous impulses which made him anxious to withdraw as much as he could of a charge — which he did not see to be unfounded. Worse than all, it may be, were the beginnings of that growing sense of emptiness within, which so often comes as the sphere of outward activity widens. The letters from America are cold and meagre compared with the letters from the West Indies, as those are meagre compared with the letters from the South of France in 1865, to say nothing of the letters from the Rhine in 1851. One comes upon phrases like this: "As I ride, I jog myself and say, 'You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are?' and my other self answers, 'Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more; and I don't care about it all.'"

"I longed to get here, I have been more than satisfied with being here, and now I long to get back again." And this from St. Louis: "I wish already that our heads were homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do."

There are many joyous phrases still; the bright bold spirit still turned gallantly to the sunshine. Once, at least, we get a flash of pathetically pure enjoyment, as in the lines on the "Delectable Day," put into his wife's hands on November 6th, 1872, and even this has a sad close:—

Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank thee
For such a delectable day,
Though the prig, the fool, and the swindler,
To-morrow again have their way.

The end came before the sense that the days of pilgrimage were few, and evil had become habitual. He never regained his strength after a sharp illness in Colorado. When he went up to Westminster in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver shook him terribly. After preaching on Advent Sunday he caught cold, but went down in high spirits with his wife to Eversley; but the journey tried her so much that she was given over, and then, "My own death-warrant was signed," he said. He sustained and comforted her; he became reckless of himself; his cough turned to bronchitis, and then to pneumonia. He had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it. But one day he leapt out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and, taking her hand in his, he said, "This is heaven; don't speak." . . . They never met again. When told that another move would be fatal, he replied, "We have said all to each other; we have made up our accounts," and often repeated, "It is all right, all as it should be." For a few days a correspondence was kept up in pencil; it became, in his own words, "too tantalizing, too painful," and ceased. For his children's sake he still fought for life; he astonished the doctors by the brilliant way in which he described his symptoms, and his nurse by his vivid reminiscences of the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California, scenes which had hardly stirred his imagination at the time. His last words were prayer. ". . . Most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not for any pains of death to fall from thee." After that he lay quite still for six hours, and passed so silently that the watchers could not mark the end.

One does not ask whether it is worth while that a plant should spring up and run to seed and die, or whether it is worth while that any one of the multitude of men should be born and married and buried with or without consciousness or desire: each lives the life of its kind, and when we have said this, we have said enough. We, too, live without our choice, how to live is for us to choose; and so when a man dies like Kingsley, worn out by a constant struggle for ideal ends, carried on at a cost we hardly knew, it is natural to ask if he chose well, if the achievement repaid the endeavors. In many ways it did. It is the common lot to enter life weak, greedy, ignorant, and to get listless and distracted and irritable by the way; it is beyond the common lot to leave it gentle, diligent, resolute, pure. It is rarer still to keep the sanctities of home, great and small, flawless and undimmed for over thirty years, to trust them as eternal and to cherish them as if every hour were the last, to be a lover through all the years of marriage, and to govern children without fear, and, hardest of all in these restless times, to make servants feel themselves members of the family. And Kingsley was almost as successful in ruling his parish as in ruling his heart and his home. It is true that seven public-houses in a number of scattered hamlets were too much for his working-men's club; but he left his people civilized and with awakened intelligence, and, if that be worth anything, "every man-jack of them church-goers." If he missed a ploughman at church, he would stride across the fields next day, and tell him "that his wife did not want him in bed all Sunday morning, and that he ought to get up and leave her the house clear, and then stay at home after dinner and mind the children, and let her go out." His work in natural history was, within its limits, entirely successful: he described himself as a camp-follower of the army of science, and he said truly that camp-followers may do good service as scouts and foragers along the line of march determined by the general. The facts of nature are so complex, and the theories in process of establishment so abstract, that a few doubtful conjectures detract little from the merit of a keen observer and picturesque writer, who will fill up for one or two neighborhoods the outlines which the masters of science have drawn. He did much to make natural history attractive, even more perhaps to make well-disposed people think that they ought to find it so. The same remark

applies to his sanitary work. He recognized one great difficulty in the way of sanitary reform, in the political power of the class who own unhealthy houses in small lots; he did not recognize the greater difficulty which lies in the general belief that to act upon such sanitary knowledge as exists is worth some care and trouble, but not much. However, he inspired many pious souls with a conviction that popular apathy on the subject was sinful.

But those things in which Kingsley succeeded were not the things which made his reputation, though some of them served to extend it. He made his reputation as a militant man of letters, fighting for certain social and religious beliefs, and his success must be finally gauged by the worth of his literary work, and of the ideas by which it was inspired. It is certain that ideas were more to Kingsley than to most of us; they supplied the support which he needed in his generous efforts, as society supplies the support which is needed for ordinary industry. The pathetic part of the problem is that the ideas which were the root of Kingsley's life were as far from being clear and stable as the ideas which are the fading flowers of the lives of common men. Upon the social side he attained, if not to an adequate expression, at least to a coherent doctrine. He set out with a keen appreciation of simplicity of life, of the worth of its common permanent elements, of the instability of a society most of whose members have no conscious share in its highest interests — all which he symbolized under the name democracy. He supplemented this perception without confusing it, when he came to realize that inherited station intelligently accepted is one of the best titles to authority — which will always be indispensable. The course of his political thought made Kingsley more conservative and less eager; the course of his religious thought made him more conservative and less confident; his trinitarian speculations faded away, though his trinitarian creed remained. As he grew older he preached positivism in observation, and optimism in feeling, more and more in an arbitrary way, with less and less pretence that the combination supplied a reasonable explanation of facts. Yet his theology is not worthless. He was one of the first to note the fatal tendency of an old creed to become a *terminus ad quem* instead of a *terminus a quo*, and to urge the fruitful method of confronting religious classics directly with the broad permanent facts of

human experience, and the working hypotheses of virtuous lives.

Of his literary work we can speak with less hesitation. With little subtlety of insight or feeling, with too much tendency to boisterous edification, he was still a most admirable descriptive writer. As a poet, it appears, he took himself too seriously; "Santa Maura" we see now was written with more emotion than it will be read with. "The Three Fishers" will probably live; it is too soon to guess whether "The Bad Squire" and the "Buccaneer" will follow the "Corn-Law Rhymes" to a premature grave. "Andromeda" has most of the merits of a Broad Church tract and an Alexandrian heroic idyll. His mantle as a novelist has fallen upon writers so unlike him as the author of "Guy Livingstone," Ouida, and Miss Broughton.

G. A. SIMCOX.

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WEARINESS: A TALE FROM FRANCE.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

MONSIEUR CASIMIR VINCENT, the old and very wealthy Lunel banker, had been for more than thirty years the regular and honored frequenter of the Café de l'Esplanade. There he might be seen twice a day without fail: in the afternoon about one o'clock, after his breakfast, to take his cup of coffee, glance over the newspapers, and exchange a few words with his old acquaintances; and again towards eight in the evening, after his dinner, to play his game of piquet, which generally lasted till about eleven.

Every one at Lunel knew M. Vincent. He was a small, thin man, with marked features, large dark eyes, short thick hair that was turning grey, and a calm, indifferent expression of countenance. M. Vincent was of a taciturn nature, and when he spoke, it was slowly and thoughtfully. Notwithstanding his unmixed southern blood, he was sober in gesture, and nothing in his movements betrayed the proverbial vivacity of his countrymen. He dressed simply and very carefully, and paid particular attention to his linen, which was always of dazzling whiteness.

M. Vincent's story was as well known to the inhabitants of the town as his appearance or his mode of living. His grandfather, during the first Revolution, had been the founder of the house of Casimir Vincent. There were old men living

who still remembered him, and spoke of him as a man who had possessed no common share of intelligence and energy. In a short time he had amassed a large fortune by his banking business, and also as an army contractor. His son had carried on the business under the Empire and the Restoration. In his turn, the Casimir Vincent of our story, who had been brought up in the paternal school, after having spent a few years in Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Paris, settled at Lunel in the year 1840. His steadiness inspired his father with such confidence that he at once admitted him to partnership. The firm was thenceforward styled "Casimir Vincent & Son."

Vincent junior was then about thirty. He was considered a *dandy*, and the young beaux of his little town copied his dress, and asked him for the addresses of his tradesmen.

The wealthy citizens who had marriageable daughters used to get up parties and picnics in his honor.

On two occasions there had been rumors of Monsieur Vincent's marriage. Soon after his return to Lunel he had paid his addresses to Mademoiselle Coulé, and his proposals had been joyfully received by her family. All the gossips of the place were already busy reckoning up the large fortune that the young couple would have, when bright, pretty, joyous Caroline Coulé suddenly fell ill, and almost immediately died. Casimir Vincent wore no mourning for his affianced bride, but her death grieved him deeply. For several years he remained in strict retirement, entirely occupied with his father's business. The old man died in 1844, leaving by his will "all he possessed to his only and well-beloved son Casimir Vincent."

Three years after this event, Vincent came forward as a suitor for the hand of Mlle. Jeanne d'Arfeuille. He was then thirty-six, but looked much older; his hair was turning gray, and the lonely life he had led since Caroline's death had made him taciturn and gloomy. It was not, therefore, very surprising that a girl of eighteen should look upon him as an old man. Jeanne d'Arfeuille uttered a scream of affright when her mother, all radiant with joy, announced to her that the wealthy banker had done her the honor to make her an offer of marriage. She declared at once that she would rather die or shut herself up in a convent, than marry "that ugly, little, old man."

"He might be my father," added she,

bursting into tears. "I shall never love him, and I won't marry him."

At first the mother tried her eloquence to convince her daughter that it was madness to refuse the best match of the department; but as Jeanne persisted in crying, and rejected all idea of yielding, Madame d'Arfeuille at last lost patience, and ended the debate by exclaiming, "I order you to marry him, and marry him you must."

Something, however, occurred on the occasion of M. Vincent's first official visit at Madame d'Arfeuille's that ruined all the plans which that lady had formed. Vincent noticed the red eyelids and downcast air of the girl he was to wed, and leading her up to the window, spoke to her for a few minutes in whispered tones. Madame d'Arfeuille, who was seated at a little distance, saw with secret anxiety her daughter burst into tears, and heard M. Vincent, to her intense surprise, say in a gentle, serious voice, —

"Calm yourself, my dear child — I only wish for your happiness; I was mistaken."

Then going up to the mother with his usual slow, steady step, he said, in a tone which imparted singular dignity to his small stature, —

"I must thank you, madame, for the honor which you have done me; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

So saying, he bowed low to the mother and daughter and went away, leaving them both in amazement at what had happened.

Madame d'Arfeuille, as was her custom when she found herself in an awkward position, began by fainting; then, coming to herself, she got into a violent passion with Jeanne. When at last she recovered her composure, she hastened to the banker's, and vowed that there was in all this merely a deplorable misunderstanding, and that her daughter would be proud and happy to become Madame Vincent. But the little man had some peculiar notions of his own, especially on the subject of matrimony. He let Madame d'Arfeuille speak as long as she liked without interrupting her, though he caused her no little embarrassment by looking at her steadfastly all the time. When at last she came to a stop, after stammering out for the tenth time, "What a deplorable misunderstanding!" Vincent merely repeated the words he had uttered an hour before, —

"I have to thank you, madame, for the

honor you intended me ; and it is with sincere regret that I relinquish the hand of your daughter."

Madame d'Arfeuille could not believe her ears ; for one moment she had a mind to faint again, but the icy deportment of the banker deterred her from that bit of acting. She displayed great cleverness in trying to alter M. Vincent's resolve ; she even stooped to entreaty. But it was of no avail ; M. Vincent remained unmoved, and looked more gloomy than ever. Then Madame d'Arfeuille flew simply and frankly into a rage ; she accused the banker of having caused the misery of a poor innocent girl, and of striving to bring shame on her mother. Vincent remained as insensible to her fury as he had been to her prayers ; till at last, at the end of half an hour, thoroughly worn out and defeated, she retreated from the field where she had thought herself sure to achieve victory.

A few months later, pretty Jeanne d'Arfeuille married a young country gentleman of a neighboring department, who was both well-born and wealthy. Her mother was delighted at a marriage which realized all her fondest wishes ; but she retained a bitter resentment against the banker who had offended her, and never forgave him. Her southern imagination enabled her to fabricate, in respect of this affair, a whole story, which she repeated so often to her friends that she ended by believing it herself. According to this version, M. Vincent, whom she styled "a vulgar, forward *parvenu* and money-lender," had had the "audacity" to aspire to the hand of an Arfeuille. "Fortunately," she would add with magnificent dignity, "my daughter had been too well brought up not to know how to teach a fellow like that his proper place. Then he came to supplicate me to intercede with Jeanne on his behalf, and I really thought I would never be able to shake him off."

This strange story was repeated on all sides by Madame d'Arfeuille's family and friends, and came at last to M. Vincent's ears. He took no trouble to contradict it, and merely shrugged his shoulders. Some one, more curious than the rest, ventured to ask him point-blank whether there was any truth in it. He answered quietly, "You are at liberty to believe this story, if you like ; as for me, I have something better to do than to trouble myself about gossip."

After Mlle. d'Arfeuille's marriage, Vincent appeared to have given up all

thoughts of seeking a wife. Some proposals were made to him, for there was no lack in Lunel of good and prudent mothers who would willingly have given their daughters to the rich banker. But he avoided rather than sought opportunities of associating with unmarried women. When his friends expressed their regret, he would say, "I am no longer young ; I have nothing to offer to a young woman but my fortune, and I would not care for a wife who took me for that. If ever I become foolish enough to imagine that I may be loved for my own sake, you may perhaps see me come forward in the character of a suitor. In the mean time, I hold myself satisfied with the two failures I have experienced, and I mean to try and get accustomed to the life of an old bachelor."

Many years went by ; Vincent became an old man, and it entered nobody's head to think of him as a marriageable man.

M. Vincent's mode of life was simple and unvaried. He rose very early, shaved and dressed at once, and started in his *cabriolet* for a small estate in the neighborhood of the town, which he had inherited from his father. He was no agriculturist, and did not affect to be one : his visits to the *Mas de Vincent*—so his property was called—had no practical object ; but he had taken so thoroughly the habit of this daily excursion, that, summer or winter, in rain or in sunshine, he never failed to make it. His coachman, old Guerre, who sat beside him in the *cabriolet*, was a morose man, who never opened his lips except to answer laconically his master's questions. Such a companion was no restraint on the banker, who could indulge in his own thoughts during the whole journey. These must have been of a serious kind, for the countenance of the old bachelor always preserved the same cold expression of reserve.

On arriving at the *mas*, he would unbend a little. The manager of the estate came out to meet him, asked news of his health in a few words—always the same,—and then conducted him to the place where the work was going on. *Païre* Dufour* was a clever fellow, who knew how to interest his master by telling him something new every day. On this hillside, the vines were prospering ; on that other, they were attacked by disease. The silkworms were thriving, while those of the

* In the south of France, *païre* is the name given to the foremost workman on a farm, and often to the manager himself.

neighbors were merely vegetating. Sheep had been sold at Béziers; and it had been found necessary to purchase mules at the fair of Sommières. To all this Vincent listened attentively, and made no objections. As a rule, the *paire* did exactly what he liked; and all his equals and fellow-managers round about considered him the most independent and fortunate man of the whole district.

M. Vincent returned to Lunel about eleven o'clock. He went into his office, where an old clerk handed him the letters which had come by that day's post, and took his orders concerning the answers. It was not a long business, for the firm of Vincent & Son had been established on solid foundations, and all went on with perfect regularity. The business of the bank was chiefly with the wealthy landowners and farmers of the neighborhood of Lunel, who, from father to son, had had dealings with the firm for the last half-century. They used the agency of the bank to discount the bills they drew on the manufacturers and merchants of Cette, Marseilles, Lyons, and St. Etienne, in exchange for their oil, wines, or cocoons. These bills were always "duly honored;" or if, by a very rare mischance, they were "protested," the drawers always took them back without difficulty. Legal proceedings and lawyers' strife were things unknown, or only known by name, to the firm of Vincent & Son. As the head of this respected house, M. Casimer Vincent had large profits and little trouble. In the space of one hour, between eleven and twelve, he generally found time to do all his business. He then breakfasted—almost always alone; and, after that simple repast, went to the Café de l'Esplanade.

That establishment was the rendezvous of the best Lunel society. It was situated on the promenade and occupied the ground-floor and first storey of a rather large house. Jacques Itier, the master of the *café*, lived on the second floor with his wife Mariette and his numerous family. Jacques Itier was a very sharp fellow. He had not been the proprietor of the *café* very long before he perceived that he could extend the custom of his establishment considerably by dividing it into two distinct portions. So he induced his more "eminent" customers to form a *cercle*, or club, by placing the whole first floor at their disposal. Admittance to the club was not absolutely forbidden to strangers; but a chance intruder would not be likely to remain there long, so unmistakably

would the demeanor of the habitual guests show him that he was not in his proper place.

On the other hand, the wealthy citizens and merchants of the town, and the principal landowners of the environs, felt themselves quite at home at the "Cercle de l'Esplanade." Every one had his accustomed corner, chair, table, and newspaper. For smokers, there was a little grated closet, with lock and key, from whence every man could extract his own particular pipe on arriving; the billiard-players had their particular cues marked, and it was a settled and acknowledged thing that at certain hours the table belonged to a particular set. One would often hear exclamations like this: "Make haste! It is nine o'clock, and M. Vidal and M. Coulé are waiting to play their game." The waiter who attended on the first floor was called by his Christian name of "François;" and he did not confine himself to merely answering, "Yes, Monsieur," but would say, "Yes, M. Vidal;" "Yes, M. Vincent," etc., according as the notary, the banker, or any other personage called to him.

The members of the club were mostly middle-aged or old men, and three or four young men only had managed to obtain admittance. These were the sons of deceased members, and they did not seem out of place in this exclusive society. Among these young men, the foremost was René Sabatier, whose father had been a goldsmith. René was a good, honest fellow of four-and-twenty, very talkative and very familiar, who used to treat the old gentlemen of the "club" as if they had been his comrades. Nobody took offence, for he was a general favorite. He owed this kind of popularity to his conduct during the war, when he had joined the army as a volunteer, and done his duty bravely. He was considered as the chief of the young Legitimist party in Lunel; and all the members of the "Cercle de l'Esplanade" were fierce royalists.

On the ground-floor, where the real public *café* was, Republicanism prevailed. The young men of the town met there, and strangers often dropped in. The two waiters who rushed from table to table were merely *garçons* for the customers, and no man cared to inquire what their Christian names were. Madame Itier, who presided at the bar, exercised the strictest control, in order to preserve the reputation of respectability enjoyed by her establishment: now such vigilance, if dis-

played on the first floor, would have been utterly purposeless.

Jacques Itier was to be seen alternately in the upper and in the lower rooms. On the first floor, he went respectfully from table to table inquiring, in an obsequious tone, whether "the gentlemen" had all they required; the gentlemen, on their part, treated him somewhat haughtily and allowed of no familiarity. On the ground-floor it was the reverse, and there the master of the *café* was almost a personage. He was on the best terms with many of his customers; would play his game of piquet with one or another; order refreshments for his own consumption, and strip off his coat for a game of billiards. The political opinions of Jacques Itier took the color of the place where he was. On the first floor he adored the Comte de Chambord; below, he swore by Gambetta. He was a man without political prejudices. The Bonapartists of Lunel congregated at another *café*; had they come to his establishment he would no doubt have found something pleasant to say about the Prince Imperial. Casimir Vincent had frequented and patronized the *Café de l'Esplanade* for many years. He was already considered as an old *habitué*, when the establishment passed into Jacques Itier's hands. That was fifteen years ago; and since then, scarcely a day had gone by in which the little man had not been there both in the afternoon and in the evening. Vincent clung to his habits; his visits to the *café* were as much a part of his existence as his morning excursions to the *Mas de Vincent*. Every day he met the same faces at the club,—old Coulé, who had remained his friend ever since Caroline's death; M. Vidal, the notary, in whose office were the deeds of half the property in the town; René Sabatier, who was bold enough to apostrophize the banker as "*Papa Vincent*;" Bardou, the corn-merchant; Coste, the doctor; Count de Rochebrune and the Baron de Villaray, large landowners, etc. By all those Vincent was highly considered: he was known to be a rich man, a Legitimist, and the descendant of an old family of the town. All these things entitled him to honor.

Yet no one could boast of intimacy with the old bachelor. Vincent's habitual reserve kept curiosity at a distance, and he neither encouraged nor bestowed confidence. He never spoke of himself or his concerns, and wore, on all occasions, a serious countenance, with a tinge of sadness even. Some people asserted that he had never recovered the death of his fair

Caroline, and that solitude weighed on his heart. They quoted expressions which he had let drop from time to time, in which he alluded to a monotonous life "without either sorrow or joy."

As soon as M. Vincent entered the club after breakfast, François, the waiter, hastened to bring him his *demi-tasse*, and a tumbler of water; while Itier presented the *Gazette de France* and the *Messenger du Midi*. Vincent would acknowledge these civilities silently by a nod, sip his coffee and slowly smoke a cigar. He would read the Parisian newspaper all through, cast a look on the quotations of the Bourse as given in the *Messenger*, and then take his seat on the divan which ran all round the billiard-room to hear the small news of the day from some obliging neighbor. He himself scarcely ever spoke. When his cigar was finished, he walked back slowly to his office, where he worked till five o'clock. Then, in obedience to a habit he had contracted during his travels, he dressed for dinner and took his solitary repast. Now and then he invited a few friends. On those occasions the old family plate shone on the table; and the best wines, the most delicate dishes, delighted the palates of the provincial epicures. But when Vincent dined alone, the fare was of the most simple description. An old woman waited on him; he read during his dinner, and scarcely noticed what was set before him.

After dinner, Vincent went to the *café*, as we have said, for the second time. In a few minutes he never failed to find a partner for a game of piquet. At the neighboring tables the other members of the club played cards likewise. The play was not high, but was nevertheless carried on with the greatest ardor. Conversation went on in low tones,—such was the custom. Any stranger whom chance or curiosity led into the club-room, soon felt awkward and intrusive amid this company of old men, all busy shuffling cards, marking points, or exchanging the whispered remarks which the course of the game called forth. The members of the "*Cercle de l'Esplanade*" were accounted first-rate players in all Lunel. At half past ten the games had generally come to an end, and by eleven o'clock the great room was empty. Casimir Vincent would then go home.

When the weather was fine, he took two or three turns on the esplanade, and by half past eleven was in his sitting-room. A large lamp with a shade burned on the table; the evening papers and the letters

of the last delivery were laid out beside it. Vincent read for about half an hour, and then passed into his bedroom. In summer, before undressing, it was his custom to stand for a while at the window, from whence he could see a park which lay behind the house. The rustling murmur of the trees seemed to have a peculiar charm for him. He would stay listening to it attentively for a long time, though his countenance betrayed no emotion, and remained calm and serious as ever. But he would often heave a deep sigh as he turned away from the window. In the winter time, he would spend that last half-hour in front of the fire, his eyes fixed on the dying embers, while his features preserved that same look of thoughtful contemplation with which he listened in summer to the last hushed sounds of nature. Advancing years had made Casimir Vincent a singularly thoughtful, serious, and taciturn man.

When the war with Germany broke out, M. Vincent shared the fever of patriotism which took possession of all France. From morning to night he read the papers; drew up plans for the campaign, and discussed the conditions which should be imposed on the vanquished enemy. He had recovered the enthusiasm of his youth, and took the liveliest interest in all the burning questions of the day.

The first defeats produced a sort of stupefaction, though they did not shake his confidence.

"We will take our revenge," he said; "and woe to the northern invaders who have dared to pollute the sacred soil of France!"

But after the disasters of Forbach and Reichshoffen, after the bloody battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, came the fearful news of the catastrophe of Sedan; and then, one following another, resounded the terrible blows under which France was crushed by the fortune of war: Strasbourg, Metz, Paris, fell into the power of the enemy. Whole armies were annihilated or led into captivity; new armies were raised, and were overtaken by the same fate; the northern and eastern provinces of France were like a vast cemetery, drenched with the noblest blood of the country. In the south, in the neighborhood of Lunel, there was fury or despair, and in some cases a still more harrowing feeling of resignation. Casimir Vincent went about his business with the air of a ghost, and his dumb, pent-up sorrow was pitiable to witness. Still, just as before the war, he

never failed to go every morning to the *mas*, and to show himself twice a day at the club.

After peace had been concluded, everything resumed its accustomed aspect in the little town, which was far removed from the seat of military events. Vincent, who had sustained no loss of fortune or of position, appeared almost to have forgotten the misfortunes which had befallen his country. He scarcely ever spoke of the war, and never joined in the general clamor for revenge which arose on all sides. But he grew daily more gloomy, more sad, more taciturn, till his best friends at last admitted that "old Vincent had become quite impracticable."

Vincent, however, continued to follow the political questions of the day: he subscribed to some of the leading Paris newspapers, and spent the better part of the day in reading them.

In October, 1873, when the news spread that the Comte de Chambord was going to ascend the throne of his ancestors, the old Legitimist had a last burst of enthusiasm.

"I would die happy," he said, "if it were given to me to see Henry V. at the head of the country."

The letter by which the Comte de Chambord annihilated the hopes of the so-called "fusionists" caused the banker a great shock.

"The king is right," he said; "he always is right: but what can be said of a country where the foremost citizens dare to propose to their legitimate sovereign to attain, by devious and crooked paths, the throne which God himself gave him? Poor France!"

René Sabatier, who had always been a favorite with the banker, and who, in his turn, felt a real affection for him, became anxious at last, seeing him so completely dispirited. One night he accompanied him home, and took advantage of the opportunity to question his old friend on his sadness.

"You are not well. You seem tired. What is the matter? Why do you not consult the doctor?"

"The doctor can do nothing for me," replied Vincent. "I am bored, that's all."

"Travel; try a change."

"I am as well at Lunel as I should be anywhere else. Here, at least, I am surrounded by well-known faces, and I have my regular occupations, which make the days seem less insupportably long."

"Go to Paris. It is my dream to go there. Ah! if I were rich and free like you, I would start this very night."

"Paris! Thanks for the advice. No! anywhere rather than there! Paris is the ruin of France! Paris is the birthplace of the evils of which we are all dying! The Revolution, the Empire, the war, the Commune, all came from Paris! Paris has killed France! Curse it!"

"Softly, softly, Papa Vincent," replied Sabatier; "do not fly into such a passion. Whatever you may say, Paris is the finest town in the world. Paris has its vices, I admit; but its brilliant qualities make it the capital of civilization."

"Pray, spare me your Victor Hugo phrases! Yes, Paris is verily the most civilized town in the world, if by civilization you mean the reverse of all that is natural and true. Shall I tell you what you, a provincial stranger, will find in Paris? The first tailors and the first shoemakers in the world; the best hairdressers and fencing-masters; the greatest coquettes and the most profligate women; the most cheating hotel-keepers, the most selfish politicians, and the most wonderful actors. That is all that you, as a stranger, will see; as to the Paris of work and self-denial, it will be hidden from you. The honest folks of Paris—and, thank Heaven! there are some left—do not frequent the places where you go to seek excitement and see sights. Busy with their work, and ashamed of the enervating pleasures that strangers rush to so greedily, they know how to respect their mourning country. Their houses would be closed to you, nor would they be thrown open to me. No, no, I will not go to Paris. Lunel is a dull town, I confess; I am weary of the life I lead here; it weighs me down, and I long to have done with it: still, I prefer it to life in Paris."

He paused for a minute and bent his head as if he were absorbed in painful reflections, then he resumed slowly in a low voice, as though he were speaking to himself, "Ay, indeed, life in Lunel is dull and colorless, . . . life in Paris is repugnant to me. . . . Life is unbearable everywhere in France. . . . Formerly it was not so, and life then had an object; men lived, men died at least for something. But what can I do now? Fold my arms, and impotently witness the ruin of my country. . . . All is going, perishing, falling to pieces, . . . and I am but a weak old man."

A long silence followed, which Sabatier

dared not break till the two friends reached the banker's door.

"Monsieur Vincent," Sabatier then said, in a respectful tone, "I wish you good-night; try and sleep well."

"Good-night, my dear René," said the old man. He was holding the door still ajar, when he suddenly turned round and said abruptly to the young man, —

"How old are you?"

"I am four-and-twenty."

"Well, follow the advice of an old bachelor: marry. A life full of cares is better than a life which is utterly void. Woe to the man who is alone in the world! . . . Take a wife. . . . Man was not made to live alone. . . . Solitude begets unwholesome thoughts. . . . Good-night, Sabatier!"

The next day Vincent appeared at the usual hour at the *café* of the esplanade, and in a few minutes he was seated opposite to Sabatier, apparently absorbed in the intricacies of a game of piquet.

"You have just thrown away ninety," remarked Sabatier.

"Have I?" said Vincent. He took up the cards he had discarded, looked at them and said quietly, "You are right; here's my knave of clubs."

There was another deal.

"Why, what is the matter with you to-day?" cried Sabatier, "You have not reckoned your quint."

"You are right again, young man," said the banker; "I had forgotten it. I do not know what I am thinking of." So saying he pushed away the cards.

"Go and play with Coulé," he added; "it amuses me no longer."

He got up and placed himself near another table where two other men were playing. Old Vidal came up and proposed a game of bezique. Vincent assented willingly, and they seated themselves at a vacant table. Vincent won the game.

"Bezique is child's play," he said; "I prefer piquet." He got up and apologized for not going on. "I will give you your revenge to-morrow," he said. He remained half an hour longer in the club-room, going from one group to another, and exchanging a few brief sentences with his friends; but he went home somewhat earlier than usual. No sooner had he left the room than every one began to talk about him.

"Old Vincent looks very ill. What is the matter with him?"

"He did not know his cards, and threw out his best. I never saw him like that."

"How are his affairs? are they all right?"

"That they are. He bought largely into the funds only last week."

"Then, what ails him?"

"Nothing—he is bored."

"Has he ever been anything else for the last thirty years?"

"No. But apparently he has found out at last that it is not amusing to be bored."

While remarks were being exchanged at the club, Vincent was walking slowly homewards. More than once he stopped on his way, and stood plunged in deep thought, stroking his chin the while as was his wont. Once he took off his hat, brushed his hair back with a slow and regular movement, and then pressed his hand on his temple as though he had felt a sharp and sudden pain. His cravat seemed to choke him; once or twice he passed his finger between his throat and his shirt-collar, and breathed hard like a man who has been making some violent effort.

On entering his apartment he found everything in its accustomed place; there was the lamp, and beside it the papers and a few letters. He glanced at these; and recognizing the writing on the addresses, laid them aside without opening them. Even the papers had not the power to interest him; he opened one, and after looking through the leading article he crumpled it up in his hand and threw it on the ground.

"Always the same twaddle!" he exclaimed. The clock of a neighboring church struck eleven. Vincent took up a candlestick and went into his bedroom. As he stood before the chimney his eyes fell on the large mirror. He remained motionless and gazed long at his own image; it was that of an old man, bent under the weight of years, with a yellow, shrivelled-up face, dim eyes, and a despondent countenance.

"I never would have believed," he said, speaking very slowly, "that a life as long as mine could have been so joyless. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to read letters and newspapers, to shuffle and deal out cards, to be of no use for anything or to anybody, . . . to care for nothing, to care for nobody, . . . and to be bored."

He walked up to the open window and looked out into the night—a soft balmy night of spring. Above were the cloudless, starry heavens—below, the old plane-trees seemed to slumber; a solemn silence reigned all around.

"What fearful silence!" he said; "a death-like silence, . . . without and within myself." He shuddered and closed the window.

The next morning he went as usual to the *Mas de Vincent*. The *paire* came out to meet him at the gate.

"A fine morning, Monsieur Vincent. I hope I see you well. See how everything is getting on; one could not wish for better. If Providence only sends us a little rain, and we have no frost or hail, this year's crop will be splendid."

"We have no reason to complain," replied Vincent; "the *mas* has always made a capital return."

"Ah, you are a fortunate man, sir. All you touch seems to turn to gold. The *mas* is worth double what it was in your father's time. One may indeed call you a fortunate man."

When, half an hour later, Vincent was driving back in his *cabriolet*, he more than once repeated to himself, "Yes, yes, I am a fortunate man." But his countenance was not that of a fortunate man.

He scarcely tasted his breakfast; at dinner, he ate little or nothing. His old servant, Martha, became anxious, and inquired if her master was ill.

"No, I am not ill, but I have no appetite. To-morrow I will be better."

At the club he refused to play. As on the preceding evening, he wandered from one table to the other, looking on and stroking his chin without saying a word.

"Why don't you play?" inquired Sabatier.

"I have played piquet thirty years long. Is it very surprising that I should be weary of the game?"

"Play bezique."

"Bezique is child's play."

"Whist, then?"

"I don't know whist."

"You will learn."

"I am too old."

"Oh, Papa Vincent, you are hard to please to-night."

"Very hard to please, verily. It is of course unconscionable to expect from life something more than the pleasure of playing cards for halfpenny points."

Sabatier did not reply, and at the end of an hour Vincent left the club without having exchanged another word.

When he reached his own door, he stood irresolute, and looked right and left as though he expected somebody. He whistled softly, and, as on the previous day, took off his hat to press his hand upon his forehead! At that moment a

poor beggar woman, with a child in her arms, went by.

"For God's sake, my good gentleman," she said, in a supplicating tone, "give me something for this poor child!"

Vincent drew out his purse, and looked into it for an instant, as though he were searching for small coin. Finding none, he took a five-franc piece and gave it to the woman.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, almost in a tone of fear. "How can I thank you, sir? May God preserve you and yours, and return to you in blessings what you have done for me!"

She moved on, and Vincent's eyes followed her. "Halloa! here, woman!" he called out, abruptly.

The beggar woman looked round and hesitated. She feared to turn back lest the banker should have made a mistake and wish to take back his alms.

"Come back, I say," repeated Vincent. "No one wants to harm you; on the contrary. But make haste; I have no time to lose."

The poor woman came up.

"Here," said Vincent, "take all," and he poured the contents of his purse into her hand. The woman was struck dumb with surprise for a few seconds. When she recovered her speech, and began to stammer forth her thanks, Vincent had disappeared.

Guerre, the coachman, had been waiting more than an hour. At last he grew impatient.

"Martha!" he cried, "is not monsieur up? It is nearly eight."

The servant went to the kitchen door and glanced up at the bedroom windows. The curtains were still drawn.

"This is very strange," she said, "for monsieur always gets up at six. I'll go up and see what has happened."

In a few minutes she came down again, scared, pale, and trembling.

"Guerre," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "come quick. Our master ——" She could say no more, but the old coachman understood that some misfortune had happened. He came into the house and ran up-stairs as fast as his old legs would carry him. Martha followed. The two servants stopped at the entrance of the sitting-room, and Martha pointed silently to the bedroom door. Guerre went in with faltering steps.

The bright sunshine lighted up the room in spite of the curtains and the blinds. On the table stood two candlesticks, in which

the lights had burned down to the sockets. Between them, placed so as to catch the eye at once, Guerre saw a paper, on which a few lines were written; and in front of the hearth, lying in a pool of blood, the corpse of Casimir Vincent. Guerre picked up an open razor, smeared with blood, and placed it, with a shudder, on the table. He then took up the paper which he had noticed on entering the room, and read as follows:—

"Weary of life, I have sought death. My affairs are in good order. My will is in the hands of M. Vidal, the notary.

"CASIMIR VINCENT."

The funeral took place quietly the next day. All the members of the "Cercle de l'Esplanade" attended.

A portion of the banker's wealth went to distant relatives. René Sabatier, however, had a large legacy, and a still more considerable sum was bequeathed to the town of Lunel for the foundation of a charitable institution. The clergy offered no opposition to the burial of the suicide in consecrated ground; and René Sabatier, remembering the last remarks of his unhappy friend, caused a stone to be placed on his grave, with the following inscription:—

"A MAN, WEARY OF LIFE,
HAS SOUGHT REPOSE HERE:
PRAY FOR HIM!"

From The Popular Science Review.
CONDITION OF THE LARGER PLANETS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, F.R.A.S.

M. VOGEL's recent researches into the spectra of the planets are regarded by him as affording evidence unfavorable to the opinion that the planets Jupiter and Saturn are still so intensely hot as to shine in some degree with inherent light. Although it is not at all necessary for the general theory which I have advocated respecting the condition of the larger planets that any portion of their lustre should be regarded as inherent, yet as Vogel's conclusion does bear to some degree on one of the arguments which have been urged in favor of this theory, the opportunity seems convenient for summing up these arguments and discussing briefly the considerations on which M. Vogel bases his objection.

I would remark at the outset that I do not by any means share the opinion of

some who, in dealing with this question, and other questions of a like nature, have said that it matters very little what theory is adopted so that it is a convenient working hypothesis, a string, so to speak, on which to thread the observations. It will be found that this method of viewing matters is never expressed except by persons who have fallen into the habit of accumulating observations without reasoning upon them,—in fact, without utilizing them. Observation is with them not a means but an end. It seems to me, or rather I may speak more confidently and say that the whole history of science proves, that the real value of observation and experiment lies not in themselves, but in what may be deduced from them. They are the raw material whence scientific knowledge is to be manufactured. It is not the object of a theory to afford a convenient means of classifying observations and also to suggest occasion for making them, but to educe their real significance; and the sole reasonable object of observations is to suggest the true theory and to afford the means of testing and rejecting false ones. To assert that it matters little what theory is suggested so long as it affords a convenient means of classifying observations, is as absurd in reality as it would be to assert that it matters very little in what manufacture raw materials of a particular kind are employed, so that the manufacture affords a ready means of sorting them away and making room for fresh stores of them. The object of manufacture is to make articles which shall have real value, and raw materials are solely of use in so far as they can be employed in the manufacture of articles of such a nature. In like manner the object of theorizing or reasoning is to discover actual truths, and observations are only useful in so far as they enable us to discover such truths. The mere observer who argues that observation and not reasoning is real science, may be compared to an organ-blower who should argue that his work, not that of the organist, constituted real music. The organist cannot play without wind, the manufacturer cannot get on without raw materials, and in like manner Kepler would never have established his laws without the observations collected by Tycho Brahé, nor would Newton have discovered the law of gravity without the raw material collected by Flamsteed; but as it is important in organ music that the wind be exhausted in melody not in mere noise, and important in manufacture that the raw material be employed to make

useful not useless articles, so it is and has been a matter of considerable importance whether observations have been idly worked up in false systems like those of Ptolemy or Descartes, or wisely used to ascertain the truth, as by Copernicus, Kepler, or Newton.

The theory which is now to be considered is this, that the planets Jupiter and Saturn are still in a state of intense heat, being at a much earlier stage of planetary development than our earth or those four companion orbs, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the moon (in one sense more specially a companion than the others) which have been called the terrestrial planets.

At the outset it may be well to consider the evidence for the only other theory which has been advanced on the subject—the theory commonly accepted with apparently as little question as though it had been the result of long and profound investigation, had been tested in every possible way, had been weighed and not found wanting by all the ablest astronomers the world has known. This is the theory that Jupiter and Saturn are bodies in the same condition as our earth.

It is not easy to find any reasoning whatever bearing upon this theory. It would seem almost that so soon as Copernicus had shown that the planets do not travel round the earth as a centre, but the earth with the planets travel around the sun, the conclusion was at once adopted that the earth and the planets are of necessity bodies of the same nature; and that as no one was at the pains to question this doctrine, it became gradually regarded as one that had been established by demonstrative evidence. The few instances of anything like reasoning which I have been able to find scattered here and there in books of astronomy amount to what follows. First, because Jupiter and Saturn are planets, and the earth is a planet, therefore those planets are like the earth. (This argument is open to the objection that it begs the question, which is, whether other planets resemble the earth.) Jupiter and Saturn are globes like the earth (also like the sun and moon). They rotate on their axes, and therefore if they are inhabited worlds like the earth, they have day and night, and in that respect are like the earth. They circle around the sun, and thus if they are worlds like the earth, they are like the earth in having a year; also in having seasons, since their axes are not perpendicular to the planes in which they travel. It would be absurd to suppose that globes so magnificent were made for

no special purpose, but we can conceive no special purpose they can subserve except to be the abodes of life; therefore they are worlds like our earth (though the sun, constructed on a still more magnificent scale, is certainly not such a world, or the abode of life). Their moons are manifestly intended to make up to them for their remoteness from the sun (only, when we calculate how much light these moons reflect to their primaries we find that they supply but a small fraction of the amount we receive from our moon). The rings of Saturn were manifestly intended for the benefit of Saturn's inhabitants (though they only reflect light to the summer hemisphere of the planet, and besides turning their darkened side to the other hemisphere, cut off the whole of the sun's light for many months, in some cases for several of our years, in succession.) The belts on Jupiter and Saturn may be likened again to our trade-wind zones, to which, however, they bear not the remotest resemblance, whether we consider their condition at any given time, or the rapid changes they undergo from time to time. In fine the arguments used by the few writers who have condescended to present even a show of reasoning in favor of the theory that Jupiter and Saturn resemble our earth in condition, amount practically to this — that, assuming all planets to be generally similar, Jupiter and Saturn are like our earth in general respects, in which case they also resemble her in several details.

I do not consider it necessary to discuss Whewell's theory that Jupiter and Saturn are intensely cold planets, because it is professedly based on the theory that they are formed of such terrestrial elements as would, if in the same condition as upon the earth, have the observed density of Jupiter and Saturn, and that these substances, being further removed from the sun, are correspondingly refrigerated. There is not a line of direct reasoning, either *a priori* or *a posteriori*, in Whewell's chapters on the larger planets — only reasoning which depends on the assumptions which had been made by those whom Whewell proposed to controvert. In fact his theory may be regarded, and was probably regarded by himself, as merely a *reductio ad absurdum* of the unreasoning faith of those who had long held unchallenged the belief in the habitability of all the planets.

I proceed to indicate the leading arguments for the theory that Jupiter and Saturn are still intensely hot, noting first that

I do not propose to discuss the details of the various arguments* (which I have already done elsewhere), and secondly that the arguments are not dependent one upon the other, but severally independent, so that if any seem weaker than the rest, the conclusion is not on that account invalidated, but the weight of evidence only *pro tanto* diminished. It is important to notice this, because many who, in examining a series of arguments, recognize, or suppose they recognize, some weakness in the evidence of one or other argument, are apt to infer that the conclusion is to the same degree invalidated as it would be if the arguments were dependent, and therefore each one essential to the establishment of the conclusion.

The first argument for the theory is that derived from the now accepted hypothesis of the growth or development of the solar system. It is rendered to all intents and purposes certain, as well from the evidence of the earth's crust, as from that given by the movements of the sun, planets, asteroids, and satellites, that the solar system was developed from a former nebulous condition. The process of development may have been that conceived by Laplace in his nebular hypothesis, which may be described as the contraction theory, or that recently suggested by meteoric discoveries, which may be called the accretion theory, or, far more probably, the solar system was formed by combined processes of contraction and accretion. But in any case the planets as severally formed were intensely heated, partly vaporous, partly liquid bodies, the larger being the more heated. It is no longer supposed, as in Laplace's time was the case, that the outermost planets were fashioned first. They may have begun to be formed first — this, indeed, is altogether probable — but the vastness of their bulk suggests that they went on gathering in matter and contracting (forming in the process their systems of moons) long after such small planets as Mars or Mercury, though begun much earlier, had gathered in their entire substance. It seems indeed not at all improbable that neither Jupiter nor Saturn have quite passed through even the first stage of planetary development, the ring-system of Saturn being suggestive of matter as yet not completely worked up, so to speak, in that planet's system. But what-

* I may, perhaps, be permitted to remark here, that the details of many among the arguments here indicated will be found fully discussed in my lecture delivered at Glasgow on November 9 last, and published by Messrs. Collins, of that city.

ever uncertainty rests on this question, there is none as to the original intense heat of those larger planets. They must have been far hotter when first formed than was our earth at the corresponding stage of her development. Nor is it at all open to doubt that each stage of cooling would be much longer in the case of these planets than the corresponding stage of our earth's cooling.* Jupiter contains three hundred and forty times as much matter as the earth, so that if the two orbs were of the same density Jupiter would have a diameter seven times as great, and a surface about forty-nine times as great, as the earth's. He would radiate, therefore, if at the same temperature, forty-nine times as much heat; but he would have about three hundred and forty times as much heat to part with for each degree of cooling; hence his rate of cooling would be slower in the proportion of about seven to one. Jupiter appears actually to have a much greater volume than has been here supposed, his diameter exceeding that of the earth nearly eleven times, and his surface exceeding hers about one hundred and fifteen times. This would still leave his rate of cooling slower in the proportion of about three to one. But inasmuch as it is certain that if formed of the same material, Jupiter, when at the same stage of cooling, would be much denser than the earth (because of his greater attractive energy), our assumption rather falls short of the truth than exceeds it. The argument next to be considered will sufficiently indicate this. To complete the present argument it is only necessary to add that the various stages of cooling through which our earth has already passed have certainly required hundreds of millions of years, wherefore the corresponding stages for Jupiter would require *seven* times as many hundreds, and the total period required by Jupiter to reach the earth's present condition of development would exceed the time during which our

earth has endured, from her beginning until now, *six* times, even though Jupiter at his beginning were no hotter than the earth. As he was certainly much hotter, it may fairly be said that he would require thousands of millions of years to reach the stage which the earth has reached after hundreds of millions of years; and that, if the two planets were both fashioned at the same time, Jupiter must still require thousands of millions of years before he will have attained to that stage of planetary life through which our earth is now passing. Saturn would not be so far in the rear of our earth because his mass does not exceed hers so greatly. Still he contains nearly a hundred times as much matter, and must be regarded as in all probability, so far as this first argument alone is concerned, hundreds of millions of years behind our earth in point of development.

The second argument is that derived from the small destiny of Jupiter and Saturn. Jupiter has a volume exceeding the earth's about twelve hundred and fifty times, but a mass only exceeding hers three hundred and forty times. Saturn's volume exceeds the earth seven hundred times, his mass only ninety-nine times. Jupiter's mean density is therefore about one-fourth, Saturn's about one-seventh, of the earth's. Science no longer accepts the belief that either planet is formed in the main of different materials, spectroscopic analysis having demonstrated the existence of a general uniformity of structure throughout the solar system. Neither can science any longer admit the possibility that Jupiter and Saturn are hollow globes, experiment having proved that under the pressure exerted by the mass of either planet, a substance a hundred times stronger than the strongest steel would be perfectly plastic throughout the greater portion of either planet's interior, so that hollow spaces, if they could be formed for a moment, would fill up just as an open space formed for a moment by thrusting water on one side fills up as the water flows back to its normal position. We are forced then to believe that there is some cause at work to overcome the natural tendency of the planet's mass. Doubtless this cause is the same which operates to prevent the sun's mighty mass from concentrating, as it would, into an intensely dense globe, were its gravitating energies left unresisted—viz., intense heat. The sun is, of course, very much hotter than Jupiter and Saturn; his heat, indeed, overcomes a very much greater

* The argument here used was first advanced by Sir Isaac Newton. "A globe of iron an inch in diameter," he says, "exposed red hot to the open air, will scarcely lose all its heat in an hour's time; but a greater globe would retain its heat longer in the proportion of its diameter, because the surface (in proportion to which it is cooled by the contact of the ambient air) is in that proportion less in respect of the quantity of the included hot matter; and therefore a globe of red-hot iron equal to our earth, that is about forty million feet in diameter, would scarcely cool in an equal number of days, or in about fifty thousand years. But I suspect that the duration of heat may, on account of some latent causes, increase in a yet less proportion than that of the diameter; and I should be glad that the true proportions were investigated by experiments." Buffon (according to Bailly) made experiments of the kind, with results confirming Newton's opinion.

contractive energy. But Jupiter and Saturn must be very much hotter than the earth.

The third argument is based on the telescopic evidence of the existence of a very deep cloud-laden atmosphere surrounding each of the planets Jupiter and Saturn.

It is first to be noticed, as respects this argument, that the general aspect of the belts of Jupiter (Saturn is too far off for similar appearances to be noted) indicates the presence of rounded masses of cloud floating in a deep atmosphere. These rounded masses can only be seen as such on the middle parts of the disc, but there their appearance shows unmistakably that they are really round, — that is, not merely round in appearance, as a circle is round, but round as a globe is round. No one who has studied Jupiter with a powerful telescope can for a moment doubt that some at least among the cloud-masses which are seen in his disc are roughly globular in shape. It is sufficient if only one of these masses has really had such a shape, for though any number of flat objects may float in a sea which so far as they were concerned might be shallow, yet if it is known that a single object has floated in it which was not flat, but on the contrary had great length, and breadth, and thickness, we know that the sea must be a deep one. Some among the rounded clouds of Jupiter, which not only by their shape, but by their shading, indicate a globular figure, would, if actually globular, require an atmosphere five or six thousand miles deep at the very least. The atmosphere may not be so deep as that, or may be very much deeper. Certainly it would at once remove the difficulty last considered if we could suppose the cloud-bearing atmosphere of Jupiter to be thirteen or fourteen thousand miles in depth, for then the solid globe within would not differ very much in mean density from the globe of our earth. But supposing we assume, as the result of the actual telescopic aspect of the cloud-belts, the depth of the atmosphere to be but about two thousand miles, which would be less than the apparently minute diameter of one of the satellites, we should even then find that under the tremendous pressure exerted by Jupiter's attraction the lower strata of such an atmosphere, if composed of any gases known to us, and at the temperature of our own air even in the torrid zones, would be simply compressed into the solid or liquid form. At least they could not continue to obey the laws which perfect gases obey under pressure. As-

suming the pressure at the visible limit of the cloud-envelope to be less than one-thousandth part of the pressure of our air at the sea-level, then fifteen miles below that limit the pressure would be equal to that of air at our sea-level, fifteen miles lower one thousand times as great, fifteen miles lower one million times as great, and fifteen miles lower yet, or still only sixty miles below the visible limits of the cloud-envelope of Jupiter, the pressure would be one thousand million times as great as at our sea-level. The density, if only the gases composing that atmosphere could remain as perfect gases, would be more than a million times greater than the density of water, and thirty or forty thousand times greater than the density of the heaviest known elements. Of course there is no such pressure, no substance exists at that density, sixty miles below the visible limits of Jupiter's atmosphere, nor ten thousand miles lower yet. No gas could remain as such at ordinary temperatures beneath a pressure which would make it as dense even as water; and if strata could and did exist in Jupiter at the higher pressures and densities named, he would weigh many thousand times as much as he actually does. But we are again forced to the belief that, unless his atmosphere is made of substances altogether different from any with which we are acquainted, there must be some power at work to prevent the compression which would otherwise inevitably result from the tremendous attractive energy of Jupiter's mass. That power can be no other than the fierce heat with which his whole frame, his atmosphere (and all but the exterior strata outside the outermost cloud-layers) are instinct.

It appears to me that a fourth argument of very great force can be derived from the cloud-belts in the atmosphere of Jupiter and his brother giant, Saturn.

The existence of well-defined belts is proof positive of the existence of different rates of rotational motion. For instance, we cannot explain our own trade-wind zones, without taking into account the different velocities due to rotation near the equator and in high latitudes, — matter flowing towards the equator lags behind, matter flowing from it travels in advance, and in either case zones are formed. If a similar explanation could be given of the belts of Saturn and Jupiter doubtless they would be accounted for. But where are we to find the varieties of heat in various latitudes of either planet which could account for the multitudinous belts some-

times seen? or how, if the sun's slow action on these remote and large planets were in question, could we account for the rapid formation and dissipation of cloud-belts? The largeness of these planets is a point of importance to the argument, because the larger a planet the less, *cæteris paribus*, is the variation of temperature for any given difference of latitude measured as a distance in miles. If then we cannot look for the required differences of rotational velocity where we find them in our earth's case, it is clear we must turn to difference of rotational velocity on account of difference of distance from the axis, not at places in different latitudes, but in places at different levels. In other words, we must conceive that under the action of the planet's intense heat vaporous disturbances of the nature of uprush and downrush are continually taking place. Matter rushing upwards from low levels to high levels, where the rate of rotation is very much greater, lags behind, while matter rushing downwards is carried in advance, and thus cloud-zones are formed.

A fifth argument is derived from certain considerations depending on the behavior of sun-raised cloud-masses in our own air, both with regard to the progress of the day, and with regard to the progress of the year. We know that speaking generally the clouds change as the day progresses, and that this is specially the case in those regions of the earth where regular zones exist. The sun, in tropical regions, rises in a clear sky and quickly gathers clouds together; these remain till the afternoon, when they become dissipated (usually with violent disturbance, electrical and otherwise), and the sun sets in a clear sky. As seen from Venus or Mercury the cloud-belt would extend across the middle of the earth's disc, but would not reach to the edge, either on the west or sun-rising side, or on the east or sun-setting side. Nothing of the kind is observable in the cloud-belts of Jupiter. Not only do they extend right across (though becoming fainter near the edges because seen through deeper atmosphere), but cloud masses have been known to remain, quite recognizable in contour, during many Jovian days, and even for forty or fifty of our own much longer days. So also with regard to the year. In Jupiter's case, indeed, the effect of annual changes in the arrangement of clouds would not be recognizable, simply because the planet's equator is nearly coincident with the plane of Jupiter's orbit. But in Saturn's case the inclination of the equator is considerable;

so that, as seen from the sun, the equator passes far to the north and far to the south of the centre of the disc, during the summer of the northern and southern hemispheres, respectively. We should expect to find these changes accompanied by corresponding changes in the position of the central zone of clouds. Our terrestrial tropical cloud-zone, being sun-raised, follows the sun, passing north of the equator during our northern summer, until at midsummer it reaches the tropic of Cancer, and passing south of the equator during the southern summer, until at midsummer (December) it reaches the tropic of Capricorn. But instead of the mid-zone of Saturn behaving in this way, it remains always equatorial.

Another (the sixth) argument, and in my opinion an argument altogether irresistible, is derived from the changes which have taken place from time to time in the outline of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, *unless* observations made by most skilful astronomers, and with instruments of considerable power, are to be rejected as unworthy of trust. I refer in particular, first to the observation by Admiral Smyth, Sir R. Maclear, and Professor Peacock, of the reappearance of the second satellite of Jupiter a few minutes after it had apparently made its complete entry upon the planet's disc at the beginning of a transit; and secondly, to the fact that Sir W. and Sir J. Herschel, Sir G. Airy, the Bonds and Coolidge in America, and several of the Greenwich observers, have recognized the occasional assumption by Saturn of what is commonly called his "square-shouldered" aspect. These observations are far too well-authenticated, and were made by observers far too skilful, to be open to doubt or cavil. They cannot possibly be explained except by assuming that the outlines of Jupiter and Saturn are variable to such an extent that the variations appreciably affect the figure of the planets. Such variations, involving differences of level of two or three thousand miles, are utterly incredible, and in point of fact impossible, in the case of planets like our earth. The heat generated by such changes would of itself suffice to melt and in large degree to vaporize the crust for many thousands of square miles around the scene of upheaval or depression, so that we should thus have, but in another way, the heat which my theory indicates. On the other hand, such changes of outline in a planet whose apparent outline is not formed by its real surface, but by cloud-layers thousands of miles above the

real surface, are very easily explained. Nay, they are to be expected (though only as rare phenomena). We know that cloud-belts sometimes form, or are dissipated, rapidly on the face of the disc. Equally, therefore, they must sometimes form or become dissipated rapidly at parts of the planet so placed as to form the apparent outline. There would then be a rapid change of outline, such as must have occurred in the case of the apparent reappearance of Jupiter's second satellite. Slower changes in the cloud-belts would correspond to the changes of shape observed in Saturn's case, and would explain Schröter's observation that at times the outline of Jupiter has seemed to him irregular, as if the planet's surface were partially flattened. Other observations tending in the same direction, as peculiarities in the shape of the shadows of Jupiter's satellites on the planet, in the shape of Saturn's shadows on his rings, and so on, are of less weight perhaps than those already considered, but unless those who recorded them (including some of the most skilful observers known) were entirely deceived, such observations can only be fully explained by the great depth of the cloud-laden atmosphere which surrounds the giant planets.

Lastly, there is the argument derivable from the peculiar brightness of the planets Jupiter and Saturn. These planets might be so hot as to glow with an intense light and heat, yet no part of their light might be discernible, the deep cloud-layers simply cutting it off before it reached the outermost or visible cloud-surface. Or this might happen with all the rays except those which travelled the shortest way through the cloud-layers. In the former case we should perceive some of the inherent light of these planets, in the latter we should only perceive their inherent light in the central parts of the disc, which would therefore look brighter than the parts near the edge. This last is the phenomenon actually observed, but it does not of itself suffice to prove (though rendering it highly probable) that the light from the middle portion of the disc is *in part* inherent. Nevertheless the planet's surface might, as I have already said, be intensely hot, and yet no trace of the inherent light be perceptible by us. That, however, could only happen because of the existence of very deep cloud-layers entirely shrouding the glowing planet, and in this case as the clouds would probably—like our own clouds—have a much higher reflective capacity than rock sur-

faces have, we should expect to find the planets Jupiter and Saturn shining much more brightly, though only by reflected light, than they would if their surface resembled that of our own earth, or Mars, or Jupiter. Now the following table from Zöllner's "*Grundzüge einer allgemeinen Photometrie des Himmels*," gives very interesting evidence on this point:—

Snow just fallen reflects about 783 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
White paper reflects about 700 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
Jupiter's surface reflects about 624 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
Saturn's surface reflects about 498 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
Uranus's surface reflects about 640 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
Neptune's surface reflects about 465 parts of 1000 of incident light ;

whereas

White sandstone reflects only about 237 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
Clay marl reflects only about 156 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
Mars's surface reflects only about 267 parts of 1000 of incident light ;
The moon's surface reflects only about 174 parts of 1000 of incident light.

We may take Jupiter and Saturn together, and Mars and the moon ; getting average reflective power of giant planets : that of small planets :: 561 : 220 ; or the giant planets, if they owe their light entirely to reflection, have a reflective power more than two and one-half times greater than that of the small bodies, Mars and the moon. As the sea regions of Mars are observably darker than his land regions, it is probable that our earth, if her light could be estimated in the same way (by an observer on Mercury or Venus) would be found to have a smaller average reflective power than Mars, her seas being so much larger.

We are forced by this argument to one of two conclusions—either Jupiter and Saturn shine in part by inherent light, or they are so thoroughly cloud-wrapped as to have a very high reflective power. Either conclusion would agree equally well with the theory I have advocated, though, of course, the former would be much more effective, and would in fact be quite decisive in its favor.

For my own part, I think that the photometric evidence renders it very probable that a slight portion of the light of the planets Jupiter and Saturn is inherent ; and I think the color of the equatorial belt of Jupiter and its changes of color corre-

spond with this view. I should be disposed to assign, as the reflective power of Jupiter (his *albedo*, as Zöllner calls it) about five hundred, or more than twice the reflective power of white sandstone, and thus to attribute about one-fifth of Jupiter's light to the planet's inherent lustre. (In Saturn's case Zöllner's observations are much less satisfactory — his measures indeed of the planet's total light were probably even more satisfactory than in Jupiter's case, but it is exceedingly difficult to take properly into account the effect of the ring-system, which, though very much foreshortened when Zöllner made his observations, must nevertheless have appreciably affected his results.) All the known facts accord well with this view.

Certainly the spectroscopic evidence recently obtained by Vogel, or rather the general spectroscopic evidence (for his results are not new) is not opposed, as he seems to imagine, to the theory that the actual surface of Jupiter is intensely hot. His argument is that, because dark lines are seen in the spectrum of Jupiter, which are known to belong to the absorption spectrum of aqueous vapor, the planet's surface cannot be intensely hot. But Jupiter's absorption spectrum belongs to layers of his atmosphere lying far above his surface. We can no more infer — nay, we can far less infer — the actual temperature of Jupiter's surface from the temperature of the layers which produce his absorption spectrum, than a being who approached our earth from without observing the low temperature of the air ten or twelve miles above the sea-level could infer thence the temperature of the earth's surface. There may be, in my opinion there almost always *are*, layers of cloud several thousand miles deep between the surface we see and the real surface of the planet. I do not suppose that the inherent light referred to above as probably received from Jupiter, is light coming *directly* from his glowing surface, but the glow of cloud masses high above his surface, and illuminated by it, — perhaps even the glow of cloud-layers lit up by lower cloud-layers which themselves even may not receive the direct light emitted by his real surface.

To sum up, it appears to me, that a theory to which we are led by many effective and some apparently irresistible arguments, and against which no known facts appear to afford any argument of force, should replace the ordinary theory, originated in a haphazard way, and in whose favor no single argument of weight has

ever been adduced. Since it appears, (1) that if the accepted theory of the development of our system is true, the large planets must of necessity be far younger, that is hotter, than our earth and other small planets; (2) that if made of similar materials, those planets must of necessity be far denser than they actually are, unless they are very much hotter than the earth; (3) that the atmospheres (judging of their depth from the planet's appearance) would be compressed into solid and very dense matter under the planet's attraction unless exceedingly hot throughout their lower layers; (4) that the belts and their changes imply the uprush and downrush of heated masses of vapor through enormous depths of atmosphere; (5) that the cloud-belts neither change with the progress of the day nor of the year in the large planets, but in a manner in no way referrible to the sun, and are therefore presumably raised by the intense heat of the planet's own substance; (6) that so remarkable are the changes taking place in the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn, as appreciably (even at our enormous distance) to affect the figure of those planets; and (7) that the planets shine with more than two and a half times the brightness they would have if their visible surface were formed of even so lustrous a substance as white sandstone, — I think the conclusion is to all intents and purposes demonstrated that the planets Jupiter and Saturn really are in a state of intense heat. If they ever are to be the abode of life, they will probably not be ready to subserve that purpose for hundreds of millions of years.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECT OF THE
EASTERN QUESTION.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ONE special feature of what is called the Eastern Question is the direct and immediate connection into which it brings the earliest and the latest times of history. In the lands with which the Eastern Question is concerned, the lands between the Hadriatic and the Euxine — perhaps we should rather say the lands between the Hadriatic and the Euphrates — we are brought close to the very earliest times in a different way from anything to which we are used in western Europe. In western Europe earlier times have influenced later times in the ordinary way of cause and effect. In eastern Europe

the relation between the present and the past—even the very remote past—is much closer than this; we may say with truth that the past and the present are in being side by side; we may say that several different centuries are in those lands really contemporary. This last fact in truth presents one of the great political difficulties of the country. In a newly emancipated State, say the kingdom of Greece or any other, some part of its areas, some classes of its people, will really belong to the nineteenth century, while other parts, other classes, will practically belong to the fourteenth or some earlier century. Now a country which has reached, say the level of England in the fourteenth century, if it stands by itself, out of sight, so to speak, of the nineteenth century, may, if it has inborn life and a spirit of progress, develop in a steady and wholesome way from the starting-point of the fourteenth century. But if the land is placed, so to speak, within sight of the nineteenth century; if, while the mass belongs to the fourteenth century, it contains parts or classes which really belong to the nineteenth, the danger is that its development will not take this steady and wholesome course. The danger, like all other dangers, may doubtless be grappled with, and perhaps overcome; but it is a real danger which has its root in the history of those lands. One set of circumstances has caused them to lag behind the civilization of the West. Another set of circumstances has put the civilization of the West in their full view. Now an outward varnish of modern civilization may easily be put on. The Turk himself can do that. To attain the substance of such civilization must be the work of time, of trouble, perhaps of difficulties and struggles. In such a state of things, the temptation to grasp what is easiest, to think more of the outside than of the substance, is great and dangerous. And these dangers and difficulties must always be borne in mind in judging the amount of progress which has been made by any emancipated Eastern people. Their progress is likely to be real and lasting in exactly the proportion by which it is native, and is not a mere imitation of the manners and institutions of other countries. But the temptation to imitate the manners and customs of other countries is in such a case so strong that it must always be borne in mind in passing any judgment on the condition of Greece, Servia, Roumania, or any other State which may arise in those parts. In estimating their

progress, we must, in fairness as well as in charity, bear in mind the special difficulties under which their progress has to be made.

This is a line of thought which might well be carried out at much greater length. But for my present purpose it comes in only incidentally. The hints which I have just thrown out show the way in which what I have ventured to call the co-existence of the present and the past in these lands has worked on their political and social state and prospects. My immediate business in the present paper is different. It is to show another result of the working of the same cause with regard to the land itself and its inhabitants, rather than with regard to the political and social development of its inhabitants. I wish now to speak on some features in the political geography of the country and in the distribution of its inhabitants, and to point out the bearing of those features upon the great questions of the present moment. Here at least questions of this sort cannot be set aside as mere "anti-quarian rubbish." They are the very life of the whole matter.

One main feature of the south-eastern lands is the way in which all the races which have at any time really settled in the country, as distinguished from those which have simply marched through it, still remain side by side. In many cases they remain as distinct as when they first settled there. This is altogether contrary to our general experience in the West. In the West national assimilation has been the rule. That is to say, in any of the great divisions of western Europe, though the land may have been settled and conquered over and over again, yet the mass of the people of the land have been drawn to some one national type. Either some one among the races inhabiting the land has taught the others to put on its likeness, or else a new national type has been formed drawing elements from several of those races. Thus the modern Frenchman may be defined as produced by the union of blood which is mainly Celtic with a speech which is mainly Latin, and with a historical polity which is mainly Teutonic. Within modern France this one national type has so far assimilated all others as to make everything else merely exceptional. The Fleming of one corner, the Basque of another, even the far more important Breton of a third corner, have all in this way become mere exceptions to the general type of the country. If we pass into our own islands,

we shall find that the same process has been at work. If we look to Great Britain only, we shall find that it has been carried out hardly less thoroughly. For all real political purposes, for everything which concerns a nation in the face of other nations, Great Britain is as thoroughly united as France is. A secession of Scotland or Wales is as unlikely as a secession of Normandy or Languedoc. The part of the island which is not thoroughly assimilated in language, the part which still speaks Welsh or Gaelic, is larger in proportion than the non-French part of modern France. But however much the northern Briton may, in a fit of antiquarian politics, declaim against the Saxon, for all practical political purposes he and the Saxon are one. The distinction between the southern and northern English — for the men of Lothian and Fife must allow me to call them by this last name — is, speaking politically and without ethnological or linguistic precision, much as if France and Aquitaine had been two kingdoms united on equal terms, instead of Aquitaine being merged in France. When we cross into Ireland, we indeed find another state of things, and one which comes nearer to some of the phenomena of the East. Unluckily Ireland is not so firmly united to Great Britain as the different parts of Great Britain are to one another. Still even here the division arises quite as much from geographical and historical causes as from distinctions of race strictly so called. If Ireland had had no wrongs, still two great islands could never have been so thoroughly united as a continuous territory can be. On the other hand, in point of language, the discontented part of the United Kingdom is much less strongly marked off than that fraction of the contented part which remains non-assimilated. Irish is certainly not the language of Ireland in at all the same degree in which Welsh is the language of Wales. The Saxon has commonly to be denounced in the Saxon tongue.

If we pass further towards the East, we shall find as we go on, that the distinctions of race become more marked, and present nearer approaches to the state of things in the south-eastern lands to which we are passing. We mark by the way that, while the general national unity of the German Empire is greater than that of either France or Great Britain, it has discontented subjects in three corners, on its French, its Danish, and its Polish frontiers. It will be at once answered that the discontent of all three is the result of recent

conquest, in two cases of very recent conquest indeed. But this is one of the very points to be marked; the strong national unity of the German Empire has been largely the result of assimilation; and these three parts, where recent conquest has not yet been followed by assimilation, are chiefly important because, in all three cases, the discontented territory is geographically continuous with a territory of its own speech. This does not prove that assimilation can never take place; but it will undoubtedly make the process longer and harder. But this very distinction will help us better to understand the special character of those parts of the world where no length of time seems to bring about thorough assimilation.

It is when we come into south-eastern Europe, that is, in a large part of the Austro-Hungarian and in the whole of the Ottoman dominions, that we come to those phenomena of geography, race, and language, which stand out in marked contrast with anything to which we are used in western Europe. We may perhaps better understand what those phenomena are, if we suppose a state of things which sounds absurd in the West, but which has its exact parallel in many parts of the East. Let us suppose that in a journey through England we came successively to districts, towns, or villages, where we found one after another, first, Britons speaking Welsh; then Romans speaking Latin; then Saxons or Angles speaking an older form of our own tongue; then Scandinavians speaking Danish; then Normans speaking old French; lastly perhaps a settlement of Flemings, Huguenots, or Palatines, still remaining a distinct people and speaking their own tongue. Or let us suppose a journey through northern France, in which we found at different stages, the original Gaul, the Roman, the Frank, the Saxon of Bayeux, the Dane of Coutance, each remaining a distinct people, all of them keeping the tongues which they first brought with them into the land. Let us suppose further that, in many of these cases, a religious distinction was added to a national distinction. Let us conceive one village Roman Catholic, another Anglican, others Nonconformist of various types, even if we do not call up any remnants of the worshippers of Jupiter or of Woden. All this seems absurd in any Western country, and absurd enough it is. But the absurdity of the West is the living reality of the East. There we may still find all the chief races which have ever occupied the country, still remaining

distinct, still keeping separate tongues, and those for the most part their own original tongues, while in many cases the national distinction is further intensified by a religious distinction. Or rather, till the revival of the strong conscious feeling of nationality in our own times, we might say that the religious distinction had taken the place of the national distinction. This growth of strictly national feeling has, like most other things, a good and a bad side. It has kindled both Greek and Slave into a fresh and vigorous life, such as had been unknown for ages. On the other hand, it has set Greek and Slave to dispute with one another in the face of the common enemy.

In the great Eastern Peninsula then, and in the lands immediately to the north of that peninsula, the original races, those whom we find there at the first beginnings of history, are all there still. They form three distinct nations. There are the Greeks, if not all true Hellenes, yet an aggregate of adopted Hellenes gathered round and assimilated to a true Hellenic kernel. They form an artificial nation, defined by the union of Greek speech and Orthodox faith. This last qualification is not to be left out; the Greek who turns Mussulman ceases altogether to be Greek, and he who turns Catholic remains Greek only in a very imperfect sense.* Here are the oldest recorded inhabitants of a large part of the land abiding, and abiding in a very different case from the remnants of the Celt and the Iberian in western Europe. The Greeks are no survival of a nation; they are a true and living nation, a nation whose importance to the matter in hand is quite out of its proportion to its extent in mere numbers. They still abide, the predominant race in their own ancient and again independent land, the predominant race in those provinces of the Continental Turkish dominion which formed part of their ancient land, the predominant race through all the shores and islands of the Ægean and of part of the Euxine also. In near neighborhood to the Greeks still live another race of equal antiquity, the Skipetar or Albanians. These, as I believe is no longer doubted, represent the ancient Illyrians. The exact degree of their ethnical kindred with the Greeks is a scientific question which lies without

the range of practical politics; but the facts that they are more largely intermingled with the Greeks than any of the other neighboring nations, that they show a special power of identifying themselves with the Greeks, a power, so to speak, of becoming Greeks and forming part of the artificial Greek nation, are matters of very practical politics indeed. It must never be forgotten that, among the worthies of the Greek war of independence, some of the noblest were not of Hellenic but Albanian blood. The Christian Albanian thus easily turns into a Greek; and the Mahometan Albanian is something broadly distinguished from a Turk. He has, as he well may have, a strong national feeling, and that national feeling has sometimes got the better of religious divisions. If Albania is among the most backward parts of the peninsula, still it is, by all accounts, the part where there is most hope of men of different religions joining together against the common enemy.

Here then are two ancient races, the Greeks and another race, not indeed so advanced, so important, or so widely spread, but a race which equally keeps a real national being. And I would add, as what is my own belief, though I cannot assert it with the same confidence as in the other two cases, that a third ancient race also survives as a distinct people in the peninsula. These are the Vlachs or Roumans, in whom I am strongly inclined to see the surviving representatives of the great Thracian race. Every one knows that, in the modern principality of Roumania and in the adjoining parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, there is to be seen that phenomenon so unique in the East, a people who not only still keep the Roman name, but who speak neither Greek nor Turkish, neither Slave nor Skipetar, but a dialect of Latin, a tongue akin, not to the tongues of any of their neighbors, but to the tongues of Gaul, Italy, and Spain. The assumption has commonly been that this outlying Romance people owe their Romance character to the Roman colonization of Dacia under Trajan. In this view the modern Roumans would be the descendants of Trajan's colonists and of Dacians who had learned of them to adopt the speech and manners of Rome. But when we remember that Dacia was the first Roman province to be given up—that the modern Roumania was for ages the highway of every barbarian tribe on its way from the East to the West—that the land has been conquered and settled

* Would Hellenic nationality be affected in the same way either by embracing Protestantism or by giving up all religious profession? Most likely not. To turn either Mussulman or Catholic is to undergo a political as well as a theological change. It is to accept a new master in the caliph or the pope. No such submission as this is involved in either of the other changes.

and forsaken over and over again—it would be passing strange if this should be the one land, and its people the one race, to keep the Latin tongue when it has been forgotten in all the neighboring countries. Add to this that the Roumans are not, and never have been, confined to the modern Roumania—that they are still found, if in some parts only as wandering shepherds, in various parts of the peninsula—that their establishment in Dacia seems to be of comparatively recent date. All this may lead us to look for some other explanation of this most singular and puzzling phenomenon. It has indeed been thought that the modern Rouman is not strictly a Romance language, but rather a language akin to Latin, a trace of primeval kindred between the tongues of the Italian and the Byzantine peninsula. This would be carrying things back very far indeed. Such a belief would indeed be the greatest strengthening of my position as to the abiding character of nations and language in south-eastern Europe. But we need not go back so far as this. It will be quite enough, if we look on the Roumans as Romanized Thracians, as the representatives of the great Thracian race which lived on in the inland parts of the peninsula while the Greeks occupied the coasts. Their lands, Moesia, Thrace specially so called, and Dacia, were added to the empire at various times from Augustus to Trajan. That they should gradually adopt the Latin language is in no sort wonderful. Their position with regard to Rome was exactly the same as that of Gaul and Spain. Where Greek civilization had been firmly established, Latin could nowhere displace it. Wherever Greek civilization was unknown, Latin overcame the barbarian tongue. It would naturally do so in this part of the East exactly as it did in the West. But, though the question of the origin of the Roumans is of deep historical and ethnological interest, the questions which I have just been discussing are of comparatively little moment for my present purpose. In any case, the Roumans represent a people more ancient than the Slavonic settlements. If they really represent the Roman and Romanized inhabitants of Trajan's Dacia, their time of endurance would be somewhat shortened, but the difficulties of their endurance would be increased tenfold.*

Here then we have in the south-eastern

peninsula three nations which have all lived on at least from the days of the early Roman Empire. Two of them, I am inclined to think all of them, have lived on from the very beginnings of European history. We have nothing answering to this in the West. It needs no proof that the speakers of Celtic and Basque, in Gaul and in Spain, do not hold the same position in western Europe which the Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans do in eastern Europe. In the East the most ancient inhabitants of the land are still there, not as scraps or survivors, not as fragments of nations lingering on in corners, but as nations in the strictest sense, nations whose national being forms an element in every modern and political question. They all have their memories, their grievances, and their hopes; and their memories, their grievances, and their hopes are all of a practical and political kind. Highlanders, Welshmen, Bretons, Basques, have doubtless memories, but they have hardly political grievances or hopes.* Ireland may have political grievances; it certainly has political hopes; but they are not exactly of the same kind as the grievances or hopes of the Greek, the Albanian, and the Rouman. Let home rule succeed to the extent of setting up an independent king and parliament of Ireland, yet the language and civilization of that king and parliament would still be English. Ireland would form an English State, politically hostile, it may be, to Great Britain, but still an English State. No Greek, Albanian, or Rouman State that can be conceived would be in the same sense a Turkish State.

On these primitive and abiding races came, as on other parts of Europe, the Roman conquest. That conquest planted Latin colonies on the Dalmatian coast, where the Latin tongue still remains in its Italian variety as the speech of literature and city life—it Romanized in any case some part of the earlier inhabitants, be they Thracians or be they Dacians—it had the great political effect of all, that of planting the Roman power in a Greek city, and thereby creating a State, and in the end a nation, which was Roman on one side, and Greek on the other. Then came the wandering of the nations, on which, as regards men of our own race, we need not dwell. The Goths marched at will through

* I have been set thinking on this question by the second chapter of Jireceks "*Geschichte der Bulgaren*," Prag, 1876. On the other side see Zeuss, "*Die Deutschen und die Nachbarstämme*," 263.

* I do not pretend to answer for the Spanish Basques, who do seem to have grievances, though their way of trying to redress them may be thought a strange one. But a purely Basque State would surely be inconceivable.

the Eastern Empire; but no Teutonic settlement was ever made within its bounds, no lasting Teutonic settlement was ever made even on its border. The part of the Teuton in the West was played far less perfectly indeed by the Slave in the East. On the points of likeness and unlikeness between the part played by the Teutons in the West and that played by the Slaves in the East, I cannot enlarge here. The great point to be borne in mind is that the Slave in the East does answer, however imperfectly, to the Teuton in the West, that he is there what the Teuton is here, the great representative of what we may call the modern European races, those whose part in history began after the establishment of the Roman power. The differences with which we are here concerned between the position of the two races are chiefly these. The Slave in the East has, as we have seen, pre-Roman races standing alongside of him in a way in which the Teuton has not in the West. He also himself stands alongside of races which have come in since his own coming, in a way which the Teuton in the West is still further from doing. That is to say, besides Greeks, Albanians, and Roumans, he stands alongside of Bulgarians, Magyars, and Turks, who have nothing to answer to them in the West. We might also say that there is nothing in the East exactly answering to the Romance nations in the West. There are no people, Latin or Greek in speech, who have been brought under Slavonic influences in the same way in which the Romance nations have been brought under Teutonic influences. We might say that the Greeks answer to the *Welsh* in both senses of the word, at once to the Celtic and to the Latin-speaking people of western Europe. The causes of all these differences I hope to explain in another shape; we have now to deal only with the differences themselves. The Slave, in the time of his coming, in the nature of his settlement, answers roughly to the Teuton; his position is what that of the Teuton would be, if western Europe had been brought under the power of an alien race at some time later than his own settlement. The Slaves undoubtedly form the greatest element in the population of the Eastern Peninsula, and they once reached more widely still. Taking the Slavonic name in its widest meaning, they occupy all the lands from the Danube and its great tributaries southward to the strictly Greek border. The exceptions are where earlier races remain, Greek or Italian on the coast-line, Alba-

nian in the mountains. The Slaves hold the heart of the peninsula, and they hold more than the peninsula itself. Here comes in a fact which bears very distinctly on the politics of the present moment, the fact that the present frontier of the Austrian and Ottoman empires, a frontier so dear in the eyes of diplomatists, is no natural or historical frontier at all, but simply comes of the wars of the last century. The Slave lives equally on both sides of it; indeed, but for the last set of causes which have affected eastern Europe, the Slave might have reached uninterruptedly from the Baltic to the Ægean.

This last set of causes are those which specially distinguish the histories of eastern and of western Europe, those which have caused the special difficulties of the last five hundred years. In western Europe, though we have had plenty of political conquests, we have had no national migrations since the days of the Teutonic settlements—at least, if we may extend these last so as to take in the Scandinavian settlements in Britain and Gaul. The Teuton has pressed to the East at the expense of the Slave and the Old Prussian: the borders between the Romance and the Teutonic nations in the West have fluctuated; but no third set of nations has come in, strange alike to the Roman and the Teuton and to the whole Aryan family. As the Huns of Attila showed themselves in western Europe as passing ravagers, so did the Magyars at a later day; so did the Ottoman Turks in a day later still, when they besieged Vienna and laid waste the Venetian mainland. But all these Turanian invaders appeared in western Europe simply as passing invaders; in eastern Europe their part has been widely different. Besides the temporary dominion of Avars, Patzinaks, Chazars, Cumans, and a crowd of others, three bodies of more abiding settlers, the Bulgarians, the Magyars, and the Mogul conquerors of Russia, have come in by one path; a fourth, the Ottoman Turks, have come in by another path. Among all these invasions we have one case of thorough assimilation, and only one. The original Finnish Bulgarians, like Western conquerors, have been lost among Slavonic subjects and neighbors; the modern Bulgarian is a Slave bearing the Bulgarian name, as the modern French is a Gaul bearing the Frankish name. The geographical function of the Magyar has been to keep the two great groups of Slavonic nations apart. To his coming, more than to any other cause, we may attribute the great

historical gap which separates the Slave of the Baltic from his southern kinsfolk. The work of the Ottoman Turk we all know. These later settlers remain alongside of the Slave, just as the Slave remains alongside of the earlier settlers. The Slavonized Bulgarians are the only instance of assimilation such as we are used to in the West. All the other races, old and new, from the Albanian to the Ottoman, are still there, each keeping its national being and its national speech. And in one part of the ancient Dacia we must add quite a distinct element, the element of Teutonic occupation in a form unlike any in which we see it in the West, in the shape of the Saxons of Transylvania.

We have thus worked out our point in detail. While in each Western country some one of the various races which have settled in it has, speaking roughly, assimilated the others, in the East all the races that have ever settled in the country still abide side by side. And it is important to remark that this phenomenon is not peculiar to the lands which are now under the Turk; it is shared equally with the lands which form the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. We may for the moment set aside those parts of Germany which are so strangely united with the crowns of Hungary and Dalmatia. In those parts of the monarchy which come within our present survey, the Roman and the Rouman—we may so distinguish the Romance-speaking inhabitants of Dalmatia and the Romance-speaking inhabitants of Transylvania—the Slave of the north and of the south, the Magyar conqueror, the Saxon immigrant, all abide as distinct races. That the Ottoman is not to be added to our list in Hungary, while he is to be added in Bulgaria, is simply because he has been driven out of Hungary, while he is allowed to abide in Bulgaria. No point is more important to insist on now than the fact that the Ottoman once held the greater part of Hungary by exactly the same right, the right of the strongest, as that by which he still holds Bosnia and Bulgaria. It is simply the result of a century of warfare, from Sobieski to Joseph the Second, which has fixed the boundary which to diplomatists seems eternal. That boundary has advanced and gone back over and over again. As Buda once was Turkish, Belgrade has more than once been Austrian. In the old days of Austrian intolerance, the persecuted Protestant of Hungary deemed the yoke of the sultan less heavy

than that of the emperor-king. In days of better rule in the Hungarian kingdom, the Servian rayah welcomed the emperor-king as his deliverer from the sultan. The whole of these lands, from the Carpathian Mountains southward, present the same characteristic of permanence and distinctness among the several races which occupy them. The several races may lie, here in large continuous masses, there in small detached settlements; but there they all are in their distinctness. It would be hard to trace out in these lands a State of the same scale as any of the great States of western Europe which should consist of one race, language, or religion. The point to be specially borne in mind is that this characteristic belongs equally to the Austrian and to the Turkish empire, and that the frontier which divides the two is a purely artificial one, the result of several fluctuations during the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Now this lasting and distinct character of races in these lands leads to a geographical feature which is quite unlike anything to which we are now used in western Europe, but which was familiar enough in ancient times. We may say that, till the establishment of the Roman Empire, it was the rule in the lands round the Mediterranean that the seaboard and the inland part of a country should be held by distinct nations. First Phœnician, then Greek colonies spread themselves over the greater part of the Mediterranean, Ægean, and Euxine coasts. But they nowhere went very far inland. Thus the group of Greek cities of which Massalia was the head were scattered along the Mediterranean coast of Gaul and northern Spain; but in the interior of the country they had no influence beyond a purely commercial one. The land was Celtic or Iberian, with a Greek fringe on the coast. The Roman power put an end to this state of things as far as political dominion was concerned. Throughout the empire, the seacoast and the interior, whatever were the race and speech of their inhabitants, were alike Roman in allegiance. But with the great Slavonic movement of the sixth and seventh centuries the older state of things revived in south-eastern Europe, and it has, to a great extent, remained to our day. The seacoast and the interior of the land have again parted company. A map of Europe in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, carefully marking the dominions of the eastern emperors, brings out this

fact in a wonderful way.* Like the colonies of Old Greece at an earlier day, like the dominions of Venice at a later day, the dominions of the Eastern Cæsar were cut down to a system of islands, peninsulas, strips of coast, maritime possessions scattered here and there over a large part of Europe. From the coming of the Slaves till the overthrow of the Bulgarian kingdom at the beginning of the eleventh century, there was no great continuous Imperial territory anywhere but in Asia Minor. Things had come back to the days before Roman dominion. The Greek, as for this purpose we may call him, again occupies the Ægæan, Hadriatic, and Euxine coasts. His rule reaches from Venice to Cherson and Trebizond. But the inland part of the wide land between the Hadriatic and the Euxine is again alien, in his eyes barbarian. From the Danube to Olympos — for a while from the Danube to Peloponnêsos — the inland parts are Slavonic or Bulgarian, while the coast remains Greek or, in the northern part of the Hadriatic, Italian — in either case, Imperial. And this state of things in a manner abides still. The disposition of races remains much the same; the only difference is the political one, that Constantinople in Ottoman hands exercises a power over the inland regions which it did not exercise in Byzantine hands. Now as then, along a vast range of country, the coast is mainly Greek; the inland regions are mainly Slave. And in one corner, the older state of things is still more completely brought before our eyes; the coast and the interior are separated, not only by race, but by political allegiance. There is no more instructive lesson in history than that which is taught us by the revolutions of the narrow strip of Dalmatian coast and of the vast mainland to the back of it. For a few centuries, Illyria was one of the most prominent and flourishing parts of the world, renowned above all things as the land which gave the world its rulers. It was so, because, for those few centuries only, the coast and the interior were not divided. Before the establishment of the Roman dominion, Illyria counted for a barbarous and backward land, hard indeed for conquerors to subdue, but where civilization was confined to a few Greek cities on its coasts and islands. Under the Roman peace, the body and its natural mouths were brought together. Ja-

dera flourished; Pietas Julii flourished; Salona was one of the great cities of the earth; and from Salona came forth Diocletian. But Diocletian was only the greatest of a long line of Illyrian princes before and after him. The border-land of East and West might worthily claim to supply East and West alike with its rulers. With the Slavonic immigrations all this ceased; the body was again cut off from the mouths and the mouths from the body. The interior became barbarian; civilization was again shut up in the coast cities which still claved to the empire. Salona fell, and Spalato rose in its place; but, in the changed state of things, Spalato could not be what Salona had been. Tossed to and fro between various masters, Byzantine, Venetian, Hungarian, French, and Austrian, the Dalmatian cities have ever since been cut off from the land behind them. Ragusa, independent within living memory, was, from her very independence, yet more isolated than the rest. We all say, and we say truly, that Montenegro must have a haven. We feel it by simply looking at the map; but we feel it tenfold more keenly when we look down from the Black Mountain itself on Cattaro and her mouths — the *Bocche*, the city and haven of which the men of the Black Mountain were so shamefully robbed — on the narrow rim of land which fences in the *Bocche*, and on the wide Hadriatic beyond. We feel pent up in prison without an outlet. But what is true of Montenegro is true of the whole land; the body is still everywhere cut off from the mouth and the mouth from the body. Those lands will hardly send forth another Aurelian, another Diocletian, another Constantine, as long as two parts of them which is essential to the prosperity of each of the other are thus unnaturally kept asunder.

Here then we come to some of the great difficulties which surround what is called the Eastern Question, difficulties of the present which, like most difficulties of the present, are an inheritance of the events handed on from the past. When the Turk is gone, "bag and baggage" — that is, of course, the gang of official oppressors, not the Mahometan population whom no one wishes to injure, and who may in truth be counted among the victims of the official Turk — when the Turk in this sense is gone, there will still be other difficulties to grapple with, difficulties which were in full force before he came. There will still be that separation between the coast and the interior, which exists more or less every-

* Some of the maps of the Eastern Empire in the new edition of Spruner-Menke bring this out more clearly than any other which I have yet seen.

where, and which reaches its height in the political separation between the Illyrian coast and the Illyrian mainland. There will still be the difficulty of drawing any frontier which will satisfy the conflicting claims of Greek and Bulgarian. There will still be the difficulty of saying what should be the position of the New Rome herself. But one axiom may be laid down: the New Rome must ever be the New Rome; she must be the head of something, be it empire or federation. Eternal as she is in a far truer sense than the elder Rome, she cannot be the subject, she cannot even be the equal, of any other city, or of any other power. But of what is she to be the head? I need hardly speak my own mind — of a federation, if federation is to be had; of an empire, if federation is not to be had. And the latest experiences of European polity have taught us that federation and empire are not incompatible. The States which already exist, any States which may hereafter be formed, must, whatever be the nature of the tie, still look to Constantinople as the head of all. There are moments in Byzantine history when we are inclined to curse the foundation of the New Rome, and to look on it simply as an hindrance to the national growth of Bulgaria or Servia. But the Imperial city is there, and the Imperial city she must ever be. Shallow indeed are the thoughts, vain are the fears, of those who profess to look for a day when Constantinople shall be a Russian possession. The Russian of our own day may win her, as the Russian of a thousand years back strove to win her; but, if he wins her, he will cease to be Russian. A prince of the house of Romanoff may sit on the Byzantine throne, as a prince of the house of Hohenzollern or of Coburg may sit upon it. But Constantinople can never be a dependency of St. Petersburg, any more than it can be a dependency of Berlin or of London. Alarmists may shriek, sentimental dreamers may chatter; but nature and history are too strong for them.

Constantinople must then be the heart of whatever it has to be, empire or federation or federal empire, which takes the place of the rule of alien intruders and oppressors. But am I, is any one, called on to try to draw out in detail any scheme for the future? In this matter we are placed on the horns of a cruel dilemma. Frederick the Second was first excommunicated for not going on the crusade, and when he did go he was excommunicated again for going. The like hard fate falls on him who ventures to say anything about

the affairs of eastern Europe. If he points out evils and does not propose remedies, he is impractical and "irresponsible." If he does propose remedies, he is still impractical and "irresponsible," and he is speculative and dreamy to boot. What is practical or impractical is a question which often admits of two answers. It is often a practical course to take an inch when we cannot get an ell. To leave the sultan at Constantinople, and to free as large a part as may be of the land which he oppresses from his direct rule, would be a great and practical gain. But such a settlement would be in its own nature temporary. What it does for some provinces will have at some future day to be done for others. Still to take even one step in advance is a gain, and we may be glad to take that one step, if we are not able to take two. But nothing which is in its own nature temporary is practical in the higher sense. The practical view, practical in the higher sense, goes much further. It is not pent up within the geographical bounds of the Ottoman Empire. It takes in all south-eastern Europe, all the lands which share the special characteristics of south-eastern Europe. It takes in the Slaves and the Roumans who are subjects of the Austrian, as well as the Slaves and the Roumans who are subjects or vassals of the Turk. I will not draw out schemes; but I will recall certain memories. In the days of the treaty of Passarowitz, when the Turkish frontier went largely back, men dreamed that the two crowns of East and West might again be united on the brow of Charles the Sixth. The successes of the Imperial arms had been so great since the Ottoman had besieged Vienna that the advance of a Western emperor to Constantinople hardly seemed a dream. But for Charles the Sixth to have become Eastern emperor, he must have ceased to be Western emperor and German king, perhaps even to be Austrian archduke. The same man could no more reign at once at Constantinople and at Vienna than he could reign at Constantinople and at St. Petersburg. By the peace of Belgrade the Turkish frontier again advanced; in the days of Joseph the Second it again fell back. The same dreams were again cherished then. And, at least as a momentary thought, the same dreams could hardly fail to arise again in the autumn of 1875. It should not be forgotten that the stirring of the Slavonic mind which followed on the visit of Francis Joseph to his Dalmatian realm had not a little to do with all the events which have followed. In

that autumn Austria was playing the part of a good neighbor to Bosnia and Herzegovina; patriots were not yet "interned," nor was open sympathy anywhere expressed for the cause of the barbarian. The thought could not fail to arise that the lord of so many Slavonic lands, the king of Slavonia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, to say nothing of Bohemia, Galicia, and Lodomeria, might put himself at the head of the Slavonic movement, even that he might possibly exchange his sham Imperial crown for a real one. The wild outburst of Magyar fury has checked all this. Can it be that an ethnical kindred of the most remote and shadowy kind is really a practical element in the case? Can it be that the strange comedy which was lately played at Constantinople, the fraternization of Turk and Magyar, really had a serious meaning? Certain it is that Magyar hatred towards the Slave, the natural hatred of the oppressor towards the oppressed, a hatred which shows itself even to Slavonic refugees fleeing from their Turkish destroyers, is one great difficulty of the moment. But it cannot remain a difficulty forever. Millions of men of European blood will not endure that a handful of alien intruders, ostentatiously proclaiming themselves as alien intruders, shall forever hinder the natural settlement of south-eastern Europe. The reunion of Austria, Tyrol, and Salzburg with the German body may not suit the immediate German policy of the moment; there are obvious reasons why it does not. But it must come sooner or later. The separation of those lands from Germany, their union with Hungary, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the rest, is too unnatural to be abiding. The separation of the Slaves within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from the Slaves to the south of them is also too unnatural to be abiding. A Byzantine empire, a Byzantine confederation, whenever it is fully and finally formed, must reach a good deal further to the north than the artificial limit of 1739. If the Turk stands in the way of a just settlement at one end, his agglutinative ally at Pesth stands in the way at the other. He is a great difficulty, but surely not a difficulty that can last forever. It is a strange thought that, if the Apostolic Stephen, well nigh nine hundred years back, had got his Christianity from the New Rome instead of from the Old, one great hindrance to a just settlement of south-eastern Europe would in all likelihood not have stood in our way.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

YOU may be sure there was a stir among our women-folk when they heard that a young man had come courting the earl's daughter. We have amongst us—or over us, rather—a miniature major-domo of a woman, a mere wisp of a thing, who has nevertheless an awful majesty of demeanor, and the large and innocent eyes of a child, and a wit as nimble and elusive as a minnow; and no sooner is this matter mentioned than she says,—

"O the poor child! And she has no mother."

"That," it is observed by a person who has learned wisdom, and does not talk above his breath in his own house, "that is a defect in her character which her future husband will no doubt condone."

She takes no heed. The large and tender eyes are distant and troubled. She has become a seer, a prophetess of evil things in the days to come.

"Think of the child!" she says to our gentle visitor—who was once being courted herself, but is now a brisk young matron blushing with the honors of a couple of bairns—"think of her being all alone there, with scarcely a woman friend in the world. She has no one to warn her—no one to guide her——"

"But why," says our young matron, with mild wonder, "why should she want warning? Is it such a terrible thing to get married?"

Common sense does not touch the inspired.

"The getting married? No. It is the awakening after. How can she tell—how can she know—that this young man, if he really means to marry her, is at the present moment courting her deadliest rival? Whom has she to fear in the future so much as her old idealized self? He is building up a vision, a phantom, no more like that poor girl than I am like her; and then, when he finds out the real woman after marriage, his heart will go back to the old creation of his own fancy, and he will wonder how she could have changed so much, and grieve over his disappointment. Yes, you may laugh"—this is a sudden onslaught on another meek listener—"but every woman knows what I

say is true. And is it our fault that men won't see us as we are until it is too late? We have to bear the blame, at all events. It is always the woman. Once upon a time—and it only happens once—she was a beautiful, angelic creature; she was filled with noble aspirations; wisdom shone in her face; I suppose the earth was scarcely good enough for her to walk on. Then she marries; and her husband discovers—slowly and surely—not his own blunder, but that his imaginary heroine has changed into an ordinary woman, who has an occasional headache like other people, and must spend a good deal of her life in thinking about shops and dinners. He tries to hide his dismay; he is very polite to her; but how can she fail to see that he is in love, not with herself at all, but with that old ideal of his own creation, and that he bitterly regrets in secret the destruction of his hopes? That is no laughing matter. People talk about great tragedies. The fierce passions are splendid because there is noise and stamping about them. But if a man stabs a woman, and puts her out of the world, is she not at peace? And if a man puts a bullet through his head, there is an end of his trouble. But I will tell you my belief, that all the battles and wars that ever were in the world have not caused the fifteenth part of the misery and tragic suffering that has been caused by this very thing you are laughing at—those false ideals formed before marriage. You may laugh if you like."

Indeed, we were not disposed to laugh. She was really in earnest. She had spoken rapidly, with something of an indignant thrill in her voice, and a proud and pathetic look in her dark eyes. We had, after all, a certain fondness for this gentle orator; and it was difficult to resist the eager pleading of her impassioned words, when, as now, her heart was full of what she was saying.

Or was it the beautiful May morning, and the sunlight shining on the white hawthorn and the lilacs, and the sleepy shadow of the cedar on the lawn, and the clear singing of the larks far away in the blue, that led us to listen so placidly to the voice of the charmer? A newcomer broke the spell. A heavy-footed cob came trotting up to the verandah; his rider, a tall young man with a brown beard, leaped down on the gravel and called aloud in his stormy way,—

"Donnerwetter! It is as warm to-day, it is as warm as July. Why do you all sit here? Come! Shall we make it a

holiday? Shall we drive to Guilford?—Weybridge?—Chertsey?—Esher?"

The two women were sneaking off by themselves, perhaps because they wished to have a further talk about poor Lady Sylvia and her awful fate; perhaps because they were anxious, like all women, to leave holiday arrangements in other hands, in order to have the right of subsequently grumbling over them.

"Stay!" cries one of us, who has been released from the spell. "There is another word to be said on that subject. You are not going to ride rough-shod over us, and then sneak out at the back door before we have recovered from the fright. This, then, is your contention—that a vast number of women are enduring misery because their husbands have become disillusioned, and cannot conceal the fact? And that is the fault of the husbands. They construct an ideal woman; marry a real one; and live miserable ever after, because they can't have that imaginative toy of their brain. Now, don't you think, if this were true—if this wretchedness were so widespread—it would cure itself? Have mankind gone on blundering for ages, because of the non-arrival of a certain awful and mysterious Surrey prophetic? Why haven't women formed a universal association for the destruction of lovers' dreams?"

"I tell you, you may laugh as you like," is the calm reply, "but what I say is true; and every married woman will tell you it is true. Why don't women cure it? If it comes to that, women are as foolish as men. The girl makes her lover a hero; she wakes up after marriage to find him only a husband, and the highest hope of her life falls dead."

"Then we are all disappointed, and all miserable. That is your conclusion!"

"Not all," is the answer, and there is a slight change of tone audible here, a slight smile visible on her lips. "There are many whose imagination never went the length of constructing any ideal, except that of a moor covered with grouse. There are others who have educated themselves into a useful indifferentism or cynicism. Unfortunately it is the nobler natures that suffer most."

"Well, this is a tolerably lively prospect for every girl who thinks of getting married. Pray, Frau Philosophin, have you been constructing all these fiddlestick theories out of your own head, or have you been making a special study of Sylvia Blythe?"

"I know Lady Sylvia better than most

people. She is a very earnest girl. She has ideals, convictions, aspirations—a whole stock-in-trade of things that a good many girls seem to get on very well without. If that poor girl is disappointed in her marriage, it will kill her.”

“Disappointed in her marriage!” calls out the young man who has been standing patiently with the bridle of his cob in his hand. “Why do you think that already? No, no. It is the girl herself—she lives in that solitary place, and imagines mere foolish things—it is she herself has put that into your mind. Disappointed! No, no. There is not any good reason—there is not any good sense in that. This young fellow Balfour, every one speaks well of him; he will have a great name some day; he is a busy, a very active man. I hear of him in many places.”

“I wish he was dead!” says my lady; and curiously enough, at this moment her eyes fill with tears, and she turns and walks proudly away, accompanied by her faithful friend.

The young man turns in amazement.

“What have I done? Am I not right? There is nothing bad that Balfour has done?”

“There is plenty bad in what he means to do, if it is true he is going to carry off Lady Sylvia Blythe. But when you, Herr Lieutenant, gave him that fine certificate of character, I suppose you know that people don’t quite agree about Mr. Hugh Balfour? I suppose you don’t know that a good many folks regard him as a bullying, overbearing, and portentously serious Scotchman, a little too eager to tread on one’s corns, and not very particular as to the means he uses for his own advancement? Is it very creditable, for example, that he should be merely a warming-pan for young Glynne in that wretched little Irish borough? Is it decent that he should apparently take a pride in insulting the deputations that come to him? A member of Parliament is supposed to pay some respect to the people who elected him.”

Here the brown-visaged young man burst into a roar of laughter.

“It is splendid—it is the best joke I have known. They insult him; why should he not turn round and say to them, ‘Do you go to the devil!’ He is quite right. I admire him. Sacrament!—I would do that too.”

So much for a morning gossip over the affairs of two people who were not much more than strangers to us. We had but

little notion then that we were all to become more intimately related, our lives being for a space intertwined by the cunning hands of circumstance. The subject, however, did not at all depart from the mind of our sovereign lady and ruler. We could see that her eyes were troubled. When it was proposed to her that she should make a party to drive somewhere or other, she begged that it might be made up without her. We half suspected whither she meant to drive.

Some hour or two after that you might have seen a pair of ponies, not much bigger than mice, being slowly driven along a dusty lane that skirted a great park. The driver was a lady, and she was alone. She did not seem to pay much heed to the beautiful spring foliage of the limes and elms, to the blossoms of the chestnuts, nor yet to the bluebells and primroses visible on the other side of the grey paling, where the young rabbits were scurrying into the holes in the banks.

There was a smart pattering of hoofs behind her; and presently she was overtaken by a young gentleman of some fourteen years or so, who took off his tall hat with much ceremony, and politely bade her good morning.

“Good morning, Mr. John,” said she, in return. “Do you know if Lady Sylvia is at home?”

“I should think she was,” said the boy, as he got down from his horse, and led it by the side of the pony-chaise, that he might the better continue the conversation. “I should think she was. My uncle’s gone to town. Look here; I’ve been over to the Fox and Hounds for a bottle of champagne. Sha’n’t we have some fun? You’ll stay to lunch, of course.”

In fact, there was a bottle wrapped round with brown paper under his arm.

“Oh, Mr. John, how could you do that? You know your cousin will be very angry.”

“Not a bit,” said he, confidently. “Old Syllabus is a rattling good sort of girl. She’ll declare I might have had champagne at the hall—which isn’t true, for my noble uncle is an uncommonly sharp sort of chap, and I believe he takes the key of the wine-cellar with him—and then she’ll settle down to it. She’s rather serious, you know; and would like to come the maternal over you; but she has got just as good a notion of fun as most girls. You needn’t be afraid about *that*. Old Syllabus and I are first-rate friends; we get on

capitally together. You see, I don't try to spoon her, as many a fellow would do in my place."

"That is very sensible of you—very considerate."

The innocence of those eyes of hers! If that brat of a schoolboy, who was assuming the airs of a man, could have analyzed the tender, ingenuous, lamb-like look which was directed towards him—if he could have seen through those perfectly sweet and approving eyes, and discovered the fiendish laughter and sarcasm behind—he would have learnt more of the nature of women than he was likely to learn in any half-dozen years of his idiotic existence. But how was he to know? He chattered on more freely than ever. He had a firm conviction that he was impressing this simple country person with his knowledge of the world and of human nature. She had been but once to Oxford. He had never even seen the place; but then as he was going there some day, he was justified in speaking of the colleges as if they were all on their knees before him, imploring him to accept a fellowship. And then he came back to his cousin Sylvia.

"It's an awful shame," said he, "to shut up the poor girl in that place. She'll never know anything of the world: she thinks there's nothing more important than cowslips and daisies. I don't suppose my uncle is overburdened with money—in fact, I believe he must be rather hard up—but I never heard of an earl yet who couldn't get a town house somehow, if he wanted to. Why doesn't he get another mortgage on this tumble-down old estate of his, and go and live comfortably in Bruton Street, and show poor old Syllabus something of what's really going on in the world? Why, she hasn't even been presented. She has got no more notion of a London season than a dairymaid. And yet I think if you took her into the Park she would hold her own there: what do you think?"

"I think you would not get many girls in the park more beautiful than Lady Sylvia," is the innocent answer.

"And this old place! What's the good of it? The whole estate is going to wreck and ruin because my uncle won't have the rabbits killed down, and he won't spend any money on the farm-buildings. And that old bailiff, Moggs, is the biggest fool I ever saw: the whole place is overrun with couch-grass. I am glad my uncle gave him one for himself the other day. Moggs was grumbling about the rabbits.

'Moggs,' said my uncle, 'you let my rabbits alone, and I shall say nothing about your couch.' But it's an awful shame. And he'll never get her married if he keeps her buried down here."

"But is there any necessity that your cousin should marry?"

"I can tell you it is becoming more and more difficult every year," said this experienced and thoughtful observer, "to get girls married. The men don't seem to see it somehow, unless the girl has a lot of money and good looks as well. Last year I believe it was something awful; you could see at the end of the season how the mothers were beginning to pull long faces when they thought of having to start off for Baden-Baden with a whole lot of unsalable articles on hand."

"Yes, that is a serious responsibility," is the grave answer. "But then, you know, there needs be no hurry about getting your cousin married. She is young. I think if you wait you will find at the right moment the beautiful prince come riding out of the wood to carry her off, just as happens in the story-books."

"Well, you know," said this chattering boy with a smile, "people have begun to talk already. There is that big boor of a Scotch fellow—what's his name? Balfour—has been down here a good many times lately; and, of course, gossips jump at conclusions. But that is a little too ridiculous. I don't think you will catch old Syllabus, with all her crotchets, marrying a man in the rum and sugar line. Or is it calico and opium?"

"But I thought he had never had anything to do with the firm? And I thought it was one of the most famous merchant houses in the world?"

"Well, I don't suppose he smears his hands with treacle and wears an apron—but—but it is too ridiculous. I have no doubt when my uncle has got all he wants out of him, he won't trouble Willowby again. Of course, I haven't mentioned the matter to old Syllabus. That would be no use. If it were true, she would not confess it: girls always tell lies about such things."

"There you have acted wisely; I would not mention such idle rumors to her, if I were you. Shall I take the bottle from you?"

"If you would," said he. "And I shall ride now; for we have little time to spare, and I want you to see old Syllabus's face when I produce the champagne at lunch."

So the lad got on his horse again, and the cavalcade moved forward at a brisk

trot. It was a beautiful country through which they were passing, densely wooded here and there, and here and there showing long stretches of heathy common with patches of black firs standing clear against the sky. And the bright May sunlight was shining through the young green foliage of the beeches and elms; the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn and lilac; now and again they heard the deep "joug, joug" of a nightingale from out of a grove of young larches and spruce.

By-and-by they came to a plain little lodge, and passed through the gates, and drove along an avenue of tall elms and branching chestnuts. There was a glimmer of a grey house through the trees. Then they swept round by a spacious lawn, and drew up in front of the wide-open door; while Mr. John, leaping down from his horse, rang loudly at the bell. Yet there seemed to be nobody about this deserted house.

It was a long, low, rambling building of grey stone, with no architectural pretensions whatsoever. It had some pillars here and there, and a lion or two, to distinguish it from a county jail or an asylum: otherwise there was nothing about it to catch the eye.

But the beauty of Lady Sylvia's home lay not in the plain grey building, but in the far-reaching park, now yellowed all over with buttercups, and studded here and there with noble elms. And on the northern side this high-lying park sloped suddenly down to a long lake, where there was a boat-house and a punt or two for pushing through the reeds and water-lilies along the shore; while beyond that again was a great stretch of cultivated country, lying warm and silent in the summer light. The house was strangely still; there was no sign of life about it. There was no animal of any kind in the park. There was no sound but the singing of birds in the trees, and the call of the cuckoo, soft, and muffled, and remote. The very winds seemed to die down as they neared the place; there was scarcely a rustle in the trees. It was here, then, that the Lady Sylvia had grown up; it was here that she now lived, and walked, and dreamed, in the secrecy and silence of the still woodland ways.

From Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.
THE MISTLETOE.

THIS plant seems to produce a premature aging of the whole tree on which it grows, and the particular branch which supports it soon gets withered and dead. This becomes an economical question in cider-orchards. To a tenant the growth of mistletoe on his trees is an advantage, as he gets the benefit of age in producing a larger crop of smaller and sweeter apples, more suitable for cider-making. To the owner this is a short-sighted policy, as it causes the premature aging and decay of his trees, and the same quality of fruit can be produced by skilful pruning. The plant is diœcious, having somewhat conspicuous flowers, the male ones possessing a strong honey-like odor. Hence it is evident that it must be fertilized by insects. As the berries are almost invariably formed, this fertilization must be frequent. In many books it is said to be indebted to a moth for the performance of this office, but the species (if only one) is not mentioned. In a paper in the *Gardener's Chronicle* it is said that bees are attracted by the smell of the male flowers in its season. Lubbock, in his excellent little book on British wild-flowers in their relations to insects, does not mention the mistletoe at all. The anthers have their faces curiously punctated, and are attached to the perianth; I have seen no mention of honey-glands, nor have I ever been able to examine the flowers, so cannot say if the honey is accessible or not. If the plant is dependent on one species only for its fertilization, that species must be a frequent one, and have a large range. I have not heard of its being the larval food of any insect, nor of any species of aphid dependent on it. The plant seems to be indebted to birds for all its natural propagation. The berries are said to be greedily eaten by many birds, and the seeds to pass through the stomach without digestion. Many writers of the eighteenth century disputed this fact. One says that birds would not eat what they could not digest; and if they did so, the seeds let fall in their dung upon the trees would always grow upon the upper side, whereas we find the mistletoe at all inclinations with the bough. Relating to this idea and to the use of the berries in making birdlime, is a Latin proverb, occurring in several forms, one of which is as follows: "*Tardus sibi malum cacat.*" I must leave its translation to your readers. One author says of the mistletoe,

"And this is the nature of it: unless it be mortified, altered, and digested in the stomach and belly of birds it will never grow." The earliest name I have been able to find for the mistletoe is the Celtic *guid*, meaning "the shrub," *par excellence*. The present French name, *gui*, is evidently a direct descendant of this. In Hooker & Arnott's "British Flora" the Greek name for this plant, written variously, *iks*, *iksos*, and *iksia*, is derived directly from the Celtic *guid*, though perhaps the derivation is somewhat strained. It is probable that the words are related in some way, but we must trace each back to its antecedents before the connection becomes self-evident. The forms of the Greek name *iksos* in the Æolian dialect are *biskos* and *fiskos*; and this last at once brings out the relation between the Greek and the Latin names *viscus* and *viscum*, and with the modern Italian *vischio*, the Portuguese *visgo*, and the Spanish *hisca*, which are evidently lineal descendants from the same. Here, however, the chain stops, and we take up in *gui*, the French name, a link much closer to the Celtic *guid*. Further north we are introduced to a name which seems to have no relation to the southern name. The German, Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish name for it is *mistl* or *mistel*; the Anglo-Saxon is *mystelto* or *mysteltan*; and the English *mistel*, *mistleto*, *mistletoe*, *misleto*, *misletoe*, *miseltoe*, *misseltoe*, *misselto*, *misleden*, *misselden*, *misseldine*, and *missendine*, of which the form *mistleto* seems to be most generally adopted in modern time. Other names for this curious shrub, the relations of which I am quite unable to trace, are the Spanish *liga*, Russian *omeia*, Polish *jerniel*, and the Dutch *marentakken*. The Italians are said also, from "its extraordinary virtues, too many to enumerate," to call it *lignum sancta crucis*, the wood of the holy cross. The mistletoe of the fir and larch was distinguished in Greek by the name *stelis*, which was also adopted in the Latin. The word *viscus*, if it can, as seems probable, be traced up to and past the Celtic *guid*, a shrub, must have got its evident connection with viscosity from its application to this shrub; so that the general derivation of the name from viscid, or sticky, is an anachronism. It is easy to understand how the word *viscum*, from meaning originally the shrub, should come to mean sticky and glutinous, from one of the most obvious peculiarities of the shrub.

From Sunday at Home.

BE WHAT YOU ARE.

MANY years ago, when lucifer matches were yet unknown, and the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, formed the only domestic instrument for obtaining a light, a little old man used to walk about in one of the suburbs of London holding in his hand a fan-shaped bunch of matches, made, as usual, in those days, of splinters of resinous pine wood tipped with brimstone. He never offered his goods, except by a silent gesture, nor did he make them an excuse for asking charity as many others were in the habit of doing. The good-natured servant girls who saw him pass their windows would run up from the area with a smile and a halfpenny, and call out, "Master, some timber;" but they never spoke of matches. "Timber, madam?" the old man would say; "yes, madam;" and with a grave face and a courteous bow would take their money and supply their want. It was reported that the old gentleman had seen better days; perhaps he had at some former time dealt in pine logs, and carried on business on a large scale: now he called himself a "small timber merchant," and if any one addressed him as the "matchman," or asked him for a half-pennyworth of brimstones, he would take no notice of the speaker, but turn away in disgust, as if it were impossible for him to have any dealings with such a customer. Of course the poor old man was crazy, and those who knew him humored and pitied him. But how many people are there in these days crazy after the same fashion, without being aware of it themselves or suspected of it by their neighbors! How common it is for men, and women too, to represent themselves as something greater or of more importance than they really are! The small tradesman carrying on business in some by-lane calls himself a merchant, his shop an emporium, his back kitchen a warehouse, and his cellar a depot; the bricklayer or carpenter is a contractor; the hairdresser is a professor; the wig-maker is an artist in hair; and the milkman, a purveyor; while the dressmaker presides over the mysteries of her art in a *magasin des modes*. The same spirit shows itself here and there among all classes. In answer to an advertisement for a hospital-matron a "lady-superior" offers herself; and if a mistress is wanted for an infant-school, applications are made, not always grammatically expressed, for the post of "governess." A father brings

his daughter to the house of a lady who has been inquiring for a housemaid. She wears an imitation fur jacket, imitation gold earrings, and an imitation chignon, or plait, made of cotton or hemp by some new patent process of this imitation age, with a curious bunch of gauze, feathers, ribbons, grapes, and flowers, hung on behind by way of a bonnet; her hands are encased in lavender-colored kid gloves, and she carries a light parasol in her hand, though the day is overcast, and an umbrella would be much more to the purpose. She makes an imitation bow when the mistress of the house enters the room; and her father, who is proud of her appearance and manners, introduces her with the appropriate words, "This is the young lady, ma'am, as is open to an engagement for your situation." The owner of the house, who has no intention of resigning her situation, but only wants a housemaid, declines the application. There are pretensions of a worse kind than this. A well-educated youth, for instance, leaves school and is placed in an office or under articles, with a view to his future profession. His fellow-clerks or fellow-students appear to him by their costumes and conversation to be "great swells."

He does not wish to be thought inferior to them, and very soon learns to imitate their style and adopt their manners. He hears them talking largely of their parentage, of their exploits and their extravagances; and he wishes to be thought as rich, as gay, and as reckless as the best (or worst) of them. If they smoke, he must do the same; if they drink, he will drink with them; if they behave like heathens and talk disgracefully and vilely, he affects to admire their conduct and to enjoy their conversation. All this may at first be very much against his better instincts, but he fears to be ridiculed; and, in a word, would rather be accepted for what he is not, and ought not to be, than be esteemed for what he is. Every kind of pretence is bad: to pretend to be better than we are, is hypocrisy; to pretend to be greater than we are, is vanity and folly; but to pretend to be worse than we are, for the sake of winning favor with those whose favor is not worth having, is at once the worst and silliest pretence of all. Whatever a man's position or calling may be, if it be a thing to be ashamed of, let him abandon it; but if it be not wrong or disgraceful in itself, let him never be ashamed of it.

REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT VILLAGE IN OXFORD. — A discovery of a most remarkable nature has been made during the last few days in the course of preparing the ground for the new University Schools in High Street, Oxford. The site chosen for the schools was occupied by the Angel Hotel, and lies between High Street, Merton Street, University College, and King Street, embracing an area of about two acres. The excavations have now been made to a depth of about fifteen feet, and the earth having been cleared away has left standing a number of mounds of gravel, which, on closer examination, are seen to be the walls which divided circular pits. In some cases the wall is not more than six inches thick, while in others the division is of greater thickness, but all the spaces are of the same shape, namely, circular, although they differ in size. One very perfect specimen, situated on the west side, is of a remarkable character. It is much larger than the others, and being on the extreme edge of the site only one-half

has been exposed. The appearance presented is that of a semicircular excavation in the gravel, the base of the semicircle being formed by the earth and foundations of the adjoining building. This large pit has adjoining it a much smaller one, which probably served as the entrance, and at the point of junction between the two there is a bench or narrow platform. In two of the pits have been found concrete floors (these being the only two that have been at present carefully examined) of such tenacity that it was possible to remove the half of one of them without fracture. At the bottom of another were found some pieces of decayed wood. In removing the rubbish and earth several objects of great interest have been found, including a portion of a Runic cross, a Saxon knife and arrow-head, etc., and also a very large number of bones, principally of domestic animals. The discovery has caused considerable interest in university circles.

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CHANGES.

"Be the day short, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong."
Old Song.

TIME brings changes,
Joys and cares,
Stealing on us
Unawares.

Yesterday is gone for aye,
And to-morrow is to-day;
So the hours flee fast away,
And the days roll on.

See the young spring's budding story
Fading in the summer's glory,
Autumn dies to winter hoary,
And the days roll on.

From the church tower,
Hark; the bell
Tolls the old year's
Passing knell.

Ah! how swift the months have fled,
Since around his infant head
Hope her dewy halo shed!
So the days roll on.

Spread of stainless snow his pall,
Let its whiteness cover all,
The dark proofs of many a fall,
As the days rolled on.

Crimson gashes
Hide from sight,
And deeper hued,
Shunning light.

Sorrows that our hearts have known,
Hopes that are forever flown,
Crosses we have borne alone,
As the days rolled on.

Welcome in the new-born year,
Though *we* see but dimly here,
There is *One* who seeth clear
As the days roll on.

Time brings changes,
Joys and cares,
Stealing on us
Unawares.

Bring this new year what it may,
Sweet or bitter, night or day,
It full soon shall flee away,
And the days roll on.

Love is living, faith is strong, —
Be the hours or swift or long,
Still they chant their morning song
As the days roll on.

ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

A QUIET NIGHT.

So still the starry night, I almost fear
My mortal tread, lest I should put to flight
A fairy that, for sometime of the year,
Holds court in this old garden by the night.
The flow'rs are broad awake: for very truth
On this forsaken ground enchantment dwells,
Such as may breathless hold an am'rous youth,
Who seeks at dead of night for lover spells,
With anxious, fearful heart in haunted dells.

I will not walk, but sit upon this seat,
That I may see, and hear, and no noise
make;

In time gone by how many gentle feet
Strayed hitherward to rest for dear love's
sake?

Brave, bright-eyed youths, and many a gentle
maid

Came, haply, here in June or autumn cold,
Leaving the great hall by the portal's shade
To tell a tale that even then was old —
How oft at this seat has the tale been told?

The growing things, it seems, have eyes to see;
They softly shake their heads, but make no
moan;

It may be they are whispering of me,
And wond'ring why I wandered here alone.

I am not waiting for a partner; no,
You need not point at me for that; the hall
Is rank with ruin; lovers do not go
To feast together at the baron's call,
For years they have been dead and buried,
all.

How silent! how bewilderingly calm!
How strange in such a place to be alone!
The big owl on the bough is fixed by charm;
The cat sits on the wall still as a stone:
Listen! the nightingale! Oh, what a thrill
Of glory falls on all fair things around!
Now know I why this place has been so still;
The fairies have shut out all grosser sound
To hear your song in this old garden-ground.
All The Year Round.

"WITH PIPE AND FLUTE."

WITH pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet to man,
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closelier drew the calm-eyed herd, —
The rolling river slower ran.

Ah! would, ah! would, a little span,
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;
And from Beersheba unto Dan,
An Orpheus' self might walk unheard,
Or find the night-jar's note preferred:
Not so it fared when time began,
With pipe and flute!

Examiner.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From The British Quarterly Review.
JULIAN'S LETTERS.*

THE letters of Julian are chiefly valuable in two respects, as illustrating a critical period of the history of Rome and the world, and as expressing the character, sentiments, and style of the great emperor individually. Their importance as documents of historical evidence, along with the "Orations," the "Misopogon," and the "Cæsars," has been felt by all writers on that period from Zosimus to Gibbon, who agree in praising their language and style no less than the fulness and trustworthiness of their testimony. Indeed there is hardly any great event in the later career and times of Julian which is not touched on in one or other of his letters. His campaigns in Gaul, the steps which led to his revolt against Constantius, his re-establishment and attempted reformation of paganism, his plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem and resettlement of the Jewish people, his conduct to the Christians and in particular to Athanasius, his benefits to Greece, and his designs on Persia, India, and the East generally; these, with many other points of scarcely less interest, derive no inconsiderable illustration from passages of the emperor's correspondence. How much Gibbon was indebted to these letters for his magnificent sketch of Julian and his age, is shown not only by the extracts he has translated in the text, but by the frequent references he makes to them in the notes of his history. As a mine, therefore, of historical illustration, these epistles may be said to be almost, if not altogether, exhausted. In their other aspect, however, the case seems to us to be different: their biographical value appears to have been appreciated far less than their historical. The picture they set before us of the man as distinct from the emperor—of the private friend, patron, adviser, comforter—of the student, author, believer, devotee—the representation, in fact, of the "inner life," the feelings, motives, aims, standards, principles, partialities, of one of the most extraordinary men the world has ever seen

—this strikes us as worthy of a closer study than it has hitherto received. Nothing that falls from a man's pen is, as a rule, so characteristic of him as his letters, while unfortunately in no branch of composition is antiquity (and Greek in particular) so deficient. If in his zeal for ancient literature Sir William Temple could bestow such extravagant praise on a "fardel of commonplaces" like the spurious Epistles of Phalaris (of which, notwithstanding, repeated translations have been published even since the demonstration of their unauthenticity), it seems strange that, in a learned and letter-writing century like the last, so little notice should have been taken, particularly in England, of a collection of letters from the pen of a man like Julian, the greater part of which have never had their genuineness disputed, while nearly every one has, more or less, a value of its own. Yet, so far as we can discover, not a single complete version of these epistles exists in English, though France has shown its appreciation of the imperial admirer of Paris by at least two translations of them published since 1740. We propose, therefore, to set before our readers some account of the correspondence of Julian with his friends and contemporaries, citing parts of his most characteristic letters, and pointing out such of the less familiar features of his mind and disposition as appear to receive illustration from them.

Before, however, we proceed to the substance of the letters, it may be well to say something about their number, those to whom they were addressed, and the way in which they have been transmitted to us. Although the manuscripts are numerous, none are considered older than the fifteenth century, and no single manuscript contains the entire collection which we now possess, while the letters found in each appear for the most part in a different order. Of the editions, the first, published at the Aldine Press, in Venice, in 1499, comprised only forty-eight of the letters; in another, of 1583, five more appeared; others were discovered and published from time to time by various hands—three of them by the well-known Jesuit scholar and professor of theology at Paris,

* *Juliani Imperatoris quæ feruntur Epistolæ.* Ludovicus Henricus Heyler. Moguntia. 1828.

in 1621, Dionysius Petau, and a like number by the still more famous Muratori, custodian of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, about 1709. The last and fullest collection made by Heyler, in his edition published at Mainz in 1828, which we have placed at the head of this article, amounts to eighty-three, of which, however, eight, partly on external and partly on internal grounds, have their genuineness justly suspected. At the same time there is little question that the largest number that has reached us represents but a small portion of the emperor's correspondence, with whom the writing and receiving of letters amounted to little less than a passion. Hardly any of those now in our possession can, we think, be dated further back than A.D. 355, the year in which Julian, at the age of twenty-five, was created Cæsar, and married to his cousin Helena, youngest daughter of Constantine the Great. It is true that the circumstances of the author's childhood and early youth were such as to render extremely difficult and dangerous anything approaching to free and open communication with relatives, friends, or acquaintances; but however this may be, we have Julian's own testimony* to the fact that he was in the habit of writing at all events to the tutor who had taught him the study and love of Plato; while in another of his letters† he refers to sundry orations and epistles of his own which have not come down to posterity. If it is a matter of regret that within the period of his correspondence we have no letter throwing any light on his relations with Helena, or on the circumstances of his family and domestic life, it is an infinitely deeper loss that nothing he may have written during the twenty years of his Christian profession has been preserved to us; still more that we have no explanation addressed in the confidence of private intercourse to philosopher or friend of the influences that produced his momentous change from Christianity to paganism.

A few of the letters are not strictly en-

titled to the name, partaking as they do of the nature of edicts, or rescripts on public matters, addressed to the governors and other officials of countries or towns, occasionally to the body of citizens themselves. Such, for example, are those addressed to Ecdikius, the prefect of Egypt; one (6) decreeing the sentence of banishment against Athanasius; another (56), referred to below, containing minute instructions for the foundation of a school of music at Alexandria; while in 10 we have an indignant homily addressed, "To my citizens of Alexandria," for their lawlessness and ferocity in the assassination of their Bishop George; and in 25, the famous manifesto to the Jewish people, promising the restoration of their temple, and asking their prayers for himself. Not the least interesting of this class is the letter of directions sent to Arsakius, high-priest of Galatia, concerning measures for the reformation of paganism, such as a system of relief for the poor, and a stricter law of life for the priests. In 21 the emperor presents an active and devout priestess named Callixeina to an additional charge in the temple of Cybele at Pessinus, as a reward for her past services in the pagan cause; while in 43 he directs Hekebolus to confiscate all Church property in Edessa, as a punishment for the factious violence of the Arian party there. We must not omit the famous edict in 42, containing and justifying the prohibition of Greek studies to Christian teachers; while the exemption from senatorial duties, conceded in 64 to medical men, supplies a fresh illustration of the honor that Julian, in the spirit of a favorite Homeric line,* was always disposed to pay to professors of the healing art. In another letter, or rather edict, numbered 65, we find the emperor, whom Ammianus characterizes

* See letter to Themistius, published among Julian's works.

† Letter 27. (Heyler's ed.)

* Il. xi. 514, Ἰητρὸς γὰρ, or (as Julian quotes it), Ἐὶς ἱητρὸς ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἀνδρῶν. Cf. Letter 45, where Julian encourages Zeno, a distinguished medical professor as well as practitioner, who had been banished from Alexandria through some participation in the affair of Bishop George, to return to the city where he was so appreciated and missed. It will be remembered that Oribasius, Julian's devoted friend and confidant (to whom Letter 17 is addressed), was as distinguished for his medical learning as for professional skill. He was with Julian at the time of his death.

as *vulgi plausibus lætus*,* prohibiting all public acclamations addressed to himself on entering a temple. "The people may applaud if they liked when he came into a *theatre*; in sacred buildings they should reserve their praises for the gods." Of letters *to relations*, with a single exception, we possess none. Gallus, his brother, had been put to death by Constantius just before the probable date of the earliest of these letters. Helena, his wife, died, as it would seem, a very few years after their marriage, poisoned, as has been thought, by the empress Eusebia. One letter there is (13) to his uncle of the same name, a more zealous pagan than even the emperor, in which the latter defends himself for his insurrection against Constantius. Of the remaining letters, the bulk, numbering about thirty, are written to orators, sophists, and philosophers; and as Julian, whom nature had made for a student though fortune called him to a throne, opens his heart most freely in this part of his correspondence, it shall receive the first share of our attention, having been least noticed by others hitherto.

Of Julian's chief favorites among the ranks of the poets, philosophers, and orators of his time, Maximus, the eminent theurgist of Ephesus; Iamblichus, the Neoplatonic sage of Apameia; Libanius, the sophist of Antioch; Proaeresius, the rhetorician, a native of Armenia; and Priscus, the philosopher who conversed with the emperor on his death-bed — are those best known in history, to whom we have surviving letters in this collection. Of certain other literary and scientific personages, bearing the names of Elpidius, Eucleides, Aristoxenus, Eugenius, and Lucianus, we know nothing but what may be gathered from the brief and unimportant notes sent them by their imperial correspondent. This class of letters presents for the most part the same characteristic features — the deepest enthusiasm for learning and knowledge; an insatiable hunger for brisk, regular, and unreserved correspondence; the warmest expressions of friendship and affection on a footing of perfect equality; an admiration amounting

almost to idolatry for men of genius, with a longing for their society; the humblest estimate of his own powers and productions in comparison with theirs; and a profuse generosity in offers of hospitality, assistance, and favors. The first in order of his letters to Maximus affords us a good specimen of some of these traits, as it does also of Julian's literary style: —

We are told that Alexander of Macedon was accustomed to sleep with the poems of Homer under his pillow, in order, I suppose, that by night as well as by day he might have access to compositions of such a martial tone. Your letters, on the contrary, we keep by our bedside, as so many healing medicines, and never cease poring over them, just as if they were still fresh, and had only now for the first time come into our hands. Accordingly, if you would make intercourse by letter adequately to represent your personal presence, you must go on writing, and writing, too, constantly and without fail. Yet I would rather you should come yourself to us, with the blessing of the gods, remembering that so long as you are away from our side, we can only be said to live, while holding intercourse with you by letter.

This invitation Maximus, who was then residing at Sardis, promptly accepted, and taking leave of Asia, the citizens of which lavished on him greetings and honors at his departure, arrived at Constantinople just when his imperial patron happened to be hearing trials and delivering an oration in the senate. The latter forthwith sprang from his place and rushed some way out of the senate-house to meet and embrace the philosopher. He then conducted him into the assembly, introducing him with reverence to the members, and declaring the benefits he had received from his teaching and example. From that time it is probable that Maximus was never long absent from the court, to whose temptations he fell only too easy a victim. The next letter addressed to him represents the emperor as submitting some orations of his own to the philosophical critic, whose judgment, with characteristic humility, he probably estimates far beyond its real worth. The following is an extract: —

It is said that an eagle, whenever he wants to test the genuineness of his offspring, carries

* Amm. Marc., xxv. 4.

the yet unfledged eaglets high up into the sky, and makes them face the rays of the sun, to prove himself, as it were, in the eye of the God of Day, the parent of a genuine brood, wholly free from any adulterous connection. Well now, on the same principle, we are going to put the literary offspring of our brain into your hands, as into those of learned Homer, and if these productions can stand the test of your critical ear, you must then decide whether they are capable of sustaining further flights, to reach the hands of others; but if they cannot, throw them away then and there, as aliens to the Muses, or drown them in some river as bastards.

Maximus, however, would seem to have been more than the tutor, friend, and critic of Julian. From another letter (the longest and most interesting of those written to the philosopher) we learn that dangerous results were apprehended by Julian from the warm and active interest taken by his friend in the success of his insurrection against Constantius. He assures him of his anxiety, fostered by omens and dreams, for the safety of the philosopher, whom zeal for the cause of his pupil and patron may have involved in trouble and risk. He does not even dare himself to consult the gods, for fear of hearing the fate that might so easily have happened to the over-eager partisan. The close of the letter is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it marks the approximate time of the emperor's open avowal and practice of paganism, as well as the person to whom he knew the tidings of his public apostasy would be most agreeable. In his successful march from Paris to Illyria, and his marvellous escape from the swarm of traitors and spies that beset him, he discerns the manifest presence and working of the gods, that claimed and received his gratitude:—

We worship the gods [he says] now in public; and the bulk of the army I have led hither is no less devoted to their service. We make a practice of sacrificing victims openly, and have already rendered a thankoffering to the gods in the form of numerous hecatombs. They direct me to keep myself in everything as pure as possible, and I need not say that I am forward to obey them; while on their part they promise me splendid fruits of all my exertions, if only I become not slack or self-indulgent.

Considering the emperor's intimacy with Libanius, and the numerous letters, still in existence, addressed to him by the latter, we might have expected to find a large and interesting part of his correspondence devoted to the illustrious rhetorician. This is, however, not the case. Of the six

letters written to Libanius, only one contains matter of real interest, enhanced by the fact of its having been written but a very short time before the emperor's death. It is a kind of diary of his march from Antioch in Persia in the spring of A.D. 363, dated from Hierapolis, near the Euphrates, little more than three months before he perished. His devotion to paganism is at its height. At Beroëa (or Aleppo) he tells Libanius how in royal style he sacrificed a white bull to Zeus, and discoursed eloquently in favor of the gods to an admiring but unconverted senate. Later on, in the same letter, he informs us that it was his usual practice to sacrifice twice every day, morning and evening. At the same time the emperor shows himself by no means indiscriminating in his pagan zeal. The inhabitants of Batnæ he criticises for their extravagance and demonstrativeness, for the lack of that sobriety, reserve, and calm, which he holds to be the spirit of true religion, though he cannot help feeling gratified by their devotion to the cause of polytheism. The other letters written by Julian to his "fond and affectionate brother" (as he styles Libanius) are taken up with extravagant eulogies on sundry orations and compositions by the great sophist, which the emperor declares he can never read enough, or be tired of reading; which he values, as not only masterpieces of style, but as testimonies to their author's sincere and steadfast friendship for himself, "of which he trusts he may always be worthy."

However, Julian by no means expended all his idolatry of literary genius on Maximus and Libanius. One, of whom next to nothing is known, attracted to himself a far larger share of the emperor's homage and admiration. The Iamblichus to whom six of these letters were addressed must be carefully distinguished from the eminent mystic of Chalcis in Syria, who died in the reign of Constantine, and some of whose writings have come down to us. Whether the Iamblichus we meet with in Julian's works was a descendant of this last or not, we have no means of judging. He seems to have been, like his more illustrious namesake, a native of Syria, born at Apameia, in the valley of the Orontes, and, like him, to have pursued the study of a high-toned and probably Neoplatonic philosophy, which can hardly have impressed the mass of his contemporaries with the profound veneration it received from Julian. He seems to have been in constant correspondence with the emperor, whose replies are characterized

by a tone of almost abject adoration. Iamblichus is his "darling," his "preceptor," "one to whose robe he would like to cling, never to be parted," "the very signature of whose letters he kisses over and over again, every line from whose pen he values above all the gold of Lydia." He further styles him "the physician of souls," "a sun of wisdom," "a blessing to the universe," "one set for the salvation of the whole race of mankind," and "the embodiment and harmonizer of the collective wisdom of Hellas." Here is a longer specimen of one of these gushing effusions:—

When the tidings reached me of the arrival of a letter from you, I had been suffering for a couple of days from a disorder in the stomach, and feeling such extreme pain all over me, that a fever seemed to be imminent. The instant, however, that I heard of your messenger being at the door, I sprang up like one beside himself, and rushed out before any attendant could make his appearance. And, what is more, no sooner had I got your letter into my hands than (I swear by the living gods, and by that affection with which I have ever burned towards you) all my pains instantly quitted me, and even the symptoms of fever vanished, as if confounded by the visible presence of some mysterious deliverer. (Letter 60.)

In another letter (41) Julian sends Iamblichus, not without humble apology, an oration of his own (composed, it seems, at the desire of Constantius), requesting the philosopher to criticise, and if necessary, to supply its defects. This, too, is written in the same fulsome and extravagant style. In it Iamblichus is likened to Hermes, Apollo, Orpheus, and the rest; "it requires some courage to look him in the face;" "his approval will be equivalent to that of Athena"—and more of this sort. These letters, to our mind, form the least agreeable portion of Julian's correspondence, and though there is no reason for supposing them to have come from any other hand, they probably represent his youthful efforts at style no less than a blind and almost boyish admiration of a very over-rated thinker and writer.

It is much to be regretted that there has been preserved to us but a single letter to another philosopher, who deserved the favor of his imperial master far more than either Maximus or Iamblichus. We refer to the excellent Priscus, the wise, reserved, Platonic theurgist, who, originally introduced by Maximus to the society of Julian, followed him through his Persian campaign, and helped to alleviate the suf-

ferings of his death-bed by discussions on the nature of the soul. There is nothing of particular interest in the only surviving letter to his "dearest brother and warmest friend" (as he styles Priscus), to whose wife (Hippia) and children he adds, with unusual courtesy, his compliments. He ranks his friend among "the genuine philosophers, to benefit whom he himself alone desires to live," and trusts "that the Divine Providence" (the letter throughout breaths a remarkable spirit of piety) "may preserve him for many years in health and strength." There are a few other letters in the collection addressed to literary names of less note; but we have given specimens enough to illustrate this side of Julian's character in its devotion to intellectual merit, and will close this part of our subject with a singularly graceful and tender letter of advice from the emperor to a couple of old fellow-students, probably at Athens, Eumenius and Pharianus, which speaks as much for the soundness of his judgment as it does for the affectionateness of his heart.

If any one has made you believe that there exists for man a pleasanter or more profitable occupation than the calm, undistracted pursuit of philosophy, you have been greatly deluded by one who must first have deluded himself; but should your old enthusiasm for study still survive, and not, like a bright flame, have been extinguished, I congratulate you from my very heart. Four years have gone by already, and now nearly another quarter more, since we took leave of each other, and I should vastly like to know how much progress you have both made in the interval. As for myself, I should be surprised if I could utter a single word of Greek, so completely have I been barbarized by my places of abode. Do not, I pray you, despise the composition of speeches, or neglect rhetoric, and your habit of familiarizing yourselves with the poets. At the same time let your main attention be directed to science, and your chief energies devoted to the systems of Aristotle and Plato. Make this your real work: it is, believe me, the foundation, base, superstructure, ay, and roof too, of the edifice of learning, while all the rest is mere by-play, though pursued by you with more zeal than is shown by some in their real work. This advice is prompted, God knows, simply by the brotherly affection I feel for you as old schoolfellows, and very dear ones too. So if you listen to my suggestions I shall love you all the more, while I should be much pained to find you disapprove them, though this latter alternative and its consequences I would fain, for omen's sake, omit. (Letter 55.)

But Julian was a great deal more than the patron, admirer, and even worshipper

of philosophers and men of letters. He was himself a laborious scholar, a devoted student (*eruditus et studiosus cognitionum omnium princeps*),* a passionate bibliomaniac,† as these letters, apart from the style and substance of the emperor's other writings, sufficiently show. "Some people," he says (9), "have a passion for horses, some for birds, and others for animals: mine, however, has been from childhood for acquiring books." Accordingly we find him writing a couple of letters, one to Ecdikius, prefect of Egypt, another to an unknown personage of the name of Porphyrius, with the object of securing the library of George, the murdered Arian bishop of Alexandria, which appears to have contained numerous and valuable works on philosophy, rhetoric, and theology. Some of these manuscripts, it appears, Julian had borrowed and benefited by during his residence in Cappadocia, and he displays the greatest anxiety lest any of them, through the roguery of relatives or of slaves, should be lost. "There are," he writes, "among them several treatises connected with the doctrine of the Galileans. These for themselves he would like to perish, but for fear of other precious works perishing with them, he requests that an accurate list may be rendered of these as well, while the whole collection when complete is to be sent to Antioch, where it is possible that at the date of his letter he was composing his "Misopogon." His own tastes, as we might suppose, lay wholly in the direction of the purest and best ages of Greek literature. That he possessed a fair acquaintance with the Latin language, we know from the express statement of Ammianus;‡ but the absence of any reference to the *literature*, would seem to show he was ignorant of, or indifferent to, even the masterpieces of the poets, orators, and historians of Italy. Greek, on the other hand, is his passion. "Divine Homer" is his Bible, from which he is perpetually quoting: he styles himself "a zealot for the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle." Even in these letters there is hardly one Greek writer of eminence, except Æschylus, to whom reference is not made. Hesiod, Simonides, Sappho, Pindar, Herodotus, Thucydides, Euripi-

des, Aristophanes, Lysias, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Theocritus, Callimachus, Theophrastus, Heraklides Ponticus, are all mentioned, some of them frequently, in the course of his correspondence. It is remarkable that the first notice of the poet Babrius should occur in one of these letters (59), where Julian supposes the person whom he is addressing to have heard the fable of "The Man and the Weasel," the first line of which he quotes, though incorrectly, referring for the sequel to the *βιβλίον*, or entire collection, as being easily accessible. At the same time his passion for graver studies did not render his many-sided mind insensible to the charms of music, art, or even natural scenery. One of these letters referred to above contains instructions, addressed to the prefect Ecdikius, for the institution of a school of music at Alexandria, which reads so much like a statute framed by some mediæval founder for the encouragement of "plain song" among the scholars, that we are tempted to give it entire.

Whereas I consider no study more deserving of attention than that of first-rate music, I desire you will select from among the population of Alexandria certain well-born lads, who shall be supplied each with two Egyptian artabai per month, besides rations of corn, wine, and oil, and be provided also with clothes by the comptroller of the treasury. The boys are to be chosen for a definite time, according to their voice. Should any give promise of further abilities to reach a high degree in the science of music, let them be informed that we propose to offer to such very substantial rewards. For that the minds of these lads will, independently of our encouragement, be benefited by that cleansing power which perfect music exerts, we may rest assured on the authority of those who in past times have laid down excellent regulations on the subject. So much for the new choristers. As for those now under the instruction of the music-master, Dioscorus, make them adhere all the more diligently to their practice, since we are prepared to assist them in whatever way they may choose. (Letter 56.)

Nor while we are upon this subject, may it be uninteresting to notice an epigram of the emperor's, couched in hexameters, upon an "organ," especially as so much uncertainty rests on the date when the earliest forms of this instrument were invented and used. If the first discovery of the *hydraulic** organ, be, as is

* Amm. Marc., xxi. 1.

† Compare the passage in "Orat." iii., where he places highest on the list of Eusebia's kindnesses to him her present of the best writings of the philosophers, historians, poets, and rhetoricians. He founded and stocked the library at Constantinople. Zosimus, iii., c. 11.

‡ Amm. Marc., xvi. 5.

* The "organ" of Genesis iv. 21 and Job xxi. 12 was probably a kind of pipe. See a learned excursus on the subject of "organs" in Wernsdorf's "Poet. Lat. Min." vol. ii.; and of Ammianus, xiv., c. vi., 18,

said, really due to Ctesibius of Alexandria, B.C. 250, it would appear to have existed rather as a curious invention than an aid or appliance to musical art for nearly four or five centuries afterwards, Tertulian being usually considered the earliest author who speaks of organs as in use. Notwithstanding, a hundred years later still, it would seem that they were more or less strange, at least at Constantinople, and (we may presume) in the East generally. Julian's epigram manifestly treats of the instrument as a thing seen for the first time, a strange kind of reed pipe, as he styles it, sprung, one might think, from a soil of bronze. It is a wind, and not a water organ. He speaks of the "air darting forth from its oxhide cavity," and the player, it may be noticed, is represented as "standing," while "with nimble fingers he sweeps the keys." Sculpture also would seem to have possessed its attractions for Julian's mind. Not only in his other works do we find him making reference to the great masterpieces of the old artists, but in one of his letters particularly, after adducing by way of illustration two or three of the smaller sculptures of Phidias, he digresses into some remarks that display minute observation and a delicate sensibility of the beauties of this branch of the fine arts. "Phidias," he observes, "gained his reputation, not by his grand works at Athens or Olympia only, but almost as much by his minor pieces, into which he contrived to compress the highest perfections of artistic skill." In illustration of this he quotes, as being well known, certain bronze figures of the smallest dimensions by that artist, one called the cicada, and two others, the fly and the bee, executed in bronze, and expressing the minute originals with marvellous exactness and life. But more remarkable than either of these must have been the representation (cited in the same letter) of Alexander on horseback, wounding an animal, chased or embossed probably, like the others, in bronze, though in size no bigger than the dimensions of a finger nail! Julian writes as if he had the piece itself, or a copy of it, before him, describing, though in somewhat artificial and obscure language, the lifelike animation of the group, the furious expression of the royal sportsman, the wound just inflicted on the animal, and the rearing

horse scarce seeming to touch the ground. Whether the letter may have been written from the city of Phidias or not, we have no means of ascertaining: anyhow, it seems to show that during his residence at Athens the student of philosophy could not have been insensible to the charms and lessons of art.

After all, however, the temperament of the simple-mannered and ascetic emperor led him to find still more enjoyment in the world of nature than in that of art. The life of cities he abominated; the theatre,* the circus, the hippodrome, were a weariness to his meditative and retiring spirit. Even the Paris to which he was so partial as a place of sojourn, was a very different city from its present representative, and contrasted favorably in his eyes with frivolous, effeminate, gay, luxurious Antioch. In two or three of the letters we have some pleasant touches of natural scenery, descriptions of beautiful places visited on his marches and journeys, in which it is usually the fresh fountains, the shady trees of plane or cypress, and the quiet breezy nooks, where he can follow his own thoughts or feed on a dialogue of Plato, that he most delights to dwell on. There is a pleasant letter (46) to Evagrius, containing an account of a certain estate in Bithynia, which Julian proposes to bestow as a gift on his friend; and one or two extracts from this may help to illustrate the emperor's appreciation of scenery, as well as afford a glimpse of him in his boyish days. It is a very small property, consisting of but four fields that had been left him by his grandmother. He had been very fond of the spot when a lad, with its good springs and delicious bathing-place, its garden and its trees, and had often revisited it since he had grown up, not without many a sigh for the pleasant days he had passed there. It still contained a small relic of his "not very sedulous gardening," in the form of a low vine, which produced from its grapes a particularly sweet and fragrant wine, without any necessity to be kept for maturing. But its situation would appear to have lent it still greater charms in its owner's eyes. Between two and three miles from the sea, in a place undisturbed by rude and brawling sailors, with a plentiful supply of fresh fish, it commanded all

who complains of the popularity of water-organs in the luxurious houses of Rome in his day, in which reading is sacrificed to music. The age of Julian would seem to have been on the whole decidedly unfavorable to art. See "Misopogon" (beginning).

* It was not from insensibility to the drama that Julian denounced and avoided theatres, but rather for the impropriety of the pieces usually represented on the stage in his time. His ambition would seem to have been to bring back tragic art to its original connection with religion and worship.

the advantages both of land and water. You had only to walk up a little hill, but a few paces from the house, and there before you lay the Propontis with its islands, and the city bearing the name of the illustrious emperor. "There," he writes, "you can stand and gaze, not treading on dirty seaweed, or annoyed by the filthy refuse that is usually flung out on sandy beaches: the ground beneath you is fragrant with clover and gorse and thyme. There you can loll in perfect ease and read for a while, and then, when you like, refresh your eyes with the lovely view of the sea and its vessels." A charming spot indeed, charmingly described, with an enthusiasm, too, which shows us that the indefatigable soldier, like another Washington, while passing a life of peril and hardship amid the snows of Gaul or beneath the suns of Persia, was not unable to appreciate, and sometimes sigh for, the unambitious delights of nature and the leisurely repose of country life, surrounded by his garden and shrubs, his friends, his statues, and his books.

We cannot close this brief account of Julian, as he appears to us from his letters, without noticing those features of his *religious* character which they help to bring out into the fullest light. For although the creed of the Apostate is to be seen more fully formulated in two* of his orations, and in the satire on the "Cæsars," his more unrestrained utterances on the subject nearest his heart are, as might be expected, to be found in his confidential letters, while those that bear the character of edicts rather than epistles supply the most authentic declaration regarding his attitude not only towards Christianity, but also to the Judaism and paganism of his day. It will be remembered that the religious life of Julian divides itself into three epochs, — the first, embracing the period of his Christian faith from infancy to his twentieth year; the second, from his twentieth to his thirtieth year, when beneath a Christian profession he cherished a pagan faith and secretly practised a pagan cult; and the third, including the last two or three years of his life, when throwing off all disguise he avowed himself the conservative champion of the faith of the Scipios. "You will not" (he writes to the people of Alexandria, Letter 51) "miss the true course if you follow me, who walked according to that way" (meaning Christianity) "for twenty years," but have been, by the

guidance "of the gods, *since eleven years ago*, led to my present faith." Of these three epochs, the first derives no illustration from Julian's surviving letters, all of which were probably of a later date than A.D. 351, when his intimacy with Libanius and Maximus, and the course of his own studies and speculations, had begun to part him from the faith of his youth. There is, however, an interesting letter (if we could only persuade ourselves of its genuineness), printed by Heyler at the end of his collection, purporting to be written by Gallus to his half-brother Julian, perhaps between 351 and 354, on hearing a rumor that the latter had "deserted the old religion transmitted from his forefathers, and had plunged into wild superstition." Gallus is delighted, however, to find it is only a rumor.

I was grieving over the intelligence [he writes] when our father Aetius arrived, bringing the glad news that this was not the case, and that all things about you were such as we could desire. For he assured me you continued zealous in attending the houses of prayer, and were not to be debarred from keeping the remembrance of the martyrs, adhering in all respects (as he insisted) to our tenets.

Whether Julian at the time of this letter was still wavering between Christianity and paganism, or whether, as is most probable, from regard to Gallus or fear of Constantius, he was masking his newly-adopted heathenism under a simulated zeal for the religion of the court, it is not easy to determine for certain; but as far as the emperor's own letters that remain throw any light on his faith, they exhibit him uniformly as he was *after* his change, the avowed and unrelenting enemy of Christianity, the unhesitating and devout follower, reformer, and missionary of a comprehensive and mystical paganism.*

At the close of the "Cæsars" Julian represents Hermes as coming to him and addressing him in the following words:—

To thee I have given to know Mithras for thy father. Do thou therefore cleave to his commandments, and make him thy sure anchor and refuge while thou livest, and when-

* The only other reference we have been able to find made by Julian to his Christian phase is in his fourth oration (to the sun), where, after lightly touching on his former opinions *περὶ θεῶν*, he abruptly stops with the words, *λήθη δὲ ἔστω τοῦ σκότους ἐκείνου*. At the beginning of the same oration he asserts that his devotion to the sun dated from his childhood (*ἐκ παιδαρίου*). Cf. Amm. Marc., xxii. 5. *A rudimentis pueritiæ primis inclinatio erat erga numinum cultum.*

* Or, (4) *In Solem* and (5) *In Deorum Matrem*.

ever thou must depart hence, in good hope take to thyself the gracious god for thy guide.

Mithras being the Persian name for the sun-god, this passage may be taken as the key-note of Julian's theology and religion, as seen in his letters. Although the highest object in his creed was the invisible, unknowable, perfect, and eternal First Cause, yet he always speaks of the sun as the purest image and representative of the supreme God to man, describing him to the Alexandrians (51) as the true representative of the *λόγος Θεοῦ*, the "living, rational, beneficent image of the intellectual Father." It is to the sun above all other gods that he prays for help and guidance in the business and enterprises of life (13). To the sun he appeals as witness of his innocence, ranking it at other times in adjurations with "Zeus and Athena, and all the gods and goddesses." Morning and evening (as Libanius tells us: cf. Ep. 27) he sacrificed to it at a shrine within his palace, when he could not worship in the public temple of Helios. Whenever he writes of *Θεός* and *ὁ Θεός*, or *Θεῖα πρόνοια*, we may fairly suppose that he has in his mind the bright god, creator, preserver, and nourisher of mankind; while the future life, in which (61) he records his firm belief, is to consist in the soul returning to the sun and dwelling in its light forever. (Comp. Orat. 4.) No form of monotheism, however, could possibly have satisfied the mind of Julian: * the very principle of it was repugnant to his fundamental conviction that every single gift of mind or body, every separate art and science, every branch of education, every bent in the genius of a nation, was derived from, or was under the direction of, some particular deity, disbelief or disrespect towards whom would inevitably be accompanied by a stunted, uncultured, undeveloped condition of life. The larger the creed, the fuller would be the civilization; the more elastic the shrine, the ampler would be the blessings derived. Hence Julian's readiness, while attributing a certain primacy to the sun as "*his* god," to admit into his creed and worship almost any number of deities besides. In one of his orations he pours forth his enthusiastic devotion to Cybele, whose temple and worship at Pessinus he twice mentions in these letters, in the first (21), appointing a priestess to her shrine; in the second (49), exhorting the people, as they valued the

favor of the emperor, to become heartier in their adoration of the "mother of the gods." * More interesting, however, is his attitude to the God of the Jews, "the Almighty Creator who deigned to crown him with his undefiled right hand," to whom he both prays himself, and desires that the nation should intercede for him, while he hopes one day in person "to give glory with them" to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the restored temple of Jerusalem (25). In another remarkable letter (63) he seems to identify the God of the Old Testament with the Architect and Ruler of the whole visible world, whom he worships only under a different name. Speaking elsewhere, apparently of the Jews, he adds (though the passage is unfortunately mutilated): —

These people are in a certain degree religious, honoring as they do a Being who is indeed most mighty and most good, who rules over the visible world, and whom I am aware we also adore only under other names. Accordingly, so far I consider they are right, as long as they transgress not the laws. It is in this alone that I hold them wrong, viz., that disregarding all the other gods, they pay their whole devotion to their one Deity by himself, from any share in whom, with a strange presumption, they hold us Gentiles alone to be excluded. (Letter 63.)

Admitting then an indefinite number of divinities into his pantheon, with a certain primacy ascribed on his own part to the sun-god, Julian's temperament was not such as to be content with any mere passive contemplation or mystical intuition of these multiform objects of his belief. No ceremonial of outward worship could be too solemn, costly, or elaborate for the imperial ritualist, who ranked his office of supreme pontiff above all his other civil or military dignities. *Φιλοθύτης* was the epithet applied by Socrates (H. E. iii. 20) to Julian, who speaks (in his thirty-eighth letter) with unfeigned delight of sacrificing numerous hecatombs with his own hand amid the public gaze; while even his pagan friends could say of him in jest, that had he returned victorious from Persia, the whole species of bulls and cows would have been extinguished by the number of his sacrifices. The gods (he says) deserve a love passing that of the wife for her husband (21); and whosoever loves the gods must look with pleasure and honor upon

* Comp. the fine lines of Prudentius, "Apoth." 450, etc., especially v. 453. *Amans tercentum millia divum.*

* His midnight devotions were addressed to Hermes. Cf. Amm. Marc., xvi. 5. *Nocte dimidiata semper exurgens . . . occulte Mercurio supplicabat, quem mundi velociorem sensum esse, motum mentium suscitantiem, theologicæ prodidit doctrinæ.*

the images and shrines that represent them to us. He consults their oracles when in difficulty: he has thank-offerings for them when he recovers from sickness or is rescued from danger. Dreams and visions come from them and must be referred to them for their issue and meaning; while the specimens we have of Julian's prayers seem tinged with some faint hues from the faith of his childhood, like the following one from the close of his oration to Cybele, in which, after "invoking for all mankind that happiness, the sum of which is to know the gods," he continues: "Grant also to me the fruits of serving thee, a true belief concerning the gods, and a perfect way of performing their rites. In all my doings, undertaken in peace or war, give me virtue with success, and make the end of my life to be without pain and honorable, cheered with the fair hope of passing into your company."

So far, however, it might be said that Julian was only following the example of Augustus on a somewhat larger scale, developing and reforming, though with far deeper sincerity, the pagan system of belief and worship on its own lines and after its own principles. But Julian did not stop here; his wider aim was to reanimate the corrupt and dying faith with the spirit of the religion he had deserted. He would, if he could, have made himself the head of an organized Pagan Church, the supreme pontiff of a cultivated priesthood, with a gorgeous ritual, a philosophical system of education, a pure morality, and a philanthropic mission. In illustration of this we cannot do better than give a few extracts from a letter of instructions (49) addressed by Julian to Arsakius, high-priest of Galatia. After remarking that what has principally contributed to the growth of "atheism" (Christianity), is kindness towards strangers, care for the burial of the dead, and an affected seriousness of life, he goes on:—

All these points I consider should be earnestly attended to by us. Nor is it sufficient for you personally to maintain this high character; all the priests throughout Galatia must be the same. These you must either induce by menace or argument to live virtuously, or else remove them from their priestly office, unless they will, together with their wives, children, and servants, devote themselves to the gods, and not permit their families, domestics, and such as have intermarried with Galileans, to be not only irreverent to the gods, but openly to prefer atheism above the worship of these. In the next place I would have you recommend a priest neither to ven-

ture into a theatre, nor drink in a shop, nor conduct any trade or occupation of a low and discreditable character. Furthermore I require you to set up in every city numerous lodging-houses, where strangers (not only such as belong to us [pagans], but all others who may be in want of means) may enjoy the benefits of our philanthropy. . . . It is a shame that while no Jew ever begs, while the godless Galileans, besides their own poor, support ours as well, these last receive no relief from their own people at all.

After directing that the duties of systematic charity should be impressed on the pagans, and that the villagers be required to offer their first-fruits to the gods, he adds certain rules for maintaining the dignity of the priesthood,* especially in relation to the civil rulers and officers (6). All communications with governors were to be held through letter, not by personal intercourse. Whenever the latter made their entrance into the city, no priest was to go out to meet them; but when they visited the temple, the priest might come to meet them as far as the court. No soldier, was, on such occasion, to precede the magistrates into the temple, though as many as chose might follow; "because no sooner does a magistrate cross the threshold of the sanctuary than he becomes at once a private man: inside the temple the priest is supreme" (49). Another letter (62) shows us that Julian was prepared to carry out his belief in the dignity and inviolability of the priesthood. An officer, who was accused to the emperor by the high-priest of his province of having beaten a certain priest, Julian, after reprimanding him for his sacrilegious act, suspends from his office for a period of three months, closing his sentence with a prayer that the gods would forgive him his transgression.

By such means as those just described did Julian hope to reinvigorate paganism, both as a creed and as a cult, and, when thus purified and strengthened, to diffuse it over the world as the instrument for the regeneration of mankind. Without such a reformation (as these letters clearly show) he felt the impotence of the then existing Hellenism to supplant Christianity. "The

* See a remarkable passage in the "*Fragmentum Oratoris*," in Julian's works (ed. 1630), p. 542. "It is meet that we should reverence not only the images of the gods, but also their temples, sanctuaries, and altars. Furthermore, reason requires that we should honor priests, as ministers and servants of the gods, acting for us in all things appertaining to the gods, helping to procure for us the good gifts that come from the gods; for priests sacrifice and offer prayers for all men. Wherefore it is right to bestow on all such at least equal, if not greater, honors than those we pay to civil magistrates."

world," he says, "has been almost turned upside down by the folly of the Galileans" (7). "Some he finds unwilling to sacrifice, and the few who are willing, ignorant how to set about it" (4). "Worship of the gods is extinct in Alexandria, where Athanasius has brought all the gods of the heathen into contempt." (Cf. Letter 51 with 6). After a marvellous advance, effected within a short time, the career of Hellenism seems arrested: wealth, luxury, indifference to and forgetfulness of antiquity, have together quenched all piety (49 and 63) in the world. To reanimate and restore a system like this was a marvellous conception to have entered the head of any one possessed of such abilities as Julian — only less marvellous than that one of such deep religious sensibilities, pure aspirations, and blameless life, should have found satisfaction in what lesser men had long despised as an idle and effete superstition. How the attempt failed as it was, how it would equally have failed, had the emperor returned from Persia, to further it by commencing, as is possible, a persecution of Christianity, are considerations not falling within the province of these letters. Sundry other points there are, on which they throw considerable light, such as Julian's views of Christianity, and his dealings with the bishops, pastors, teachers, and congregations of various places, especially those of Alexandria, Bostra, and Edessa, — his directions to governors and magistrates respecting their treatment of the "Galileans" — his sentiments towards Constantius — his designs against Persia, and, in the event of his success, against India and the Arabian tribes. (Τὴν Σαρακηνῶν, Letter 77.) But whatever may be gathered on these and like matters is to be found, generally speaking, in the pages of Gibbon and the best Church historians. It is time, for us to close the present sketch with a few remarks on the style and diction of the letters.

Ammianus, in various places of his history of Julian, speaks with high praise of the "pure elegance and dignity" (*cum gravitate comitas incorrupta*, xvi. 5) of the letters, "the eloquence and pleasant style of his speeches." Editors of the emperor's works are never weary of extolling the gracefulness of their manner and beauty of their diction; while, on the other hand, De Quincey (strangely enough) discovers nothing but "monstrous coxcombry," in one who was, he forgets, by taste, education, and circumstances, bred in Hellenism, "writing in Greek at all his

barren memoranda." * A dispassionate survey of the letters will at all events discover one great merit of the style, that it exactly reflects the writer, alike in its strength and weakness, its merits and defects. The vanity and humility, the grandeur and puerility, the solid learning and showy pedantry, the abrupt terseness and tedious garrulity, the pleasant irony and malicious banter, these and other qualities of the man transfuse themselves into the style of the letter-writer. A few of the letters are written with an ease and naturalness that could hardly be surpassed; two or three are intolerable for the trifling nature of their contents and gross pedantry of their style, as, *e.g.*, when, on sending a hundred figs to a friend, he writes a long disquisition on the various merits of that fruit, illustrated from Homer, Herodotus, Aristophanes, Aristotle, and sundry others, which is immediately followed by another rambling discussion on the excellence of the number ten (24). The bulk of them strike us as marked by an effort and strain, a self-consciousness and literary affectation, that scarcely entitle them to the praise that has been heaped on them upon the score of their style and manner. To notice one or two details, Julian has a passion for beginning his letters with a quotation. Now it is a verse from his favorite Homer, now a proverb; here a reference to an oracle, there a story from Herodotus or a fable from Æsop. This he takes as a kind of text, modifying, criticising, and applying it sometimes at such length and in such a way as to leave but little room for the real substance of the communication he has to make. To take an instance from the 21st letter, the real purport of which is to promote Callixeina (a priestess who had displayed signal fidelity in her long service at the shrine of Demeter) to a second charge as priestess of Cybele at Pessinus. This letter he begins, as usual, with the citation of a line from the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, to the effect that time alone establishes a character for justice. This remark, he adds, he should be disposed to extend to a character for purity. We might now suppose the imperial patron of benefices was coming to the point; but no! with Homer ever in his head, he remembers that time also proved the fidelity of Penelope to her husband. Still, he asks, who would think of putting love to a husband on the same level as love to the gods? Notwithstand-

* Essay on Style, p. 167 (Am. Ed.).

ing, he must needs go into the question about the comparative duration and circumstances of Penelope's devotion to her lord, and that of Callixeina to her goddess, concluding decidedly in favor of the latter; after which the puzzled priestess (who, perhaps, knowing little about Homer, and less about Sophocles, may have been wondering at the drift of the imperial missive) must have been pleased at length to light on three straightforward lines of plain Greek, appointing her to her plurality in the temple of Pessinus. Not but that the emperor could be terse enough when he pleased. To an artist, who had made an over-flattering picture of him, Julian wrote a note of three lines, closing with the pithy request, "Such as you have seen me, such represent me" (66). In another case, in which a lady had met with wrong at the hands of some influential aggressors, he writes to the patriarch as follows:—

I send this second letter about Amogila, as my first produced no effect in consequence of the influence possessed by those who have injured her. The failure of my former despatch you will regret, the present one you will please to respect, and not make it necessary for me to send a third. (Letter 71.)

From the witty author of the "Cæsars" and the "Misopogon" we might perhaps have expected more letters characterized by this rare grace of the intellect than we find in these remains. One or two specimens of amusing irony we come across. Take, for instance, a short letter, addressed to Ecdikius, an uncommunicative and not very observant prefect of Egypt, who had failed to represent to the emperor a remarkable rise in the Nile that had flooded the whole of Egypt. Julian humorously writes to acquaint the prefect of all the details that had happened under his very eyes, as they had been communicated to the emperor by the commander of the troops there, and closes his letter with the words, "As you were not aware of these facts, I thought you might be pleased to hear of them from us." When the shafts of his irony are directed against the Christians, he usually takes pains to steep them beforehand in gall (*μετ' ἐρωσέας πικρίαν*)*. In a letter, or rather edict, to the chief magistrate of Edessa, where the Arian party in its wealth and insolence had created a serious disturbance, the emperor, in the following terms, issues his mandate of confiscation:—

Whereas therefore it has been prescribed in

their most admirable law in what way they may most successfully reach the kingdom of heaven, we, in our anxiety to assist such people thereto, do hereby direct that all the property of the Church of Edessa be resumed by the State, for distribution among the soldiery, and that its possessions be attached to our private estate, in order that through poverty they may learn wisdom, and not lose that heavenly kingdom which they never cease to hope for.*

This is not the only passage in which Julian in his love of banter (*φιλοσκώπτης*, as Socrates calls him)† shows himself an exception to Carlyle's saying, that "all great men have been careful to subordinate their talent for ridicule."

As to the *language* of the letters, without going the length of saying, with one of Julian's critics, that "it is an exquisite imitation of the ancients, especially Plato and Demosthenes," much may be safely affirmed in the way of praise. They could not have been written, or rather (as they were for the most part) dictated to an amanuensis, by any one who was not familiar with the best language of the best writers of Hellas. Their author was, as we know, a great talker, but he seldom wrote as he talked. When he took up his pen he took up with it the style, idioms, diction, and dialect of books. We find in many of his letters the balanced sentences, elaborated constructions, artificial periods, the very phrases and formulæ of the best rhetoricians of Greece. Latin words he rarely uses; scarcely half a dozen (amongst which may be enumerated *σκήνιον*, *νοτάριος*, *βρέβια*, *πριβύτοις*) are to be found in the entire collection. Rare uses of even Greek words we seldom come across, such as *θεσπίζειν*, in the sense of "commanding," or *ἀποφάνειν*, signifying "to render;" while the latitude with which Julian employs his favorite epithet of *λεπὸς* can hardly be said to be pushed by him beyond the precedents found in Homer. Occasional constructions of the particle *ὥν* with the subjunctive instead of the optative would be a further departure from Attic usage, if they might not be attributed more probably to the imperfections of MSS. than to ignorance of grammatical niceties on the part of the writer. All attempts to discover even the faintest coloring lent to Julian's diction by his early study of the

* Cf. Socrates, H. E. iii. 22. When certain Christians remonstrated with Julian on the extortions practised on them by the provincial governors, he only replied: "Well, it is your business, when ye suffer wrong, to take it patiently: for such is the commandment of your God."

† H. E. iii. 22.

* Zosimus, iii. 2.

Christian Scriptures may be pronounced complete failures. On the contrary, we seem to discover an eagerness to avoid everything that might connect him in the smallest degree with the faith he had renounced. It might be interesting to compare further the style and expression of these letters with the contemporary correspondence of Libanius and Gregory Nazianzen, but this would exceed the limits of our sketch. We shall have sufficiently answered our purpose if by any additional touches imparted to the portrait of the great emperor from the perusal of his correspondence, we shall have called attention to a certain portion of his works that, in England at all events, has not hitherto met with the care and consideration it seems to us to deserve.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EVIL OMEN.

FLORIMEL was beginning to understand that the shield of the portrait was not large enough to cover many more visits to Lenorme's studio. Still, she must and would venture, and should anything be said, there at least was the portrait. For some weeks it had been all but finished, was never off its easel, and always showed a touch of wet paint somewhere: he kept the last of it lingering, ready to prove itself almost yet not altogether finished. What was to follow its absolute completion neither of them could tell. The worst of it was, that their thoughts about it differed discordantly. Florimel not unfrequently regarded the rupture of their intimacy as a thing not undesirable — this chiefly after such a talk with Lady Bellair as had been illustrated by some tale of misalliance or scandal between high and low, of which kind of provision for age the bold-faced countess had a large store: her memory was little better than an ash-pit of scandal. Amongst other biographical scraps one day she produced the case of a certain earl's daughter, who, having disgraced herself by marrying a low fellow — an artist, she believed — was as a matter of course neglected by the man whom, in accepting him, she had taught to despise her, and before a twelvemonth was over — her family finding it impossible to hold com-

munication with her — was actually seen by her late maid scrubbing her own floor.

"Why couldn't she leave it dirty?" said Florimel.

"Why, indeed," returned Lady Bellair, "but that people sink to their fortunes! Blue blood won't keep them out of the gutter."

The remark was true, but of more general application than she intended, seeing she herself was in the gutter, and did not know it. She only spoke of what followed on marriage beneath one's natal position, than which, she declared, there was nothing worse a woman of rank could do.

"She may get over anything but that," she would say, believing, but not saying, that she spoke from experience.

Was it part of the late marquis's purgatory to see now, as the natural result of the sins of his youth, the daughter whose innocence was dear to him exposed to all the undermining influences of this good-natured but low-moraled woman, whose ideas of the most mysterious relations of humanity were in no respect higher than those of a class which must not even be mentioned in my pages? At such tales the high-born heart would flutter in Florimel's bosom, beat itself against its bars, turn sick at the sight of its danger, imagine it had been cherishing a crime, and resolve — soon — before very long — at length — finally — to break so far at least with the painter as to limit their intercourse to the radiation of her power across a dinner-table, the rhythmic heaving of their two hearts at a dance, or the quiet occasional talk in a corner, when the looks of each would reveal to the other that they knew themselves the martyrs of a cruel and inexorable law. It must be remembered that she had had no mother since her childhood, that she was now but a girl, and that the passion of a girl to that of a woman is "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." Of genuine love she had little more than enough to serve as salt to the passion; and passion, however bewitching — yea, entrancing — a condition, may yet be of little more worth than that induced by opium or hashish, and a capacity for it may be conjoined with anything or everything contemptible and unmanly or unwomanly. In Florimel's case, however, there was chiefly much of the childish in it. Definitely separated from Lenorme, she would have been merry again in a fortnight; and yet, though she half knew this herself, and at the same time was more than half ashamed of the whole affair, she did not

give it up — would not — only intended by-and-by to let it go, and meantime gave — occasionally — pretty free flutter to the half-grown wings of her fancy.

Her liking for the painter had therefore, not unnaturally, its fits. It was subject in a measure to the nature of the engagements she had — that is, to the degree of pleasure she expected from them: it was subject, as we have seen, to skilful battery from the guns of her chaperone's intrenchment; and more than to either was it subject to those delicate changes of condition which in the microcosm are as frequent and as varied both in kind and degree as in the macrocosm. The spirit has its risings and settings of sun and moon, its clouds and stars, its seasons, its solstices, its tides, its winds, its storms, its earthquakes — infinite vitality in endless fluctuation. To rule these changes Florimel had neither the power that comes of love nor the strength that comes of obedience. What of conscience she had was not yet conscience toward God, which is the guide to freedom, but conscience toward society, which is the slave of a fool. It was no wonder then that Lenorme, believing, hoping, she loved him, should find her hard to understand. He said *hard*, but sometimes he meant *impossible*. He loved as a man loves who has thought seriously, speculated, tried to understand — whose love, therefore, is consistent with itself, harmonious with his nature and history, changing only in form and growth, never in substance and character. Hence, the idea of Florimel became in his mind the centre of perplexing thought; the unrest of her being, metamorphosed on the way, passed over into his, and troubled him sorely. Neither was his mind altogether free of the dread of reproach. For self-reproach he could find little or no ground, seeing that to pity her much for the loss of consideration her marriage with him would involve would be to undervalue the honesty of his love and the worth of his art; and indeed her position was so independently based that she could not lose it even by marrying one who had not the social standing of a brewer or a stockbroker; but his pride was uneasy under the foreseen criticism that his selfishness had taken advantage of her youth and inexperience to work on the mind of an ignorant girl — criticism not likely to be the less indignant that those who passed it would, without a shadow of compunction, have handed her over, body, soul and goods, to one of their own order had he belonged to the very canaille of the race.

The painter was not merely in love with Florimel: he loved her. I will not say that he was in no degree dazzled by her rank, or that he felt no triumph, as a social nomad camping on the no-man's-land of society, at the thought of the justification of the human against the conventional, in his scaling of the giddy heights of superiority, and, on one of its topmost peaks, taking from her nest that rare bird in the earth, a landed and titled marchioness. But such thoughts were only changing hues on the feathers of his love, which itself was a mighty bird with great and yet growing wings.

A day or two passed before Florimel went again to the studio, accompanied, notwithstanding Lenorme's warning and her own doubt, yet again by her maid, a woman, unhappily, of Lady Bellair's finding. At Lossie House, Malcolm had felt a repugnance to her, both moral and physical. When first he heard her name, one of the servants speaking of her as Miss Caley, he took it for Scaley, and if that was not her name, yet scaly was her nature.

This time Florimel rode to Chelsea with Malcolm, having directed Caley to meet her there; and, the one designing to be a little early, and the other to be a little late, two results naturally followed — first, that the lovers had a few minutes alone; and second, that when Caley crept in, noiseless and unannounced as a cat, she had her desire, and saw the painter's arm round Florimel's waist and her head on his bosom. Still more to her contentment, not hearing, they did not see her, and she crept out again quietly as she had entered; it would of course be to her advantage to let them know that she had seen, and that they were in her power, but it might be still more to her advantage to conceal the fact so long as there was a chance of additional discovery in the same direction. Through the success of her trick it came about that Malcolm, chancing to look up from Honor's back to the room where he always breakfasted with his new friend, saw in one of the windows, as in a picture, a face radiant with such an expression as that of the woman-headed snake might have worn when he saw Adam take the apple from the hand of Eve.

Caley was of the common class of servants in this, that she considered service servitude, and took her amends in selfishness; she was unlike them in this, that while false to her employers she made no common cause with her fellows against them — regarded and sought none but

her own ends. Her one thought was to make the most of her position; for that, to gain influence with, and, if it might be, power over, her mistress; and thereto, first of all, to find out whether she had a secret: she had now discovered not merely that she had one, but the secret itself. She was clever, greedy, cunning — equally capable according to the faculty with which she might be matched, of duping or of being duped. She rather liked her mistress, but watched her in the interests of Lady Beltair. She had a fancy for the earl, a natural dislike to Malcolm, which she concealed in distant politeness, and for all the rest of the house indifference. As to her person she had a neat oval face, thin and sallow, in expression subacid; a lithe, rather graceful figure, and hands too long, with fingers almost too tapering — of which hands and fingers she was very careful, contemplating them in secret with a regard amounting almost to reverence: they were her sole witnesses to a descent in which she believed, but of which she had no other shadow of proof.

Caley's face, then, with its unsaintly illumination, gave Malcolm something to think about as he sat there upon Honor, the new horse. Clearly, she had had a triumph; what could it be? The nature of the woman was not altogether unknown to him even from the first, and he could not for months go on meeting her occasionally in passages and on stairs without learning to understand his own instinctive dislike: it was plain the triumph was not in good. It was plain too that it was in something which had that very moment occurred, and could hardly have to do with any one but her mistress. Then her being in that room revealed more. They would never have sent her out of the study, and so put themselves in her power. She had gone into the house but a moment before, a minute or two behind her mistress, and he knew with what a cat-like step she went about: she had surprised them — discovered how matters stood between her mistress and the painter. He saw everything almost as it had taken place. She had seen without being seen, and had retreated with her prize! Florimel was then in the woman's power: what was he to do? He must at least let her gather what warning she could from the tale of what he had seen.

Once arrived at a resolve, Malcolm never lost time. They had turned but one corner on their way home when he rode up to her. "Please, my lady," he began.

But the same instant Florimel was pull-

ing up. "Malcolm," she said, "I have left my pocket-handkerchief: I must go back for it."

As she spoke she turned her horse's head. But Malcolm, dreading lest Caley should yet be lingering, would not allow her to expose herself to a greater danger than she knew. "Before you go, my lady, I must tell you something I happened to see while I waited with the horses," he said.

The earnestness of his tone struck Florimel. She looked at him with eyes a little wider, and waited to hear.

"I happened to look up at the drawing-room windows, my lady, and Caley came to one of them with *such* a look on her face! I can't exactly describe it to you, my lady, but —"

"Why do you tell me?" interrupted his mistress with absolute composure and hard, questioning eyes. But she had drawn herself up in the saddle. Then, before he could reply, a flash of thought seemed to cross her face with a quick single motion of her eyebrows, and it was instantly altered and thoughtful. She seemed to have suddenly perceived some cause for taking a mild interest in his communication. "But it cannot be, Malcolm," she said in quite a changed tone. "You must have taken some one else for her. She never left the studio all the time I was there."

"It was immediately after her arrival, my lady. She went in about two minutes after your ladyship, and could not have had *much* more than time to go up-stairs when I saw her come to the window. I felt bound to tell your ladyship."

"Thank you, Malcolm," returned Florimel kindly. "You did right to tell me, — but — it's of no consequence. Mr. Lenorme's housekeeper and she must have been talking about something."

But her eyebrows were now thoughtfully contracted over her eyes.

"There had been no time for that, I think, my lady," said Malcolm.

Florimel turned again and rode on, saying no more about the handkerchief. Malcolm saw that he had succeeded in warning her, and was glad. But had he foreseen to what it would lead he would hardly have done it.

Florimel was indeed very uneasy. She could not help strongly suspecting that she had betrayed herself to one who, if not an intentional spy, would yet be ready enough to make a spy's use of anything she might have picked up. What was to be done? It was now too late to think of

getting rid of her: that would be but her signal to disclose whatever she had seen, and so not merely enjoy a sweet revenge, but account with clear satisfactoriness for her dismissal. What would not Florimel now have given for some one who could sympathize with her and yet counsel her! She was afraid to venture another meeting with Lenorme, and besides was not a little shy of the advantage the discovery would give him in pressing her to marry him. And now first she began to feel as if her sins were going to find her out.

A day or two passed in alternating physical flaws and fogs, with poor glints of sunshine between. She watched her maid, but her maid knew it, and discovered no change in her manner or behavior. Weary of observation, she was gradually settling into her former security when Caley began to drop hints that alarmed her. Might it not be altogether the safest thing to take her into confidence? It would be such a relief, she thought, to have a woman she could talk to! The result was that she began to lift a corner of the veil that hid her trouble; the woman encouraged her, and at length the silly girl threw her arms round the scaly one's neck, much to that person's satisfaction, and told her that she loved Mr. Lenorme. She knew, of course, she said, that she could not marry him. She was only waiting a fit opportunity to free herself from a connection which, however delightful, she was unable to justify. How the maid interpreted her confession I do not care to inquire very closely, but anyhow it was in a manner that promised much to her after-influence. I hasten over this part of Florimel's history, for that confession to Caley was perhaps the one thing in her life she had most reason to be ashamed of, for she was therein false to the being she thought she loved best in the world. Could Lenorme have known her capable of unbosoming herself to such a woman, it would almost have slain the love he bore her. The notions of that odd-and-end sort of person, who made his livelihood by spreading paint, would have been too hideously shocked by the shadow of an intimacy between his love and such as she.

Caley first comforted the weeping girl, and then began to insinuate encouragement. She must indeed give him up — there was no help for that — but neither was there any necessity for doing so all at once. Mr. Lenorme was a beautiful man, and any woman might be proud to be loved by him. She must take her time

to it. She might trust her. And so on and on, for she was as vulgar-minded as the worst of those whom ladies endure about their persons; handling their hair and having access to more of their lock-fast places than they would willingly imagine.

The first result was that, on the pretext of bidding him farewell, and convincing him that he and she must meet no more, fate and fortune, society and duty, being all alike against their happiness — I mean on that pretext to herself, the only one to be deceived by it — Florimel arranged with her woman one evening to go the next morning to the studio; she knew the painter to be an early riser, and always at his work before eight o'clock. But although she tried to imagine she had persuaded herself to say farewell, certainly she had not yet brought her mind to any ripeness of resolve in the matter. At seven o'clock in the morning, the marchioness habited like a housemaid, they slipped out by the front door, turned the corners of two streets, found a hackney-coach waiting for them, and arrived in due time at the painter's abode.

CHAPTER XXX.

A QUARREL.

WHEN the door opened and Florimel glided in the painter sprang to his feet to welcome her, and she flew softly, soundless as a moth, into his arms; for, the study being large and full of things, she was not aware of the presence of Malcolm. From behind a picture on an easel he saw them meet, but shrinking from being an open witness to their secret, and also from being discovered in his father's clothes by the sister who knew him only as a servant, he instantly sought escape. Nor was it hard to find, for near where he stood was a door opening into a small intermediate chamber, communicating with the drawing-room, and by it he fled, intending to pass through to Lenorme's bedroom and change his clothes. With noiseless stride he hurried away, but could not help hearing a few passionate words that escaped his sister's lips before Lenorme could warn her that they were not alone — words which, it seemed to him, could come only from a heart whose very pulse was devotion.

"How *can* I live without you, Raoul?" said the girl as she clung to him.

Lenorme gave an uneasy glance behind him, saw Malcolm disappear, and an-

swered, "I hope you will never try, my darling."

"Oh, but you know this can't last," she returned with playfully affected authority. "It must come to an end. They will interfere."

"Who can? Who will dare?" said the painter with confidence.

"People will. We had better stop it ourselves — before it all comes out and we are shamed," said Florimel, now with perfect seriousness.

"Shamed!" cried Lenorme. "Well, if you can't help being ashamed of me — and perhaps, as you have been brought up, you can't — do you not then love me enough to encounter a little shame for my sake? I should welcome worlds of such for yours."

Florimel was silent. She kept her face hidden on his shoulder, but was already halfway to a quarrel.

"You don't love me, Florimel," he said after a pause, little thinking how nearly true were the words.

"Well, suppose I don't!" she cried, half defiantly, half merrily; drawing herself from him, she stepped back two paces, and looked at him with saucy eyes, in which burned two little flames of displeasure, that seemed to shoot up from the red spots glowing upon her cheeks. Lenorme looked at her. He had often seen her like this before, and knew that the shell was charged and the fuse lighted. But within lay a mixture even more explosive than he suspected; for not merely was there more of shame and fear and perplexity mingled with her love than he understood, but she was conscious of having now been false to him, and that rendered her temper dangerous. Lenorme had already suffered severely from the fluctuations of her moods. They had been almost too much for him. He could endure them, he thought, to all eternity if he had her to himself, safe and sure; but the confidence to which he rose every now and then that she would one day be his just as often failed him, rudely shaken by some new symptom of what almost seemed like cherished inconstancy. If, after all, she should forsake him! It was impossible, but she might. If even that should come, he was too much of a man to imagine anything but a stern encounter of the inevitable, and he knew he would survive it; but he knew also that life could never be the same again, that for a season work would be impossible — the kind of work he had hitherto believed his own rendered forever impossible perhaps, and

his art degraded to the mere earning of a living. At best, he would have to die and be buried and rise again before existence could become endurable under the new squalid conditions of life without her. It was no wonder, then, if her behavior sometimes angered him, for even against a will-o'-the-wisp that has enticed us into a swamp a glow of foolish indignation will spring up. And now a black fire in his eyes answered the blue flash in hers; and the difference suggests the diversity of their loves: hers might vanish in fierce explosion, his would go on burning like a coal-mine. A word of indignant expostulation rose to his lips, but a thought came that repressed it. He took her hand, and led her — the wonder was that she yielded, for she had seen the glow in his eyes, and the fuse of her own anger burned faster; but she did yield, partly from curiosity, and followed where he pleased — her hand lying dead in his. It was but to the other end of the room he led her, to the picture of her father, now all but finished. Why he did so he would have found it hard to say. Perhaps the genius that lies under the consciousness forefelt a catastrophe, and urged him to give his gift ere giving should be impossible.

Malcolm stepped into the drawing-room, where the table was laid as usual for breakfast; there stood Caley, helping herself to a spoonful of honey from Hymettus. At his entrance she started violently, and her sallow face grew earthy. For some seconds she stood motionless, unable to take her eyes off the apparition, as it seemed to her, of the late marquis, in wrath at her encouragement of his daughter in disgraceful courses. Malcolm, supposing she was ashamed of herself, took no further notice of her, and walked deliberately toward the other door. Ere he reached it she knew him. Burning with the combined ires of fright and shame, conscious also that by the one little contemptible act of greed in which he had surprised her she had justified the aversion which her woman-instinct had from the first recognized in him, she darted to the door, stood with her back against it and faced him flaming. "So!" she cried: "this is how my lady's kindness is abused! The insolence! Her groom goes and sits for his portrait in her father's court-dress!"

As she ceased all the latent vulgarity of her nature broke loose, and with a protracted *hff* she seized her thin nose between her thumb and forefinger, to indicate that an evil odor of fish interpenetrated

her atmosphere, and must at the moment be defiling the garments of the dead marquis. "My lady shall know this," she concluded, with a vicious clenching of her teeth and two or three small nods of her neat head.

Malcolm stood regarding her with a coolness that yet inflamed her wrath. He could not help smiling at the reaction of shame in indignation. Had her anger been but a passing flame, that smile would have turned it into enduring hate. She hissed in his face.

"Go and have the first word," he said; "only leave the door and let me pass."

"Let you pass, indeed! What would you pass for?—the bastard of old Lord James and a married woman! I don't care *that* for you." And she snapped her fingers in his face.

Malcolm turned from her and went to the window, taking a newspaper from the breakfast-table as he passed, and there sat down to read until the way should be clear. Carried beyond herself by his utter indifference, Caley darted from the room and went straight into the study.

Lenorme led Florimel in front of the picture. She gave a great start, and turned and stared pallid at the painter. The effect upon her was such as he had not foreseen, and the words she uttered were not such as he could have hoped to hear. "What would *he* think of me if he knew?" she cried, clasping her hands in agony.

That moment Caley burst into the room, her eyes laming like a cat's. "My lady," she shrieked, "there's MacPhail the groom, my lady, dressed up in your honored father's bee-utiful clo'es as he always wore when he went to dine with the prince! And please, my lady, he's that rude I could 'ardly keep my 'ands off him."

Florimel flashed a dagger of question in Lenorme's eyes. The painter drew himself up. "It was at my request, Lady Lossie," he said.

"Indeed!" returned Florimel, in high scorn, and glanced again at the picture. "I see," she went on. "How could I be such an idiot! It was my groom's, not my father's likeness you meant to surprise me with!" Her eyes flashed as if she would annihilate him.

"I have worked hard in the hope of giving you pleasure, Lady Lossie," said the painter with wounded dignity.

"And you have failed," she adjoined cruelly.

The painter took the miniature after

which he had been working from a table near, handed it to her with a proud obeisance, and the same moment dashed a brushful of dark paint across the face of the picture.

"Thank you, sir," said Florimel, and for a moment felt as if she hated him.

She turned away and walked from the study. The door of the drawing-room was open, and Caley stood by the side of it. Florimel, too angry to consider what she was about, walked in; there sat Malcolm in the window, in her father's clothes and his very attitude, reading the newspaper. He did not hear her enter. He had been waiting till he could reach the bedroom unseen by her, for he knew from the sound of the voices that the study-door was open. Her anger rose yet higher at the sight. "Leave the room," she said.

He started to his feet, and now perceived that his sister was in the dress of a servant. He took one step forward and stood—a little mazed—gorgeous in dress and arms of price, before his mistress in the cotton gown of a housemaid.

"Take those clothes off instantly," said Florimel slowly, replacing wrath with haughtiness as well as she might.

Malcolm turned to the door without a word. He saw that things had gone wrong where most he would have wished them go right.

"I'll see to them being well aired, my lady," said Caley, with sibilant indignation.

Malcolm went to the study. The painter sat before the picture of the marquis, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "Mr. Lenorme," said Malcolm, approaching him gently.

"Oh, go away," said Lenorme without raising his head; "I can't bear the sight of you yet."

Malcolm obeyed, a little smile playing about the corners of his mouth. Caley saw it as he passed, and hated him yet worse. He was in his own clothes, booted and belted, in two minutes. Three sufficed to replace his father's garments in the portmanteau, and in three more he and Kelpie went plunging past his mistress and her maid as they drove home in their lumbering vehicle.

"The insolence of the fellow!" said Caley, loud enough for her mistress to hear notwithstanding the noise of the rattling windows. "A pretty pass we are come to!"

But already Florimel's mood had begun to change. She felt that she had done her best to alienate men on whom she could depend, and that she had chosen for a confidante one whom she had no ground for trusting.

She got safe and unseen to her room; and Caley believed she had only to improve the advantage she had now gained.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TWO DAIMONS.

THINGS had taken a turn that was not to Malcolm's satisfaction, and his thoughts were as busy all the way home as Kelpie would allow. He had ardently desired that his sister should be thoroughly in love with Lenorme, for that seemed to open a clear path out of his worst difficulties; now they had quarrelled, and besides were both angry with him. The main fear was that Liftore would now make some progress with her. Things looked dangerous. Even his warning against Caley had led to a result the very opposite of his intent and desire. And now it recurred to him that he had once come upon Liftore talking to Caley, and giving her something that shone like a sovereign.

Earlier on the same morning of her visit to the studio, Florimel had awaked and found herself in the presence of the spiritual *Vehmgericht*. Every member of the tribunal seemed against her. All her thoughts were busy accusing, none of them excusing one another. So hard were they upon her that she fancied she had nearly come to the conclusion that, if only she could do it pleasantly, without pain or fear, the best thing would be to swallow something and fall asleep; for, like most people, she was practically an atheist, and therefore always thought of death as the refuge from the ills of life. But although she was often very uncomfortable, Florimel knew nothing of such genuine downright misery as drives some people to what can be no more to their purpose than if a man should strip himself naked because he is cold. When she returned from her unhappy visit, and had sent her attendant to get her some tea, she threw herself upon her bed, and found herself yet again in the dark chambers of the spiritual police. But already even their company was preferable to that of Caley, whose officiousness began to enrage her. She was yet tossing in the Nessus-tunic of her own disharmony when Malcolm came for orders. To get

rid of herself and Caley both she desired him to bring the horses round at once.

It was more than Malcolm had expected. He ran; he might yet have a chance of trying to turn her in the right direction. He knew that Liftore was neither in the house nor at the stable. With the help of the earl's groom he was round in ten minutes. Florimel was all but ready; like some other ladies she could dress quickly when she had good reason. She sprang from Malcolm's hand to the saddle, and led as straight northward as she could go, never looking behind her till she drew rein on the top of Hampstead Heath. When he rode up to her, "Malcolm," she said, looking at him half ashamed, "I don't think my father *would* have minded you wearing his clothes."

"Thank you, my lady," said Malcolm. "At least he would have forgiven anything meant for your pleasure."

"I was too hasty," she said. "But the fact was, Mr. Lenorme had irritated me, and I foolishly mixed you up with him."

"When I went into the studio after you left it this morning, my lady," Malcolm ventured, "he had his head between his hands, and would not even look at me."

Florimel turned her face aside, and Malcolm thought she was sorry, but she was only hiding a smile; she had not yet got beyond the kitten stage of love, and was pleased to find she gave pain.

"If your ladyship never had another true friend, Mr. Lenorme is one," added Malcolm.

"What opportunity can you have had for knowing?" said Florimel.

"I have been sitting to him every morning for a good many days," answered Malcolm. "*He* is something like a man!"

Florimel's face flushed with pleasure. She liked to hear him praised, for he loved her.

"You should have seen, my lady, the pains he took with that portrait! He would stare at the little picture you lent him of my lord for minutes, as if he were looking through it at something behind it; then he would get up and go and gaze at your ladyship on the pedestal, as if you were the goddess herself, able to tell him everything about your father; and then he would hurry back to his easel and give a touch or two to the face, looking at it all the time as if he loved it. It must have been a cruel pain that drove him to smear it as he did."

Florimel began to feel a little motion of shame somewhere in the mystery of her

being. But to show that to her servant would be to betray herself — the more that he seemed the painter's friend.

"I will ask Lord Liftore to go and see the portrait, and if he thinks it like I will buy it," she said. "Mr. Lenorme is certainly very clever with his brush."

Malcolm saw that she said this not to insult Lenorme, but to blind her groom, and made no answer.

"I will ride there with you to-morrow morning," she added in conclusion, and moved on.

Malcolm touched his hat and dropped behind. But the next moment he was by her side again: "I beg your pardon, my lady, but would you allow me to say one word more?"

She bowed her head.

"That woman Caley, I am certain, is not to be trusted. She does not love you, my lady."

"How do you know that?" asked Florimel, speaking steadily, but writhing inwardly with the knowledge that the warning was too late.

"I have tried her spirit," answered Malcolm, "and know that it is of the devil. She loves herself too much to be true."

After a little pause Florimel said, "I know you mean well, Malcolm, but it is nothing to me whether she loves me or not. We don't look for that nowadays from servants."

"It is because I love you, my lady," said Malcolm, "that I know Caley does not. If she should get hold of anything your ladyship would not wish talked about —"

"That she cannot," said Florimel, but with an inward shudder. "She may tell the whole world all she can discover."

She would have cantered on as the words left her lips, but something in Malcolm's look held her. She turned pale, she trembled: her father was looking at her as only once had she seen him — in doubt whether his child lied. The illusion was terrible. She shook in her saddle. The next moment she was galloping along the grassy border of the heath in wild flight from her worst enemy, whom yet she could never by the wildest of flights escape; for when, coming a little to herself as she approached a sand-pit, she pulled up, there was her enemy — neither before nor behind, neither above nor beneath nor within her: it was the self which had just told a lie to the servant of

whom she had so lately boasted that he never told one in his life. Then she grew angry. What had she done to be thus tormented? *She*, a marchioness, thus pestered by her own menials — pulled opposing directions by a groom and a maid! She would turn them both away, and have nobody about her either to trust or suspect.

She might have called them her good and her evil genius; for she knew — that is, she had it somewhere about her, but did not look it out — that it was her own cowardice and concealment, her own falseness to the traditional, never-failing courage of her house, her ignobility and unfitness to represent the Colonsays — her double-dealing, in short — that had made the marchioness in her own right the slave of her woman, the rebuked of her groom.

She turned and rode back, looking the other way as she passed Malcolm.

When they reached the top of the heath, riding along to meet them came Liftore — this time to Florimel's consolation and comfort; she did not like riding unprotected with a good angel at her heels. So glad was she that she did not even take the trouble to wonder how he had discovered the road she went. She never suspected that Caley had sent his lordship's groom to follow her until the direction of her ride should be evident, but took his appearance without question as a lover-like attention, and rode home with him, talking the whole way, and cherishing a feeling of triumph over both Malcolm and Lenorme. Had she not a protector of her own kind? Could she not, when they troubled her, pass from their sphere into one beyond their ken? For the moment the poor weak lord who rode beside her seemed to her foolish heart a tower of refuge. She was particularly gracious and encouraging to her tower as they rode, and fancied again and again that perhaps the best way out of her troubles would be to encourage and at last accept him, so getting rid of honeyed delights and rankling stings together, of good and evil angels and low-bred lover at one sweep. Quiet would console for dulness, innocence for weariness. She would fain have a good conscience toward society — that image whose feet are of gold and its head a bag of chaff and sawdust.

Malcolm followed, sick at heart that she should prove herself so shallow. Riding Honor, he had plenty of leisure to brood.

From Fraser's Magazine.

JON JONSONN'S SAGA:

THE GENUINE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN ICELANDER.

EDITED BY GEORGE RALPH FITZ-ROY COLE, C.E.

ICELAND, though much visited of late, is but little known. Those who have penetrated into the land of sagas bring back a strong interest in the strange country, its grand natural phenomena, and the quaint simple people who dwell there. Some who have explored the north of Iceland may remember a remarkable character, by name Jòn Jònsonn, whose abode lay near Lake Myvatn, and whose delight was to welcome travellers. Proud of his acquirements, for he had educated himself, in spite of all difficulties, far above his surroundings, he was ever eager to add to his knowledge, and his chief pleasure was to practise the "English tongue," which he had taught himself. Travellers (among whom Sir G. W. Dassel, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Henderson are named) found that they could not better requite his hospitality than by presenting him with an English book. He amused his leisure hours by compiling the following account of his life in English.

In 1875 a party of travellers, led by Captain Burton, of African celebrity, encamped near Lake Myvatn, and in the intervals of their exploration of the natural features of that district, wherein the marvellous achievements of volcanic effort are so strangely recorded, sought out Jòn Jònsonn's abode. He was some years dead; * but his fame survived, and he was spoken of in the countryside as a marvel of enterprise and attainments. His autobiography, written as it was in English, was a sealed book to his surviving family, their "having" in that tongue extending but to few words. His widow presented the manuscript to the writer on the 17th of July, 1875, as practical answer to his inquiries respecting her husband.

Perhaps this simple, genuine "Saga," telling of the inner life of modern Iceland, may interest readers who have read old Icelandic sagas, and may give them fresh reason to believe those stories of a people who played no mean part in the early history of Europe, and were not unconnected with the New World to which many of them are now migrating. The style of this homely narrative is strangely like that of the old story of "Burnt Njal,"

* The exact date of his demise was not ascertained, but it is believed to have occurred in the winter of 1868.

the Orkney Saga, and others which have been translated of late years from Icelandic. In the present case it is the style of a simple Icelfander who had learned to express his thoughts in English. It is the Saga of Jòn Jònsonn, written by him in foreign language from his own Icelandic thoughts; the story of that calm, quiet life which men lead nowadays out in Iceland, where life was so stormy of old. We keep the original spelling throughout, as part of the character of this autobiography. The writer improves in the use of the language as he goes on.

JON JONSONN.—VOGUM.

MY PAST LIVE.

My biograph, and my farming or house-keep, my journi, and sojourn i Copenhagen, besides the manners, and the change of manners from my childhood to the present time in Iceland, and the reckoning of my fishing of trout, eggs, sheep.

I am borne the year 1829, September 8, in the cottage Itrinesland, by Myvatn. My father died the same year, in the spring, 18 weeks before my birth-day, at Reikjahlid, by Myvatn, wher he served a wealthy landholder who vere his uncle. he vas 34 years old, when he died, and had lived 3½ year in marriage with my mother. He left one daughter when he died, 2½ year older than I. Consequently our mother vas at this time a grieving widow. My parents had appointed to begin housekeeping at Itrineslandum in the Spring, this very same year, and my mother vere therfore obliged to remove thither; for the old Farmer Porstein (it was his name) died early in the Winter this year, and his son, the preast in the parishes about Myvatn, removed to Reikjahlid from Vogum, the nearest cottage farm. My mother then began housekeeping or farming, and got a faithfull manservant to look after her sheep and horses, and to work by hay harvest in summer. But my father, as he had served the old man Porstein i Reikjahlid from his childhood, and vas ferryman on a river in great distant (26 English miles) to east from Reikjahlid, and during winters looked at more than 100 rams, often in snowy and bad weather. Thorstein, his aunt, gaf or bequeathed to him on deathbed the half of all land and houses in Vogum, which is spacious, and somewher fertile and grassy land. And besides, ther are some holms and isles that belong to Vogum wher many birds and ducks lay and hatch eggs, and besides that there is plenty of grass

and Angelica bushes. As the country house Vogum stand hard by the water, there is also fishing of trout, some years of considerably quantum, especially of gilt-head, which in autumn go close under land and lay spawn, and is then easily entangled in net. But as to the land, it lies beside the eastern side of the north-east part of Myvatn, which is called in Iceland tongue Itrifto, and extend itself to and above the nearest hills, and is excellent pasturage, where 300 rams and lambs pasture in the Summer. But nearest to the water is grassy meadows, and sometimes good hay harvest (the time for making hay last generally 8 or 9 weeks on Iceland), but a great part of this land is barren black sand and rough lava from Volcano. From this countryhouse is a spacious and beautiful Shew to the surrounding mountains, and over the lake, and its holms and islets. The lake is crowded of several kinds of birds in Spring and Summer, and most of them is birds of passing, but certain kinds of them remain the whole winter because the water around Vogum never freezes in the severest winter, for it is warm and it is for the veins of subterraneous water that fall in the lake, and come from the brimstone mines. These mines lie about 3 to 4 english miles from Vogum. It is but this small part of the lake Myvatn that is not covered of thick ice during the winters, and therefore the remaining birds use to go thither to get shelter and food in the austere season of the year, and squeak cheerfully many a day swimming on the warm water. Besides this now described land, the old farmer Thorstein gave my parents some sheep (about 20), one cow, one horse, and some furniture for housekeeping, and 100 dollars to boot, but he was not destined to reap the fruit of his labour in this World.

I the other of his offspring (for I had one sister $2\frac{1}{2}$ year older than I) were unborne, as above mentioned. I say I were then the inherit of a part of their possessions, and therefore the division was delayed, till I came to the world, and as I was a male child I got double as much as my sister, and double lesser than my mother, for she got the half of the whole propriety, but to me was distributed by the Jurist, the half of the land, and my mother the half of the land belonging to Vogum, but the other half land around this house fall by portion to the priest in this parish, the son of Thorstein in Reikjahlid. When I was borne my nurse took me home at her house Reikjahlid, where I was nursed for 3 weeks according to the custom in Iceland in those

days, for then the food for infants consisted in the best cow milk, but no women gave suck. After these 3 weeks I were borne to my mother's house, and there I was nursed for the 3 successive years together with my sister (Sigríði, the name of her). But in this last year, my mother secondly married a peasant from the vicinity, and thereafter they changed abode, and dwelt next 2 years in Hofstodum, a country-house near Laxa, or the Salmon river, which falls from Myvatn to the ocean. When these 2 years had elapsed, they turned servants, and removed to Grimstad, to a rich farmer. This Cottage stands north of Myvatn, about one english mile to west from Reikjahlid, close by a considerable plain of lava, which were casted up the years 1724 and 1728, from Krabla and Langaleirhúk two Volcans. My mother and stepfather served two years at this farmer's house, but after these years my family dispersed. I went to Itrinesland but the others to Geirastada, few miles from Grimstad. My occupation was to look after about 30 ewe in the summer months, while the people was occupied in make hay. I shifted dwelling after one year, and went to my mother's friend in Injoskadal, about 20 english miles from Myvatn. When I had been there one year, I turned to my lovely lake Myvatn again because my stepfather (Andres, that is his name) began housekeeping in Itrinesland, and my family joined onse again. We were 5, for now I had a half-brother, who was 3 year younger than I. We two boys were charged as shepherd's boys, to take care of a few ewe which belonged to my stepfather, and another peasant (for they were then two in Itrinesland), and by this time I began to learn grass-cutting, for now I was grown bigger, and could do many works by housekeeping, and besides I had learnt reading of my mother, as is common on Iceland, for here are not schools for children's education. Many times we brethren met with 2 neighboring boys, that also were occupied at sheepkeeping, and we used to amuse ourselves by several sport and playing, viz., go in the water even to the mouth, go in search after eggs, fling stones at flying birds, whilst the sheep was in rest, and the weather pleasant. I had always a great longing to come and live in Vogum, but my uncle Pall Johns dwelt there, and could not remove, though he now became very old. When we had dwelt 3 years in Itrinesland, my uncle removed from Vogum, and went to the priest, on *háls i Injoskadal* who was his father, and the

half of land and house in Vogum become vacant, for future abide to my stepfather and his family, which now consisted of 6 persons, for he had a manservant. I dreamd and I fancied by day and night, of my blessed Paradis Vogum, and I ever remember the cheerful day, next Saturday to Whitsuntide 1840, when Andrès had transferred all the furniture on a boat, and driven the few sheep to Vogum, and it was appointed early in the morning that we should part with this dwelling-place and remov to Vogum. I and Sigrida my sister, should lead the single cow they possessed about the northly water on horseback, for the rest of the famely went by water in the boat. I and my sister had a pleasant trip, and stayed awhile, both on Grimstad and Reikjahlid, and arrived to Vogum in the afternoon. Here was another peasant, Petur was his name, and in both famelies were 12 persons. Now I and my brother vere obliged to tak care of the sheep and cows, because they would not stay a moment in this new place. But as to me, it vas the contrary. I was very glad and delighted at this land and water, which vas studded of trout, and covered of birds, and became in my childish imagination the very Paradis, and besides I was aware that a conciderable part of the land belonged to my. I remember my joifullness, when I and my brother Benidict drove the sheep along the water shore to the Pasturage, which vas surrounded of the water on three sides, and we had but to look after them on the one. We met every day two neighbouring boys, which vere charged to take care of a herd of sheep; we played and conversed continually day after day. When the weather vas fine, I lived very contentful and pleasant in this maner for awhile, but the following Summers as I grew bigger, I vas employed at hay-cutting and harvest for som weeks at that season, and some days I kept in savety the ewes. But as I vas a bookish lad, I used to read a great variety of Icelandish books, especially the biographs or Saga of the former days' inhabitants in Iceland, and their great exploits; and besides I learned by mysel from books, the Arithmetic. And by all opportunities I went in the water in order to learn swimming, and at length I succeeded and could swim in deep water, but at this period here vas nobody who understood to swim at Myvatn. This vas my dayly amusement at leisures. When 2 years had elapsed, the other peasant Petur removed, but his successor in Vogum became a young priest (Sir Thortakur), a son of old Sir

John in Reikjahlid, this Thortakur should be his father's adjutor at Divine Service, or curate. As for me, I vas very much contented at this change, for I beleaved that I could get opportunities to receave instruction of him in the Intellectuals I had applied to, and especially to be perfect in the arithmetic, and learn to read and understand the Denish language, which I then began to read by myselv. But in the summer months here vas always hurry of bussiness at several works, viz., fishing trout, search and gather eggs, cultivate the meadows, carry on horses several necessities from town; dress and make *skir* [curds] of the abundant milk, and above all, cutt and make hay, and therefore I, as well as the others, had scarcely time to rest or sleep. But as the winter approached I set to work, and began to learn writing and arithmetic, and read Denish, and I sussided to learn all this in the winter 1843-44. But in 1845 I turned servant, and went to Reikjahlid and served the old priest Sir John in his farmhouse. I worked for a fee of 20 dollars a year, but had always much to do of severall work, especialli in the hay harvest.

But about this time I had got a great longing to go abroad to Denmark, and learn one or other profession; this I told to the old priest, and imediatly got permission of him, and his son Petur (whom I served some months of the year), and besides the reverend priest assisted me in my intention. In autumn of 1847, I prepared myselv to the voyage, with mony and clothes, and had then in possession 220 dollars, and did not however sell my land in Vogum, but my garments, and other things that I possessed, and thus I prepared myselv to the voyage, and took leave with all my frennds and relations, not without a mixet and perturbed mind, both of sorrow and joyfull hope, for I had then great longing for to see and sojourn in foreign country, and beside to learn ther the joinery. My mother followed me on horseback to the town Husavik, there I took leave with her and likewise my only sister. I went on board a little yat, called "Neptunus," that was loaded of mutton. She departed from the harbour Oktober 14, 1847. It was my first day on sea, I had therefore many things to observ. I began also to write a memorandum or daybook, and have continued it from this time, both in Denmark and Iceland, I can therefore easely and exaktly recollect all the adventures during my sojourn in Copenhagen. But my mother wrot and sent to me in Copen-

hagen, a briefly written annual journal, from her farm Vogum, for the most concerning the weather and œconomy, and some reports from the war in Denmark, that she heard from the mercants and sailors. But most of this reports was wrong and absurd, viz. a bombardment of Copenhagen! the king's dead! But I wrote her letters, and told all the adventures that I heard from the war and I knew to be truthfull, for she was always afflicted for me, during the time of War.

I was attacked a litle of sea-sickness the two first days. We had a favourable gale to the 23rd, then we was overtaken of a violent storm, that began in the night; the sea roared, the wind whistled through the sail and robes, and the small yat was shaken violently of the great billows. I lay praying in my bed in great fright, and expected every moment that the ship would go under, or be driven on a shallow, and my terror did not diminish when, in a sudden, I heard a great nois on the deck, and the loud vois of the crew. I thought the ship had struck against a shallow, and we were lost. But in the very moment I heard one desend the stairs, and that was my freand and countryman Ole Berring (the cooper). He spook to me, and asked, "Ist thou afread, John?" I confessed, especialli for the nois on deck; he said "it was a sailyard that fell from the mast, and nobody is hurt of it. I think, likewise, the storm will soon decrease, but we are driven about 20 english [miles?] back, and we are all dead fatiged in this terrible storm." He then asended, but I was remedied of the fear afterwards. The day came on, I dressed myself, and went upon deck, and saw over the wast and roaring ocean, in wondering horror, when at once a great billow embraced me, and I became almost wet throughout; but could not feel it pleasant to get another embracement, and therefore went to the cabin again, but not without mocking of the sailors. I remained below stairs the whole day. But the wether changed, and we got a favourable wind, and the next morning I saw for the first time a foreign country, viz. Norway. When we approached I could distinctly see the houses at the seashore, as well as the high trees in the forest. We passed Udandesness, but the next day, 25 October, we got sight of Denmark. The wether was clear and calm, and I was much delighted to look around to the numerous ships that sailed to and fro on the ocean, it was all news for my senses, and I had many things to observe, especially when I first got a

steamer in view, for I had never seen such a ship before. We reached to Oresund the 27th, but could not advance any longer, for contrary wind and tide. But it happened that a old man came to us in a boat, with 2 of his sons, and let them (according to the wish of the captain) draw the ship nearer to the coast, wher the current run in direction to Kronborg. we were then at last aside Helsingaar, wher the strait is most narrow, but we were obligated to remain here the night. It was calm weather, and one could distinctly hear the rattles from the wagons on the roads, as well as the nois from the ships that lai around us. early in the next morning, October 28, went under sail, although the wind and stream were against us, as the other ships that sailed in the same direction. We could not advance much for this day and likewise the next, but on the 30th the wind began to be favourable, and half an hour past eight we got view of the steeples i Copenhagen, and soon afterwards the vessel was drawn in the harbour. Then I was very glad, for I began to be tedious of the voiage.

Here in Copenhagen I had appointed to sojourn for some years, in order to learn the joinery. I knew nobody in this city, but the crew on the vessel, but I had a letter from the old priest, Sir John, to his freand the merkant Andrew Hemmert, conserning me. When I got opportunity I went to his office and brought him this letter, and after reading it, he spoke very kindly to me, and said he would willingly procure an apprenticeship for me, in an honourable house, for he was a freand to my father, who had frequently ferried him over the river Jokulra, when he was travelling in Iceland on comercial affairs, and besides, he gave me my passage to Copenhagen, that was comonly 20 dollars. I remained a couple of days in the ship, as he required this time to find a master for me, and when this was done he sent his son to me, in order to guide myself to the hous, and I followed him to No. 187, in the street that is called in Denish tongue, Over gaden over vandet, or the street beyond the water. we entered the hous that was destined my dwelling place for 3 successive years. My trunk and other things vere brought thither to me, and the same day I began to plaine. The master kept one other Denish apprentic and a journeyman — the master was then unmarried, but he lived at his stepfather's Jorgenson, who was a schoolmaster, and was every day occupied in instructing boys and girls in writing, arithmetic and music. His

whole family was very kind and amiable to me, but the youngster, my fellow-apprentic, could never agree with me, for I was not yet able to speck correct the Denish tongue, and therefore he mocked my incessantly, and it came to blows and quarrel between us every day. He thought I and my country-people were very sheepish set of people, but as I could not bear or accept this blame, without bad words again, the peac was caste out, and it came to blows in the master's absence. I began to long for a better fellow, but on Sunday à was free, and became acquainted with some of my own countrymen, that were many in the city, and amused myself with them. There I found plenty of pleasureings in wandering about the city, and look at the great buildings, and several works of men which all was new for my eyes, but yet I wanted a good freand. however, I used to go wher some of my countrymen lived together, every Sunday, and became acquainted with them.

At this time it was agreed in my behalf, between Mr. Hemmert and Lassen, my master, that I should live for 3 sussesive years at his hous, which was the appointed time for my apprentisship, and this agreement vere then written on stamped paper, it was likways in the contract, that I should pay 80 dollars to Mr. Lassen for his instruction, and besides he promised to learn me drawing. I was fond of the trade and worked asseduously. We got upp at 6 o'clock every morning, but stoped at 8 o'clock in evening. Therefore I had always hours free before I went to bed, and as I was greatly fond of books, I borrowed them, as many as I could read, all of course in denish language, and read perpetually. A Jew, the owner of the hous, had a little library, and lent me several amusing works, some of them were translated from English, viz: "Jacob Faithfull," "Peter Simple," "Japhet in search of a Father." I liked these works so well that I at once determined to begin learning the English tongue, and therefor I bought a Pocket Dictionary, a Gramar and Dialogues, and began by myself to learn of these books at all my leisure hours, but found it very difficult at first, especialli in the pronounsing, and as I have to the present day read and by opportunities spoken this language I at last understand it on books, but am though not able to write it without blunders, and have not yet use of the common phrases. I have never had a master to teach myself, but have sometimes met with traveling Englishmen, and attended their pro-

nounsing in some words. They have likeways in a kindly manner teachd me in difficult expressions in this tongue. Although I have always been very lusting for to get English books, I have yet a limited number of them, though I knew some of the authors, and has but seen the title pages of their works. At Christmas I went in the Royal Church, and got opportunity to see King Christian the 8, he was a stout and corpulent man. I had several pleasures in this holy day, in company with my countrymen, but I could not agree with some of them, because I had gone in "entire temperance," to taste not a single glass of wine, but some of them liked to go into the taverns and therefore they thought I was of a melancoly temper, when I would not at all follow their manner in this. However, I had plenty of pleasures in the first year, but afterwards I went out of my temperance and [was?] conquered of the temptations that surrounded me in this misleading place. But I was obliged to work every day, and even on Sunday to 12 o'clock, but then I walked in the City, in order to search after pleasures. About this time a great occurrence came to pass in the history of denmark, by the dead of His Majesty King Christian the 8, which happened the 20 Januar, 1848, after fifteen days' sickness. I was granted, as the whole people in Copenhagen, to see him in his bed of state, as well as his coffin. a was among a great multitude of the inhabitants that went in of one door and out of another, in Amalienborg, and glanced only at the royal body in a deep silence. At the time when he was conveyed from the City to Roskildi, in Februar, then almost all the whole inhabitants were gathered in crowds in Kongensnytoe, the spacious place, and wayted there till the hearse passed, and the royal famely besides a numerous host of warriors who went before and behind the hears, all the streets were illuminated wher they passed through. The Artisans sang a song, or their good-by to their blessed freand, for when living he was fond of the art, and assisted the Artisans. At his dead, his son Fridrik the 7, came to the throne in Denmark, but his reign did not begin peasably, for in March 1848, the war broke out in the dukedoms Sleswig and Holstein. The army was made ready to meet the enemies, the fleet also were set out, and there were much business in the City in several preparations for the commencement of these hostilities, every man were specking of these treacherous people, and every one had good

expectations that they would speedily be subdued. But it would not be so easy matters when the prussians and the United troops from Germany came to assist and protect the dukedoms. I had often opportunity to look at the departur of the army, as well as the military exercises which were but to increas my pleasures, for I thought there were no danger and the City were unconquerable when they had fortified around it, especially towards the sea-side, for accidental arrival of hostile fleet. At last the reputation went throug the City that a fleet from England were approaching, and had even reached the strait Oresund. I believed this, and therefore in my leisure hours asended the highest towers, borrowed a teleoscope and looked around, but there were nothing to be seen in the shape of a hostile fleet. Many of the citizens went as volunteers to the war, and I caught the idea to go to the campaign voluntairly, as 3 of my countrymen, but I was hindered in my scope of my master. The rapports came dayly in the city, and by and by the Germanish prisoners were transferred to Copenhagen, as well as a great number of merkant vessels from Germany that were obliged for a while to lay in the harbour, but at the truce the prisoners and ships obtained liberty as well as the Denish prisoners in the Dukedom.

It is needless for me to describe the progress of this war, which is known everiwhere, but to turn again to my own narration though very monotonous, during my stay in Copenhagen. My chief aim was then to observ, and learn as much as I had time and acceptableness for, and my inclination to books was ever my prevailing lust. Therefore I read at all my leisure hours, even in the night, various books. At last I entered into the Sunday Schools, and found great pleasure by it, and besides that it do not cost a farthing, and the time was my own on the Sabbat. I sat there among some 50 youngsters and resealed instruction from 3 schoolmasters, in writing, accounts, denish gramar and ortography, and devoted myself to the study during the 3 hours the instruction lasted. By and by I entered the drawing school, and began to draw during 2 hours, thus I sat in schools 5 hours every Sunday, and had the 3 advantages by it, viz.: amusing, learning, and saving of mony. I had the custom to spend not more than 16 skilling (4 pens) on Sunday the first year, for I was compelled to save my little mony and to use it for other necessaries, and therefore very

seldom went to the play. But I had great longing for to learn playing on violin, and got permission of an old man to come to him every Sunday evening in order to learn the play, during 2 hours, which cost me about 4 pens. Besides I played by myself every eve i the workshop, and began soon to learn some of the most common melodies in the city, and as I have to present day collected and learnt many melodies. I am the sole person in the shire Thingosissel in Iceland, that can have the name of a musical, for the people on the northward Iceland have not the least understanding of music, except in the town Ofjord, and one cannot gain a farthing by playing. But they like best to hear the common salms be played which they are wont to sing in the churches and at Domical servise. The only advantage I have of this musical learning consist in the amusement to myself, becaus I am greatly fond of this branch of sciense or art, and could not resist to lay out some of my scanty mony in this view. Indeed, I devoted all my time of my sojourn i Copenhagen to learning of different kind, notwithstanding I determined to return to my loved lake Myvatn again, and at last be a farmer in Vogum.

I read and played on my violin by every opportunity, and yet I recollect when the old Mrs. Jorgenson saw me sometimes reading, that she sayed, "Thou canst never be a preast, John; learn but the joinery touroughly, it is enough for thee." I had a very bad and unbearable companion in Julivas, the other apprentice, and had always great aversion to him, but to my great satisfaction the master discharged him late in the winter 1848, for nobody could like him, he was an insolent idler. In the following Spring his successor became a countryman of mine, and in the Sumer the master took one other, so we were 3 Icelanders that worked in his shop so long as I lived in Copenhagen, and I found their company more pleasant than that I had formerly, although we were of a different disposition, and each of us went in the leisur hours to his pleasures. I used sometimes to walk to Frederiksburg, about one english mile from this city, there one had very fine prospect above the metropol, or I went into Tivolee, which cost but 4 pens. There were always many remarkableness to observ, but I payed most attention to the music, and I wondered to see the athletic art that was performed of some Englishmen in the Sunday evenings. I used to visit the coffee rooms, and had there opportunity to

read the newspapers and be acquainted with the affairs in the war, besides many other adventures that occurred in Europe, namely, the revolution in Paris. In this manner I passed my time very agreeably, and was always at home at 10 o'clock, and as I had very good books in my little library I diverted myself by reading before I went to bed. I had sometimes permission to visit the great exhibitions of art and physical things, that were free and open for everybody once or twice in a week; namely, Thorwaldsen's Museum, one of the most beautiful and decorated buildings in the city, and where the most wonderful works of art had been collected, after the great master, Thorwaldsen. I could calculate he was a countryman of mine because he descended from Iceland, as his father, Thorwaldsen, was an Iclander, and had went down to Copenhagen and learned the scultery. He married with a Danish lady, and lived all his days in Copenhagen.

Sometimes I visited the great exhibition of several pictures in the royal palace, Kristianborgflot, and found great pleasure in the view of this admirable works of art that were collected in the second floor of this palace, and as I had the catalogue I was able to know the name of the painters from different countries. Likewise I do not omit to visit the spacious rooms with the zoologist collections, for there were numerous kinds to be seen, especially of birds, and many of them from my native country, Iceland, and I found myself almost at home in their company, although they were but skins of birds. As they were artificially stuffed it appeared as living birds sitting on their nest, similar to the hatching places in Myvatn, but here were wanting the charming nature, and beautiful verdure, as well as the cheerful chattering of the birds in the summer months at Myvatn. At this time I was thinking of my former home in Iceland, and compared it by that now was my home, viz., Copenhagen. I could not think it more agreeable, but it was true I had opportunity to learn and see many pleasant things, and had no cause to complain over my master. But I was obliged to work the day long in his workshop, and never be absent one single night, contrary to my former life, for on Iceland is unlimited liberty even for the servants, and plenty recreation for the youth. This was time of war, but on Iceland the war is never known nowadays, although they were a warlike tribe in former days, when the republic existed in Iceland. During the winter nights prayer or domestical service is a custom above

the whole island, which is scarcely a custom in other countries.

In the letters I received from home my mother and relations wished that I would return to Iceland as soon as I had finished my learning, and therefore I settled by myself to leave the city early in the spring 1851. I made a chest of drawers as a proof of my ability in the trade, after the custom in Denmark, this chest was brought up on the town house, and compared to the drawing which I had drawn before, and as it passed through and was accepted I got my liberty this same day. How joyful day for us all, the youngsters that became journeymen joiners, we were 15 in number, and went from one pleasure to another.

It was the 3 January 1851 that I got my liberty, after I had been under the control as apprentice for 3 years and 2 months, but now I longed for to change abode, and was engaged with another master, and lodged in a little chamber that cost 2 shilling and 3 pence a week. Thus I worked and lived to the beginning of March. I had very little money by this time, and my fee was about 9 shilling a week. I made my address to the Government for money for tools, and got in this way 30 dali (about 3½ 8 shillings), and bought for it several tools that I wanted.

I got a passage with a vessel from Mr. Wulf and Hemert, that was almost ready to begin the voyage to Husavik, therefore I prepared myself to the voyage, and collected all the things and tools that belonged to me in three trunks, and carried it on board in the "Young Goose," the name of the ship. I took leave with all my friends in Copenhagen, and at last the city itself, which had been my home for 3½ years, and we went out of the harbour the 31st March. We advanced to Cronberg the first day, but one occurrence perturbed all on board, viz., the ship was out of equilibrium, and leaned much to one side. The sailors said it was a fatal or bad omen for the voyage, and believed we could never come to Iceland, indeed it was very unpleasant to be in this ship for this cause. But the captain was a daring man, and used to set all sail even in strong wind, and therefore the ship went on, and when we reached Adandines there sprang up a favourable breeze. So we were within 3 days under the Farö Isles, but could not advance any more because of calm weather, but thereafter we got an easterly breeze, and we got my loved native country in view. How I rejoiced! but we were still far from the expected harbour, Husavik,

and when we passed Langaness, the most north-easterly part of Iceland, we encountered with a terrible storm and snowdrift, and the ship was cast out of the cours, and leaned so much that the keel was above the sea between the great billows. I that was unwont the naval, could scarcely keep myself standing or sitting in the ship. How it was dreadfull I cannot describe, and this bad wether lasted continuall 24 hours, and we had a good breeze even to the harbour (17 April) wher the ship was moored. Then I did not tarry to go on shore and thank God for His protection on me throug the time of 42 months that I had lived abroad, and especially on this hazardous voiage.

Next day I started on foot from Husavik, in order to come unexpected to my home, Vogum. But the way is about 24 English miles, wherfore I rested in a farm the next night. The following day I hurried on, and came late in the evening to my home, whilst the people was about to go to bed. I knocked at the door, and it was opened of my mother, but one can easily imagine her wondering to see me stand there and salute her, when she thought I must be in Copenhagen, and nobody had heard or expected the arrival of a ship so early. (It was namly the Saturday eve for Easter, 20 April.) She even must imagine it were but an apparation of me, that I stood there before her. I therefore sped to tell and explain for her the arrival of the vessel, and the lucky voiage from Copenhagen. So she rejoiced instead of to be perturbed by my sudden and unexpected arrival, and heartily said me welcome, and I entered into my well-known country hous, Vogum, after I had been absent for 42 months on a foreign country and betwixt foreign people, and thanked God for His protection from damage, eather by land or sea. I had become acquainted with many unseen and unheard of things in Iceland, and could, however, not but long for to live in my own nativ country, how ever miserable it is in comparison to other Southwardly countries. I greeted all my former freands and relations that abode in the hous, and told them some of my adventures, especially on the last voiage, till I fell asleep in a agreeable bed, and had a good rest after the disagreeable voiage, to the next Easter morning. After I had read the comonly prayers I walked with my mother to the nearest farm, Reikjalid, to salute my freands that remained there, but my old freand and relation, Sir John, was removed to another parish in the east of Iceland, and lived

there on a farm called Kirkjuba, about 80 miles from Reikjalid.

The curiosity is unlimited in my countrymen, and they asked me so much that I became sometimes irresolute to answer these questions. They ask generally of the victuals I had had, of my master and his family, of the king, of the several affairs in the war, of the city, of the height of the houses, of the country itself, its climat, of the height of the trees in the forest, of the animals in Denmark. I answered all these questions after my litle knowledge as well I could, but I had all my things in the ship yet, and among them a great collection of engravings and wood cuts, besides some few Denish books of several contents, which I promised to present for them and explain for them the pictures. Some few days thereafter, I rode with another man to Husavik, and had 2 baggage horses and carried on them all my tools and other things, to Vogum, and on this trip, I got opportunity to visit my sister on a farm. She served by this time an old preast in Grenjadastad. I met with great hospitality in the hous of this old clergyman, and stayed there 2 days together with my mother, but my companion went on with the 2 baggage horses to Vogum.

I was much contented when I had all my things in savety in Vogum in 3 trunks, that consisted of fine clothes, books, tools, guns, musical instruments, and several other things, that was worth about 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ sterling. I had litle to do for some few weeks, and went on shooting birds everi day, which I found a great pleasure. I was invited to a wedding, in Skututodsum, which is the name of the farm, about 4 english miles from Vogum. That day was very delightful for me, as well as other men that visited this wedding. The old farmer that became married this day to his second wife, became afterwards my Father in law, and in this same day, his elder daughter became united to a young peasant. His younger daughter Gudr  n was of cours at her father's wedding, and was destined after 3 years to become my Wife, but it was far from my thoughts at this time, for I did not at all think of marriage. There was plenty of wine and bread, as it generalli is on Iceland at these occassions, and the visitors were very glad in the afternoon, and I was obliged to answer many questions consarning Denmark, Copenhagen, and the customs of the people.

A few days after, I reseaved a letter from Sir John, the old preast on Kirkjuba,

he desired of me to come thither in order to work at a church, that he would erect all of wood. Wherefore I prepared myself to go thither as soon as I could, and bought 1 ride horse, and 1 baggage horse, and I went on the journey in company with Sigurgeir, a son of old Sir John, which got a farm near his father, in the district that is named Funga (that means tongue, because it lies between the two rivers Lagarflyot, and Jokulsa). The jorney went on very slowly, as he had many baggage horses with heavy loading, and 4 children, but after a travelling of 5 days, we arrived at Kirkjuba, and my good relation the old preast said me heartely wellcome, as well as all his family. He desired of me to be at his hous this year in order to work at the church, and I agreed with it. We were then 7 workmen at the building, even to the beginning of the hay harvest, but for the time it lasted, we were scattered, and occupied on the meadows the day long. When the 8 weeks were elapsed, we began our work again, and the church becam almost accomplished some few days before Christmass. The old preast preached for the first time in this new church on Christmass, and there was a great assembly of people at the sermon.

After this time till Spring I made several furnitures, viz., trunks, chairs, tables, for the preast, but in May I went on horseback to his son Sir Hallgrun, on the farm Hohmum, and painted the Church there with another man. There I was about a month, till the old preast resigned, and removed from Kirkjuba, to his son in Hohmum with his family.

I reseaved about this time a letter from Sir Johnson, the merchant on Husavik, whereby he entreated me to come thither by the first opportunity in order to paint a Church, wherefore I prepared myself to the journey. When my freand Sir John had paid to me my annual wages, namely 80 dal, or about 10*l.* sterling, I took leave with him for ever, and his good wife Buridi, and started on the long travelling from Hohmum to Husavik. I travelled alone for the first 4 days very slowly, for I had a baggage horse heavy loaded. After these 4 days I reached to the farm Modrudal, when I was invited to rest me and my horses one night. The next morning I went on my travelling in company with a youngster which amused me with his frolickness and chattering, and spread the clouds of sadness which hung over me when I was travelling alone in the spacious wilderness that lies eastwardly from Modrudal, about a space of 30 English miles,

where not a living thing is to be seen, but it is a barren and scragged part of land. We soon reached to the farm Grimstadir, when I parted with my pleasant companion, and staid there during the night. From thence I had a day's jorny to my dear home Vogum, and arrived at 6 o'clock the next day to Vogum. But indeed I had no home at the time. My brother Benedik had married, and I had leased out my part of this farm to him. I rested myself in Vogum a couple of days, and so I went horseback to Husavik, and began the painting which I completed in 6 weeks, and earned by it about 4 pound.

Thereafter I was engaged to work at the Church Modruvolum in the autum. There is the residence of the bailiff of the North and East part of Iceland, but his clerk Sveinn was married with my sister Sigridi, and I had my fare or free board in their room during my stay on this great farm, which lasted towards Advent. Then I retired again to Vogum, and worked in the vicinity of Myvatn at the farmers. When the spring approached I was demanded of my sister's husband Sveinn, to come again to Muodruvalla and paint the Church. This I very willingly undertook to do and rode thither immediately. We were two at the painting to [till] the hay harvest, then we left the church and worked by haymaking, likewise I accompanied a student to Grufaros, a merchant town far from Modruvalla. I found this travelling very pleasant, for on my return I rode over the glacier, that is called in Icelandish tongue Unudalsjökull. There were many chinks upon this glacier, and the passage lays between them. As they were very high, there was a spacious overlook from their summit above the surrounding country, and the clos by laying vallies which are very grassy in the Sumer months, in them are also numerous farms. I descended and came down in the end of one of these vales, and rode through it some few English miles. It was interesting indeed to ride in the western sunbeams that gilded the glacier and sides of the adjacent hills. I rested this night at a farm in the valley, and rode to Modruvalla the following day. There I remained till the Church was compactly painted. Then I retreated to Myvatn again and served at the farmers, around the lake.

Now I begun to be tedious of my vague manner of live, and courted a maiden Gudrun Arnadottir from the farm Sveinstrand by Myvatn and she became my betrothed, but as I had leased out my land

in Vogum to my brother, I could not marry. She lived therefore the next year at her father's hous Seveinstrand, but I worked in different farms, to earn for my livlyhood, and some money, before I began my farming. In the mean time my brother got another farm far from Myvatn named As, wherewith the half of the land in Vogum became vacant for me, but the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the land belonged to my stepfather and my mother, wherefore I bought his part of him.

Gudrun my betrothed, removed to my farm early in the month of May, 1854, with all what she had inherited after her deceased mother. Which consisted in $\frac{1}{4}$ of the land in Hofstodun, worthy of [worth] about 40 pounds, 1 cow, 1 hors, about 30 sheep, and som furniture, but no mony, and when that I had in possession became assembled to hers, it was rather considerable riches, or good livlyhood in Iceland at this time. When one is beginning farming in Iceland, it is the case most often that they have not victuals in their first years, and is in want of their most nessessary things in next Spring, especialli if they keep too large family. My family consisted of 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ men, for I had a manservant and a maidenservant, my mother, and an old woman half the year, and a child from my sister Sigridi.

THE FARMING.

The last 3 years I had travelled, and served other men and farmers, and not had a steadfast home. I had in these 3 years not orderly written a day book of my adventures, but now as I had a home, and could work for myself, I began a new maner of lif, and wrote in day book all that was worth to notify in the past periode of my farming, and detail it in the following lines, as it can give a idea of a farmer's live in Iceland in good and sever years. In the tables that follow, is the account of my fishing of trout, gathering of duck eggs, my cow, horses, and ewes or milking sheep (in the summer) and goats — the victuals bought in the merchant town, potatoes from my garden, and turnips, my debt in the month of April, the numer of my family every year.

The 28 of June, 1854, I became united by marriage with Gudrun, my wife. It took place on Skutustodum, and there was a considerable body of people invited to our wedding. They were all feeded with fine bread, coffee and brandy, as is usual by these occasions in my nativ country. As above mentioned, I had partaked in her father's wedding 3 years ago, and

seen her first by that opportunity. She was now in her 19th year, but I in my 25. I was then contented, and have ever been so since with this election of the Providens to my future cours of live. She had hitherto sincerely loved me, as well as I had loved her. She is of a temper mixed of a little choleric and melancoly, and her wrath pass soon over. She is benificent to everyone after our litle ability, and merit of me to be called the best wive in every respect toward me and other. We at first worked for ourselves in the spring, and had great business in several work, viz., gathering eggs and fishing trout, and look after my few sheeps, and transfer victuals from the town, which lies about 24 English statute miles from Vogum. We had plenty of eggs this sumer, and sold some of them for a very moderat price, viz., 120 for 1 shilling 10 pens, but the remainent was consumed in my own hous. I gave likewise and sold much of trout to the farmers that come annually to Vogum, in order to buy trout. We had also plenty of cowmilk, besides milk of sheep and goats. In July, we all began the hay harvest, but this Sumer the grass grew very scantily. I got, though, hay for my 2 cows, 50 bagga for each — 1 baggi in Iceland is about 9 stone weight of dry hay. I owned 8 nets this sumer for the fishing of trout, and got many of trout to my hous-keeping, and besides plenty of duck eggs, as above mentioned, but I had no garden of potatos or cabbages this sumer. I found that the livlyhood of my famely depended on my industry in œconomical works, and the same did my servants. The other peasant Asmundur was a pius and kind man, about 60 years old by this time. It has always been a good consent between us, which is seldom the case in Iceland, where two farmers live together on the same farm, but the internal accidents in the history of Iceland is unknown or consealed, for here is non that can be called romancists, or biographist now-a-days.

The winter approached as usual in the month of October, and the frosty weather and drift of snow came on. My manservant was charged to take care of my little herd of sheep which were then in number (the lambs included) 60, but I myself, that had no liking for herdsmanhip, went to the lake every day fishing, and had much pleasure in this work, especially when the weather was fine, and when I fished well. In this winter I had generalli 6 nets under the ice, each consisted of 10 fathoms in length. Besides these nets I

had 8 or 12 short nets about 2 or 3 fathoms in length, which I laid with a long pole in the ice-free water around my farm, but it is very unpleasant and painful task in bad or frosty weather to take care of nets at Myvatn, as the snowdrift is so thick that one cannot see a yard about him many days in the sever winters that we had had these preceding winter seasons. Yet I omitted not a single day to go to fishing in the time of spawning, which lasts from late in the month of September to January, but the next two months one cannot get trout here in Vogum, and it was a time of rest for me in the 2 following months from water works. In April we begin again to lay our nets in the lake, when the ice comonly begins to melt off the water.

A peculiar maner of fishing here in Vogum is that we call *ad Setja indur*, and lasts the general spawning time, viz., from the beginning of November till New Year. This maner of fishing is as follows: we go two men in the boat, and have three nets with us, then we row silently to certain shallows which lai close by the beach of the lake, a short distant from the farm, and lai the nets in the shape of a half-cirkle around the spawning place, and put the oars very softly to the water, that the fish may be undisturbed while the snare is laid about them (it requires of cours, entirely calm weather). But even as we are laying the nets, the trout gilthead become aware of the litle movements of the calm surface, and when they in haste will seek to the deeper water, they become entangled in the nets, and endivouring to disentangle themselves be the more inwrapped. As the trout is struggling below the calm surface, the water becomes here and there bubbling. As we have laid all the nets, we go on the beach of the water, and throwing stones in all directions, in order to start the still-lying trout into the nets. After that we go again in the boat and draw the nets in, which is a great amusement when there is many of trout in them, and as they are taken in the boat they spring and struggle for awhile around our feets in the total darkness. We get sometimes some bigger trout, even ten or twelve pounds, and from ten to twenty in number in this same maner. We resume this methode of fishing on 6 to 10 shallows in a night, which takes a time of 2 or 3 hours. In former days this maner of fishing were very lucrous [lucrative] as the farmers fished from twenty to eighty some evenings, but it have lamentably diminished in this latter and more severe winters. This trout is a

nutritive and good food when salted and smoke dried, and resembles pickled salmon; the smaller fish is but dried in the wind, and have agreeable taste. I went to this fishing with my wife when the weather allowed. My most amusement during the winter was generalli in fishing of trout in the day time, but in the evenings to make the nets, and besides to read aloud for my and my family several stories, both in Denish and Icelandish tongue. I never could get stories in English, although I had great longing for it, for my small propriety did not allow me to buy books in this language, and I had not yet made any acquaintance to English travellers, in order to ask them after the cheaper and amusing books in theyr tongue.

In the spring (1855) I lost some of my sheep for wanting of provender, which is a most lamentable accident that befalls the Icelandish farmer, to see his most useful animals starving for wanting of food, around his farm, as it is searching on the snow covered pasture land. Yes it is a heartrending sight to looke on it, when the poor animals go so very slowly to their cotes and caves, almost unable to support themselves for hunger. But nobody can help it when all the hay is consumed and there is nothing to be done but kill the animals. This occurs almost annualli in the severe Winters and Springs which now successively visit Iceland, wherefore the wealth and possession of sheep gradualli diminish among the inhabitants of our starving country. It is now a coustom that some farmers compair the number of sheep and *bagga* or cvantum of hay in the autumn in every farm-house, in order that they do not risk to keep more sheep or cows than they have enough food for.

Early in the spring of 1855, I began to work at a hedge round a litle potato garden, about thirty fathoms north from my farm. It has never been tried before to cultivate this useful plant at my home Vogum. This time I sowed but a $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel. In this same spring I likewise digged a long but narrow ditch in the *tùn*, which means a plot of cultivated grass-fjeld around every farm-hous in Iceland, and is in many farms separated from the medows and baiting-places by a hedge or inclosure. But the hay of these *tùns* is solely appointed for winter food to the milk cows, as it is the best hay which the peasants can get in their barns. I had a desire to amend the tilling of my part of the *tùn* in Vogum in the best maner, but the tilling of this part of ground is indeed very simple, and just made in the same maner as

the notable lawier Njal did about 9 centuries ago, viz.: to transport the cowdung on to the tûn, crumble it, and spread it over the green turf, and thus is the cultivating completed.

In the latter part of Juni I was intreated to go to Lundarbrekka, a farm near the river Skalfandafjot, in order to paint a Church within, with a fellow worker. This was one of the four men who went to Brasil in the summer of 1863, viz.: Jonas Hallgrimson. We finished his work within ten days. We were then invited to a wedding that took place the 3 of July, the wine "brandy" went in torrents, as well as coffi, and plenty of bread as usual in these weddings, but no music or other merriments. The next day I rode to my home. About these days there were plenty fishing of trout in Strönd, the nearest farm southward from Vogum; they got there from 4 to 8 barrels a day. I was there one day by this fishing, which was pleasant to drag in a net numberless of this excellent gold-coloured trout on the level sand-beach. They were then sold so very cheap, that a barrel could be got for 4 shillings and 6 pens.

The 14 of July I began my hay harvest, which lasted to the 12th of September, and this time passed without accident. My crop of potatoes became about $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, and I kept some of it for seed. This autumn I worked for my fellow farmer Asmund at the wainscot and bedsteads in his drawing-room, that he had lately builded, and which took a time of some weeks for me. As usual the time of fishing of gilthead by Nidurseta began, and I fished pretty well in the spawning time. This year we had a good crop of juniper-berries, and I wandered som days a great distant from my home in eastward direction to gather these berries, but they grew not till the 6 or 7 year. A very amusing sort of fishing sometimes happens, viz.: when the water have frozen in entirely calm weather, then becomes the ice transparent and clear as crystal, so that every atom can be seen at the bottom of the lake which is not deeper than one or two yards. When the ice is strong enough to bear the weight of a man's body, I used to run to and fro on this clear ice and search out the trout. When I got vew of one, I pursued it in full speed in order to wear it out, below my feet, which lasts some few minutes. During this short time one is compelled to run of all might in a zigzag to follow the many turnings of the trout. At last it is so weary, that it goes very slowly on and stopps at once,

and puts the head in the muddy bottom, without moving a fin. I made a hole in the ice and hooked the motionless trout. It happened some few days that I went on this sort of fishing but caught few, or could sometimes not run as fast as the trout, and lost it of sight.

The 27 Decemb my wife bore our first child, a daughter, she was baptised the 1st of January 1856, and named Sigridur. I maked a wooden cradle for the infant, thereafter I wainscoted a little apartment, which were then my abode or drawing-room. This work I finished in the first days of Februar. The 8 of March I went on a jorney to Modruvalla, to visit my sister Sigridi and her husband, who was a clerk to the Bailiff of North East Iceland. I stayed there a couple of days, whereafter I returned home after a pleasant jorny. This winter we had such very good and serene weather that the farmers drove their numerous sheep to the summer runs in the midst of March, and late in April we began our simple cultivation of the tûn. I began the building of barn for the hay to my two cows, and this work I could scarcely finish for the beginning of the hay harvest time, as I worked alone and needed to carry much stones on baggage horses. In the spring I bought a little part of land in Vogum, or $\frac{1}{80}$ of the whole farm of my mother for 40 Danish daler, about 4*l.* 10*s.* sterling, for she removed from me to a farmer that abode a little distant from Husavik, and my stepfather Andres removed to his son, but I took another manservant, his name was Einar, as well as a maidenservant, so my family was 6 persons for this year.

A German traveller came to Myvatn in June this summer, and staid in Reikjahlid some weeks. He collected eggs and young birds, likewise a great variety of butterflies and midges. I guided him on his excursions, as I understood him a litle, and did a trip with him round the whole lake on horseback, and helped him in the collection of eggs and certain birds. He got two living falcons and a young fox, which he transported with him as a rarity. The 20th of September my father-in-law Arni at Sveinstrand, died after sickness of one week. I and my wife were at his funeral, the 27. She mourned him greatly as he had always merited, for he loved her very tenderly, and I consoled her as I could. He had always helped, and given us victuals and provender when we wanted it; he was a wealthy farmer, and had frequently given to the poor in his days of live, but his fortune increased every year,

and he possessed a numerous flock of sheep at his decease, which became inherited of his 5 living children and the widow Gudbjorg, his second wife. This autumn my crop of potatoes became 18 bushels. at this time no peasant round Myvatn had so much of them, or even had a yard to cultivate this usefull plant, save Petur in Reikjahlid, so they entreated me to sell them of my great crop, which they called so, and some of them had a mind to try to cultivate them on their farm.

This year passed away without any remarkable accident to me or my family, which is worth to notify. As usual I held the Christmass and New Year with our rural festivity and joifullness, and regaled my family with coffi and fine bread, besides smok-dried mutton, which is only given on feast days at Myvatn, and is very nutritive food. I gladdened myself by a little of brandy, and played on these holy evenings on the fiolin perpetualli, for some young girls from the nearest farms, that had no plesures at their homes, but were fond of music. They entreated me to sing and play for them. However, I did not omit to hold prayers in my hous, and visit our little church at Reikjahlid in the day-time, and thank the Lord for his mercy over the inhabitants of North Iceland, which were saved from the great loss of sheep by the pest which raged over the South part of our island at this time. Many of the farms lost almost all their animals.

In February I made a chest of drawers, which I sold for about a pound sterling, and thereafter I went to a farm Belg, and wainscoted there a room for the peasant. This work I complished in three weeks, and returned to Vogum the 15 March, and earned another pound in this time. On the 22nd of the same month, I was summoned to stay some days in Sveinstrand, at the parting of the possessions of the deceased, to his 5 children and the wife. The children should get equal parts each, but the widow in heritage the half. The inherited portion which came by dividing to my wife, was in value about 200 daler (or 22*l.*), however we got no farthing in ready mony, but a part of land in a farm Hofstodum, and 20 sheep, 1 horse, and somewhat of furnitures. My flock of sheep increased considerably by this portion, but the part of land I sold soon afterwards for 100 dale, as I was in debts, and quited them. The first of May my wife was delivered of our second daughter. She received in baptism the name Arnina. We entertained the whole body of people in Vogum, as well as some few guests

that came here on this occasion, with fine bread and coffi. At this time I built a cabbage garden close by my farmhouse, for I thought it could grow here in the warm soil better than elsewhere around the lake. When this work was finished, I sowed potatoes, oats, and cabbage in my 2 gardens. I shifted servants and got a lad and lass for this year to serv me a little, my mother returned to me likewise this spring, so my famely consisted of 8 man this year. When the lambs was as usual separated from the yews, I drew my 27 milking sheeps to the farm Grimstada for there is very good pastur land, and spacious runs for sheep in the summer months.

My 2 young servants folowed the flock to take care of it, and dress the milk. I rowed thither once a week to transport milk, *Skir*, and butter. As I was rowing thither early in the morning 30 of June, I observed a great tent which stood close by the t  n. As I arrived, I recaved the news that 2 Englishmen, accompnied of 2 Icelanders, were come there. I availed myself of this opportunity, and walked to their tent, in order to try my pronunciation in their tongue. Those gentlemen answered me very kindly, although I troubled them by my too early visit in their sleep. They had come in a steamer to Grimsey (a little island north-west from Husavik) and were going to the harbour at Akureyri. It was the first steamer that arrived to the north part of Iceland. The other, or the commander of the ship (as I afterwards heard) desired me to stay for him till noon, or whilst they rode to the brimstone mines, for he had a mind to try fishing in the lake. When he returned I did so, and as he came again, I and my young servant went on the lake with him in my small boat, and crossed the northern part of the lake, but it was in vain, he could not get a single trout, which is an impossibility to hook in the summer season, when the trout have plenty of flies or midges on the surface of the waters. I rowed, therefore, to my nets and caught 6 trout, which I sold him. I had a pleasure to look at his handsome fishing rod, line, and hooks, which he told me was of 2*l.* value, but our simple hook and fishing rod, cost not more than 2 or 3*d.* in English money, and yet we get many trout in a day when the Ice covers the lake. As we parted, they paid me one daler, and gav me some wine, and in the evening they all started from Grimstadl.

This autumn I had pretty good crops, both of potatoes and cabbages, and could

save my ric and groats. Last in September, I was visited of a gentleman from Sweden. He was searching for certain birds, Hurond [Heron ?] and could not find them; he therefore desired of me to shoot a couple of them. I sussed, and he paid me 2 daler for them. The weather was rather mild in the beginning of this winter, so the lake did not froz over till in midst of November. I had much to do during this winter, and was obliged to take care of my flock of sheep, and likewise look daily after my nets, but my youngster assisted me a little in my works.

So this year passed away, so monotonously as the others, in our farms on Iceland. We have very few pleasures or divertissements. I selected for my reading the few new books that I could borrow or buy. Sometimes to go on Skaters over the plain Ice by daytime is very pleasant, when the weather is fine. Occasionally I was tempted to drink brandy, for it is in vogue in Iceland as in other countries, and especially when one is travelling. For we grew tired of wanting of pleasures in our situation, and then we is apt to fall to these extravagances. But there is few that can keep or save brandy to the winter, for else it would be drunk double so much. I did not drink more than a pint at once, and not more than once in a month, and could not, therefore, have the name of a drunkard.

The weather changed in the month of Januar 1858, and grew very cold and snowy. At this time I was compelled to sell my gun for wanting of money to buy necessities and food for my family. The 20th of February I visited a meeting of the farmers at Myvatn on Skutustad; and we all agree to give $\frac{1}{2}$ of our flock of sheep to the shire [of] Hunavatns isla, as they had butchered the most part of their sheep in order to stop the dangerous pest which had reached thither from the Southland. On March 23d there was another meeting of all manservants at Myvatn. They came all, together in an islet called Mikley, who lies in the southward part of the lake. I visited this meeting, and [so did] some few other farmers. We founded there a society for reading for all around the lake, and for the collection of books, each fellow of this society should annually pay one daler (or 2s. 3d.). Likewise the servants founded a money-box, or promised to lend out their money to the peasant for any small interest. Some of us agreed to go a year in total abstinence, and we kept our words for the succeeding year. Early in the spring I began a new

building or dwellinghouse, and builded it in a new fashon. I finished the walls last in [at the end of] June. The house is $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards in length, and 4 yards breadth within the walls. They are built of stone and of green turf. I had shifted servants, and got a well fit man to serv me for next year, his name was Sigurjon. We transported wood from Husavik (which I bought at the merkant) on my 3 baggag horses, and wainscoted the upper part of the hous, as I intended to have it for my dayly abode, and as the hous-front faced the lake, I had a spacious and fine view from the windows over the lake and its environs. But I could not complete the house this summer, as we were occupaid at other œconomish works, and the walls required to be dried ere it could be comfortable for man to live within them.

The prices of rye and groats in the town were very high this summer, and much pressing for the poor peasants, but I had by this time a great evantum [quantum] of wool and tallow, and could therefore buy my victuals and other necessities.

July 19th, 1858. I began the haymaking, but as we had very rainy weather almost during all the time of hay harvest, so the hay could not be dried sufficiently, and could not at all be good food for sheep in the next winter. The haymaking was finished the 17 September. The winter season began rather early, so we had snowy and stormy weather last in September, and it lasted during 2 weeks, that the snow became so thick that one was not able to go to the nearest farms but on snowshoes — *Skidum*. Hundreds of lifing sheep were buried under this horrible snow, and no lifing animals could find their food, so one was compelled to go and seek them far distant from the farms, and draw them home, which was a very unpleasant task for our manservants. The weather at last cleared up the 11 October, and we got thawing southwinds for some days. Now was the time of butchery, and as the winter began so early, the farms which had a bad omen for the approaching winter slaughtered much more sheep than usual in order to leave enough of provender to the rest. I butchered 20 of my flock, and an horse, but owned over 90, 7 goats inclusive. Although every farmer could clearly see that they had too little hay for their sheep herd if the winter grew so sever that they were compelled to wintring of their flock, they, or we (as I was inclusive), put to hazard, and butchered by far too little of our sheep. I saw, although too late, that

I could have saved my elder sheep if I had in the autumn slaughtered all my lambs, 28 in number. The frosty, stormy, and snowy weather, came on again in the first days of November, and lasted almost continually till Easter, on the 24th April, 1859, and to increase our mischief and calamities in this tremendous winter, the ice (Greenland ice) surrounded the whole north, east, and west part of our Island, and covered the ocean as far as one could see from the hill tops adjacent to the seashore. Of course we were obliged to feed our beasts as long as we had food in possession, but it was rather too early consumed, for early in the month of March many of the farmers had no hay left but for their cows. Some of them, therefore, drew their hungry sheep to the benevolent farmers that had enough food yet, and could help the poorer for awhile for not losing their usefull animals. Some peasants began already to slaughter their starving flock, and that was far better than [to] let the innocent beast be tormented, to fall at last for starvation when searching for the scanty food upon the winter runs. It happened also dayly that there was wanting 2 or 3 in the evening, which of course were fallen as victims to starvation and meagerness, not able to go to the sheep-cot. The first of March, when I had almost emptied my haybarn, I sent my servant with 20 sheep to the peasants around Myvatn that had hay yet, but the 22 [22nd] in same month I slaughtered 10 ewes, they could not support themselves for meagerness. I wandered every day to the bushes, and carried on my back great bundles of the small branches, trying to support my remanent flock, but it could not help them, I lost them every day, and when this ever memorable winter was ended, I had lost 65 sheep and goats, and owned yet 25.

This great loss was a shock in my houskeeping, and amounted to a value of 33½ sterling. I could therefore not see how I should get livlyhood for my family in the future. I discharged my male and female servants, so my famely consisted of 6 persons, for the next year. I was not the only peasant who lost more than $\frac{3}{4}$ of the flock, for every one lost more or less of their herd of sheep. I resolved to try and live upon the fishing of trout, as well as potatos, and encreased the number of fishingnets. My 2 cows lived likewise, so I expected to have somewhat of milk in this approaching summer. My spous salted and dried the flesh of the slaughtered sheep, so we in the following sum-

mer had plenty of victuals to entertain our family. Now I had completed my new abode, and we all shifted our dwelling-room, and left the old ruinous abode. I had wainscoted all this new room within the upper walls, and found it very comfortable to live there, especially in the summer, but in frosty storms in the winter, it proofs rather too cold. I had intended to wainscote the under-room, but had no ability to do it for my great loss I had suffered in the winter. The hay-making began as usual in the midst of July, and we all in the famely, save the children, were occupaid by this work the livelong day. Although I owned very few sheep to feed the next winter, I saw that the possession of hay could prevent the loss of sheep in future if my flock increased. I owned but ten ewes or milking sheep, but their lambs died, all save two, in the spring, for wanting of milk from their mother, so I "drew" them to the summer runs, and had no sheep-milk to dress *skir* of for this year. Having ended the hay-harvest, I took up my potatos, and got a crop of 4 barrels, and one of cabbage, a pretty good crop. The 3 Oktober I began to take up stones "to" a wall which I intended to build around my lawn adjacent to my house, or the *tùn* as we name it. This was a work of importance for the tilling of this fertile bit of ground, as it could hinder the horses from browsing on it. I began to build this stone wall the 11 Oktober, for the weather was very fine to the 17, when the snowy weather came on. I was then compelled to change my work and take care of my few sheep. As I had plenty of food for them, they were well fattened the whole winter.

My little daughter Arnina grew weak early in Novemb., so I fetched medisín to [from] the homœopathic preast in Grenjardirstad and she recovered soon after. This year ended without any accident worth to relate.

At New Year 1860 I was visited of some girls, the daughters of "Petur," the farmer in Reikjahlid, to hear me playing on the fiolin, and showing them my numerous pictures and engravings, which they found very amusing. About this time the rumour spread out that some peasants had a mind to do an emigration to Amerika, either to Canada or Brasil. They founded a fund in this design, and every man that went into this society should pay 4 rixdaler = 8 shillings and 8 pence, in order to assist them who undertook to go first thither.

My wife was delivered the 10 Februar. of a male child. I was very glad to get a

son. We let him be called Jòn Friman. As she arose from her bed the 16 in same month, we entertained the people in the farm, about 20 in number, with fine bread and coffee. At this time I was occupaid by drawing stones on a sledge to the enclosure around my tún; it was a very fatiguing work.

Early in the month of May we could distinctly hear the incessant claps and thunder like nois from a Volcan, on the Southland, but could not know whether it came from Hekla or Katla, till the rumour spread out that Katla was activ, throwing imense rocks and pieces of glacis to a far distant round her, and was inwrapt in a large and dens column of smoke, but as the wind was northly about these days the smoke and ashes was directed to the sea, so the land became saved from this unwholesome and dangerous ashes and smoke, and the Volcan ceased totally last in same month. The people had been much frightened during the eruption.

As the ice lay on the lake till in the midst of June, I went on fishing almost every day, and fished well by hook, viz. from 20 to 50 a day. The ice was studded of fishing men, who sat on a shrine the livelong day, now and then drawing the trout from about four fathoms deep water, and so baiting with a certain maggots, which was white and the best bait for the trout. In this Spring Mr. Henderson erected a new building near the farm called Laxamere close by the running out of the salmon river. He had resolved to buy and boil all the salmon of the farmer Johanen on Laxamere. I met with this Englishman on my journey to Husavik, the 29 June, and stayed some few hours at their chamber on Laxamire. I tried to speak with them, and before I took leaf they gave me some pieces of *Reynolds' Miscellany*.

The 2 Juli I was invited to a nuptial collation at Reikjahlid, for the eldest daughter of Petur was to be married with Jakob, a son of a neighbouring farmer. I was the singular [single] musician at this festival, and played several melodies for the people even to midnight, when we took leave with the benevolent couple, but were not able to walk to our home, as we had drunk rather too much cvantum of punsh and brandy.

The 12 of July I heard that 3 Englishmen from Manchester, and a Germanish had arrived to Reikjahlid, in the purpose to collect eggs and birds. I was curious enough to be acquainted with all the strangers that come to Myvatn, as I was the

sole person who understood and spoke a little of English, and offered them my service as guide, and had by it opportunity to exercise myself in the pronounsation of their tongue. They staid at Reikjahlid to the 18 inst. I followed them when they went on shooting, and directed them to the places where were plenty of several kinds of birds to be shot, and besides procured different eggshells which I sold them for some pence. It was singular and even odd that we felt a little earthquake the same day they arrived, and eclipse of the sun when they went from Myvatn.

The 20 July I began the hay harvest, and wrought assiduously while the harvest lasted. My crop of potatoes becam 5 barrels in the autumn. As usual, I put my nets under the ice last in October, and looked after them every day, and besides took care of my sheep every other week, when my stepfather was at the other farm where he served.

This year passed away, and we salutid the new year 1861 with our common rural festivals. In Januar I contracted a friendship with an ingenious man of art named Arngrimur. Though not learned, he began to draw pictures of some men in the neighbourhood, and he sussided to get his drawings very like the persons. He had got a great propensity to learn music, and by opportunities visited me, to get instructions in playing on fiolin, and he did soon progress in the art of music, and as he wrote a fair hand, he collected, and procured me many new and amusing melodies. He likewise understood the playing on flute, notwithstanding he was very poor, and was compelled to work for his wife's and his own livelihood (for he was married and had a child), at the hay crop. For no man of art can be prosperous in Iceland, as the most of the peasantry hate this inutile and trifling business, as they call drawing and music, but they like better the poetical art. The 30 Januar: I was obliged to draw my tallow on a sledge to the town Husavik, to pay my debt there. On my journey I came to Grinjastada, and was a' night at the good priest Sir Magnus Jonson's. He had several English books in his library, as he and his 3 sons understood somewhat this English language. He lent me a couple of them, for reading at my home. I found them very amusing, especially "The Adventures of Ledbury," by Smith; the other was "Twelve Years at Sea," by a Midshipman. The 10 April, my mother came to me from Mödruval, where she had stayed this

winter at her daughter's, Sigridi. My sister sent me with her some garments to my children, as well as somewhat of coffee and sugar. This spring we heard the news that the Nord Atlantic Telegraaff should be laid through Iceland, in this summer, but it will be delayed.

The 2d and 3d of May I sowed my potatoes, as we had by this time very fine and serene weather, so we had even fine grass in the midst of May. At this time I was obliged to discharge my stepfather Andres, and I was alone to work for my family the next year. By all opportunities, I was occupaid by the building of the stone wall around my tûn as above mentioned. The calamity occurred in the middle of the hatching time, that our islets and holms were visited of immense swarms of ravens, which robbed and carried away almost every egg that the ducks laid in the nests, so we lost thus a third part of the collection of eggs we formerly got in the former summer seasons, but this accursed robber we was not able to frighten away. Their spoil ceased a little as the grass and angelica was full grown, for the nestes became then covered, so the raven could not find them as easily as when open.

The 2nd June, a merchant ship at last arrived at the harbour in Husavik, but the people had for some time suffered the wanting of corn and groats and other necessities. I sent therefore a horse to town, and got it loaded of corn and groats after some few days. I travelled myself to Husavik, last in the same month, and met with Mr. Henderson, a merchant from Edinburgh [the owner of the house for salmon boiling, above mentioned]. He intended to send a vessel with goods to Husavik. He gave me a number (8 June, 1861) of the *Illustrated London News*.

The 4 July, and 6 following days, I was occupied at painting a parlour room at Reikjahlid. It is the third painted room at present in the environs at Myvatn.

The 9th I began the hay harvest. I had fine and plenty grass on my tûn, and got hay enough for my 2 cows of this little spot.

The 14 Agust, when I was occupaid at grass-cutting, I saw a boat, and looking in my glass I perceived there were foreigners in it, they had come from Skutustad, and came to Reikjahlid in the afternoon. I heard when I came home that one in the boat had been Mr. Dasent (the translator of our most pleasant Saga, or history Njala), and besides him were two other Englishmen and one Denish, a painter

that arrived to Reikjahlid. My curiosity drew me to Reikjahlid the day following, to have an interview with these gentlemen. I spoke for a while with them. The painter showed me many drawings that he had drawn in his journey of Iceland. I took leave with them, as they on the same day went on their travelling.

The 28 Agust, I was visited of two Englishmen, Mr. Holland and Mr. Shepherd, they had travelled from Reikjavik along the sea coast, of the south-east part of Iceland, and had ascended the great glacier named Orafajökul, and had encountered some difficulties on their journey in crossing the great and rapid rivers that fall from the glaciers on south-east Iceland. They staid for a week at Reikjahlid, and ascended the hills adjasent to the north-eastward side of the lake. I became a little aquented with them before they started from Reikjahlid. They were so very kind to me, and promised to send me an English book by the post from their home.

The 18 September, I rode to Hraun-srjett. It means a great square of stone wall, whither the immense flock of sheep is driven from the summer runs, to be separated in this fold by every sheepowner, and then driven to the farms. It was very fine weather this day, and an innumerable multitude of sheep, horses, dogs, and men were come together on this occasion, and there was an accursed tumult and cries, as many became intoxicated, especialli at the end of the day. I rode homeward the following night.

The 29 September I met with an English traveller in Reikjahlid (Mr. Ralph Milbanke), who intended to sojourn next winter in Iceland, and as he had travelled round the south-east part of Iceland, he already had got some knowledge of our tongue. He came to reside on Grenjadirstad, and did wonderfull progress in the language. I had a little correspondence with him in the next winter, and made some few verses to him — "*Pu Sast vid Laxâr Snaranstraum*." I likewise sold him some of my Icelandic books and clothes, which were made after our old fashion. As he perceived my propensity to learn and read English, he promised to send me an amusing book as a present when he arrived to England.

Early in Januar 1862 I borrowed the "Wandering Jew," and perused this amusing romance in the evenings, and after I had read this romance, I began the reading of Walter Scott's romances, and found them very good also.

The 10 of March I went on a journi to

Modruvalla, for my sister had in her last letters entreated me to visit her once in this winter. I reached Ljosvatn the first day, after walking about 14 miles, and got lodging for the night at the farmer's. The following day I rose early and continued my travelling, althoug in very stormy weather and dense snowdrift, and reached in the afternoon to the bay that is called Eyafjordur. As I intended to cross this bay in a boat I walked to a farm "tunga," and begged the farmer to hire me boat and men, but he replied that the boat was not at hand, and said he expected it would come in the evening from the merchant town Akureyri. He begged me enter into his hous and wait for awhile. I thanked him and did so, and was entertained with coffee and bread. As I had staid there for about 3 hours, I began to be tedious for could not pursue my journey, and the boat was not arrived at the expected hour. But the husband was so kind as to offer me lodging for the night, which I accepted with thanks. One of his manservants was in the boat too. I got up early the next morning. Then a man came and told the sad news that the boat, on its returning homewards, had overturned with all the men, 7 in number, in the tempestuous weather the previous day. They had all perished in the waves save one, the manservant from the farm Tunga, before some men in a boat could help them, although they had all at first come on the keel of the boat, but were soon casted off of the great billows. As I heard this calamity I had not a mind to cross the bay in a boat, and therefore went forward on foot around this long bay, and came at noon to Akureiri. I stayed there for awhile, was entertained with brandy and beer at my freand's which I met with, and after this recreation I went to the provincial judge, as I had an errand to him concerning some money that I had inherited after a kinswoman of mine. He delivered me the money, 28 dollars — 52 skilling in Danish coin — then I started for Modruvalla in company with a man that was to go the same way. As we had gone to a small river, not far northward from Akureyri, a sudden gust took the hat off my head, and even though I ran in full speed after it to the sea shore, I could not get hold of it before it was lost for ever in the foaming Sea! By this little unhappi accident, the caus preliminari to one other that the reader shall hear in the following lines, I was compelled to stop my travelling. We returned therefore to an alehouse that stands a short distant from the

town, in order to borrow a hat, but as I could not get it there, my travelling companion offered me to run in town and fetch one I had left there. Whilst he was on this errand I sat and awaited him in the alehouse, and bespoke brandy and coffee for us when he arrived. Within half an hour he came and brought me my old hat, and I entertained him with the beverage above mentioned for his pains, and he seemed to have good appetit upon the brandy. I likewise took too many glasses of the liquor, and began to be fuddled. The day was advanced, so we were obliged to take leave, but I took up my money in order to pay the hostess before we went out of the hous. As I was counting the money to her, a ragged young man entered into the hous, and asked whither we were going, and as we told him, he said "Very well, I intend to accompani you the same way." He then bought a pint of brandy, and begged me to keep it in my pocket, as I did for him, but my money I wrapt in a handkerchief and tied it together, for as I said farewell to the hostess she cried to me "Take care of your money, John." As we, on the road, were chattering about several things, the ragged youngster walked behind us, and now and then begged me to hand him the bottle, and gave me and my other companion to taste of his brandy. We went thus forwards on the road, and came near a farm in the twilight named Skjaldarvik. Then my former companion saw a man in a short distant from us, and begged us to wait a little while for him as he wanted to speak with this man he saw. We sat us therefore down under a low wall, and conversed for a while. He begged me to hand his bottle, and to drink a little with him, but I denied, and said I had already got enough. I now found an irresistibile declination to sleep, and leaned towards the wall, and within a moment, I fall in sleep. After about a quarter of an hour, I was awakened of John, my former companion, but the ragged scoundrel stood ready to part with us, and said he would go to a certain farm Glæsibe. So he parted with us, but we went to the nearer farm Skjaldarvik, and begged for lodging for the night. My drunkenness had somewhat abated, so I found it fit to examine my pocket. When I drew up my handkerchief I perceived that I had been robbed of my money, for the handkerchief was all torned and some few dollars remaining. I found 12 dollars wanting, and a gold ring of 3 dollars value. I at first do not know how to do, I though resolved to stay and rest in the farm for

the night, and pursue the thief the next day. I had an uneasy sleep during the night. The day following, after we had drunk a cup of coffee, we hurried forward, and reached soon to the farm Glæsibe, but the ragged villain Jack (it was his name) was run away for a little while, wherefore we hastened from thence in our pursuit. When we got to the nearest farm, we saw four or five men standing out doors, and as they saw us coming, one of them hastened away as thunderstruck. I immediately called aloud "Jack, Jack, wait, wait!" but he did not stop his running till we lost him of sight behind an outhouse. When we were run thither, he was standing there in a great uneasiness and perturbation. I asked him of my lost money, he replied "I do not know of thy money, and have not touched a penny of it." Then said John, "Thou art thief, and hast stolen the money. We will go in searching in thy garments. Thou, villain, shalt be drawn before the judge, if thou wilt not confess thy guilt." He then stammered to me, in a faltering and trembling voice, "It was indeed me that found some dollars that you had lost on the road yesterday evening, and I would keep them in safety for you." "How long?" asked I, but he could not answer for shame. I said, "Let me have my money directly." Then he walked some few yards from us, and searched after his footprints in the snow, he at once stooped down and began to dig the snow with his hands, till he took up a bundle and handed it to me. I untied it and found it contain 8 dollars. I asked him where he had concealed that was wanting, viz., 4 dollars and the gold ring, but he denied to have stolen more of me. I was not contented with his answer on me questions, and ordered him to go with me before the provincial judge, if he then would sincerely confess his guilt. I then took leave with John, and went back again with this villain to Glæsibe, for I hoped he would confess when we were two together. But it was in vain, we went to Skjaldarvik, and I resolved to bring him before the judge in Akureyri. At once he said to me, "I will leave you for a minute, and then I come again." I stood and waited, and believed he would come and bring me that was wanting, when at once I became tired of to wait there, and looked after him. I then saw where he was amounting a horse, which he stole in the field, and galloped away, and was soon out of sight.

I then at last walked to Modruvalla in bad humour, till I arrived and came to my

sister, who bad me heartily welcome, and I entered into her house, and told her my calamities on my travelling. Her husband, who is a clerk at the Baiff [to the bailiff] of North and East Iceland, was very amiable to me, and desired me to abide at his house for some days. His library was open for me, so I amused myself by reading when he was occupied at the writing table. The 15 of March, I set on my travelling from Modruvalla, and my brother-in-law Sweinn accompanied me almost to Skjaldarvik, about 2 statute miles. There I took leave with him, and walked to a farm, where I met with some women that told me my lost gold ring and about one dollar in change, were found there close by the house, of a child, when Jack and I had departed the preceding day. The change had been spied by a man, and the ring lay uppermost, which Jack indeed had did before he departed on the horse. I knew immediately it was my ring and money, so I at last got my money, save about 3 dollars were yet wanting, and was very glad by this happiness. I walked to Akureiri this same evening and got lodging for the night at an acquer. The next day was a Sunday so I tarried in the town, and was invited of some of my friends and acquer. I had likewise opportunity to look at some libraries especialli for English books. I borrowed one volume of *Household Words* by Charles Dickens, and the "North Atlantic Telegraph," by Shaffner. I was at prayers in the house of Mr. Samundson, and at seven o'clock in the afternoon I entered a new playhouse, a new establishment in this town. The play was pretty well performed, as the players was not at all versed in the art, though they amused the spectators with their comical performances, especialli in love histories. The players were all Icelandic men save one who was Danish. When the comedie was ended, I set on my journey, in the night, and wandered in moonlight to east from Akureiri, and was on the following day advanced to the river Skjalfandafjot, and the next day I arrived at my home (the 18). My wife, mother and children said my heartily welcome, I presented them coffee and fine bread, so my wife dressed a little banquet for us all, and I told them all my bad and good adventures on my journey.

At this time we had severe weather, so some of the peasants was in wanting of food for their sheep. I had plenty of hay and could help some creatures from starvation, but I had scanty of victuals for my family, but milk and corn, so I bought fish

from Husavik, but in April the fishing of trout increased, so we had enough fare.

In May I prepared and digged my gardens, and sowed cabbage and potatoes as usual. In June the people became subject of a certain illness or catarrhal sickness, so several men died of it. I and most of my family suffered of this illness for some time, but recovered before the time of hay harvest. The 28 of July I was seeking on horseback after 4 ewes that were gone astray to the hills. In the afternoon I was overtaken by terrific thunderings, the rain poured down in torrents, the poor horse became raving mad, so I was compelled to dismount, and lead the horse a long with me. This great storm lasted about 3 hours. I have never been more delighted when it left off, and the western sunbeams enlivened the poor brutes in the fields, which stood closely in crowds, or had fled in the caves, and I grew dried of my wetness. Some days after we perceived a dens smoke in the air that showed that a Volcan was in eruption. We at last got the news from the Southland that it was in a glacier, which burnt for a part of the summer, and it was, indeed, the main cause for the rainy and cold summer season we then had.

The 9 of July I heard that some Englishmen were arrived to Reikjahlid, and hearing the news, I made haste to go and visit them. I was very glad when my freand Mr. Shepherd was one of them, and offered them my servitude, as they were seeking after birds and eggs. The 10th I guided them on the lava in order to seek out a nest of a certain bird, who I thought were Midgraond, but when the bird was killed of their gunshots, it proved not to be the bird they asked for. I invited them, Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Fowler, to my hous, and as Mr. Shepherd remembered his promise to me the last summer, viz., to send me a book as a fraendly present, he heard of me that I had a mind to have a little bible, he was, therefore, so amiable as to give me his pocket bible, and wrote this sentence on it from the Proverbs: "Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith;" and "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The 14 in same month they departed from Reikjalid. I began the haymaking the 22nd of July, but the grass was rather little in this cold summer. I got though enough for my few sheep, cows, and goats. I had finished to cut the grass of my meadows 12 September.

The 16 Sept. I rode with many other

in Gaungur, which means to search after sheep between the mountains far off in southward direction from Myvatn. The 17 we found many sheep, the 18 the flock increased considerably, but the 19 the great and innumerable collection of sheep was driven of a numbrous body of riding men, but we had to drive them in a stormfull day to the Rjett, where this sheep should be separated, and a multitude were assembled at the Rjett, or large sheepfold, that day. I rode home this same evening in company with men and women that had visited the Rjett, many of them but for pleasure. My crop of potatoes was very little this autumn, viz., only 4 bushels, or half a barrel, which I appointed to keep savely the coming winter in order to sow them the next spring.

I and my wife were invited to a wedding feast on a farm called Gardur. Here, at Myvatn, the visitors were entertained with abundance of mutton, rice, coffe, and fine bread and brandy. I was compelled to awake the whole night, as I was the sole musicer for the young people that was fond of music, but at last I was conquered of the strong drink, and fell asleep when I was in the boat that carved me in savety at home éarly in the morning of the following day. In the month of October I began to build the stone wall, and laid myself dead fatigued in the bed after I had trudged the whole day in lifting great stones and shovelling mould or small stones in the midst of the wall. When I left off this work the length of the wall was 150 fathoms, but there were 50 fathoms still after to finish the whole wall around my part of the tún. This autumn I changed one of my cows as she did not milk well, and got a great red cow again, so I had now 2 red cows in my byres, and from them I had plenty of milk for the support of my family, but of other victuals I had rather too little. I however hoped that the fishing of trout during the spawning time would, as usual, encrease my store of victual for the approaching winter season.

The 1st Novemb. I put my nets under the ice and walked to them every day, now and then in bad and frosty weather, and fished 4 or 5 or 6 each day, besides smaller trout. Gilthead from 4 or 5 to 10 or 12 or thereabout. The trout were all dried in the air and kept for winter food. This year passed away without any remarkable adventure to me or to my family, and we saluted the coming new year, 1863, with our common festivals at Christmas and New Year's Day.

In this month (Januar.) I borrowed the new Danish Encyclopædia and read the book at all my leisure hours, as I found it very instructive in all sciences.

The unhappiness occurred one day in the latter part of January, that when I returned home from my nets all my little herd of sheep stood crowded together at the door of their cote, and I soon perceived that one of my lambs was all covered on his forehead with blood. I ran to look at him, and as I had counted them in haste, I found one lamb wanting. The fox had of course chased my herd and bitten a lamb, and killed the one that was wanting. I ran in among the lava in order to search after the carcass, and after a short search I found the dead lamb under a rock, but the fox of russet colour ran away as he perceived me approaching. But he had eaten part of the lamb. I was henceforth obliged to go every day with my sheep in among the lava where they were pasturing, and stand there the live-long day, sometimes in frost and bad weather. I read by occasions, in order to shorten the tedious hours, most often in the great encyclopædia. One day I ventured to leave my herd, but in the evening a lamb was wanting, which the fox had killed during my absence. I lost thus 4 lambs, which was the more piteous as I had endured the loss of 8 sheep before in this winter, so my little herd diminished when I wanted it to increase in proportion to my family, who should for the most part have its livelihood and necessities from the herd, that were now only 46 in number. During this winter this same fox killed almost 30 sheep at the farms around Lake Myvatn. Last in April, when the fine weather came on I left my sheep to themselves, for the fox had at last quitted the neighbourhood, and I began the outhous works which my economy required, as to carry stones to the wall, lay dung on the tûn, and besides lay the nets every night in the lake, and take them in my boat in the morning. Some of the peasants were as usual in wanting of hay for their creatures, so they were compelled to borrow hay from them that had plenty of it. I had plenty of hay and was able to lend to the poorer. The 14 May (which is the appointed day for shifting and discharging of the serving people) I took a manservant for the third part of the year, so he worked for me every third week. His name was Sigurjôn, he had served me before half a year.

Late in May I sowed potatoes and cabbage in my 2 gardens but it was not likely

that it would grow, as the weather was extremely cold about this time, and sometimes thick drift of snow, and the grass grow so scantily that the cows were wintering in their byre till early in June.

The artist Arngrimur above-mentioned, begun to teach swimming to some young boys in a fjord distant from my house, as here was some warm water, and the more agreeable for the youngsters to go in it in the stormy and cold days we had in June this year. Arngrimur visited me every day, and all his schoolboys, 10 or 12 in number. He had his flute or folin, so we practised music together, and applied ourselves to learn and so progress in this amusing art. I worked assiduously at the stone wall, and finished this great work the 8 of July, which I had made alone round the half tûn in Vogum and I expect that this wall will stand so long as the country is inhabited. About this same time the other farmer Asmundur finished the wall he had built about his part of the tûn, which were as durable as mine, so now could no horses or cattle enter into this fertile spot to spoil and trod it. The 6 July my wife bare a male child, so we had now 2 sons and 2 daughters. He was called Arni Julius, after his grandfather, Arni a Sveinstrond, and the other name after the month which he was born. My family had now increased to 9½ men and all unable to work save I and my manservant, when he was in my house. My wife had enough to take care of the children and dress the meat for us all. However the time of business at haymaking drew near at hand, and I begun to cut the grass down with my sithe the 17th of July. My old mother raked the grass together, with an old woman which I kept in my house, my elder daughter Sigridur, and my little niece Kristin took care of our milking sheep.

The 14: August, a Quaker, Mr. Sharp, came to Reikjalid, and with him an Islander, Mr. Eirikur Magnusson, as his interpreter. The following day he preached in the little church at Reikjahl. I went this day to Reikjalid to hear his sermon, which the people found excellent and praiseworthy, and some of them even got by heart some sentences. The interpretation of Mr. Eirik was so excellent, that not a single word was lost for the hearers of the good and awakening admonition to the little assembly, to repent their sins and turn again on the way that led us to heaven.

As this amiable man knew that I had somewhat knowledge in his native lan-

guage, he promised to send me one book from his abode, so I thanked him heartily, his kindness to me and I hope for this book next Spring. He took leave with us, and rode to Grenjadarstada in the afternoon, but the hearers returned to their hous, and kept his admonitory words in their heart, we wished ardently that he would come the next summer to our parish, to preach for us again.

The 23 inst: I was visited of a Danish doctor, Mr. Harald Krabbi, he intended to look at the brimstone mines. I rode with him and his manservant thither, in fine clear weather in the afternoon. He looked attentively at the boiling mud craters by the side of the hill. He bought and killed dogs, in order to look in their guts after the worm that is believed to be the main cause of the hepatic disorder that is so frequent sickness among the inhabitants of Iceland. He paid about 10 pence for each dog he bought. He departed from Reikjahlid the next day to Akureiri.

Last in this month, Agust, I rode to the merchant town Húsavik, and bought [so] much of corn and other nessessaries, [that] I was able to pay the merchants, likewise I bought wood fit for the wainscoting of my parlour. There were a multitude of people assembled at Húsavik in these days, for the rye was too scanty. Every one wished to have as much as he wanted for housholding, but it were all sold when the last came, so they were compelled to drive their baggage horses unloaded to their farms.

The 11 September I finished the grass-cutting in my meddows, but the last I had cut was yet undried when the weather changed, so we had every day cloudy, rainy, and stormy air, and it altered to thick snowdrift in the latter part of the month. The hay lay continually undried, and the poor peasants were afraid of losing it under the snow. Some of them owned 2 to 4 or 6 foddors for a cow the whole winter, thus lost or corrupted, and at last buried under the thick snow, which increased one day after another. I lost not more than 5 "bagga" (each 10 stone weight.)

28 Sept: Most of the farms at Myvatn were invited to a wedding at Reikjahlid, as the farmer Petur married his second daughter to a young man. Even though the weather was sleety this day, most of the invited people came to Reikjahlid in the morning. I was intreated to bring my fiolin, and my friend Arngrim had likewise his fiolin. All the guests were sufficiently

entertained with coffi and wheat bread, mutton, rice, brandy, and punch, so the cheerfulness increased in the evening. We played on our fiolins perpetually the former part of the night, but at last the wine and sleep overpowered us, so we prostrated ourselves on a bed and slept to the noon-hour of next day. When we all had got a cup coffi and a glass of brandy, we returned to our abode with only the remembrance of this merrymment. At this time, all were busy in searching after the rambling sheep in the spacious wilderness about the lake. As it snowed every day, it would be very difficult to find or drive the flock to the farms, and many a sheep was wanting when the search was ended, and many of them was consequently buried living under the thick snow. When the slaughtering time had passed away, some few farmers were selected to look at the store of hay on each farm, and advise or command the peasants, to keep not more sheep or cows than they had enough provender for, the approaching winter. But their work and advises were in vain, as the reader shall hear later in this narration. Some of them obeyed not the good advise, but set all their stores of living creatures in hazard. I remembered my great loss in the severe winter 1848-49, and had not too many sheep, but 2 horses, 2 cows and a calf on my hay-store, so I had plenty of hay even in the most severe winter. This autumn I got not one single potato from my gardens, they had all perished and gone in rottenness in the frosty summer, but I got about 6 bushels of turnips, and digged them from the snow that covered my garden. It was very piteous for me to loos thus my potatoes and to have no to sow the next spring.

When the ice covered the lake and was passable, I went with six nets and put them under the ice, and went every day to look at them, and take or extricate the trout that had entangled themselves during the darkness of the long winter night.

My freand Arngrim visited me on his journey to a Parsonage hous called Skinas-tadir, where he should paint a Church within, during this winter. I gave him lodging at my hous the approaching night, but as the young people in Reikjahlid heard the news from somebody that happened to come there, that we were playing together he on the flute, and I on the fiolin, they came 7 in number and solicited us to play for them different melodyes, so we played uninterrupted till twelf at clock in the night, and after this amusement they returned. They had a great liking

for music, especialli the 3 unmarried daughters of the farmer Petur, as well as his 3 sons. Arngrim went on his long travelling the next day, as he had finished a picture of me, that resembled very well, as all that he drew.

This winter I fished pretty well, and better on the spawning shallow than in the 3 last winters, especialli of the gillthead, so we had in possession, a hundred of dried trout "band" at New Year. A band of trout means 2 trouts, hanged together in a string. Last in Februar, I left off my winter fishing, as the trout is then gone away or killed at the spawning places.

I had several amusing books to read this winter, viz: "Jerusalem Revisited," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Family Sonhalden," likewise I read the "Voyage of Galatea round the Globe in 1845-46-47," by Steen Bille, in 3 volumes, and beside this, some new Icelandic books, but indeed it is very few books that is published now-a-days in Iceland, because the poor people have no money, or find out no means to buy any books, although they are generalli very fond of reading.

We had most often snowy and frosti weather to New Year 1864, but then rather mild weather to the later part of Febru: then it changed again, and frost and dens snowdrift, with great Northerly and Easterly wind, that lasted to the midst of April. In this space of time the farmers at Myvatn became in want of hay, though not all, there were some few among that were able to assist, and either lended hay, or took the sheep to their own homes and fed them, while the austere weather lasted. As the snow was much less in the farms east of the lake, we had plenty of hay in the farms of Vogum, Strond and Reikjahlid, so numerous flocks of sheep were driven to our farms, which lived on our pasture lands almost without hay. Likewise we took many horses. I lended to the poor farmers somewhat of hay. Some farmers however lost their sheep, or were compelled to kill their cows, that they should have provender for the sheep. Now I had last began the 1st of Marts to wainscot my little parlour and worked at it for six weeks, and completed the woodwork and floor within it, but the tapestry were yet unfinished, for I wanted the linen under it. I had long been desirous after a comily little room, but had not before found out means to accomplish it. I had a mind to adorn this room as much as I was able, and as I had bought tapestry to it, so although lesser than some of the parlours of the wealthier peasants, mine

were the handsomest, for nobody had yet tapestered their rooms, even on the whole North-East Iceland, save in the towns, but some few were painted. I had likewise fine pictures to decorate the walls.

The 14 April a merchant vessel came to Husavik, the people was very gladdened by this news, as it were in wanting of rye and other nessessaries, and even bordered to famine in some families, so they hastened to fetch and tug on sledges the victuals to their houses. But the sad news were told of the crew on the ship, and likewise was written to the merchants that our good King of Denmark Fridrik VII. was died, and hostilities were commenced between Denmark and Germany, concerning the dukedoms Slesvig and Holstein, and it is very likely that this will be the last war about these dukedoms and that Denmark lose them for ever, if not the English Government assist the Danish King, and I wish earnestly they will do so, and thus recompense the plundering of the fleet of poor Denmark, and the bombarding of the metropole in the commencing of this century, for I hear it is a good concord between these two countries at present. But if Denmark lose these good provinces I wish for the separation of Denmark in following manner — that Zealand and the adjacent islands, viz.: — Fjon Falster Langaland, be a Dukedom, to the desendants of the Danish regal family, Jutland be conjoined to Sweden, the Faro islets to Norway, but Iceland and Greenland be combined to Great Britain.

But it is not for me to write of the destination of the Danish monarchy. I will therefore turn again to my own relation in my peacefull and pleasant country house, and detail what happens this day, as it is the last day that I write at present of my past livetime, but the first day in the summer, the 21st April 1864. The first day in the summer is always Thursday that falls between the 18th and 25th April, and is a joyfull festival day above the whole Iceland, especialli for the presents that we call Sumargjaver, that means summer gifts of various things among the inhabitants in each country hous. My mother got upp at 5 o'clock in the morning and dressed coffi to us, she is yet healthy and in good cheer, in a age of 72. As we had drunk our coffi, and our children, 4 in number, and Kristin the fivth (the daughter of my sister) had got a cup of warm milk and sugar each, I began to sing a song before prayers. When I had sung, I read 15 pages on a good sermon-book, all about the coming summer, and thanking to our

Lord for his protection of his poor people in Iceland the past winter. I sung a song after the sermon and then finished it, then I went out doors, made the sign of the Cross on my face. I perceived the change of weather, for it were serene and thawing this morning, instead of frost and foggi for the past days; and all snow was molten away near the water, but further off the land was yet covered of thick snow, and was enlightened here and there of the morning sunbeams; but dark blue clouds were scattered over the sky, and the sun sent occasionalli his rays between them, as a breeze pressed on in the upper regions. I went first to my sheepcote, and distributed plenty of hay to them, for I thought it fit that they should likewise have a sufficient meal on this joyfull day. At the same time my mother worked in the byre, and my wife milked the cows. As it were finished, I and my wife entered in the boat and rowed a little distant from the hous, and drew in our 6 nets. We got 8 little trouts in them. At 9 o'clock my wife brought the abundant breakfast on the table, which consisted in the best dried trout, a piece of exquisite mutton, bread and butter, and plenty of cow milk to boot, and although it were dressed in a simple manner, we sat as contented at this fare, as some of the weathier at their meal from the finer cookeri. As we had eaten sufficiently, I took my violin, for I held the day for a day of recreation, and my children stood round me and sang the melodies they understood for awhile, but my wife sat and gave suck to the youngest one listening to the music.

All my children are healthy and gay, my elder daughter, Sigridur, is now eight years, of a sanguine temper, and rather to fond of gaudery, but her sister Arnina is now six years, and is of a different temperence, a little melancholi. She has great liking for all economic affairs and rural works, and does not at all care for the gaudery. My elder son, Jòn Friman, is in his fifth year, a lively lad, notwithstanding obedient, and much inclined to me, but my little infant, Arni Julius, wants yet 10 weeks to his first year, though healthy and gay. Nobody have died in my family during the time of my own housekeeping, and I and my wife strive to keep our house and raiment in cleanliness and order, and in our daily chamber good ventilation.

How charming day! It is noon, and the sunbeams fall on the calm and plain

surface of the lake, and many birds of passage that have lately arrived are cheerfully chattering on the calm water, and some are coming, hurriing, flying in the air, and fling themselves on the lake between their companions. The midges are now reviving, and swarm gently in the warm and bright sunshine near the beach of the water. Now and then a trout ascend to the level surface in order to snatch a midge, and move a little the surface and disappear in the same moment. A holy peace is prevailing over this rural scenery, and a divine rejoice is awakened in every bosom. In this happy hour I sit writing these last lines of my past lifetime, in my little roome, 34 years 227 days of age.

Here ends this quaint, simple record of a man's life, a genuine modern saga, simple and true; just as Jòn Jønsson wrote it in English, at Vogum, near Myvatn, in Iceland. He died shortly after this date. His widow is remarried, and now lives at Rêke.

[Mr. Shepherd, in "The North-west Peninsula of Iceland" (Longmans & Co., 1867), at page 159, thus describes a visit made in the summer of 1862, to Vogum: "During Bjarni's absence Jon Jonsson, the proprietor of the farm at Vogar, a short distance from Reykjaflíd, paid us a visit, and invited us to go and see him. Vogar is a small oasis in the lava, on the shores of the lake (Myvatn), and in its sheltered garden there were cabbages and potatoes growing with some vigor. He had taught himself English from one or two books which he possessed, but he had no idea of an English sound. He spoke English with an Icelandic pronunciation, and we had some very amusing conversations with him. He told us that he was dissatisfied with his country, for it was too 'coldish.' He was the only Icelfander I saw who possessed a fiddle. He could play a little; but the strings were broken and he was unable to replace them. He showed us a short description of Myvatn and the surrounding mountains, which he had written in English. His style was rather peculiar. He gave me his MS., hoping that I would correct it and return it to him; but sad to say, it was *lost* before I reached Reykjavík."]

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISTRESS OF WILLOWBY.

THE Lady Sylvia arose with the early dawn, and dressed, and stole noiselessly down the stairs, and through the great stone hall. Clad all in a pale blue, with a thin white garment thrown round her head and shoulders, she looked like a ghost as she passed through the sleeping house; but she was no longer like a ghost when she went out on to the high terrace, and stood there in the blaze of a May morning. Rather she might have been taken for the very type of English girlhood in its sweetest springtime, and the world can show nothing more fair and noble and gracious than that. Perhaps, as her boy cousin had said, she was a trifle serious in expression, for she had lived much alone, and she had pondered, in her own way, over many things. But surely there was no excess of gloom about the sweet young face — its delicate oval just catching the warm sunlight — or about the pretty, half-parted, and perhaps somewhat too sensitive lips; nor yet resting on the calm and thoughtful forehead that had as yet no wrinkle of age or care. However, it was always difficult to scan the separate features of this girl; you were drawn away from that by the irresistible fascination of her eyes, and there shone her life and soul. What were they — grey, blue, or black? No one could exactly tell, but they were large, and they had dark pupils, and they were under long eyelashes. Probably, seeing that her face was fair — and even paler than one might have expected — and her hair of a light, wavy, and beautiful brown — those eyes were blue or grey, but that was of little consequence. It was the story they told that was of interest. And here, indeed, there was a certain seriousness about her face, but it was the seriousness of sincerity. There was no coquetry in those tender and earnest eyes. Familiar words acquired a new import when Lady Sylvia spoke them; for her eyes told you that she meant what she said, and more than that.

It was as yet the early morning, and the level sunshine spread a golden glory over the eastward-looking branches of the great elms, and threw long shadows on the greensward of the park. Far away

the world lay all asleep, though the kindling light of the new day was shining on the green plains, and on the white hawthorns, and on this or that grey house remotely visible among the trees. What could be a fitter surrounding for this young English girl than this English-looking landscape? They were both of them in the freshness and beauty of their springtime, that comes but once in a year and once in a life.

She passed along the terrace. Down below her the lake lay still; there was not a breath of wind to break the reflections of the trees on the glassy surface. But she was not quite alone in this silent and sleeping world. Her friends and companions, the birds, had been up before her; she could hear the twittering of the young starlings in their nests, as their parents came and went carrying food, and the loud and joyful "tirr-a-wee, tirr-a-wee, prooit, tweet!" of the thrushes, and the low currooing of the wood-pigeon, and the soft call of the cuckoo that seemed to come in whenever an interval of silence fitted. The swallows dipped and flashed, and circled over the bosom of the lake. There were blackbirds eagerly but cautiously at work, with their short spasmodic trippings, on the lawn. A robin, perched on the iron railing, eyed her curiously, and seemed more disposed to approach than to retreat.

For, indeed, she carried a small basket, with which the robin was doubtless familiar, and now she opened it, and began to scatter handfuls of crumbs on the gravel. A multitude of sparrows, hitherto invisible, seemed to spring into life. The robin descended from his perch. But she did not wait to see how her bounties were shared; she had work further on.

Now the high-lying park and ground of Willowby Hall formed a dividing territory between two very different sorts of country. On the north, away beyond the lake, lay a broad plain of cultivated ground, green, and soft, and fair, dotted with clusters of farm-buildings and scored by tall hedgerows. On the south, on the other hand, there was a wilderness of sandy heath and dark-green common, now all ablaze with gorse and broom; black pine-woods high up at the horizon; and one long, yellow, and dusty road apparently leading nowhere, for there was no trace of town or village as far as the eye could see.

It was in this latter direction that Sylvia Blythe now turned her steps; and you will never know anything about her unless you know something of these her secret haunts and silent ways. These were her

world. Beyond that distant line of firwood on the horizon her imagination seldom cared to stray. She had been up to London of course; had stayed with her father at a hotel in Arlington Street; had been to the opera once or twice; and dined at some friends' houses. But of the great, actual, struggling and suffering world — of the ships carrying emigrants to unknown lands beyond the cruel seas, of the hordes driven down to death by disease and crime in the squalid dens of great cities, of the eager battle, and flushed hopes, and bitter disappointments of life — what could she know? Most girls become acquainted at some time or other with a little picturesque misery. It excites feelings of pity and tenderness, and calls forth port wine and tracts. It comes to them with the recommendation of the curate. But even this small knowledge of a bit of the suffering in the world had been denied to Lady Sylvia; for her father, hearing that she contemplated some charitable visitation of the kind, had strictly forbidden it.

"Look here, Sylvia," said he, "I won't have you go trying to catch scarlet fever or something of that sort. We have no people of our own that want looking after in that way; if there are, let them come to Mrs. Thomas. As for sick children and infirm grandfathers elsewhere, you can do them no good; there are plenty who can — leave it to them. Now, don't forget that. And if I catch either Mr. Shuttleworth or Dr. Grey allowing you to go near any of these hovels, I can tell you they will hear of it."

And so it came to be that her friends and dependants were the birds, and rabbits, and squirrels of the woods and the heath; and of these she knew all the haunts and habits, and they were her companions in her lonely wanderings. Look, for example, at this morning walk of hers. She passes through some dense shrubberies — the blackbirds shooting away through the laurel-bushes — until she came to an open space at the edge of a wood where there was a spacious dell. Here the sunlight fell in broad patches on a tangled wilderness of wild-flowers — great masses of blue hyacinths, and white starwort, and crimson campion, and purple ground ivy. She stayed a minute to gather a small bouquet which she placed in her dress; but she did not pluck two snow-white and waxen hyacinths, for she had watched these strangers ever since she had noticed that the flowers promised to be white.

Should he upbraid,
I'll own that he'll prevail

she hummed carelessly to herself, as she went on again; and now she was in a sloping glade, among young larches and beeches, with withered brackens burning red in the scattered sunlight, with the new brackens coming up in solitary stalks of green, their summits not the fiddle-head of the ordinary fern, but resembling rather the incurved three claws of a large bird. She paused for a moment; far along the path in front of her, and quite unconscious of her presence, was a splendid cock pheasant, the bronzed plumage of his breast just catching a beam of the morning light. Then he stalked across the path — followed by his sober-colored hen — and disappeared into the ferns. She went on again. A squirrel ran up a great beech-tree, and looked round at her from one of the branches. A jay fled screaming through the wood — just one brief glimpse of brilliant blue being visible. Then she came to a belt of oak paling, in which was a very dilapidated door; and by the door stood a basket, much larger than that she had carried from the Hall. She took up the basket, let herself out by the small gate, and then found herself in the open sunshine, before a wide waste of heath.

This was Willowby Heath, a vast stretch of sandy ground covered by dark heather mostly, but showing here and there brilliant masses of gorse and broom, and here and there a small larch-tree, not over four feet in height, but gleaming with a glimmer of green over the dark common. A couple of miles away, on a knoll, stood a windmill, its great arms motionless. Beyond that again, the heath darkened as it rose to the horizon, and ended in a black line of firs.

She hummed as she went this idle song; and sometimes she laughed, for the place seemed to be alive with very young rabbits, and those inexperienced babes showed an agony of fear as they fled almost from under her feet, and scurried through the dry heather to the sandy breaks. It was at one of the largest of these breaks — a sort of ragged pit some six feet deep and fifty feet long — that she finally paused, and put down her heavy load. Her approach had been the signal for the magical disappearance of about fifty or sixty rabbits, the large majority being the merest mites of things.

Now began a strange incantation scene. She sat down in the perfect stillness; there was not even a rustle of her dress.

There was no wind stirring; the white clouds in the pale blue overhead hung motionless; the only sound audible was the calling of a peewit far away over the heath.

She waited patiently, in this deep silence. All round and underneath this broken bank, in a transparent shadow, were a number of dark holes of various sizes. These were the apertures for the gnomes to appear from the bowels of the earth. And as she waited, behold! one of those small caverns became tenanted. A tiny head suddenly appeared, and two black eyes regarded her, with a sort of blank, dumb curiosity, without fear. She did not move. The brown small creature came out further; he sat down, like a little ball, on the edge of the sandy slope; he was just far enough out for the sunlight to catch the tips of his long ears, which thereupon shone transparent, a pinky grey. His eyes were caught by another sudden awakening of life. At the opposite side of the dell a head appeared, and bobbed in again—that was an old and experienced rabbit; but immediately afterwards one, two, three small bodies came out to the edge and sat there, a mute, watchful family, staring and being stared at. Then here, there, everywhere, head after head became visible; a careful look round, a noiseless trot out to the edge of the hole, a motionless seat there, not an ear or a tail stirring. In the mysterious silence, every eye was fixed on hers; she scarcely dared breathe, or these phantasmal inhabitants of the lower world would suddenly vanish. But what was this strange creature, unlike his fellows in all but their stealthy watchfulness and silent ways? He was black as midnight; he was large, and fat, and sleek; he was the only one of the parents that dared to come out and make part of this mystic picture.

"Satan!" she called; and she sprang to her feet, and gave one loud clap of her hands.

There was nothing but the dry sand-bank, staring with those empty holes. She laughed lightly to herself at that instantaneous scurry; and, having opened the basket, she scattered its contents—chopped turnips—all round the place; and then set off homewards. She arrived at the hall in time to have breakfast with her cousin, though that young gentleman was discontentedly grumbling over the early hours they kept in his uncle's house.

"Syllabus," said he, "are you going to stand champagne for lunch?"

"Champagne?—you foolish boy," said

she; "what do you want champagne for?"

"To celebrate my departure," said he. "You know you'll be awfully glad to get rid of me. I have worried your life out in these three days. Let's have some champagne at lunch, to show you don't bear malice. Won't you, old Syllabus?"

"Champagne?" said she. "Wine is not good for schoolboys. Is it sixpence you want to buy toffy with on the way to the station?"

After breakfast she had her rounds of the garden and greenhouses to make; she visited the kennels, and saw that the dogs had plenty of water; she went down to the lake to see that the swans had their food; she had a dumb conversation with her pony that was grazing in the meadow. How could the sweet day pass more pleasantly? The air was fresh and mild; the skies blue; the sun warm on the buttercups of the park—in fact, when she returned to the hall she found that her small bronze shoes and the foot of her dress were all dusted over with a gold powder.

But this was not to be an ordinary day. First of all she was greatly troubled by the mysterious disappearance of Johnny Blythe, who, she was afraid, would miss his train in the afternoon; then she was delighted by his appearance in company with a visitor, who was easily persuaded to stay to lunch; then there was a petty quarrel over the production of that bottle of public-house champagne—at which the girl turned, with a little flush in her cheek, to her visitor, whom she begged to forgive this piece of schoolboyish folly. Then Mr. John was bundled off in the waggonette to the station, and she and her visitor were left alone.

What had Madame Mephistopheles to do with this innocent girl?

"Oh, Lady Sylvia," she said, "how delightfully quiet you are here. Each time I come the stillness of the hall and the park strikes me more and more. It is a place to dream one's life away in, among the trees on the fine days, in the library on the bad ones. I suppose you don't wish ever to leave Willowby?"

"N—no," said the girl, with a faint touch of color in her face; and then she added, "But don't you think that one ought to try to understand what is going on outside one's immediate circle? One must become so ignorant, you know. I have been reading the leading articles in the *Times* lately."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes; but they only show me how very ignorant I must be, for I can scarcely find one that I can understand. And I have been greatly disappointed, too, with another thing. Have you seen this book?"

She went and fetched, from an adjoining table, a volume which she placed in her visitor's hands. It was entitled "The Ideas of the Day on Policy."

"There was a friend of papa's here one evening," said Lady Sylvia, demurely, "and we were talking about the greatly different opinions in politics that people held, and I asked him how an ignorant person like myself was to decide which to believe. Then he said, 'Oh, if you want to see all the *pros* and *cons* of the great political questions ranged opposite each other, take some such book as Buxton's 'Ideas of the Day;' then you can compare them, and take which one strikes you as being most reasonable.' Well, I sent for the book; but look at it! It is all general principles. It does not tell me anything. I am sure no one could have read more carefully than I did the articles in the *Times* on the Irish Universities Bill. I have followed everything that has been said, and I am quite convinced by the argument; but I can't make out what the real thing is behind. And then I go to the book that was recommended to me. Look at it, my dear Mrs. —. All you can get is a series of propositions about national education. How does that help you to understand the Irish universities?"

Her visitor laughed, and put down the book; then she placed her hand within the girl's arm, and they went out for a stroll in the park, through the long warm grass, and golden buttercups, and blue speedwells.

"Why should you take such a new interest in politics, Lady Sylvia?" said Madam Mephistopheles, lightly.

"I want to take an interest in what concerns so many of my fellow-creatures," said the girl, simply. "Is not that natural? And if I were a man," she added, with some heightened color, "I should care for nothing but politics! Think of the good one might do—think of the power one might have. That would be worth living for—that would be worth giving one's life for—to be able to cure some of the misery of the world, and make wise laws, and make one's country respected among other nations. Do you know, I cannot understand how men can pass their lives in painting pretty pictures, and writing pretty verses, when there is all that

real work to be done—millions of their fellow-creatures growing up in ignorance and misery—the poor becoming poorer every day, until no one knows where the wretchedness is to cease."

These were fine notions to have got into the head of an ingenuous country maiden; and perhaps that reflection occurred to herself too, for she suddenly stopped, and her face was red. But her kind friend took no notice of this retiring modesty. On the contrary, she warmly approved of her companion's ways of thinking. England was proud of her statesmen. The gratitude of millions was the reward of him who devised wise statutes. What nobler vocation in life could there be for a man than philanthropy exalted to the rank of a science? But at the same time . . .

Ah! yes, at the same time a young girl must not fancy that all politicians were patriots. Sometimes it was the meaner ambitions connected with self that were the occasion of great public service. We ought not to be disappointed on discovering that our hero had some earthly alloy in his composition.

Indeed, continued this Mephistopheles, there was always a danger of allowing our imaginative conceptions of people to run too far. Young persons, more especially, who had but little practical experience of life, were often disappointed because they expected too much. Human nature was only human nature. Lady Sylvia now, for example, had doubtless never thought about marriage; but did she not know how many persons were grievously disappointed merely because they had been too generously imaginative before marriage?

"But how can any one marry without absolute admiration and absolute confidence?" demanded the girl, with some pride, but with her eyes cast down.

And there was no one there to interpose, and cry—"Oh, woman, woman, come away, and let the child dream her dream. If it is all a mistake—if it has to be repented for in hot tears and with an aching heart—if it lasts for but a year, a month, a day—leave her with this beautiful faith in love, and life, and heroism, which may soon enough be taken away from her."

From The Popular Science Review.
AGATES AND AGATE-WORKING.

BY F. W. RUDLER, F.G.S.

MOST of our fashionable watering-places offer to the visitor an attractive display

of agates and other siliceous stones, worked into a vast variety of ornamental forms. From the abundance of these agates it might fairly be assumed that the rough stones are to be had upon the neighboring beach for the mere trouble of gathering them. It is true, there are many spots along our coasts where the diligent seeker occasionally finds a pebble which, dull as it may seem on the outside, needs but the touch of the lapidary's wheel to bring to light its

Chalcedonic beauties, fair and bright.

Such pebbles, however, are as a rule by no means common, even in localities of repute; and it may be safely said that on no part of the English coast could agates be found sufficiently large for the manufacture of paper-knives, bowls, vases, and many other objects commonly exposed for sale. Moreover, these objects are generally offered at so extremely moderate a price that, wherever the raw material may be found, it is clear that it must be cut and polished in some locality where labor is much cheaper than in England. Usually, however, the inquirer considers such difficulties solved when he learns that the stones in question are German agates. Yet this explanation, as we shall presently find, is far from satisfactory. Indeed, we believe that, as a matter of fact, no agates worth naming have for many years been obtained from German soil; and although the old agate-mills are still active they have long been working exclusively on imported stones. We have, therefore, no more right to call such stones "German agates" than we should have to speak of a piece of Carrara marble as "English marble" simply because it happened that it had been worked into form by the chisel of an English sculptor. The true history of these agates, the localities whence they are obtained, their probable mode of formation, and the methods of cutting and polishing—are the subjects which it will be our business to explain in the present article.

As the tourist ascends the Rhine, and is about to leave one of the most picturesque parts of the river for the broad valley of the Rheingau, he passes, opposite to the vine-clad hill of the Niederwald, the mouth of the River Nahe. This river opens into the Rhine on its left bank, just below Bingen, and a little above the well-known Mouse Tower. The visitor will find the valley of the Nahe almost as beautiful as that of the Moselle, to which it runs nearly parallel, the two valleys be-

ing separated by the Devonian rocks of the Hunsrück Hills. Some distance after passing Kreuznach, with its baths, and the neighboring salt-works, the explorer, following the windings of the river, reaches the picturesquely seated town of Oberstein, about forty miles from Bingen. It is this little town which has been, time out of mind, the great centre of the agate trade of the world. Although situated in the southern part of Rhenish Prussia, Oberstein and the rest of Birkenfeld form an isolated patch belonging to the grand duchy of Oldenburg—a kind of political outlier of the far-distant duchy, entirely distinct from the surrounding Rhine Province.

Few branches of industry owe their birth more directly to the geological structure of the district in which they are seated than the agate industry of Oberstein. Those hills which rise behind the town in grotesque crags, crowned by the relics of baronial castles, consist of an eruptive rock which German geologists are in the habit of calling melaphyre. It is this rock too which is penetrated by the railway in the neighborhood of Oberstein, and has thus given rise to the cuttings and tunnels which the visitor passes through, whether he approach the town on the one side from Bingen, along the foot of the Hunsrück, or on the other side from Trèves through the rich coal-field of Saarbrücken. The melaphyre has burst through the sandstones of this coal-field, and comes to the surface in several masses, the largest of which occupies a considerable area around Oberstein, where it is surrounded on all sides by Permian rocks, and is cut through by the river Nahe and its tributary streams.

It would be difficult to find a word in the geologist's vocabulary which has been more abused than Brongniart's name "melaphyre," save perhaps our conveniently ambiguous term "greenstone." A good deal of uncertainty hangs over the original definition, but this has been vastly increased by the different ways in which the term has since been applied. A plagioclasic felspar is the prime constituent; and, according to M. Delesse's analysis, the felspar of the Oberstein melaphyre appears to be labradorite.* Specimens from the railway-station contain a plagioclase of blood-red color, due to the presence of lamellæ of ferric oxide.† Micro-

* Delesse: "*Sur le Porphyre Amygdaloïde d'Oberstein.*" ("*Ann. des Mines*" [4], xvi., p. 511.)

† Zirkel: "*Die mikr. Beschaff. d. Min. u. Gesteine,*" p. 414.

scopic research has shown that in many melaphyres the plagioclase is associated with an orthoclase. Formerly it was supposed that the rock was destitute of olivine, and in this respect differed markedly from basalt; it has, however, been found of late years that olivine is frequently present, and indeed it is difficult to separate some melaphyres, when fresh and unweathered, from true felspar-basalts. Augite, however, is not so constant a constituent of melaphyre as was formerly supposed; in some cases the augite appears to be transformed into a chloritic mineral, and indeed much of the Oberstein rock has a greenish tint. Magnetite is always present, as in so many other eruptive rocks.

Some varieties of melaphyre are compact in texture, others porphyritic, and others again amygdaloidal. All these varieties are to be collected in the neighborhood of Oberstein, but it is only the last named that is of interest for our present purpose. Just as the carbonic anhydride disengaged during fermentation imparts a cellular character to the dough, which is retained in the bread; so, while the palæozoic lava, which we call melaphyre, was still plastic, bubbles of gas or of steam were disengaged, and have left their impress in the rock, the molten matter having been sufficiently tough to prevent collapse of the walls. Although the normal form of these bubbles would be more or less globular, or probably pear-shaped, with the narrow end downwards, it has generally happened that, during the flow of the lava, the cavities have been drawn out in the direction of the current, so as to form elongated rather flattened cavities, resembling an almond in shape, whence the common name amygdaloid or *Mandelstein*. These vesicles are in some cases empty; but usually they are filled to a greater or less extent with mineral matter, which has been deposited in them by chemical changes occurring in the rock subsequent to its formation. In many amygdaloidal rocks the mineral is merely carbonate of calcium, as may frequently be seen in our well-known Derbyshire "toadstones," which are melaphyres interbedded in the carboniferous limestone. But the cavities in the amygdaloidal rocks of Oberstein are for the most part filled with silica in some of its protean forms. As you pass along cuttings by the roadside you may see the rock charged in some places with myriads of little chalcedonic nodules, or rudimentary agates, which look like so many fossil almonds. Indeed, the notion that the agates of Mount Carmel

were petrified melons, was seriously entertained by a writer of only a century and a half ago.* Frequently the siliceous nodules are so abundant that the rock does not look unlike a conglomerate, and some mineralogists have even supposed that the agates are really pebbles and the enclosing rock nothing but the cementing material.†

Although it is almost universally admitted that the vesicular cavities now occupied by the agates have originated in the manner described above, it is only fair to remark that a few Neptunists, unwilling to attribute an igneous origin to basalt and melaphyre, have sought to explain the formation of the cavities by assuming that they represent crystals in a porphyritic rock, which have been removed in solution, thus leaving angular hollows, the walls of which have since been rounded and otherwise modified by various solvents which have gained access to the cavities.‡

To explain the formation of an agate, with its concentric layers of chalcedony, jasper, quartz, and other siliceous minerals, is by no means so easy a matter as may at first sight appear. Not that there is any difficulty in getting the needful supply of silica to form the agate. It may be fairly assumed that some of the component minerals of the agate-bearing rocks will suffer decomposition by meteoric waters holding carbonic acid gas in solution, and that among the products of decomposition free silica will be found. It is notable that the more altered the rock, the finer the agates it contains; thus suggesting some relation between the destruction of the rock and the construction of the agates. We have seen that labradorite is a constant constituent of melaphyre; and this is, of all felspars, the most prone to alteration. Acted on by carbonated waters the silicate of calcium is decomposed, and a carbonate formed, whilst silica is set free. It should be remembered that the siliceous minerals in an agate are often accompanied by carbonate of calcium and by various zeolitic minerals. A large crystal of calcite may frequently be seen seated in the drusy interior of an agate-geode; and it has even been suggested that the so-called "fortification agate" may owe its angularity of outline, as seen in section, to the deposition of silica, either upon or in the place

* Breye: "*Epistola de Melonibus petrefactis Montis Carmel.*" 1722.

† Volger: "*Studien zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der Mineralien.*" p. 533.

‡ See Bischof: "*Lehrbuch d. Chem. u. Phys. Geol.*" 1866, Bd. iii., p. 620.

of pre-existing crystals of calcite or of some zeolite.*

But though there may not be much difficulty in tracing the origin of the silica, there are on the contrary extreme difficulties in seeking to interpret some of the appearances presented by agates. Why, for example, should the silica, in one and the same stone, be sometimes deposited in the form of chalcedony, and sometimes shot forth as crystallized quartz; now deeply colored as bright red jasper, and now delicately tinted as purple amethyst; at one time affecting a crystalline condition, and at another time colloidal? Such alternations in the character of the deposits must have recurred again and again in the history of many banded agates. The successive strata differ considerably in texture, hardness, transparency, color, and other physical properties; but what has determined these differences? Layer after layer has been spread in equal thickness over all the irregularities of surface, each coat exquisitely thin and delicate; Sir D. Brewster measured the thickness of some of these strata, and found them between one seventeen thousand two hundred twentieth and one fifty-five thousand seven hundred sixtieth of an inch.† How have layers of such extreme tenuity, and yet continuous, been deposited all round the inner walls of an irregularly-shaped cavity? These are questions which, simple as they may seem to some at the first blush, will be found to grow in difficulty the more carefully they are studied.

Jacob Nöggerath, the venerable professor at Bonn, who many years ago paid great attention to the study of agates, always maintained that the liquid from which the silica was deposited gained access to the cavities through special openings, or inlets of infiltration.‡ In some specimens the canal actually remains open, but usually it has become choked by continued deposition of silica. An agate may be so cut by accident that the section passes through this infiltration channel. In some specimens several openings of this kind may be detected. Assuming, however, that the solution of silica was thus introduced, it is difficult to see how the deposit could have been regu-

larly thrown down in concentric layers all round the walls of the hollow; no thicker, be it remarked, on the floor of the cavity, than on its roof. It is true we find in certain agates horizontal layers, as though the mineral matter had settled on the floor in obedience to gravity; but then we are perplexed at finding that these flat bands often alternate in the same specimen with regularly concentric deposits, which run with uniform thickness all round the walls. Bischof suggested that the horizontal bands were formed when the fluid, having been introduced rapidly, was then allowed to rest in the bottom of the cavity; whilst the concentric zones were precipitated from a solution which filtered in slowly, and merely spread over the walls without accumulating on the floor.* To avoid the difficulty of explaining the formation of banded agates by admission of the liquid through special inlets, another hypothesis was advanced by the late Professor Haidinger. According to him the genesis of an agate could be best understood by assuming that, instead of a local infiltration, there had been a general exsudation through the walls of the cavity, so that all parts — the roof not less than the floor — would thus become uniformly coated with silica. The great objection to this explanation lies in the difficulty of understanding how the solution could continue to gain access to the cavity after the first impermeable layer had been deposited. Most mineral substances are porous, and Bischof has cited the case of a compact basalt which when freshly broken was found to contain drops of water in the very heart of the rock. Some of the layers of agate are permeable with great ease, either through distinct pores or between the fibres of which chalcedony commonly consists, as shown under the microscope. But it will be presently seen, when referring to the method of staining agates, that whilst some layers are thus freely permeable others appear to be absolutely impervious; and it is difficult to conceive how the agate-forming process could be continued after an impervious lining had once been thrown down upon the walls. To meet this objection, however, it is argued that every agate is sufficiently penetrated by direct fissures to offer means of ingress to the siliceous solution. Whatever views may be held as to the formation of the main mass of the agate, it is generally believed that the first

* "On Quartz, Chalcedony, Agate, Flint, Chert, Jasper, and other Forms of Silica geologically considered." By Professor T. Rupert Jones, F.R.S., etc. "Proc. Geol. Assoc." vol. iv., p. 443.

† *Philosophical Magazine*, (3), vol. xxii. p. 213.

‡ "Ueber die Achat-Mandeln in den Melaphyren." Haidinger's "Naturwiss. Abhandlungen," vol. iii., part i., pp. 93, 147.

* "*Lehrbuch d. Chem. u. Phys. Geologie*," 1866, vol. iii., p. 630.

lining of the cavity, in the form of a thin layer of delessite, or ferruginous chlorite, which constitutes the green rind of most agates, is the result of a general percolation and not of local deposition.

As both theories obviously present difficulties, a third mode of origin has been suggested by Dr. Reusch.* If a thin cream of plaster of Paris be introduced into an irregularly-shaped cavity, shaken round, and then poured out, a layer will be left lining the walls of the hollow; by introducing in this way plaster of various colors, successive layers are formed; and, on cutting open the nodule, the appearance presented is strikingly similar to that of a section of a banded agate. Reusch supposes that by the action of intermittent thermal springs the cavities in the amygdaloidal rock have been alternately filled and emptied. The solution carried upwards would certainly be more concentrated, and probably more highly colored than the descending solution, from which much of the silica had of course been separated during its sojourn in the cavity; hence the differences in the characters of the different layers. Not altogether satisfied with this theory, Herr Lange, of Idar, has suggested some modifications which he conceives will help to account for the regular deposition of thin layers lining the walls of the cavity.† He supposes that after gelatinous silica has been precipitated on the floor of a cavity, an accession of temperature causes the water to boil, and the pressure of the steam then forces the jelly in all directions against the walls of the enclosed space. If the tension of the steam become too great, it forces an exit by piercing the shell; hence what we commonly call inlets of infiltration may after all be exactly the reverse—eruptive, instead of irruptive, canals; channels of egress rather than of ingress.

Both Reusch and Lange argue in favor of the deposition of silica from heated solutions. Great, without doubt, is the solvent action of water at a high temperature, and great the proportion of silica capable of being thus held in solution, as testified by the vast mass of siliceous sinter deposited by the hot springs of Iceland, Colorado, and New Zealand. It has been well established too by the experiments of M. Daubrée,‡ that certain silicates are readily attacked by water at high tempera-

ture and pressure, and suffer decomposition with separation of silica. But, on the other hand, many excellent chemical geologists are satisfied with the feebleness of cold water, and see a sufficient cause of agate-making in the slow but ceaseless action of meteoric waters draining through the rock, decomposing the component silicates, and depositing free silica. Such action must necessarily be slow; so slow, in fact, that, according to Bischof's estimate, the deposition of a layer one line in thickness requires twenty-one years. In order to form one pound of amethyst at least ten thousand pounds of water must have been introduced into the cavity and evaporated; an action which has been estimated to occupy the vast period of twelve hundred and ninety-six thousand years.* But this represents the formation of only a small stone, whilst in some parts of the world agates of gigantic size have been brought to light. Thus, an agate weighing a centner (one hundred and ten pounds) was found near Oberstein in 1844. The cavities in which the larger agates occur, were probably formed by the coalescence of several gas bubbles in the original lava.

Whatever agates are found in this country are comparatively small, the finest being the well-known "Scotch pebbles," principally from the Perthshire traps. Larger and finer stones are found in the melaphyre of Oberstein, especially in a hill known as the Galgenberg, or Steinkaulenberg, near Idar, a small town about two miles from Oberstein. As the mother-rock decomposes, the imbedded agates fall out, and these accumulating in the soil attracted attention at a very early date. It was, in fact, this occurrence of agates that led to the systematic quarrying of the melaphyre, and to the planting of agate-mills in the neighboring valleys. Documentary evidence carries us back four centuries, to A.D. 1454; but how much earlier the Galgenberg agates were worked it is difficult to conjecture.† Only, however, within the last forty years has the industry been fully developed, and this development has unquestionably been due to the large supply of fine stones from South America. In fact, for many years past the agate quarries of the Galgenberg have not been worked. The writer of this article visited them about ten years ago, under the guidance of an old agate-worker in Idar, but found that they had been long

* "Ueber den Agat." Poggendorff's "Annalen," vol. cxliii., p. 94.

† "Die Halbedelsteine aus der Familie der Quarze." Von G. Lange, 1868, p. 17.

‡ "Etudes sur le Métamorphisme," 1860, p. 89.

* "Lehrbuch d. Chem. Geol.," vol. iii., p. 636.

† "Die Halbedelsteine und die Geschichte der Achat-Industrie," von G. Lange. The writer is much indebted to this work for local and technical details.

deserted. Adits had been run into the escarpment of the hill, and the softer parts of the melaphyre worked by irregular galleries. Agates, more or less perfect, are scattered in all directions over the floor of the workings, and may be picked out of the walls and roof; but these stones, though pretty enough as specimens, are for the most part scarcely worth cutting, consisting, as they generally do, of a thin rind of chalcedony, lined with a crop of amethyst crystals. A few German agates may, however, be still gathered by the poorer workers, though practically the mines have been abandoned in favor of the South American stones.*

It was in 1827 that some Idar agate-workers, who had emigrated to South America with the view of settling in the German colony of St. Leopoldo, observed that the courtyard of a country house was paved with pebbles not unlike the familiar stones of their own hills. Specimens sent home, when cut, polished, and stained, turned out to be beautiful carnelian. The fortunate discoverers collected with ease, from the bed of the Rio Taquarie in Uruguay, several hundredweight of the loose stones, and despatched them to Oberstein. From that day to this the South American stones have been constantly imported, and still form the staple material with which the German mills are fed. Numerous other discoveries in Uruguay have been made by emigrants from the agate district of Oberstein, who have devoted themselves to the task of collecting the stones—a task which at the present time is always difficult and often dangerous.

Originally the stones were collected with little trouble, and shipped at little cost; they were found loose in the soil, and brought over simply as ballast. Of late years, however, the trouble and cost have been greatly increased; the agates, becoming scarcer, are found only with difficulty, the owners of the soil demand a rent for the right of search, the governments of Uruguay and Brazil impose an export duty on the agates, and the shipowners charge for their freight. Large quantities of these so-called "Brazilian stones" are nevertheless still imported, and the impetus given to the agate trade by their discovery half a century ago is not likely to die away.

The agates, having been collected in the interior, are sent down to the coast in wagons drawn by mules or by oxen; they are generally taken to Porto Alegre or to

Salto, whence they are despatched to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres in order to be shipped to Europe. Hamburg, Antwerp, and Havre have at different times been their destination; but at whatever port received they are sent thence by rail to Oberstein. The carnelians, on account of the small size of the pebbles, are packed in cases, but the other stones, unless of exceptional quality, are conveyed in open trucks, like common paving-stones. Arrived at Oberstein, they are sorted, and made up in lots, which are exposed for sale by auction in the courtyard of some well-known inn. Advertisements are inserted in the local papers (the *Amts-Blatt für das Fürstenthum Birkenfeld*, or the *Nahethal Bote*), and previous to the sale the agate-workers examine the parcels of stones, chip off fragments, and test them at home with special reference to their capability of receiving color by processes to be presently explained. The stones, when purchased, are sent to the agate-mills, where they are cut and polished on wheels turned by water-power.

In determining the location of the agate industry an abundant supply of water-power was a factor quite as important as the presence of the stones themselves. From the heights of the Hochwald and the Idarwald, in which the Hundsrück culminates, numerous streams roll down with great rapidity, and finally pour themselves into the river Nahe. Of these streams the most important to the agate-worker are the Idarbach and the Fischbach, especially the former. The little Idar is about 1,012 feet above the sea-level at the town of Idar itself, but at Oberstein, where it falls into the Nahe, its height is only 905 feet. In the valley between the two towns, scarce a couple of miles apart, most of the agate-mills are situated. In 1867 there were 153 mills, working 724 stones; and though the greater number of these are in Birkenfeld, some are situated in the adjoining Prussian territory.

Each mill contains from three to five stones, set on a horizontal axle, one extremity of which, passing outside the workshop, communicates with a water-wheel, by which the millstones are set in motion. Most of the older wheels are undershot, but overshot wheels are erected in the modern mills. Each wheel measures from ten to eighteen feet in diameter. As the working is dependent on a due supply of water it formerly happened that the mills were compelled to stand idle during the drought of summer or the frosts of winter; artificial provision is, however, now made

* For a description of the quarries as they appeared thirty years ago, see Mr. W. J. Hamilton's paper in "Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc.," vol. iv., p. 209.

for a supply of water during the dry season, and the use of steam has been introduced to a limited extent. When the writer last visited Oberstein, a small engine of 16-horse power was working in the mill of the Gebrüder Purper in Idar; this engine gave motion to five millstones, accommodating ten men, but was capable of turning eight stones, employing sixteen grinders. Another engine was working at Herrstein.

The millstones are made of red sandstone from the Bunter of the neighborhood of Landstuhl, near Mannheim. Each wheel is about five feet in diameter, and rotates in a vertical plane; the lower half of the wheel moving in a well beneath the floor of the workshop. The broad edge of the wheel is kept moist by a stream of water constantly trickling down from a launder running above the series of stones. Before being brought into use, the wheels are seasoned by exposure for some time in the open air. Stones fresh from the quarry have been known to suddenly fly to pieces while rapidly rotating; and on two occasions grinders have thus been killed in the Oberstein mills.* The stones generally make three revolutions per second.

When choice stones are to be worked, it is usual to begin by slitting them into shape with steel wheels and diamond powder. The commoner agates, however, are not sawn, but roughly dressed with hammer and chisel, the workman acquiring by long practice great dexterity in striking the stones in the proper direction to insure the desired fracture. The grinding is effected on the broad edge of the red sandstone wheel, which is furrowed with channels corresponding in shape with the form which it is desired to give to the object under hand. Sometimes the agate is held simply in the grinder's hand, but usually it is attached to the end of a short stick, and thus applied to the moving wheel. During the rapid rotation of the wheel the siliceous stones are all aglow with a beautiful phosphorescent light, visible even in daylight; and the spectator can hardly bring himself to believe that the carnelians are not red hot. The phenomenon has been studied by Professor Nöggerath.†

One of the most striking, and at first sight painful, features in an agate-mill is the extraordinary position in which the grinders perform their work. Each stone

accommodates two men, side by side; but these men, instead of sitting at the wheel, lie stretched in an almost horizontal position. The workman lies upon a low wooden grinding-stool, specially constructed to fit to the chest and abdomen, leaving the limbs free; the hands are engaged in holding and guiding the agate, whilst the feet are firmly pressed against short stakes, or blocks of wood, screwed into the floor; the reaction enabling the grinder to press the agate with much force against the moving millstone. Long experience has shown that in this unnatural position the workman has the greatest command over his work, and the grinding is, in fact, carried on traditionally in the same way as it was certainly done a century ago. It might be supposed that the health of the workman would suffer by this constant compression of his chest, but so far from this being the case, the grinders seem to be a strong class of men; they are often to be heard singing cheerfully at their work, and are contented though receiving extremely low wages. It is, in fact, the low value of labor in this rather out-of-the-way district that enables dealers in this country and elsewhere to sell polished agates at excessively low prices.

After having been ground, the agates are polished on cylinders of hard wood or on metal discs, either of lead or of zinc; these are caused to rotate by leather bands connected with the axis of the water-wheel which turns the millstones. Moistened tripoli is employed as the polishing agent. The hollowing-out of vessels, such as bowls; the boring of agate beads; and the engraving of cameos, on onyx, are branches of agate-working which are largely practised at Oberstein, but which we have no space here to describe. It remains, however, to notice one of the most interesting departments of the industry.

Beautiful as agates unquestionably are in their natural state, their beauty is, in the judgment of most people, greatly enhanced by the artificial processes of coloring to which the stones are now almost universally subjected by the Oberstein workers. Not that the art of staining is by any means a modern discovery. It was, in fact, known to the ancients, and the matter did not escape the notice of the omnivorous Pliny, though his description is obviously imperfect.* He tells us

* "Description of the Agate Mills at Oberstein in Germany." *Mechanic's Magazine*, 1823, vol. i., p. 199.

† *Philosophical Magazine* (4), vol. xlvii., p. 237.

* See Nöggerath's paper, "*Die Kunst Onyx, Carneole, Chalcedone, und andere verwandte Steine zu färben, zu Erläuterung einer Stelle des Plinius Secundus.*" (*Neues Jahrbuch*," 1847, p. 473.) The

that the Arabian stones are purified by leaving them for seven days and seven nights in honey. Now the stones might be left in honey till doomsday without their tint being in any wise improved, and yet not a word is said with respect to any further treatment. If a stone, which has been steeped in honey, be placed in sulphuric acid, the acid entering the pores of the stone decomposes the saccharine matter which has been absorbed, and a deposit of carbon is thus thrown down in a finely divided form in the interstices of the stone, producing a deep black color. To believe that the ancients stained their agates in this way is to assume that they were acquainted with oil of vitriol; but as it is generally believed that this acid was first obtained by Basil Valentine in the fifteenth century, some writers have suggested that the Roman stone-workers availed themselves of the sulphuric acid naturally exhaled in certain volcanic districts, whilst others again have maintained that the sugar was charred by simple exposure to heat. In whatever manner the ancients effected the coloring, it is certain that the Italian cameo-workers have always been familiar with a process of staining, and these workers were in the habit of visiting Oberstein, from time to time, for the purpose of purchasing the finest onyxes, which they took back to Rome, there to be stained and engraved. The German workers, who sold the uncolored stones, remained, however, entirely ignorant of the process until the year 1819. It then happened that a native of Idar and one of the Roman stone-engravers got into difficulties in Paris, and were imprisoned together; during their confinement they became communicative, the conversation frequently turned upon agates, in which they had a common interest, and the secret escaped from the loquacious Italian. Shortly afterwards it was conveyed to Oberstein, and, once out, soon became common property. The art of coloring, so as to produce good onyx from comparatively worthless stone, gave great impetus to the manufacture.

As at present practised, the stones, having been well washed, are usually placed in a syrup of honey and water, or in some cases, in olive-oil. They are then exposed for some time—at least three days, and often longer—to a moderate heat, in a vessel standing in hot ashes or on a German stove, care being taken that the liquid

does not boil. When removed they are well washed and placed in sufficient commercial oil of vitriol to cover them, and again exposed to gentle heat. After they have taken color, they are removed and well washed; and it is often the practice to finally lay them in oil, which improves the lustre. If too strongly stained, the color may be “drawn” by the action of nitric acid.* The *rationale* of the process of coloring is extremely simple. Certain layers of an agate are found to be porous, whilst others are well-nigh impervious. When, therefore, such an agate is steeped in syrup or in oil, the liquid is absorbed by the porous layers only, and the subsequent treatment with sulphuric acid carbonizes the saccharine or oleaginous matter, and thus produces a deep brown or blackish color in certain strata, by impregnation with carbon. Some agates never lend themselves to this treatment, and altogether refuse to take color, whilst others color in a few hours: the South American stones usually take the color readily, and hence their great value to the cameo-worker.

It is clear that the essence of this process lies in the differences of texture displayed by the various strata in an agate. Such differences are strikingly seen when a polished section of an agate is exposed to the action of hydrofluoric acid; the different layers are then corroded in different degrees, and a rough surface is obtained, from which Dr. Leydolt has been enabled to print perfect impressions, showing with fidelity every line in the structure of the stone.†

At the same time that the porous layers of an agate are deepened in color by the process of staining, the intervening non-porous strata appear to be brought out of purer white color than before. This is probably in many cases the effect of contrast only; but it is known that chalcedony of bluish tint may by the action of heat be converted into a pure white stone. When an agate has been properly stained it usually exhibits alternate bands of strongly contrasted black and white chalcedony, thus becoming a true *onyx*—a stone greatly prized by the cameo-worker, who skilfully engraves a subject in the white layer, which then stands out upon a dark-colored ground. If the lower stratum, instead of being black, be brown or

passage referred to is in Pliny's “Nat. Hist.,” bk. xxxvii., cap. 75.

* “The Science of Gems.” By Archibald Billing, M.D., etc., 1867, p. 62. This interesting work contains a view of Oberstein.

† “*Denkschriften d. k. Ak. d. Wissenschaften.*” Vienna, vol. v., p. 107.

reddish, the stone is known as a *sardonyx*: large numbers of such stones are cut for setting in rings. The reddish tint of the sardonyx and of the carnelian may be readily developed artificially, and the process of "burning" by which this is effected was indeed known in Germany long before the methods of coloring onyxes were patent. It had often been observed that greyish-colored agates, after long exposure to sunshine, became reddened, and the effect of artificial heat in developing the color had likewise been accidentally observed. Experiments were tried in 1813, and since then the stones have been systematically burned whenever carnelians are required, as has indeed been practised for ages in the East. The German workmen expose the stones for several weeks to the heat of an oven, the temperature being at first very gentle, and then gradually raised. When all moisture has been thus expelled, the stones are moistened with sulphuric acid, and again exposed to heat, the temperature being this time slowly raised to redness. The reddened stone must of course be allowed to cool very gradually.

In 1845 an Idar manufacturer introduced a method of coloring stones bright blue; but this process, unlike those previously described, produces an effect quite unknown among natural stones. Commonly, the agate is steeped first in solution of a ferric salt—a per-salt of iron—and then in ferrocyanide of potassium, or yellow prussiate of potash, whereby a precipitate of Prussian blue is thrown down in the pores of the stone. Other methods are employed, but these will suggest themselves to any chemist; in fact, almost any process yielding a blue precipitate may be applied.

About the year 1855 a green color was introduced, and chalcedony was thus tinted to resemble the natural chrysoprase. This color is produced by the use either of chromic acid or of a salt of nickel. Yellow is also a favorite tint among the Oberstein workers, and is commonly obtained by steeping the stones in hydrochloric acid. Of late years various fancy colors have likewise been employed, and even the aniline dyes have been pressed into the lapidary's service. Such tints are, however, fugitive, and are certainly to be eschewed as utterly unnatural, and therefore to most mineralogists little short of repulsive.

It is unnecessary to follow any of the minor branches of the agate industry, but in dismissing the subject let it not be for-

gotten that it is an industry which, in the neighborhood of Oberstein and Idar, gives employment to some three thousand hard-working and contented people.

From The Examiner.

A POLYNESIAN GRISELDA.

WAS there ever a Griselda? The heroine Petrarch and Boccaccio found for after poets and the world, Chaucer's "flour of wifly patience," remains with us lifelike too to-day; but is her character, with its sublime and ludicrous submission, its dignity and abjectness of utter obedience, its sedate approval of a lord and master's crimes, its strength and its servility, a possibility in the life of any age or people? No, answer experience, instinct, observation, induction, deduction, history, psychology—every form of reasoning and research. No, say the husbands emphatically. No, still more emphatically, say the wives. But other news has come from Polynesia. Griselda really existed there. At least the Rev. William Wyatt Gill says she did, and he is a missionary, and bound to keep his anecdotes truthful. Mr. Gill knew a man whose father knew her and all her family, including her husband. Mr. Gill does not call her Griselda; her name was Rao. And she did not entirely rival the Marquis of Saluzzo's wife, for her conjugal humility was not put to the test so long and so subtly. She had no children to give up to death as, like herself, their father's "own thing," and she was not called on to prepare her successor's wedding-feast. Her husband, being but an uneducated savage, merely took his own way with her, without any view to advancing her higher moral interests and teaching her to be a good wife; thus her womanly affections, her love and her jealousy, were not experimented upon, and her time of trial was short—an hour or two against Griselda's twelve years of contented endurance. But if ever the spirit of Griselda inhabited mortal body it must have been in this woman.

Rao, the idolized daughter of Rongovei, became the wife of a famous warrior, Tupa, chief fighter of his clan. They were a well-assorted and happy couple, and their pride in each other was almost as great as their love. If no Rarotongan hero could boast such a tale of vanquished and eaten foes as Tupa, who had such skill in music and song as the beautiful

Rao? Their countrymen gloried in them both, and they knew it. They lived a little apart from their fellow-villagers in a shadowed spot beneath cocoa-palms and chestnuts and breadfruit trees; the low wall that parted off their plot of home-ground from the luxuriant tropical wilderness around them was hidden with vines tangled among roses in perpetual bloom; from the distance the sound of the rushing breakers foaming against the coral rocks came softened into a lullaby. Here the married lovers lived in blissful peace, sharing together the gentle duties of home and, says Rao in her dirge, scarcely ever separated. Only the brave delight of war could draw Tupa from his darling's side; then he would hasten from the battle-field, clad with fresh renown, and bearing his prey with him; and there was rejoicing and banquetting, and Rao had composed a new song, one of the sweet little love-ditties or plaintive laments for which she was celebrated, and sang it tenderly when the feast was over and the savory foeman put away. A sister of Tupa's came to live with them, but she was devoted to her sister-in-law, and made no mischief. There was no cloud in the sky till the day when the enthusiasm of the too uxorious husband passed the wonted bounds and he loved not wisely but too well.

One day Rao, having little to do, be-thought herself that her luxuriant raven tresses had been too much neglected of late, and set to work to restore them to their natural splendor. But they were so impenetrably matted that all her pains went for nothing, and finally she thought it best to shave them off altogether; they would grow again more abundant than ever. She called Tupa to her aid, and he obligingly proceeded to remove her hair with a razor made of a shark's tooth fixed on a reed. Soon, to her joy, he had discovered a new beauty in his beautiful wife: as the white skin began to shine in patches through the thinned locks his eyes dwelled on it in admiration, and from time to time he burst into interjections of rapture. Presently the whole scalp was bare, and Tupa gazed in silence lost in ecstatic thought. "Does it all look so white?" said Rao, coquetishly bent on more compliments. It did, and Tupa's resolution was already formed. Kindly but resolutely he announced to her his intention of forthwith eating her; a woman with so fairskinned a head was too appetizing to resist. And when she had given one quick appealing glance at him she knew he was in earnest.

Boccaccio puts into the mouth of Griselda, when Walter of Saluzzo demanded of her the sacrifice of her infant son, an exquisite little speech full of tender subservience, "*Signor mio, pensa di contentarte e di sodisfare al piacer tuo, e di me non avere pensiero alcuno, per ciò che niuna cosa m'è cara se non quant'io la veggo a te piacere*" — or as the English ballad tersely renders it, —

Sith you, my lord, are pleased with itt,
Poore Grissel thinkes the actyon fitt.

In like spirit, but more laconically, Rao accepted her master's behest. "Do as thou wilt," she said simply. And then, while Tupa busied herself in getting ready the oven outside the house, she sat still indoors and composed a poem. With a confidence in her fidelity which does honor to them both, Tupa appears to have kept no watch over her; the village was not far off, two brothers of hers lived at an easy distance, but Rao had no thought of flight. She could not but know that public opinion would be against Tupa's manner of using his marital authority, for wife-eating was far from being a recognized custom in Rarotonga, but the true-hearted wife knew her duty, and would invoke no aid against her husband. She had

The laws of marriage characted in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart,

and the will of the natural arbiter of her destiny sufficed her. Still it must be owned that here she seems to fall short of the ideal perfection of Griselda. Griselda would have got ready the oven herself. Griselda, however, was not a poet; and Rao had her dirge to make. One might have been tempted to point from this a moral against literary occupations for women, since even a Rao could be drawn away by them from her housewifely duties, but that we are expressly told that she had been habitually diligent in preparing the daily food, and that she herself in her last poem refers with a pardonable touch of pride to the condition of her oven. Perhaps we may assume that it was by Tupa's desire she devoted her last moments to immortalizing their love and its fatal issue in her celebrated lament, instead of assisting him in the needful preparations.

Tupa's work took some time. The oven, a hole in the ground, was deep and wide, and he had to split firewood enough nearly to fill it, then to lay stones on the firewood. Next the firewood had to be all burnt to ashes, and the red-hot stones to be carefully arranged above the ashes

with a long hooked stick. Then a quantity of thick juicy leaves, freshly plucked, had to be thrown on the hissing stones, and when a cloud of scented steam rose into the air, and only then, the oven would be ready for Rao to be laid in it and carefully covered with more of the rich banana and breadfruit leaves. She had plenty of leisure for composition. And her sister-in-law sat by her, listening attentively, that she might be able to publish the poem afterwards to the tribe. This was Rao's lament:—

Alas! how have we talked, we two, till now!
Weep, my love, weep:
And now, farewell; we part; and I am gone:
Weep for me, weep.

How have we talked together, two alone!
Ah, me! my joy, wilt thou not heed my moan?
My time is near,
Death is already here.

Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.
Weep, dearest, weep.

E rua ua karireia ē.

Weep for me, weep.
The sun drops down below the mountain's brow;

Love, wilt thou not think pity of my fate?
Lo, my trim well-used oven by our gate!
Hark! how he lops the branches from our tree!

He spreads the fire! hark! 'tis for cooking me.
Weep for me, weep.

Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.

Weep for me, weep.
How happily have we two lived till now,
In the sweet tasks of love, and side by side,
In nothing known apart. And, if thy bride
Was Rongovei's darling, not less dear
The son-in-law who in the famine year
Hungered to spare him of thy scanty cheer.
Weep, my love, weep.

Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.

Ay, my love, weep,
Lo, I am but the thing thy words allow,
The dusky caval-fish, food prized by thee,
The frequent fish from out the teeming sea,
Turned over, over, in your oven's braise:
But thou, my husband, thou, surpassing praise,
Art fairer than the breadfruit cloth bleached white

And flashing in the noonday's sunny light.

Weep for me, weep.

Farewell; we part forever; farewell, thou.

Weep for me, weep.
Oh pity me, my husband, dearest, best;
I am thine own, destroy me; 'twas my vow—
Yet keep me, darling, keep me, and forgive;
Clasp me once more unto thy constant breast;
Oh! for thine own sake spare me, let me live.

Nay weep, nay weep.

Farewell, we part forever; farewell, thou.

Weep, my love, weep.

E rua ua karireia ē.

Mr. Gill suggests "Fal, lal, lal," as the English equivalent of the burden of mere vocal sounds occurring in the first and last stanzas, "*E rua ua karireia ē.*" But one can hardly admit that Rao, however desirous of expressing her resignation, would, as a poet, have chosen to do so by enlivening her dirge with a comic chorus. Rather it may be supposed that the sounds have a note of sorrow in them to Polynesian ears; something corresponding to the mournful "waly, waly," of one of our own most pathetic ballads. There is a touch of craft in the praise of Tupa's conduct during the famine; Rao, who would not be guilty of argument against her husband, would yet, if she could, awake in him the remembrance of his former self-control—how he had borne to be hungry and had eventually been all the happier for it: she would, if she could, insinuate into his mind an emulation of himself. A like subtlety appears in the next stanza; it is not only for the aptness of the metaphors that she speaks of caval-fish and of bread-fruit, the reference to them might perhaps inspire her husband with an appetite for more customary food than herself. Yet one would not blame her for her harmless devices to turn her husband's mood, as if they had been a resistance to it. And if, unlike Griselda who was pleased with everything that happened to her and through all her miseries "lived contented," she breaks into grief and even entreaty, it must be remembered that she could not compose a lament without.

Parenthetically it may be remarked that this unsophisticated savage, whom Mr. Gill's friend's father knew, industrious over her last song while the oven was being made ready for her, offers an encouragement to those whose sense of congruity is jarred upon by the cavatine of sopranos and tenors in peril on the operatic stage. The child of nature did what librettists make the *prima donna* do.

Rao completed her dirge to her own and her sister-in-law's satisfaction, and sat practising it, ready for Tupa. It so moved the sister-in-law that she formed an heroic resolution—a resolution which she kept—that she would not eat a morsel of Rao. She might perhaps have called some of Rao's family to the rescue, but she was an invalid, dying of cancer, and could not leave the house. All she could do she did; she learned the song. At last Tupa had got his leaves asteam, and came. Rao sang him the dirge. Then he

strangled her and hastened with her to the oven.

Tupa had his feast that day, and looked forward to the morrow. But on the morrow, while he was out hiding some of his provisions in an extemporized storehouse in the bole of a hollow chestnut-tree, Rao's two brothers strolled over to see her, and the sister-in-law, unable to forgive her brother for depriving her of Rao's companionship and kindly attendance, told the story of Tupa's dinner. The brothers hastened to their home for their spears, tracked Tupa to his chestnut-tree, rushed together upon him with a mighty shout, and in one moment he lay dead at their feet. They cooked him in his own oven under the chestnut-trees by his gate, the oven which, still seen near the ruined homestead, bears Rao's name. He had laid the fire ready to light that day to re-cook some of his wife. What was left of Rao was duly anointed with aromatic oil and, shrouded in breadfruit-cloth, solemnly lowered into the great chasm where the dead of her tribe were placed to rest under the guardianship of the gods.

Grisild is dead, and eke her patience.

The missionaries have taught the Rarotongan women that it is their duty not to be eaten even by their husbands.

From The Spectator.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S PICTURES.

THAT little friend of Lord Granville's who, on finding that the illustrations in his present to her were poorly executed, dropped her book, with a curtsy, into the waste-paper basket, had, he thinks, obviously been æsthetically educated by the highly-finished drawings and engravings produced for the children of the present day. But none the less, we doubt very much whether the children of the present day, with all their finely-executed picture-books, are really as well off in this respect as our great and great-great grandfathers and grandmothers, with their "Marshall's Universal Battledore" and "Universal Shuttlecock," price 2*d.*; "Jacky Dandy's Delight," price 1*d.*; "The Good Child's Delight," price 4*d.*; and all the other "fine gilt-books," which, as it is stated in the history of "Billy Freeman and Tommy Truelove," were bought by that excellent, though somewhat shapeless gentleman, Squire Martin, "from Mr. Marshall, No.

17 Queen Street, Cheapside, and No 4 Aldermay Churchyard, Bow Lane" [was he, we wonder, the prehistoric form of Simpkin and Marshall?] to give to "such little *good* Girls and Boys" as he (Squire Martin) should find worthy of them. It cannot be denied, indeed, that the art, as well as the literature, of those old days (say, from the end of the seventeenth to the end of the eighteenth centuries) abounded in fictitious assumptions. When Billy Freeman gets attacked by the turkey-cocks in Farmer Kilbacon's yard, and when Squire Martin rescues him from their clamor, and asks him what is the matter, and Billy replies in much agitation, "Si-si-si-sir, I, I, wa-was going to p-p-play in the farmer's yard, and the turkies hissed me out; and that is not all, the great dog barked at me, and pulled me into the hog-trough," — the benevolent Squire Martin rejoins with this audacious fiction, "'Pho-pho, I am sure both the dog and the turkies are good-natured to all boys and girls who learn their Book, and are dutiful to their parents. But now I talk of books, let me hear how you can read;' so sitting down on a bench, he took Billy between his knees, and pulling out one of 'Marshall's Universal Battledores,' asked him the letters," — whereon, of course, it appears that Billy knew none of them, and so verified the violent hypothesis of the jesuitical Squire as to the relation between the tyranny of turkeys and the penalties of ignorance. And that bold fiction of the late Mr. Marshall's benevolent customer is, in fact, a very good illustration of the pious frauds, not only of the teachers, but of the artists of the day. When Billy Freeman and Tommy Truelove knock up a friendship at school, and we are told that they had "become the delight of all the ladies and gentlemen in the country," the artist who delineates them is most anxious to possess all who see his work with the fiction that the whole creation recognizes their merits. He presents them to us with their ruffled hands clasped in each other, their extensive bag-waist-coats extending over very well-nourished bellies nearly to their knees, their legs, clad in small-clothes, standing very wide apart, so that all animate things might get a peep of the world under either triumphal arch, while the demure faces under their cocked hats express in the most legible characters for all the gentry of the neighborhood their dutiful satisfaction in that marvellous brotherly love for which they have become so renowned. The artists of the olden days were evidently as anxious as the

schoolmasters to imbue youth with the fanciful superstition that no harm could happen to the good. The preternatural satisfaction, for instance, with which the good basket-maker of the story, stripped to the skin, but nevertheless with folded arms significant of profound equanimity, goes off at the king's command behind his once rich oppressor in a like state of nature but with arms in wild agitation, as showing his very slight confidence in *his* moral resources, "to a savage and remote island," only in order to teach the latter a lesson as to the moral advantages of industry over indolent wealth wherever human nature is reduced to its lowest terms, would alone tell the reader in the most vivid way how completely the artist was ready to enter into the pious fraud of Squire Martin, and persuade the children who gazed upon his pictures that all the world conspires together to punish indolence and reward industry. And it is the same with all the pictures in which the didactic ages delighted. We have before us, for instance, a facsimile of one of the great picture-alphabets of the Puritan Fathers, printed at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1691, in which "Z," for instance, stands for Zaccheus, of whom it is stated that

Zaccheus, he
Did climb the Tree,
Our Lord to see,

the picture representing Zaccheus as a sort of turnip with four dots of features upon it, into which a very fuzzy gorse-bush has unexpectedly blossomed, while the turnip hangs from the gorse-bush in so dangerous a position as to threaten falling on the heads of the small crowd with extended arms standing beneath. Yet even those four dots representing the features of Zaccheus manage to convey, not the humility of the man, but his self-satisfaction that the tree had been provided for his benefit, as a sort of reserved seat at a function of importance. This picture-alphabet may well be said to represent a period much more rudimentary, in the art of engraving at all events, than was the older stone age in drawing on reindeer horns. Yet the profound satisfaction and delight of morality in itself, and the subserviency of all creation to it, is deeply engraved upon it. Thus the letter "O," in the Puritan's alphabet, is accompanied by this admirable rhyme, —

Young Obadiah,
David, Josias,
All were pious,

and is illustrated by three figures with wands in their hands, so rudely drawn that it would seem hardly possible they should have any expression at all, but yet there is an expression of moral triumph over the universe, even in the scratches which shadow forth the countenances of Young Obadiah and his two companions. And the same may be said of the illustration annexed to the letter "S," and which is accompanied by the lines, —

Young Sam'l dear
The Lord did fear.

"Young Sam'l's" face is wholly undecipherable, but his right arm is raised, certainly not in supplication, but in a most Pharisaic attitude of victorious virtue. There can be no doubt in any one's mind who has concerned himself at all with the illustrated children's books of the age of our ancestors, that the art of these books abounded in the moral fictions which are repeated in the didactic literature of the same day, and delighted in representing the triumphant power of morality over all things, animate and inanimate, and was even penetrated with the notion, — very much in opposition to the orthodox theology of the day, — that the good man was satisfied from himself.

Yet we suspect that Lord Granville's little *protégée* might, if she had been given one of the old illustrated works of our great-grandmothers, instead of the best work of the modern kind, have found much more delight in it than she could ever find in the most finished pictures of the new children's books. For one thing, in the old didactic illustrations, you never could mistake the artist's purpose, — and that, at all events with children, is no small matter. It may be very true, that the artist's purpose was to some extent jesuitical, — to make bad boys look more miserable than they are, and good boys more prosperous; to make prim girls appear the idol of all their friends, and lively ones their embarrassment and horror, which is not according to life; but anyhow, the satisfaction of a picture, especially for the young, depends in great measure on the easy mastery of its motive. When Billy Freeman and Tommy Truelove stand hand-in-hand, with their lace ruffles gracefully mingled, and their two pairs of legs bowed by the sympathy of friendship, so as to enclose precisely symmetrical arcs, no child has a moment's doubt that the moral dignity attained by these schoolboy paragons of friendship is the real subject of the picture. All the Freemans and the

Trueloves and all their connections evidently had such a picture, or something like it, continually before their mind's eye, and the artist was but reducing to visible form the vision of an enthusiastic countryside. So in the Puritans' Almanack of 1691, where Mr. Rogers, the Marian martyr, is seen enveloped in a mass of apparently wavy calico, which is really meant for Smithfield flames, and Mrs. Rogers (with her nine small children) stands by in triumph, looking with delight at as much of her husband as is not hidden by the rolls of calico, the motive of the picture, — the complete triumph of piety over pain in both Mr. Rogers and his worthy spouse, — is as conspicuous as is the scoffing disposition of the soldiers who are on guard at the stake. But the modern pictures have this defect that they are so very like fragments of real life (to which there is frequently no motive), that the child cannot catch any drift in the pictures at all, and is very apt, therefore, to get a much fainter impression out of them than out of the letter-press itself.

Again, whatever may be said of the execution of the old-fashioned illustrations, no one can deny their grotesqueness, nor the efficiency of that grotesqueness in impressing on children's minds the ideas associated with it. And though it is true that its tendency is to associate those ideas rather with the sense of the ludicrous than with any feeling of sympathy, yet we are not at all sure that that materially injures the effectiveness of the artist's purpose, so far as it was a wholesome purpose at all. For if you feel inclined to laugh at the ostentatious and pompous self-sufficiency of the virtue so grotesquely delineated, you feel no less inclined to laugh at the ostentatious idiocy and weakness of the folly or the vice, so that both sides of the controversy being alike inlaid with quaint exaggerations, the whole tendency of the result remains unaltered, though it is associated with a certain background of ludicrous effects. And the pleasure which the illustrations give is probably greater than any pleasure which undistorted art and accurate realism could carry into the undeveloped mind of a child. For undistorted art and truth must be full of the most complex shades and colors, which in their subtlety and completeness go far beyond a child's apprehension. All special emphasis involves a kind of disproportion; and all grotesqueness a certain amount of abstraction from real life, and an excessive stress on some quality out of which the sense of oddity arises. Why, for instance,

is the picture of the ill-behaved Miss Gresham, who jumps up on chairs, and goes down on all fours in the strawberry-bed to pick herself strawberries, so impressive in its contrast with the little prigs in mob-caps, — Miss Offley and the Miss Townsends, who look like lugubrious charity children engaged in singing psalms? Because the almost idiotic *diablerie* of the one child and the intolerable propriety of the others sets you off in fits of laughing, before you are aware of the details of Miss Gresham's bad behavior, which is thus described. At tea she "eagerly turned over the toast to search for the largest pieces, and helped herself so often that Mrs. Offley at last said, 'My dear Miss Gresham, I would have you eat as much as is proper for you, I am sure, but I think your mamma would not be pleased with your manner of helping yourself, nor with your taking so large a quantity. You must excuse me if I say I think you have had enough.' She then asked Miss Townsend and her sister, who had eaten much less, if they did not choose another cake or a piece more toast; to which Miss Townsend answered, 'Indeed, madam, we do not choose to eat any more, but if you will give me leave, I will put this small cake in my pocket for my brother Edward.' 'I do not give you leave to take that, miss,' said Mrs. Offley; 'I beg you will eat it, and I will give you another for Master Townsend.' 'That may be your present, then, madam,' says Miss Townsend, 'but if you please, this shall be saved for him, as I saved it from what I took for myself.'" Now if, in the illustrations of these exemplary children, and the foil who sets them off, as a black background sets off a highly-colored foreground, the bad girl had not been made to look like pure greed and dishevelled impudence, and the good ones all primness and starch, there would have been nothing to illustrate. It is this which makes the point of the story, and if these excessive traits had been merged in a multitude of subdued realistic lines, the whole meaning for children would be gone. The old-fashioned illustrator used the features of rebellious or of dutiful children as the algebraist uses symbols apart from concrete numbers, — in order to fix attention on the *only* qualities with which it concerned him to deal. Now, in whatever direction that practice may have failed, it at least succeeded in the one object of associating moral lessons with some of the funniest figures, and some of the blandest assumptions of triumphant infantine virtue, which were ever

drawn upon paper. That surely is a great deal better than so delineating any moral incident as to make nothing clear except that it is doubtful whether there were any lesson in it to be made clear. The old artists may have given us little but the skeleton of their lesson, and that in no very elegant disguise, but the modern artists give us too often no lesson at all,—only that hard concrete of fact out of which it is almost impossible for children to extract a significance, or with which they can associate any definite meaning. For children, at least, the old grotesque exaggerated art was both the more amusing and the more impressive.

From The Month.
SCENERY IN HOLLAND.

THERE is Schiedam, with its three hundred distilleries of the "precious liquor," gin, hollands, which you please, though properly it is Schiedam; there it stands enveloped in smoke, and redolent, out to its very station, with local smells which are not all of spirit. For Schiedam, like Cologne, has odors which are not perfumes. And well indeed it may, seeing that its population comprises sixteen thousand people and forty thousand pigs! The bibeds manufacture and help to consume the spirit, the quadrupeds work not, but fatten upon the grain. Sturdy Dutch are they, both in their several ways, and, as the picture-galleries of Europe show us, dear alike to the hearts, eyes, and hands of the native painters. Next follows Delft, a name familiar in our mouths as household words, for what household is without its delft? Dickens, if we rightly remember, has photographed the place, or should we not rather say, has painted a Dutch word-picture of it, somewhere in his magazine, which is so good that it will well repay a search for it even with so vague a reference as we can give. As we travel on towards the Hague we look with

wondering eyes upon the scenery around. It is so familiar: the wide-spreading, flat country, every broad meadow, every stagnant, weed-covered ditch which encloses it and shuts it off from just such another meadow on every side of it; every high and narrow road which rises above and between these verdant meadows and as verdant dykes, every cow ruminating in the rich pastures, or turning its calm, placid eyes on the passing train; every farmer jogging along on his heavy horse, and every milkmaid with her bright copper pail, seems to have been painted for us years ago by Cuyp, who has caught, too, with such wondrous skill the sun-glow which illuminates without brightening the scene, and with its rich haze of golden warmth makes languor an enjoyment and idleness almost a necessity of life. Here at our very entrance into the land came upon us that strange sensation, which repetition could never make quite familiar, and which sometimes comes across us so queerly in dreams that we have somewhere and somehow seen and felt all this before. We appear to know what will occur next, and see beforehand place and circumstances which are yet upon us for the first time. Who has not felt and shuddered at this, which in many cases is so inexplicable? But here, of course, the mystery is soon unravelled. The Dutch painters — those, at least, who are Dutch in their subjects also — seeming to have little to kindle their imaginative powers, throw their strength into the real, and concentrate into a literal reproduction of what is before their eyes the faculties which with others are more variously employed. The materials for their compositions are of necessity few and simple, but these they have deeply studied and honestly represented. Doubtless there is a dignity in this simple treatment of homely and unpicturesque scenes, for in truth there is a refinement which the cultivated eye cannot fail to recognize that raises them — artist and picture alike — into a very high place on the roll of art.

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Fifth Series, }
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MORBEGNO.

THERE is a long straight road in Lombardy
 Bordered with stunted trees and maize and
 vines,
 And at its side the stealthy Adda slides,
 Spreading the poison of its humid breath;
 While dismal mists like wandering spectres
 steal
 From rush-grown marshes and from osier beds,
 And lay their cruel hands on human life,
 Strangling its joy with clutch of fell disease.
 We travelled on this road one summer day,
 And at Morbegno rested for an hour;
 The deadly mists hung close around the town,
 The faded town, with houses gaunt and old,
 And frescoes peeling from the mildewed walls,
 And trouble-smitten people in the streets.
 I see them still — those piteous haunting eyes
 That gaze out wistfully from lifelong woe,
 The vacant smile, the sad distorted face,
 The wrinkled skin, the aimless feeble hands.
 And through the mists there came a sound
 of bells,
 In chimes that still had sweetness of their own,
 But yet had lost the clue which guided them,
 And had forgotten what they used to say.
 O sweet, sad bells! O never-ended chime!
 My voice went forth to God with those wild
 notes —
 "Hast thou, indeed, made all men here for
 naught?
 Do they not cry aloud these souls of thine
 Whom thou hast formed to suffer till they die?
 What have they done, these weary stricken
 ones,
 That age to age should hand their misery
 down,
 One generation sending on thy curse
 To that which follows in its hopeless track?
 I call thee Father, and in thy great name
 Thy spirit binds to mine in bonds of love
 All human beings on this world of thine:
 Brothers and sisters thou hast made us, Lord.
 I cannot bear the woe of these I love,
 Let me but suffer for them. O my God,
 Gather thy wrath, thy vengeance in one cup,
 And pour it out on me, but give them joy.
 "Of old it 'was expedient one should die,
 And that all should not perish.' Let it be
 Thy will once more, and bid the plague be
 stayed.
 See, in their misery they kneel to thee,
 These men and women who must bear thy
 curse,
 See how they gather round the wayside shrine
 And lift their weary hands to him who hangs
 Upon the cross, and comforts human hearts
 By having known the worst of human pain.
 The 'Man of Sorrows' is their only God;
 What should they know of One who reigns
 alone

Above all suffering and human want,
 In endless plenitude of joy unknown
 To them by anything which life can show?"

Such my wild prayer, and in my soul I heard
 An answer wrought of pain and faith and hope.

"O foolish human heart that wrongest me,
 How long shall I bear with you, yea, how long
 Suffer you still to take my name in vain?
 How can those half-blind eyes that scan the
 gloom

See anything aright of all my work,
 And seeing not, why judge me in the dark?
 Perchance some day the clearer light will
 show

That pain, disease, and grief are gifts as great
 As strength and health and joy, which seem
 so dear.

Perchance some day in gazing back on life,
 From some high standing-place much further
 on,

Your soul will give its verdict. 'Even this,
 This place of doom in all its dreariness
 Was nearer to the blessed light of God
 Than I who pitied, and who prayed for it,' —
 And you shall envy those who suffered here,
 Who worked God's will through loathsome
 disease,
 And helped the world's redemption by their
 pain."

I bowed my head, my heart was humbled
 now.

"Father, forgive me. Like Morbegno's bells
 The ending of my cry is lost in doubt,
 Accept once more that plea made long ago
 By one who trusted thee. O, not alone
 For those he saw, Christ prayed his latest
 prayer,

We know not what we do, or say, or think.
 Father, forgive us. Let thy will be done." —
 And if it be that human misery
 Is working out God's will, ye suff'ring ones,
 Bear on through all things, for your rich re-
 ward

Is greater than our human hearts can grasp,
 Is deeper than our finite souls can reach.
 O weary men, your pain is dear to God;
 O women, who must bring your children forth
 Knowing them born to lives of misery,
 Take comfort, the eternal will is sweet,
 And ye are working out its large behest
 Though life is bitter. Children, with those
 eyes

So full of sorrow, and of coming doom,
 Our Father loves you, and the end is great
 Though hidden far away from human sight.
 Brothers and sisters, I could almost think
 I hear the secret told which no man knows,
 When I recall those patient weary eyes,
 That gaze out wistfully on lifelong woe.
 And God stays in Morbegno till the end,
 While we pass on to Como and forget.

Macmillan's Magazine.

F. M. OWEN.

From The Edinburgh Review.

FOREL ON THE ANTS OF SWITZERLAND.*

OF all subjects relating to the natural history of animals there is, perhaps, none more curious, attractive, and varied than that of insects, and of this class the order known to entomologists by the name of *Hymenoptera* stands prominently out, and has just claims to hold the first place amongst the other orders of the insect world.

The various members of this order are characterized by some remarkable peculiarities of structure, and by a highly developed instinct and intelligence; they are often excellent architects, and build for themselves and their young dwellings of elaborate form; they show an unbounded love of their offspring, which they guard with the greatest care and self-sacrifice; form governments, send forth colonies, and even in some instances capture slaves, whose labors they appropriate to themselves. Bees, wasps, ants, ichneumons, gall-flies, and saw-flies are examples of the order *Hymenoptera* more or less familiar to every one. The insects of this order have the following characteristics: all possess four wings; the female has an ovipositor in the shape of an auger or a saw, or a poisonous sting; all undergo a complete metamorphosis; the larvæ are generally helpless and footless grubs, and require to be supplied with food. Bees, wasps, and ants have engaged the attention of observers from the earliest times; it is the last-named alone to which we shall confine our remarks in this article. Ants belong to that section of the *Hymenoptera* known as the *Aculeata*, because in some cases the insects possess a poisonous sting; the species are either social or solitary; the latter (*Mutillidæ* Leach) consist only of two sexes, male and female; the males are always winged, the females wingless. The social ants (*Formicidæ*

and *Myrmicidæ* Leach) form communities, and consist of males, females, and workers or neuters; these last — though certainly not least in importance — are really immature females with aborted ovaries, and as a rule, to which, however, rare exceptions may occur, incapable of producing fertile eggs. It is of the social ants alone that we have to speak.

There is such a flood of curious matter surrounding the natural history of ants made known to us by patient modern observers, that we have not space at command for recording what the ancient classical writers have handed down, so we pass over the story of Herodotus about some Indian ants as large as foxes, which throw up hills of sand mixed with gold, and take no notice of the fables of Aristotle, Plutarch, and Pliny. Leuwenhoek, the patient Dutch philosopher and microscopist, and Swammerdam, the insect anatomist, are amongst the first to give us any real information on ants. The former studied their metamorphosis, and showed that the large white oval bodies which had hitherto been regarded as eggs were the larvæ or cocoons, the true eggs being very small bodies. Swammerdam confirmed the observations of his distinguished predecessor, manifesting deep and laborious research as well as giving very lucid descriptions; he traces the changes from the footless larva to the developed nymph, correctly telling us that the males and females have wings, that the rest, often a numberless host, are the neuters or workers as amongst bees and wasps, and that some of the larvæ are naked, others enclosed in cocoons. We must not forget to mention the name of an Englishman, William Gould, who in 1747 published "An Account of English Ants," in which he gives accurate information on the architecture of ants, their manners and customs, etc.; he denies that ants store up grains of corn for winter food, and correctly states that the ants of this country at least never eat corn nor, indeed, anything else in the winter time; he suggests, however, as has turned out to be the case, that perhaps foreign species do so. Mentioning only the names of Linneus, Geoffroy, Reaumur, Bonnet, De Geer, and

* 1. *Les Fourmis de la Suisse. Systématique, Notices Anatomiques et Physiologiques, Architecture, Distribution Géographique, Nouvelles Expériences et Observations de Mœurs.* By AUGUSTE FOREL. Genève: 1874.

2. *Harvesting Ants.* By J. TRAHERNE MOGGGRIDGE, F.L.S. London: 1873.

3. *Observations on Ants.* By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S. Linnean Society's Journal, Vol. XII.

Latreille, we come to the historian of ants, the sagacious, patient, and accurate M. Pierre Huber, the more illustrious son of an illustrious father; for it is to him that we are largely indebted for our knowledge of the habits and economy of these little insects. Huber's researches into the natural history of the ants of Switzerland embrace the subjects of their architecture, their development, the conduct of the workers to the fertilized females, their wars, their slave-making habits, migrations, affection for their comrades, their strange relations with the aphides and gall-insects, their internal language, etc. "Of so romantic a nature" did some of Huber's recorded facts appear to many, that he expresses himself happy that since the publication of his work he had frequently witnessed what he had described, and that he was not the only person who had noticed them, but that several good observers in Switzerland had themselves been eye-witnesses of the same facts, amongst whom he mentions especially and with pride the distinguished name of Latreille. "I can truly declare," says he, "that I have neither been led aside by fertile imagination, nor by a love of the marvellous." But we owe still further, though indirect, obligations to Pierre Huber, because his published researches have been the means of bringing before the entomological student one of the most valuable monographs ever published on this or any other subject of a similar nature; we allude to the great work of M. Auguste Forel, "*Les Fourmis de la Suisse*"—a work which has been justly crowned by the Swiss Society of Natural Science, and one which for some time will probably remain the chief authority on all that pertains to the history of ants. M. Forel in his preface distinctly states that his perusal of the admirable work of Pierre Huber in 1859 so intensely interested him, that he set himself at once to the study, and it is most pleasant to find that M. Forel's own researches confirm the general accuracy and truthfulness of Huber's work.

In England we are chiefly, as well as considerably, indebted to Mr. Frederick Smith, of the British Museum, for information "On the Genera and Species of

British Formicidæ," and to Sir John Lubbock, who has for some time been studying the habits of ants, and who has published in the "Journal of the Linnean Society" some very curious and interesting experiments; the same accomplished naturalist is still continuing his patient investigations, the result of which, it is probable, may incline us to be somewhat sceptical as to the inferences drawn from certain recorded facts, more especially with regard to the far-seeing wisdom of ants, their powers of communication, and their affection for their companions.

The various species of social ants must be extremely numerous; Mr. F. Smith, several years ago, said we have six hundred and ninety recorded species.

The metropolis of the group [he adds] undoubtedly lies in the tropics; and when we reflect upon the observation of Mr. Bates, who has collected for some years in Brazil—"I think," says that observant naturalist, "the number in the valley of the Amazons alone cannot be less than four hundred species"—if this prove to be the case how limited must our present knowledge of the group be! The imagination is unable even to guess at the probable amount of species, when we remember that Mr. Bates is speaking of a single valley in Brazil; and were the vast expanse of South America, North America, Africa, Australia, and its adjacent islands, India, and other parts of Asia, searched by diligent naturalists, there can be little doubt that the *Formicidæ* would equal in number, if not exceed, that of any other tribe of insects. ("Catalogue of Formicidæ," p. 2.)

The ants of the British Isles are by no means numerous in species, twenty-eight only being enumerated in Mr. F. Smith's catalogue, while many of these are very rare; perhaps there are not more than some eight or nine species that may be considered as common.

M. Forel divides the social ants into three families: (1) the *Formicidæ*, (2) *Poneridæ*, (3) *Myrmicidæ*. The *Formicidæ* have no sting; they possess a single scale or node at the base of the abdomen; there is no contraction after the first segment of the abdomen; the nymphæ are sometimes naked, sometimes enclosed in cocoons. In the *Poneridæ* the females and workers have a sting; the males are

destitute of one; the abdomen is contracted after the first segment, and the nymphæ are enclosed in cocoons. The *Myrmicidæ* have a sting as in the *Poneridæ*, there are two scales at the pedicle or abdominal base, and the nymphæ are always naked. The neuters or workers are in some species of two different sizes, and their functions are different; for while the smaller neuters occupy themselves with architectural constructions and the various duties of a household, the larger ones have military duties only to perform.

The nests and architectural abodes of ants are of various forms and sizes, according to locality, accidental surroundings, and the seasons of the year; some nests, or parts of nests, are only provisional, others last for years; some parts of a nest are of different structure from others; in some the population is large, in others small, and this occurs amongst the individuals of the same species; some nests are open on all sides, others are entirely covered in. They are never constructed after a geometrical plan like the hexagonal cells of the bee and wasp, which make nests of a certain definite pattern, varying according to the species of the building-insect. Ants, on the contrary, are able to vary the forms of their nests according to circumstances and their own peculiar advantages, showing quite a genius for new combinations. In some hot countries there are nomad ants which make no nests, and form living balls on trees; but in Europe all the species of the social ants construct nests or abodes, whither they retire in winter, and where they often collect together in clusters. The most simple form of a nest is a burrow, which at first is a mere hole, whether in the ground or in the bark of a tree; these burrows may have both an entrance and exit hole. The nests of some species, on the other hand, show elaborate structure. M. Forel, in his interesting chapter on the architecture of nests, makes the following five great divisions: 1, nests of pure earth; 2, nests bored in wood; 3, nests of card-board, wood, or other material; 4, nests of composite materials; 5, abnormal nests. Each of these admits of several varieties of structure according to the

habits and wants of the different species. Thus there are earth-nests of built-up domes, nests formed by undermining, nests under stones; nests in wood may be scooped out of the wood itself or the inner surface of the bark, portions of the solid parts being left for pillars and partitions, reminding one of the human worker in our coal and salt mines. Paper or card-board nests are very rare, there being only one European species which constructs this kind of nest, the *Lasius fuliginosus* Latreille. Nests formed of composite materials may consist of underground minings surmounted by a dome, or they may be formed with no dome-like superstructure in old decayed tree roots and trunks. The wood-ant, hill or horse ant (*Formica rufa*) of this country is a familiar example of the former kind of nest-builder, while the extremely common *Myrmica scabrinodis* may be frequently found in nests of the latter description. The hill or wood ant is the largest of our British species; the ant-hill or dome-like exterior is only a portion of the nest; the materials of which it is composed consist of earth mixed with almost any transportable substances within reach, such as bits of grass, stalks, small dry twigs, the needle-like leaves of the larch, bits of dry leaves, etc. M. Forel mentions the occurrence also of various bodies more or less spherical, as little stones and shells of small molluscs. Huber has detailed the formation of the nest of this species.

To form an idea how the straw or stubble roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill in its origin, where it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth thrown up, in hollowing the interior with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants, and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are kept entire during the whole time

of its construction ; we soon observe it to become convex, but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or storeys. Having observed the motions of these little masons through a pane of glass which I adjusted against one of their habitations, I am enabled to speak with some degree of certainty of the manner in which they are constructed. It is by excavating or mining the under-portion of their edifice that they form their spacious halls, low, indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving at certain hours of the day the larvæ and pupæ. These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which afterwards hardening in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill without any injury to the rest ; it moreover strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair or deserted by its inhabitants. The ants are extremely well-sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building ; it is much loftier than the rest and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling ; it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence. As to the underground portion, it can only be seen when the ant-hill is placed against a declivity ; all the interior may then be readily brought in view by simply raising up the straw roof. The subterranean residence consists of a range of apartments excavated in the earth, taking an horizontal direction.

M. Forel has drawn particular attention to small bits of grass-stems or of wood, thirteen centimetres long and one and one-half millimetres in diameter, which the ants employ in forming their galleries ; these are the beams which give support to the galleries and chamber ; they are arranged crossways interlacing one another, and the interstices are filled up with rounded materials ; these galleries admit of being constructed into walls in different parts of the nest, by the filling up of the interstices between the beams, thus separating the small chambers and forming distinct galleries.

According to Huber ants seem to be aware of the approach of rain. "When the sky is cloudy in the morning, or rain is indicated, the ants, who seem to be

aware of it, open but in part their several avenues, and immediately close them when the rain commences."

We must not dwell longer on these interesting points connected with the architecture of these little builders, except to notice the paper-made nest of the fuliginous ant of Huber, the *Lasius fuliginosus* of more recent authorities. This species is one which excavates its abode in wood, and is the only paper-builder amongst ants. The oak, the willow, and other trees are occupied by these small ants, and sometimes entirely hollowed out by them ; the nest consists of numberless storeys, more or less horizontal, with floors and ceilings five or six lines distant from each other as thin as a playing card, supported by vertical partitions forming an infinity of chambers, or by a series of small slender columns, allowing one to see between them to the extent of an almost entire storey ; the whole is composed of "a blackish and as it were smoked color." By what means is the paper material manufactured by this ant ? Meinert thinks that it is composed of woody particles, and a substance secreted by certain mandibular and metathoracic glands. M. Forel is inclined to agree with Meinert, but the ants which he kept in confinement and which he supplied with sawdust, refused to work with it under his observation. Leaving the nests themselves, let us notice their various inhabitants, such as eggs, larvæ, nymphæ, and the perfect insects, — as the females, males, and neuters.

After the female has deposited some eggs they are taken up by the workers and deposited in little packets. The eggs increase in size after exclusion, and this growth it is supposed is occasioned by the very curious habit of the workers' constantly licking them for about fifteen days, nourishment being supplied by a kind of endosmose or the transmission of some nutritious substance from without inwards through the walls of the egg. This curious fact of licking the eggs did not escape the notice of Huber, who witnessed it under one of his large bell-glasses. "On looking a little closer," he says, "we find that they turn them continually with their tongues ; it even appears they pass them one after the other between their mandibles, and thus keep them constantly moistened." The eggs are whitish or opaquely yellowish. Unlike bees, there is no appreciable difference between the eggs which produce females, males, workers, or soldiers ; the larva is a small white grub with a dozen indistinct rings, foot-

less, and eyeless; in most cases the larvæ are incapable of any motion with the exception of the mouth, which opens freely for food. When hungry the little grub opens its mouth, and the workers approach and disgorge honied sweets in a liquid form therein. These grubs are utterly helpless, and the workers not only feed them, but caress them with licking, clean them and transport them from one part of the nest to another, that they may have the proper degree of temperature. The larvæ which are to develop into females have the same kind of food as those which will become males and workers; unlike the bees whose queen-larva requires a different diet from the worker-larva. Sometimes the workers carry off several larvæ, smaller ones adhering to larger ones; if a larva is by accident dropped, the worker does not recover its burden until it is touched with the antennæ.

The duration of life in the larva-state is, in some cases, long; certain larvæ hatched in the autumn do not become nymphæ till July in the following year (*Solenopsis fugax*); others appearing as eggs in April, become nymphæ about the end of May.

The nymphæ in some species are enclosed in cocoons, in others they are naked, but sometimes the same species has both kinds; they are always motionless and neither eat nor grow; the workers show as much anxious solicitude for the nymphæ as for the larvæ, cleaning and rubbing them, and transporting them from place to place as before. When a larva means to become an enclosed nymph, it fixes itself to the soil and spins a cocoon. Sometimes the nymphæ can release themselves from their coverings, the skin slitting longitudinally down the back by the lively movements of the inhabitants. M. Forel tells us that this self-liberation is not uncommon amongst the worker-nymphæ, but that the task is a more difficult one in the males and females, especially in the case of the former, when it rarely succeeds. The difficulty is caused by the large wings and abdomens of the two sexes; in such cases the aid of the workers is necessary. The help then given has been well described by Huber.

Several males and females lay in their enveloping membrane in one of the largest cavities of my glazed ant-hill. The laborers, assembled together, appeared to be in continual motion around them. I noticed three or four mounted upon one of these cocoons, endeavoring to open it with their teeth at that ex-

trimity answering to the head of the nymphæ. They began thinning it by tearing away some threads of silk where they wished to pierce it; and at length, by dint of pinching and biting the tissue, so extremely difficult to break, they formed in it a vast number of apertures. They afterwards attempted to enlarge these openings by tearing or drawing away the silk; but these efforts proving ineffectual, they passed one of their teeth into the cocoon, through the apertures they had formed, and by cutting each thread one after the other, with great patience, at length effected a passage of a line in diameter in the superior part of the web. They now uncovered the head and feet of the insect to which they were desirous of giving liberty, but before they could release it, it was absolutely necessary to enlarge the opening; for this purpose these guardians cut out a portion in the longitudinal direction of the cocoon with their teeth alone, employing these instruments as we are in the habit of employing a pair of scissors. A considerable degree of agitation prevailed in this part of the ant-hill. A number of ants were occupied in disengaging the winged individual of its envelope; they took repose and relieved each other by turns, evincing great eagerness in seconding their companions in this undertaking. To effect its speedy liberation some raised up the portion, or *bandalette*, cut out in the length of the cocoon, whilst others drew it gently from its imprisonment. When the ant was extricated from its enveloping membrane, it was not, like other insects, capable of enjoying its freedom and taking flight. Nature did not will it that it should so soon be independent of the laborers. It could neither fly nor walk, nor stand, without difficulty, for the body was still confined by another membrane, from which it could not by its own exertions disengage itself. In this fresh embarrassment the laborers did not forsake it. They removed the satin-like pellicle which embraced every part of the body, drew the antennæ gently from their investment, then disengaged the feet and wings, and lastly the body, the abdomen and its peduncle. The insect was now in a condition to walk and receive nourishment, for which it appeared there was urgent need. The first attention, therefore, paid it by the guardians was that of giving it the food I had placed within their reach.

These facts recorded by Huber have been confirmed by Fenger and Forel.

The cast-off exuvæ of the cocoons are in some species removed by the workers, and heaped up around the gates of the nest, or they are carried away to a distance, or mixed with the materials of the nest. The first instinct exhibited in the young worker-ant is a maternal one; as soon as it has learnt to know where and what it is, which requires some days, the young pale-colored worker exhibits the same care and anxiety for the yet unhatched cocoons as

the elders. One important duty of the workers is to attend to the wings of the newly-born males and females, which they carefully extend and unfold; without this assistance the wings would remain folded up and useless for flight. Leaving the workers for a time, let us look at what takes place amongst the males and females. As amongst bees so amongst ants, the males are incapable of work, seem to lounge about the doors for some days, not knowing what to do, and hide themselves in the soil; they cannot defend themselves against enemies, and indeed, according to M. Forel, are incapable of distinguishing precisely between the neuters of their own swarm and foreign foes; they depend on the neuters for guidance and for food; if they wander away they must be brought back again by the neuters. But it is far otherwise with the female, which amongst ants at all events is "the superior creature." They help the neuters in their work, transport the larvæ or nymphæ from place to place, on required occasions, and follow readily the movements of the neuters, which, however, surpass them in intelligence. The fecundation of ants has been admirably described by Huber, with, to use the words of M. Forel, "an exactness which leaves nothing to be desired;" but Huber does not mention the innumerable varieties and exceptions which complicate this question. Speaking particularly of *Lasius flavus*, M. Forel tells us that males and females are hatched about the same time, that the two sexes are found nearly in all the swarms. As a rule the males are much more numerous than the females. After promenading about for some days, on some fine afternoon in August, increased agitation and bustle are seen on the surface of the ant-hill; some of the males fly away, other pursue the females; the scene becomes more and more lively, the neuters are more and more excited; now the males take flight and mount up to a great height, forming enormous swarms if the males and females of several adjacent ant-hills leave them on the same day. At this moment the males and females of the same species, and often of different species, mix together in the air promiscuously. The males of *F. flavus*, which are much smaller than the females, attach themselves to them, three or four together, and are thus carried through the air. The swarms thus sometimes obscure the heavens. Such swarms are generally to be seen on a fine day after a period of rain. Meanwhile what are the wingless neuters doing?

They lose no time, but seek for the fertilized females for the preservation of the nest; these they discover on the surface of the ant-hill, or on stems of grass not far away, for before the general flight into mid-air, a certain number of females have there been fertilized; and now a curious spectacle presents itself. The neuters throw themselves upon the females, tear off their wings and make them enter the nest. The aerial males and females never return to their former abode, to which the fertilized females especially show a decided aversion. "Our winged ants," says Huber, "when they quit the ant-hill, keep their back continually towards it, and go off in a right line to a distance, from which it would be no easy matter to perceive it. We might from this infer that they never return to it. But I did not confine myself entirely to this observation, for I kept sentry from the time of their departure until night, and even several days in succession, to be fully assured that they did not return to the ant-hill. In this way I have arrived at the conclusion that their return is one of those fables with which we have been a long time amused." On this point also Huber is confirmed by Forel.

Every one who has examined an ant-hill in the autumn must have observed a number of females without wings: what has become of these organs of flight just now so iridescent and beautiful? Huber shall tell us in his own graphic language. Having caught eight females, he placed them with some moistened earth in a garden vase covered with a glass receiver.

It was nine o'clock in the evening; at ten all the females had lost their wings, which I observed scattered here and there, and had hidden themselves under the earth. I had allowed the occasion to pass by of witnessing the separation of these fragile members, and of determining if possible what had produced it. On the following day I procured three other females in union with their males, and this time I observed them with the greatest attention from the moment of their fecundation until nine in the evening, a period of five hours. But during this time nothing was done to denote the approaching loss of their wings, which remained still firmly fixed. These females appeared to be in excellent condition; they passed their feet across their mouths, they glided them over the antennæ and rubbed the legs one against the other. I could not conceive what could retard the fall of their wings, whilst the other ants had lost them so readily. It is true that I placed those of which I am now speaking in a very strong box, completely closed, whilst the former were deposited in a transparent vault, offering not the

slightest appearance of a prison, and upon a ground more natural than the bottom of a sand-box, where there was no earth. I had no idea that a circumstance so trifling would have any influence upon these ants; however, having learned that it was necessary to place them as the first, I took some earth and strewed it lightly over the table, and then covered it with a bell-glass. I yet possessed three fecundated ants, one of which I introduced under the recipient. I induced her to go there freely, by presenting to her a fragment of straw, on which she mounted, and upon this I conveyed her to her new habitation without touching her; scarcely did she perceive the earth which covered the bottom of her abode, than she extended her wings, with some effort bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and producing so many singular contortions that her four wings fell off at the same moment in my presence. After this change she reposed, brushing her corselet with her feet, then traversed the ground, evidently appearing to seek a place of shelter. She seemed not to have the slightest idea that she was confined within a narrow enclosure. She partook of the honey I gave her, and at last found a hiding-place under some loose earth, which formed a little natural grotto.

Huber repeated these experiments on several female ants of different species, and always obtained the same result. Here we see, then, that in some instances the neuters forcibly detach the wings of the females; in others, that the act is a voluntary one self-inflicted by the females themselves. The mutilation when performed by the neuters takes place only in those cases in which the female ant is caught and forcibly detained by them. The wings of the females are very slightly articulated, much more slightly than are those of the males, so that but little effort is necessary to detach them, and doubtless very little pain is felt during the operation.

We have already seen that those female ants which have taken flight and have been fertilized in the air never return to their former abode; only those remain who have been fertilized on or near the ant-hill. What becomes then of the aerial fecundated females? Carried away by the wind to a distance from their natal ant-hill, it is perhaps scarcely probable that they shall ever find it again. But then they might easily find other ant-hills to which they might seek admittance. But alas! as amongst mankind, ants do not always treat their neighbors with kindness and hospitality; on the contrary, not only do they refuse to entertain a female stranger hospitably, they even attack and

murder her. Should an "unprotected female" by chance find her way to a neighboring ant-hill, even though the inmates may belong to her own species, she is almost certainly to be killed. "I have often had occasion," says Forel, "to see fecundated females of *pratensis*, *cæspitum*, and *fusca* which had been running in the meadows to fall into the middle of an ant-hill of their own species and there to be killed by the neuters." Only once or twice did Forel succeed in persuading neuters to receive females of another ant-hill; more readily they will ally themselves with strange neuters than with the females. Should one or two neuters, however, which by accident had lost their way, fall in with one of these females, they will not attack her; they will either get out of her way or seek to form an alliance. In the midst of great danger from enemies, what are the females to do? They seek out a convenient spot and hollow out a small house, in which they lay their eggs, which to some extent they watch over; these nascent ant-hills are situated at a little depth in the earth; according to Huber, sometimes they are constructed by a single female ant, sometimes by several in common. A small number of neuters are generally seen by the side of the mother. Whence have these neuters come? Are they the first-hatched eggs of the mother herself which have already developed into neuters, or have they proceeded from elsewhere? Forel says that no positive case of a new ant-hill population (*fourmilière*) founded by a single fertilized female is as yet known. M. Perrot, however, assured Huber that he once found "in a little underground cavity a female ant living solitary with four pupæ, of which she appeared to take great care." But Forel limits the nursing and rearing capabilities of the females themselves: "*pondent des œufs qu'elles soignent à moitié, sans savoir les mener seules à bien*;" "they lay eggs which they partly care for, without knowing how to bring them to good," i.e., "to rear them." Forel is supported by Gould, who says of some three or four females under his observation which had laid eggs, that "they did not seem to take any great notice of them." These neuters of a nascent nest are, therefore, probably a few individuals that had wandered from some ant-hill and had allied themselves with the female in her newly made abode. The females which have been fertilized on or near to the nest are at first forcibly kept in the nest by the workers, but after a few days they get

accustomed to their captivity and do not seek to go away. Sometimes there is only one female in the nest, at other times there may be as many as twenty or thirty; these lay eggs which will bring neuters and females the following year; they are generally attended by a court of neuters who lick them, feed them, take up their eggs, etc. The different females of the same ant-hill show no jealousy nor rivalry; "each has her court, they pass each other uninjured and sustain in common the population of the ant-hill, but they possess no power, which it would seem entirely lodges with the neuters. The numbers of eggs deposited by the females vary according to the species; the relative size of the abdomen will give a fair idea; some lay thousands, others but few." Forel considers the ordinary duration of life of both fertilized females and males is about one year. We must not forget to mention the presence of a certain number of female ants in a nest, which are not destined to become mothers; these do not voluntarily tear off their wings; neither do the workers do it for them; these virgin ants act the part of neuters, and it is not long before the wings get torn away by working in the soil; they are to be recognized by their agility compared with that of the other females, and the small size of their abdomens; they do not receive honor from the neuters, and are not surrounded by a court; compared with the intense activity of the neuters, these females may be considered rather lazy.

What becomes of the male ant after taking flight and leaving the abode which he will never visit again?

The life of male ants cannot be of long duration; deprived of their attendants, incapable of providing their own subsistence, and returning no more to the ant-hill that gave them birth, how can it possibly be of any long continuance? Their life is either naturally limited to a few weeks, or hunger will speedily terminate it; whatever it be, they disappear in a little time after the period of their amours, but they never fall victims, as happens with bees, to the fury of the laborers.

Nothing perhaps in the character of ants is more striking than the ferocity with which they fight, and of all the enemies those most dreaded are the ants themselves; the fury of these insects and the tenacity they exhibit in retaining hold of an enemy is perfectly astonishing; the ant is the bulldog amongst insects; it would be more easy to tear away their limbs and cut them in pieces than separate two hostile combatants. Here walks some indi-

vidual with manifest proof that he has been in the wars, for he carries suspended to one of his legs the head of some foe whom he had conquered, and which he carries about as a pledge of victory! There goes another worker dragging along the body of a foe which not even in death would relax his hold!

Ants make their attack openly; cunning is not in the number of their arms; those of which they make use are the saw-pincers they employ for carrying the materials of their nests, a sting resembling that of bees, and the venom which accompanies it, an acid liquid contained in their abdomen, which produces a slight irritation on the skin. These arms are only possessed by the females and workers to whom nature has confided the several interests of the colony. The females, doubtless too valuable to allow of their exposing their lives, always make their escape on the slightest danger. The workers are those only destined to defend their habitation. Several species are unprovided with a sting, but they supply its place by biting their enemy and pouring into the wound they inflict with their teeth a drop of venom, which renders it exceedingly painful. They bend for that purpose their abdomen, which contains the venomous liquid, and approach it to the wounded part at the very same moment they tear it with their pincers. When their adversaries keep only at a distance, and they are unable to reach them, they will raise themselves on their hind feet, and bringing their abdomen between their legs, spurt their venom with some degree of force. We see ascend from the whole surface of the nest a thick cloud of formic acid, which exhales an almost sulphureous odor (p. 183).

We have had before us each day for some time past some ants (*Myrmica ruginodis*) under observation in a glass vessel, and have frequently witnessed their conflicts. Introducing some individuals of the same species but from a different nest, we soon see numbers to engage generally in single combat. The ants seem to recognize each other and to distinguish friend from foe by crossing their antennæ; that done, if friends meet, they pass on; if enemies, immediately the fight begins. We have over and over again witnessed that kind of combat, which Forel designates *combats à froid*, or *combats chroniques*.

These combats [he says] almost always begin by what I shall call pullings (*tiraillements*); the ants seize themselves by the feet or by the antennæ, and pull themselves without violence, without great efforts, but with a wonderful tenacity; they keep continually touching each other with their antennæ. In this case the two adversaries never pour poison over each other nor bend their abdomens.

Nearly always one of the adversaries is patient, the other active; the first, without defending itself, submits with a stoical resignation; the other acts almost as the Indians do to their prisoners; it seizes an antenna of its victim, and endeavors, with a coolness truly infernal (*avec une tranquillité vraiment infernale*) to cut it, or rather to saw it off with its mandibles; that done, it cuts off a leg, or the other antenna, one after another, until its victim, frightfully mutilated but quite alive, is utterly unable to defend itself or even to guide itself; then it sometimes makes an end of it by cutting off its neck or thorax, but generally it drags it off and places it in some lonely spot, where it necessarily perishes. Not once only, but more than a hundred times, I have made this sad observation. A less unpleasant modification of this act takes place when the stronger ant, wishing simply to disengage itself from the other, without doing it harm, carries it as far as possible and leaves it, and hastens to return. (Forel, p. 247.)

M. Forel has recorded a great many kinds of battles; sometimes they take place between ants of different species or between those of different genera, or those of the same species, but of different ant-hills. It is most extraordinary how in this latter case the ants can distinguish between friend and enemy. One day we placed a number of ants (*F. fusca*) with their cocoons in a glass vessel with a number of *Myrmica ruginodis*. The latter attacked *fusca* most vigorously, which ran up the sides of the glass trying to escape; on examining the lot a few days afterwards, we saw several dead neuters, but not a vestige of their cocoons, which had doubtless been devoured by the stronger or more valiant enemy. Space forbids us to do more than give Huber's description of a fight between regular armies, the occupants of two large ant-hills of the same species (*F. rufa*), alike in their extent and population, situated about a hundred paces from each other.

Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonist by their mandibles; a considerable number were engaged in the attack and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual efforts to escape, as if aware that upon their arrival at the camp they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odor exhaled from all sides, numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. Those ants composing

groups and chains took hold of each other's legs and pincers and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles and raised themselves upon their hind legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward and spurring the venom upon their adversary. They were frequently so closely wedged together that they fell upon their sides and fought a long time in the dust; they shortly after raised themselves, when each began dragging his enemy, but when the force was equal the wrestlers remained immovable and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antenna, made ineffectual attempts to gain the battle. Some ants joined the latter, and these were, in their turn, seized by new arrivals. It was in this way they formed chains of six, eight, or ten ants, all firmly locked together; the equilibrium was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, who compelled those that were enchained to let go their hold, when the single combats again took place. On the approach of night each party returned gradually to the city which served it for an asylum. The ants which were either killed or led away captive, not being replaced by others, the number of combatants diminished until their force were exhausted (p. 189).

Connected with their wars is the very remarkable instinct which leads certain species of ants to capture slaves and appropriate their labors for the duties of their own nests. Pierre Huber was the first to discover this in the case of *Polyerges rufescens*, a species of which, strange to say, is absolutely dependent upon captured neuters of another species for their means of living. The labors of the neuters of *Polyerges* are strictly confined to slave-capturing; they are incapable from long disuse of doing any other work; they cannot make their own nests, nor feed their larvæ. Huber has shown by an experiment how entirely dependent upon other ants are the neuters of this species, both for nourishment and habitation.

I enclosed [he says] thirty of these ants with several pupæ and larvæ of their own species, and twenty pupæ belonging to the negroes (*F. fusca*), in a glass box, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of earth. I placed a little honey in their corner of the prison and cut off all association with their assailants. At first they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvæ; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons

(*Polyerges rufescens*) died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling, and the few ants in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons.

The military expeditions for the purpose of capturing slaves of *Polyerges rufescens* have been well described by Huber and Ebrard, if we except a few errors which Forel has corrected. About the middle of the summer on fine days, from two to five hours after noon, is the best time of witnessing an expedition. At first, there is a continual running to and fro on the top of the nest; then, on a given signal, which they give by striking themselves mutually on the forehead, they start off, not all the inhabitants of the ant-hill, however, for a number always remain at home, but only a part of the militia of the state; the forces vary from a hundred to two thousand soldiers; they march in close ranks; those in front of the column wheel about, and turning back strike the foreheads of all those they meet, till they find themselves at the rear of the army; they in turn are followed by those who now march in front, thus the first become last, the first ranks being continually renewed. What can be the meaning of these repeated signals and interchange of movements? Is it that the ants in the first ranks wish to assure themselves that they are followed by the rest; and are these tappings on the forehead intended as mutual encouragements? Notwithstanding the delay caused by these undulatory movements, the march of the army is very rapid, especially in warm weather on level ground where there is no grass, leaves, or other obstacles. Now they halt for rest or consultation, now they form small detachments for exploration; then again form themselves into marching order; when they meet with an ant-hill of the *F. fusca*, they throw themselves upon it, invade the gates and enter the galleries, pillage the nest, running off each one with a cocoon in its mouth, and return home. If the spoil of the conquered city is abundant, they place the cocoons at the entrance of their own galleries in small packets, and return for further pillage.

The besieged ants seldom show much fight, and little blood is shed; for the invading host is composed of stout and

fierce soldiers, and their military organization is complete, while those attacked are small and undisciplined. Sometimes these last will pursue the rear-guard of their enemies, in hopes of recovering a few cocoons, but they seldom succeed; the pillagers do not take the trouble to kill them; they appear to add insult to injury, for they show their teeth, and the others, knowing what that means, run away home.

This interesting slave-making ant is not found in England; we have, however, a British species, the *Formica sanguinea*, which plunders the nests of other ants, carrying off their cocoons and making slaves* of the developed nymphæ. It is said to be plentiful in some localities, but is certainly not common. The worker *major* is three or four lines in length, with a blood-red head and thorax, and a black abdomen; the worker *minor* is more fuscous than red; this ant makes its galleries in banks; the large workers or soldiers are a bold and a furious race; they capture the cocoons of *F. fusca*, *F. cunicularia*, and *F. flava*. It was Huber who first showed that *sanguinea* was a slave-making ant, and his account has been verified by other observers; amongst them, our own illustrious Darwin.

"Although fully trusting," Mr. Darwin says, "to the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a sceptical frame of mind, as any one may well be excused for doubting the truth of so extraordinary and odious an instinct as making slaves." But these slaves, it appears, are not submitted to any cruel bondage. Mr. Darwin examined fourteen nests and found a few slaves of *F. fusca*, "the negroes" as Huber calls them, for they are black and not more than half the size of their red masters; it is only the workers of *F. fusca* that are found in the nests of *sanguinea*, the males and females occurring in their own ant-hills. But how do we know that the slaves are happy and contented in confinement? They will come out of the nest if it has been disturbed, and in common with their masters, fight in defence of their community, and will seize and carry away the exposed larvæ and nymphæ. These nests have been watched by Mr. F. Smith at various times in the months of May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and the slaves though present in large numbers were never seen by him to enter

* We have employed the usual expression of "slave-making" ants; perhaps "kidnapping" is a more appropriate term; it is the baby—and in many cases cradle as well—that is stolen.

or leave the nest. Hence they are strictly household slaves. Mr. Darwin, however, tells us that he once noticed a few slaves mingled with their masters leaving their nest and marching to a tall Scotch fir-tree twenty-five yards distant, probably in search of aphides or cocci. In Switzerland, the negro slaves do not confine their attention to household duties to the same extent as in this country; there the principal part of their labor consists in searching for aphides, in closing the doors of their galleries in the evening, and opening them in the morning; "for in these species, particular care is taken to close every evening all the avenues, by blocking them up with whatever materials they find proper for the purpose."

M. Forel, speaking of *F. fusca*, tells us it is a timid species and the one that is most frequently made to work as a slave. We have already seen that when invaded by *Polyerges rufescens* this little ant was easily subdued. In their battles with *F. sanguinea*, however, Mr. Darwin tells us they sometimes get the best of it.

One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of *F. sanguinea* from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spectacle to behold the masters carefully carrying (instead of being carried by, as in the case of *F. rufescens*), their slaves in their jaws. Another day of attention I was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food; they approached and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave species (*F. fusca*); sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant; but they were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of *F. fusca* from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that after all they had been victorious in the late combat. ("Origin of Species," p. 221, 1st ed.)

There is a small but courageous little yellow ant (*F. flava*), which is occasionally made into a slave. Mr. Darwin placed some cocoons of this species with the slave-making *F. sanguinea*, curious to see whether they could distinguish them from those of *F. fusca*; they were able to distinguish between them, for when they came across the cocoons of the little savage yellow ant, they were "much terrified" and ran away; "but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow

ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ." Mr. Darwin contrasts the instinctive habits of *F. sanguinea* with those of the continental *Polyerges rufescens*. The differences are very remarkable; the latter can neither build, migrate, collect food for its young ones, now even feed itself; hence it is absolutely dependent upon its slaves for everything; without slaves, that species must become extinct. *Formica sanguinea* gives the orders to its slaves, determines when and where a new nest shall be made, and when they migrate the masters carry the slaves; in Switzerland the slaves collect aphides for their masters and go out with them; in this country, the slaves of this latter species generally remain within their masters' house, and the masters get less work out of their slaves than they do in Switzerland.

By what steps the instinct of *F. sanguinea* originated I will not pretend to conjecture. But as ants, which are not slave-makers, will, as I have seen, carry off pupæ of another species, if scattered near their nests, it is possible that such pupæ originally stored as food might become developed, and the foreign ants thus unintentionally reared would then follow their proper instincts and do what work they could. If their presence proved useful to the species which had seized them — if it were more advantageous to the species to capture workers than to procreate them — the habit of collecting pupæ originally for food might by natural selection be strengthened and rendered permanent for the very different purpose of raising slaves. When the instinct was once acquired, if carried out to a much less extent even than in our British *F. sanguinea*, which is less aided by its slaves than the same species in Switzerland, I can see no difficulty in natural selection increasing and modifying the instinct — always supposing each modification to be of use to the species — until an ant was formed as abjectly dependent on its slaves as is the *Formica (Polyerges) rufescens*. ("Origin of Species," p. 223.)

The relation of ants with the plant-lice or aphides and the gall-flies is one of the most curious points in the history of the ant; and here again it is Huber who first gave us the best and fullest information on this subject; he showed that the aphides are the domestic milking-cows of the ants, and that they are kept by them for this purpose. The aphides "fix themselves upon the leaves and small branches, and insinuate their trunk or sucker between the fibres of the bark, where they find the most substantial nourishment. A portion of this aliment shortly after being taken, is expelled, under the form of small

limpid drops, either by the natural passage or by two horns that we commonly observe in the posterior part of the body. This fluid constitutes the principal support of the ants. . . . They wait the moment the aphides eject this precious manna, upon which the ants immediately seize; but this is the least of their talents, for they know how to obtain it at any time they wish" (p. 210). M. Forel has satisfied himself by direct observation that this sweet fluid proceeds from the natural passage, and not from the two well-known horn-like projections at the lower extremity of the aphid; these latter also secrete a substance, less fluid, however, than the sweet liquid drops. When unattended by ants the aphides by a certain jerk of the body throw out this fluid to a distance, but when ants are present, watching the moment of emission, they suck it quickly down. But ants possess the power of making the aphides yield their sweet drops at their pleasure. Huber shall tell us in his own words how the ant thus milks its cow. He saw an ant at first pass some aphides without stopping or disturbing them.

It shortly after stationed itself near one of the smallest and appeared to caress it, by touching the extremity of the body alternately with its antennæ, with an extremely rapid movement. I saw with much surprise the fluid proceed from the body of the aphid, and the ant take it in his mouth. Its antennæ were afterwards directed to a much larger aphid than the first, which, on being caressed after the same manner, discharged the nourishing fluid in greater quantity, which the ant immediately swallowed; it then passed to a third, which it caressed like the preceding, by giving it several gentle blows with the antennæ on the posterior extremity of the body; the liquid was ejected at the same moment, and the ant lapped it up. It then proceeded to a fourth; this, probably already exhausted, resisted its action. The ant, who in all probability knew it had nothing to hope for by remaining there, quitted it for a fifth, from whom it obtained its expected supply. It now returned perfectly contented to its nest (p. 213).

It appears that this tapping with the antennæ is a constant preliminary to the emission of the fluid, and that the aphid voluntarily submits to the operation, giving greater facility for the ant's taps by lowering the head. Should the aphides remain long unmilked by the ants, they deposit their fluid upon the leaves, where the ants find it on their return; the aphides never resist the solicitation of the ants when in a state to satisfy them. This curious alliance, as Forel remarks, between

the ants and the aphides consists of an exchange of good services, for the ants protect their cattle against numerous enemies, such as the larvæ of the ladybird beetles (*Coccinellæ*), and of some of the *Diptera* as the *Syrphus*. Some kinds of ants are in the habit of transporting their cows from one place to another. The greatest cow-keeper of all, perhaps, is the yellow ant (*Lasius flavus*). This ant is more decidedly a stay-at-home species, and likes to have all its conveniences within reach; it never goes far from its abode, and does not search the trees for aphides or any kind of food; it is a small yellow ant, the neuter being scarcely two lines in length, and is abundant anywhere, raising its little mounds which carry off the rain from its dwelling, in orchards, meadows, or heaths. Huber tells us that these yellow ants are extremely jealous of the aphides, often taking them in their mouths and carrying them to the bottom of the nest, or bringing them to the top. We cannot wonder at this when we learn that this aphid secretion is the little ant's only source of food. Huber placed some of these yellow ants in a glazed box with their aphides upon some soil; he also placed with them some growing plants, which he watered occasionally, so that there was no lack of food.

The ants made no attempt to escape; they appeared to have nothing to desire; they took care of their larvæ and females with the same affection as in their own nests; they paid great attention to the aphides and never injured them; the latter did not seem to labor under the slightest fear; they allowed themselves to be carried from place to place, and rested in the spot chosen by their guardians. When the ants wished to displace them, they began caressing them with their antennæ, hoping thereby to induce them to abandon the roots or to withdraw their proboscis from the cavity in which it was inserted; they afterwards took them up gently in their mandibles, and carried them with the same care as the larvæ of their own species (p. 225).

But it is not only the aphid itself, whether young or adult, that the yellow ant takes care to introduce within its nest; the eggs of the aphid are eagerly sought for and brought home. We call the little oval-shaped bodies which may be found adhering to various plants in the autumn "eggs" for convenience' sake, but really they are not eggs at all in the true sense of the word. It is well known that the aphides produce young ones without the intervention of the male sex — this was shown by Bonnet in 1745, and has been repeatedly

verified; that for many months these young aphides are all females, they in their turn being virgin mothers capable of reproduction; these are produced alive and undergo no metamorphosis. In the late autumn or early winter, however, innumerable quantities of small, often black oval, bodies are produced; so that it would seem that we have a combination of viviparous generation at one season, and of oviparous generation at another, in the same insect. But this is a mistake: the so-called egg is a nymphal form of aphis, which differs in no respect from the ordinary nymph whilst yet within the body of the parent, excepting that it is enveloped in a covering. Gould noticed these little black bodies in ants' nests, but wrongly thought them to be ants' eggs which would produce females; there is not the slightest doubt, however, as to their true nature. Huber calls them "eggs," but it is evident that this most accurate observer held the opinion — first, we believe, expressed by Bonnet — that they are young enclosed in a covering or cocoon. This covering "is nothing more than an asylum, of which the aphides born at another season have no need; it is on this account some are produced naked, others enveloped in a covering. The mothers are not then truly oviparous, since their young are almost as perfect as they ever will be, in the asylum in which nature has placed them at their birth" (p. 246). We have over and over again satisfied ourselves that this is the true nature of the so-called aphis eggs. If these eggs are collected in the late winter and brought into the house, they will after a time shrivel up, thus showing that the contained aphis is dead. Bonnet vainly attempted to preserve these bodies alive in his room till the following spring; he considered that they died from want of proper moisture. We know that in the natural state when adhering to various plants out of doors, these aphis-cocoons, at the return of spring, burst their membranes and countless thousands of the insects are produced. That Bonnet was correct is curiously enough shown by the behavior of the yellow ant towards these captured aphis-cocoons. Huber again shall tell us the story. Speaking of this species of ant (*Lasius flavus*), the *fourmi jaune* of our author, he writes:—

On opening the ant-hill I discovered several chambers, containing a great number of brown eggs; the ants were extremely jealous of them, carrying them away, and quickly too, to the bottom of the nest; disputing and contending

for them with a zeal that left me no doubt of the strong attachment with which they regard them. Desirous of conciliating their interests as well as my own, I took the ants and their treasure, and placed them in such a manner that I might easily observe them. These eggs were never abandoned (p. 244).

So much for the jealous care with which these aphis-cocoons meet with from the ants. In a former passage (p. 232) Huber says that the ants approach the eggs,

slightly separating their pincers, passed their tongue between them, extended them, then walked alternately over them, depositing, I believe, a liquid substance as they proceeded. They appeared to treat them exactly as if they were eggs of their own species. It appears, then, that ants know everything that is necessary to the preservation of these eggs; they pass their tongue constantly over them, and invest them with a glutinous matter which retains them together. They, in consequence, are preserved until the period when the aphides quit them; they employ, then, the same means to preserve their crows, if I may use this expression, that M. Bonnet supposed would preserve these eggs, and secure their disclosure in the spring (p. 246).

If, therefore, we may regard the aphis as the *cow* of the ant, we may, perhaps, be justified in considering its cocoon as the *calf*.

There can, we think, be no doubt that the curious relationship existing between ants and aphides is the result of mutual service. The aphis yields its sweet secretion voluntarily for the benefit of the ant; the ant confers a benefit on the aphis by removing from it the viscid secretion. This latter supposition is rendered probable by the fact that if the ants do not come to relieve them, the aphides deposit their juices upon the leaves of trees or elsewhere; and this is conformable to Mr. Darwin's belief, "that the instinct of each species is good for itself, but has never, so far as we can judge, been produced for the exclusive good of others." Certain gall-insects, as well as the aphides, supply some ants with a similar secretion, as has been witnessed by Huber, Forel, M. Delpino, and others. Huber compares the movement of the antennæ, in this case, to the play of the fingers upon the keys of a pianoforte.

Aphides and gall-insects, in Europe at least, are the great food-providers for ants, but M. Forel says that the differences in this respect are enormous according to the species of ant.

Leptothorax is never seen to carry the aphides; it is the same with *Pheidole*, *Ta-*

pinoma, *Hypoclinea*, and *A. structor*, as I think these ants have other means of subsistence; some are more carnivorous than others, as *Pheidole*, *Tupinoma*, *Tetramonium*; others directly lick the juices of flowers and of trees (*Leptothorax*, *Colobopsis*); others, again, store up grains, which they cause to germinate in part so as to supply them with sugar (*A. structor*). Some kinds feed exclusively on aphides (*L. flavus*, *L. brunneus*), or nearly exclusively (*L. niger*, *Camponotus*). Others know how to vary their means of subsistence, to lick flowers, to kill insects, to rear aphides; such are all the species of the genus *Formica*. The genus *Lasius* exhibits great variety in this point of view. The species *flavus* and *umbratus* rear only the aphides of roots [*aphis radicum*?]. *L. fuliginosus* only pays attention to the aphides of the bark of trees; *L. niger* and *alienus* those of bark and the outer part of plants. They also know how to transport these latter from one place to another. In fine, *L. emarginatus* only takes a few of the aphides, and only those found on the surface of plants. (Forel, p. 421.)

M. Forel, like Huber, has never seen an ant kill or injure an aphid. M. Duveau, on the contrary, has seen an ant in the act of tearing and devouring an aphid; but such conduct on the part of an ant is probably quite exceptional.

Leaving the subject of ants and their milking-cows, we need do little more than refer to that of various other insects being often found in ants' nests. We learn from Dr. T. A. Power (Smith's "Catalogue of British Formicidæ," p. 223), who has collected these ants'-nest insects for several years, that in the nest of *Formica rufa* he has found no less than sixteen beetles and the larvæ of three other kinds; five are enumerated as occurring in the nest of *F. fusca*, fourteen in that of *F. fuliginosa*, two in the nest of *F. flava*, one in that of *F. sanguinea*, one in that of *Myrmica rubra*, and that one species occurs in the nests of all the ants. From the habit of these various beetles being found in ants' nests the name of *myrmecophilous* beetles has been given to them. There is some difference of opinion as to the cause of the presence of these beetles in the abodes of ants. Is there in this case also, as in the aphides and gall-insects, a mutual interchange of benefit conferred, or is their presence merely accidental? We do not know. Forel is of the latter opinion, considering that the beetles are as parasites in the nests; other observers, as Lespès and Müller, consider that some of the beetles, as *Claviger* and *Lomechusa*, are nourished by the ants, which disgorge honied sweets for them; that in return for this

act of kindness the ants lick the wing-cases of *Claviger* and the abdomen of *Lomechusa* (!). M. Forel seems evidently sceptical as to this explanation. We have often found various beetles in the nests of ants, but are quite unable to throw any light as to the cause of their presence there, which we are inclined to think is more accidental than designed. We, therefore, pass over this question, and approach another, which has long been one more or less disputed in the natural history of ants. Do ants lay up in the summer food for winter's consumption? At one time the answer was unhesitatingly given in the affirmative as true of all ants, or, at least, of the family in general; now it has been as strongly denied of any kind of ants; now, again, whilst the general negative is allowed to be the case, it has been affirmed to be partially correct. What the opinion of the Jews of Palestine was one cannot definitely say; the oft-quoted passage in the Bible, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest" (Prov. vi. 6-8; see also xxx. 25), has been generally supposed to imply that the Jews held that the ant lays up store of food in summer or autumn for winter's consumption, but the words do not really prove anything of the kind. Kirby and Spence have well said of these words:—

If they are properly considered it will be found that the interpretation which seems to favor the ancient error respecting ants, has been fathered upon them, rather than fairly deduced from them. He does not affirm that the ant, which he proposes to the sluggard as an example, laid up in her magazine stores of grain against winter, but that with considerable prudence and foresight she makes use of *proper seasons* to collect a supply of provisions for her purposes. There is not a word in them implying that she stores up grain or other provisions. She prepares her bread and gathers her food, namely, such food as is suited to her, in summer and harvest, that is when it is most plentiful; and thus shows her wisdom and prudence by using the advantages offered to her. (Intro. to Entom., vol. ii. p. 47.)

The author of the passage in the Proverbs is speaking against idleness—against "the sluggard," who "sleepeth in harvest and causeth shame" (x. 5); that is, who neglects proper and seasonable times, and sleeps when he ought to be working. "Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine eyelids" (vi. 4). "The sluggard will not plow; . . . there-

fore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing" (xx. 4). He aptly refers for a lesson in diligence to one of the most active and busy of all creatures, the little ant, which always avails herself of favorable opportunities — which does not sleep in harvest, but gathers food at the right time. The text in the original Hnbrew implies no storing properties for winter use; the word *tâkîn*, means simply "she establisheth, or collecteth;" and *âgërâh* "she scrapeth together, or provideth." The Hebrew verbs are synonymous; and the sentences "she provideth her meat in the summer," "she gathereth her food in the harvest," are simply an instance of a common Hebrew parallelism. No doubt the writers in the Old and New Testaments shared the opinions current in their time, and sometimes, especially in physical matters and those relating to natural history, those opinions were erroneous; but this is no case in point.* But though there is nothing to show that the Jews believed that the ant stored up food for winter's use, it is certain that the belief was prevalent amongst ancient Greek and Roman writers, amongst Jewish rabbis and Arabian writers on natural history. Modern authors as Prior, Milton, Addison, Dr. Watts, Dr. Johnson, all refer to the provident habits of the ant in storing up food for future use; and it is quite clear that such a habit was considered a usual one amongst ants in general, and not one as occasionally occurring in a few species. Latreille, Kirby and Spence, Huber, Frederick Smith, and others, emphatically deny such a habit to the species found in Europe. The late Colonel Sykes, indeed, speaks of a species of Indian ant (*Atta providens*), and Dr. Jerdon of three species that harvest seeds on a large scale, collecting grain and stealing seeds, which they put away in their granaries. There can be no doubt of the fact; the question is what is the motive? The most recent English writer who has studied this debated subject, and has himself examined many ants' nests in the south of Europe, is the late Mr. J. Traherne Moggridge, F.L.S., whose very interesting work is before us as we write. Now Mr. Moggridge mentions four *bonâ fide*

harvesting ants of the Riviera — namely, *Atta barbara*, two varieties; *A. structor*, an ant very similar to *barbara*, and a minute yellow ant, the large workers of which have gigantic heads, named *Pheidole* (or *Atta*) *migacephala*. In the nests of all these ants were found masses of seeds of various plants "carefully stored in chambers." The plants of which the seeds have been found in ants' nests by Mr. Moggridge belonged to eighteen distinct families; seeds of furmity, medick, mallow, wild lentil, spiny broom, amaranth, pellitory, wild sarsaparilla, spirally twisted links of crane's bill, capsules of chickweed, shepherds' purse, orange pips, haricot beans, wheat, oats, etc. etc., are enumerated with those of other plants. Are these substances intended for food or not? if not, for what are they intended? Of course, a preliminary question suggests itself: what is the structure of an ant's mouth, and is it capable of gnawing hard substances such as grains of wheat? An ant's mouth consists of a pair of pincer-like mandibles, jaws, maxillary palpi or feelers, a labial palpi, and a tongue, upper and lower lips. Let us hear what the highest authority on the natural history of the ant, M. Forel, says on this point.

Ants are for the most part omnivorous; that is certain, but they are unable to chew. Their mandibles never serve them for eating purposes; this fact, demonstrated by Huber, is perfectly certain; the most assiduous observation has confirmed it. The disproportion, moreover, between them (the mandibles) and the jaws would at once render this evident; they always keep fixed and immovable whilst the ant is eating. Ordinarily the mouth is closed by the upper lip, which falls upon it below and behind, completely covering the fore part of the jaws and of the lower lip. When an ant wishes to eat it makes a very complex movement of the pharynx, which thrusts forward the tongue and all the surrounding parts, whilst raising the upper lip like a lid. But the jaws are much too short, too weak, too membranous to grind any solid substance whatever; they can only take into their mouth, by a backward and forward movement, a liquid, or at the most a pappy substance. Observation shows that it is the tongue especially which subserves the ants when they eat; they employ it precisely like dogs when they lap or lick the bottom of a plate; I made this comparison before I knew that it had already been made by Lespès, and I could not express myself more clearly. When the ants have to deal with a solid body which contains liquid, as an insect, for example, they first of all tear it with their mandibles and afterwards lap its contents. These facts have already been known to and well de-

* The writer of the notes on the Book of Proverbs in the "Speaker's Commentary" (vol. iv.), Professor Plumptre, on this passage rightly says: "The point of comparison is not so much the foresight of the insect as its unwearied activity during the appointed season, rebuking man's inaction at the special crisis;" but we do not agree with the commentator, that in xxx. 25 "the storing provident habit of the ant is brought under our notice." The Hebrew verb here translated "prepare" in our version is the same that occurs in the other passage.

scribed by Huber, and subsequently confirmed by Lespès; but Léon Dafour thinks that ants are capable of chewing, and D'Esterne accuses them of devouring. I cannot insist too much upon this point, for it is incredible to see how many people persist in remaining in error on this subject (p. 108-109).

Mr. Moggridge made some experiments in feeding ants. He cut out from the centre of a grain of millet, which had begun to sprout, a minute ball of flour; the ants (*Atta structor*) immediately seized it and set to work upon it; a similar ball from a grain which had sprouted, was also partially eaten, but the hard dry flour taken from a grain in its natural state not moistened, "was at once rejected and thrown on the rubbish heap." He tells us that the fat oily seeds of the hemp were eagerly taken, though not softened by water, their peculiar structure allowing the ants to scrape off particles, as in the case of the ball of flour of the sprouted millet. Now all this confirms the assertions of Huber, Lespès, and Forel; ants cannot chew, but they can lap and cause to disappear food already reduced to a kind of pulp; so that it would seem that ants do occasionally convey into their nests seeds, which, when they begin to sprout, assume in parts a pulpy consistency, and are available for food; but this does not prove that the introduction of seeds into the nests has always for a motive, on the part of the ant, a desire to feed upon them, for Forel assures us with regard to this very species *Atta (aphanogaster) structor*, that not only are grains of corn found in its nest, but also little round stones, and small shells of molluscs, which no one will ever suppose the ant could use as food. And here, again, a remarkable fact presents itself. Mr. Moggridge tells us that it is "extremely rare to find other than round and intact seeds in the granaries," and he concludes that the ants exercise some mysterious power over them which checks the tendency to germinate. This retardation of the germinating process, if really a fact, is most extraordinary. The ants cannot use the grains as food before germination; their motive, therefore, must rest in the fact that they are not yet ready for them, having sufficient meat already in the larder ready for consumption; or, as Mr. Moggridge says, if simultaneous germination took place in all the seeds in the granaries after the lapse of a fixed interval, "the provisions would have to be consumed at stated periods and to be frequently renewed; but this is not the case." "These

granaries are placed from an inch and a half to six inches below the surface, and are all horizontal; they are of various sizes and shapes, the average granary being about as large as a gentleman's gold watch." ("Harvesting Ants," p. 23.) These storing ants, Mr. Moggridge tells us, never look at the aphides and cocci so eagerly sought after by other kinds of ants; so we suppose their food consists only of germinating seed of various kinds. The name of "the provident one," Mr. Moggridge allows, is only fully deserved by a limited number of ants; but why some ants should require food for winter's use, whilst others should lie dormant and require no food at all, at present must remain a problem yet to be solved. The evidence which Mr. Moggridge brings forward satisfactorily establishes the fact that ants do occasionally store up vegetable food; but it shows also that such habits are by no means prevalent amongst the whole family, but that, on the contrary, they are rare and exceptional.

On the interesting question as to mutual social affection, and the extraordinary powers of communication with which ants have long been credited by careful observers, we must now go to Sir John Lubbock, who has with much labor and assiduous application carried out some very original observations, not only amongst the ants, but also amongst wasps and bees. Of the power to communicate and receive information possessed by ants, Huber tells us that he has "frequently seen the antennæ used on the field of battle to intimate approaching danger, and to ascertain their own party when mingled with the enemy; they are also employed in the exterior of the ant-hill to warn their companions of the presence of the sun, so favorable to the development of the larva; in their excursions and emigrations to indicate their route; in their recruitings to determine the time of their departure" (p. 206). Other entomologists, besides Huber, state that the social *Hymenoptera* can communicate their ideas, and that this communication takes place by means of their antennæ. Sir John Lubbock, commenting upon the above quotation from Huber, whilst allowing the statements to be most interesting, regrets that Huber has not given in detail the evidence on which those statements rest, and that he nowhere gives experiments he had himself conducted.

As regards the affection of ants and their behavior to wounded comrades, instances of which are detailed by Huber,

Latreille, M. de Saint Fargeau and others ; as that an ant never meets with a wounded comrade without taking her up and placing her in the nest ; or that, the antennæ of an ant having been cut off, a companion, " pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from its mouth," Sir John's experiences have been of the opposite character, and he states that he has often been " surprised that in certain cases, ants render one another so little assistance." Ants may not unfrequently be seen with the heads of others hanging on to their legs for a considerable time, " and as this must certainly be very inconvenient, it seems remarkable that their friends should not relieve them of such an awkward encumbrance." Having tried various experiments by immersing ants in water, in order to test the tenderness attributed to those insects, Sir John records in nearly all cases, " none took any notice ;" still he admits that individual differences may exist—for in two cases an immersed ant was picked up and rescued and taken to the nest—and humorously remarks that there may be " priests and Levites and good Samaritans among them as among men."

Our own experiments on this point—though they have been limited compared with those Sir John Lubbock has conducted—have convinced us that this compassion for either wounded or drowning companions has been considerably overestimated ; we have often immersed ants in water, and never observed that their companions take the slightest notice of them.

On the question as to ants being able to recognize friends after a separation of some months, Sir John's experiments bear out Huber's observations so far as this, that the friends are not killed while strangers are. After separating some ants for a period of four months, Huber brought them together again, when they immediately recognized one another and " fell to mutual caresses with their antennæ." In Sir John's observations, a friend when restored to her old companions was generally left unattacked, but " there were no signs of welcome, no greeting around a returned friend ;" a stranger, on the contrary, was, as a rule, at once seized upon and sometimes killed, though occasionally, after due punishment, forgiven and received as a friend into the community.

As to those delicate, and doubtless important organs, the antennæ of insects,

while all entomologists regard them as organs of touch, there is considerable difference of opinion as to what other special function they may have. Some regard them as olfactory, others as auditory organs. Sir John suggests that in those insects in which the sense of hearing is highly developed, the antennæ may serve as ears, while in those which have a very delicate sense of smell, they may act as olfactory organs. The same instrument may serve for different purposes ; the different senses according to some physiologists being only a modification of a similar organic instrument adapted to different purposes. From their position on the head and the constant use made of them, the antennæ are, no doubt, important organs of sense, and Sir John Lubbock considers—and we think he has proved his case—that they are organs of smell. To all sounds, whether loud inharmonious noises or sounds produced by a complete set of tuning-forks, ants would seem to be almost as deaf as posts ; " they never took the slightest notice of any of these sounds : " but Sir John cautiously and justly adds that the insects possibly if not probably may be deaf to sounds which we hear, and yet hear others to which we are deaf. The question as to the faculty of hearing possessed by insects is one of the most curious and puzzling subjects connected with their history. Sir John has secured the promise of the valuable assistance of Mr. Spottiswoode, with whom he hopes to make further experiments on this subject.

To experiments with various agents, as essence of cloves, lavender-water, pepper-mint-water, and other strong scents, to which the ants were subjected, the insects were acutely responsive ; one of the antennæ was touched with a feather dipped in essence of musk ; it was slowly retracted and drawn quite back ; the other antenna was touched—" the ant started away, apparently smarting ; " but when the antennæ were softly touched with an unperfumed feather they did not move at all. " No one," he adds, " who watched the behavior of ants under these circumstances could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell." We have not space to follow Sir John further in his interesting experiments, which certainly must, to some extent, modify our conception of certain high qualities which have been attributed to ants in general. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind the existence amongst ants of individual variations of habits and character, even in

the case of the same species ; and to take care, in making experiments, to generalize with hesitation and great caution. Nor can we follow M. Forel further in his admirable monograph of the ants of his own native country ; we must pass over altogether his chapters on their anatomy and physiology, on the geographical distribution of the ants of Switzerland, and many curious habits of particular species. There is one point, however, which has a general interest, namely the stinging and biting properties of ants. We will give M. Forel's remarks on the subject : —

All the world [he says] fears the sting of ants, and yet of the sixty-six kinds occurring in Switzerland there are not more than four or five which are really capable of piercing our skin with their sting, and of causing us a little local inflammation, which betrays itself by an itching or by a pain more or less acute, as well as by a slight redness, with or without swelling. These kinds are as follows : — (1) *Myrmica rubida* ; the sting of this ant is truly very painful ; the pain which it produces is, in my opinion, at least very great, and much more acute than that of the sting of the common wasp (*Vespa vulgaris*, or *V. germanica*). But *M. rubida* is not very common, and its nests are in open places, where they are seen at once, so that one is not often molested. (2) *M. laevinodis* and *ruginodis*. These kinds, known by the name of the red ant (*fourmi rouge*, *rousset*, *rousselet*, etc.), are the only one from which the public often suffer. When one has taken one's seat in woods, upon moss, or upon the trunk of a tree, by the side of brooks and rivers, it is rare that one does not come in contact with them ; they quickly invade the clothes, and one feels presently in various parts, as it were, so many pricks of sharp pins. The pain is much less severe than that produced by *M. rubida*, and it generally disappears at the end of a few minutes. (3) The species *M. scabrinodis* and *lobicornis* seldom sting, for their disposition is not so aggressive as that of the preceding ones, and their sting is weaker. (4) The *Tetramorium cæspitum* bites with fury, but its bite is too short to pierce the skin, unless it be very thin (as that of infants and of the face). In this latter case it gives rise to a slight pain, or else, and this is generally so, to a simple itching. The other *Myrmicidæ* and the *Poneridæ* of Switzerland are incapable of stinging us, their sting being too weak or too short. Amongst the ants, of the genus *Leptothorax* want of courage is the principal cause.

We conclude by expressing a wish that the perusal of this article may induce some of its readers to take up the study of the history of ants, with a view to verify or to correct the wonderful things attributed to them.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CHASTISEMENT.

WHEN she went to her room, there was Caley taking from a portmanteau the Highland dress which had occasioned so much. A note fell, and she handed it to her mistress. Florimel opened it, grew pale as she read it, and asked Caley to bring her a glass of water. No sooner had her maid left the room than she sprang to the door and bolted it. Then the tears burst from her eyes, she sobbed despairingly, and but for the help of her handkerchief would have wailed aloud. When Caley returned she answered to her knock that she was lying down and wanted to sleep. She was, however, trying to force further communication from the note. In it the painter told her that he was going to set out the next morning for Italy, and that her portrait was at the shop of certain carvers and gilders, being fitted with a frame for which he had made drawings. Three times she read it, searching for some hidden message to her heart : she held it up between her and the light, then before the fire till it crackled like a bit of old parchment ; but all was in vain : by no device, intellectual or physical, could she coax the shadow of a meaning out of it beyond what lay plain on the surface. She must, she *would* see him again.

That night she was merrier than usual at dinner ; after it sang ballad upon ballad to please Liftore ; then went to her room and told Caley to arrange for yet a visit the next morning to Mr. Lenorme's studio. She positively must, she said, secure her father's portrait ere the ill-tempered painter — all men of genius were hasty and unreasonable — should have destroyed it utterly, as he was certain to do before leaving ; and with that she showed her Lenorme's letter. Caley was all service, only said that this time she thought they had better go openly. She would see Lady Bellair as soon as Lady Lossie was in bed and explain the thing to her.

The next morning, therefore, the two drove to Chelsea in the carriage. When the door opened Florimel walked straight up to the study. There she saw no one, and her heart, which had been fluttering strangely, sank and was painfully still, while her gaze went wandering about the room. It fell upon the pictured temple of Isis : a thick dark veil had fallen and

shrouded the whole figure of the goddess, leaving only the outline : and the form of the worshipping youth had vanished utterly : where he had stood, the tessellated pavement, with the serpent of life twining through it, and the sculptured walls of the temple, shone out clear and bare, as if Hyacinth had walked out into the desert to return no more. Again the tears gushed from the heart of Florimel : she had sinned against her own fame — had blotted out a fair memorial record that might have outlasted the knight of stone under the Norman canopy in Lossie church. Again she sobbed, again she choked down a cry that had else become a scream.

Arms were around her. Never doubting whose the embrace, she leaned her head against his bosom, stayed her sobs with the one word "*Cruel!*" and slowly opening her tearful eyes, lifted them to the face that bent over hers. It was Liftore's. She was dumb with disappointment and dismay. It was a hateful moment. He kissed her forehead and eyes, and sought her mouth. She shrieked aloud. In her very agony at the loss of one to be kissed by another! and there! It was too degrading! too horrid!

At the sound of her cry some one started up at the other end of the room. An easel with a large canvas on it fell, and a man came forward with great strides. Liftore let her go, with a muttered curse on the intruder, and she darted from the room into the arms of Caley, who had had her ear against the other side of the door. The same instant Malcolm received from his lordship a well-planted blow between the eyes, which filled them with flashes and darkness. The next the earl was on the floor. The ancient fury of the Celt had burst up into the nineteenth century and mastered a noble spirit. All Malcolm could afterward remember was, that he came to himself dealing Liftore merciless blows, his foot on his back and his weapon the earl's whip. His lordship, struggling to rise, turned up a face white with hate and impotent fury. "You damned flunkie!" he panted. "I'll have you shot like a mangy dog."

"Meantime I will chastise you like an insolent nobleman," said Malcolm, who had already almost recovered his self-possession. "You dare to touch my mistress!" And with the words he gave him one more stinging cut with the whip.

"Stand off, and let it be man to man!" cried Liftore, with a fierce oath, clenching his teeth in agony and rage.

"That it cannot be, my lord; but I have

had enough, and so I hope has your lordship," said Malcolm; and as he spoke he threw the whip to the other end of the room and stood back. Liftore sprang to his feet and rushed at him. Malcolm caught him by the wrist with a fisherman's grasp. "My lord, I don't want to kill you. Take a warning, and let ill be, for fear of worse," he said, and threw his hand from him with a swing that nearly dislocated his shoulder.

The warning sufficed. His lordship cast him one scowl of concentrated hate and revenge, and leaving the room hurried also from the house.

At the usual morning hour Malcolm had ridden to Chelsea, hoping to find his friend in a less despairing and more companionable mood than when he left him. To his surprise and disappointment, he learned that Lenorme had sailed by the packet for Ostend the night before. He asked leave to go into the study. There on its easel stood the portrait of his father as he had last seen it — disfigured with a great smear of brown paint across the face. He knew that the face was dry, and he saw that the smear was wet: he would see whether he could not, with turpentine and a soft brush, remove the insult. In this endeavor he was so absorbed, and by the picture itself was so divided from the rest of the room, that he neither saw nor heard anything until Florimel cried out.

Naturally, those events made him yet more dissatisfied with his sister's position. Evil influences and dangers were on all sides of her, the worst possible outcome being that, loving one man, she should marry another, and him such a man as Liftore! Whatever he heard in the servants' hall, both tone and substance, only confirmed the unfavorable impression he had had from the first of the bold-faced countess. The oldest of her servants had, he found, the least respect for their mistress, although all had a certain liking for her, which gave their disrespect the heavier import. He *must* get Florimel away somehow. While all was right between her and the painter he had been less anxious about her immediate surroundings, trusting that Lenorme would ere long deliver her. But now she had driven him from the very country, and he had left no clew to follow him up by. His housekeeper could tell nothing of his purposes. The gardener and she were left in charge as a matter of course. He might be back in a week or a year: she could not even conjecture.

Seeming possibilities, in varied mingling

with rank absurdities, kept passing through Malcolm's mind as, after Liftore's punishment, he lifted the portrait, set it again upon its easel and went on trying to clean the face of it — with no small promise of success. But as he made progress he grew anxious lest, with the defilement, he should remove some of the color as well: the painter alone, he concluded at length, could be trusted to restore the work he had ruined.

He left the house, walked across the road to the river-bank and gave a short sharp whistle. In an instant Davy was in the dinghy, pulling for the shore. Malcolm went on board the yacht, saw that all was right, gave some orders, went ashore again and mounted Kelpie.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIES.

IN pain, wrath, and mortification Liftore rode home. What would the men at his club say if they knew that he had been thrashed by a scoundrel of a groom for kissing his mistress? The fact would soon be out: he must do his best to have it taken for what it ought to be — namely, fiction. It was the harder upon him that he knew himself no coward. He must punish the rascal somehow — he owed it to society to punish him — but at present he did not see how, and the first thing was to have the first word with Florimel: he must see her before she saw the ruffian. He rode as hard as he dared to Curzon Street, sent his groom to the stables, telling him he should want the horses again before lunch, had a hot bath, of which he stood in dire need, and some brandy with his breakfast, and then, all unfit for exercise as he was, walked to Portland Place.

Mistress and maid rode home together in silence. The moment Florimel heard Malcolm's voice she had left the house. Caley, following, had heard enough to know that there was a scuffle at least going on in the study, and her eye witnessed against her heart that Liftore could have no chance with the detested groom if the respect of the latter gave way; would MacPhail thrash his lordship? If he did, it would be well she should know it. In the hoped event of his lordship's marrying her mistress, it was desirable not only that she should be in favor with both of them, but that she should have some hold upon each of a more certainly enduring nature: if she held secrets with husband and wife separately, she would be in clover for the period of her natural existence.

As to Florimel, she was enraged at the liberties Liftore had taken with her. But, alas! was she not in some degree in his power? He had found her there, and in tears! How did he come to be there? If Malcolm's judgment of her was correct, Caley might have told him. Was she already false? She pondered within herself, and cast no look upon her maid until she had concluded how best to carry herself toward the earl. Then glancing at the hooded cobra beside her, "What an awkward thing that Lord Liftore, of all moments, should appear just then!" she said. "How could it be?"

"I am sure I haven't an idea, my lady," returned Caley. "My lord has always been kind to Mr. Lenorme, and I suppose he had been in the way of going to see him at work. Who would have thought my lord was such an early riser? There are not many gentlemen like him nowadays, my lady. Did your ladyship hear the noise in the studio after you left it?"

"I heard high words," answered her mistress — "nothing more. How on earth did MacPhail come to be there as well? From you, Caley, I will not conceal that his lordship behaved indiscreetly; in fact, he was rude; and I can quite imagine that MacPhail thought it his duty to defend me. It is all very awkward for me. Who could have imagined *him* there, and sitting behind amongst the pictures! It almost makes me doubt whether Mr. Lenorme be really gone."

"It seems to me, my lady," returned Caley, "that the man is always just where he ought not to be, always meddling with something he has no business with. I beg your pardon, my lady," she went on, "but wouldn't it be better to get some staid elderly man for a groom — one who has been properly bred up to his duties and taught his manners in a gentleman's stable? It is so odd to have a groom from a rough seafaring set — one who behaves like the rude fisherman he is, never having had to obey orders of lord or lady! The worst of it is, your ladyship will soon be the town's talk if you have such a groom on such a horse after you everywhere."

Florimel's face flushed. Caley saw she was angry, and held her peace.

Breakfast was hardly over when Liftore walked in, looking pale, and, in spite of his faultless *get-up*, somewhat disreputable; for shame, secret pain, and anger do not favor a good carriage or honest mien. Florimel threw herself back in her chair — an action characteristic of the bold-

faced countess—and held out her left hand to him in an expansive, benevolent sort of way. “How dare you come into my presence looking so well pleased with yourself, my lord, after giving me such a fright this morning?” she said. “You might at least have made sure that there was—that we were——” She could not bring herself to complete the sentence.

“My dearest girl,” said his lordship, not only delighted to get off so pleasantly, but profoundly flattered by the implied understanding, “I found you in tears, and how could I think of anything else? It may have been stupid, but I trust you will think it pardonable.”

Caley had not fully betrayed her mistress to his lordship, and he had, entirely to his own satisfaction, explained the liking of Florimel for the society of the painter as the mere fancy of a girl for the admiration of one whose employment, although nothing above the servile, yet gave him a claim something beyond that of a milliner or hairdresser to be considered a judge in matters of appearance. As to anything more in the affair—and with *him* in the field—of such a notion he was simply incapable: he could not have wronged the lady he meant to honor with his hand by regarding it as within the bounds of the possible.

“It was no wonder I was crying,” said Florimel. “A seraph would have cried to see the state my father’s portrait was in.”

“Your father’s portrait?”

“Yes. Did not you know? Mr. Lenorme has been painting one from a miniature I lent him—under my supervision of course; and just because I let fall a word that showed I was not altogether satisfied with the likeness, what should the wretched man do but catch up a brush full of filthy black paint, and smudge the face all over!”

“Oh, Lenorme will soon set it to rights again. He’s not a bad fellow, though he does belong to the *genus irritabile*. I will go about it this very day.”

“You’ll not find him, I’m sorry to say. There’s a note I had from him yesterday. And the picture’s quite unfit to be seen—utterly ruined. But I *can’t* think how you could miss seeing it.”

“To tell the truth, Florimel, I had a bit of a scrimmage after you left me in the studio.” Here his lordship did his best to imitate a laugh. “Who should come rushing upon me out of the back regions of paint and canvas but that mad groom

of yours! I don’t suppose you knew he was there?”

“Not I. I saw a man’s feet: that was all.”

“Well, there he was, for what reason the devil knows, perdu amongst the painter’s litter; and when he heard your little startled cry—most musical, most melancholy—what should he fancy but that you were frightened, and he must rush to the rescue! And so he did with a vengeance: I don’t know when I shall quite forget the blow he gave me.” And again Liftore laughed, or thought he did.

“He struck you!” exclaimed Florimel, rather astonished, but hardly able for inward satisfaction to put enough of indignation into her tone.

“He did, the fellow! But don’t say a word about it, for I thrashed him so unmercifully that, to tell the truth, I had to stop because I grew sorry for him; I am sorry now. So I hope you will take no notice of it. In fact, I begin to like the rascal; you know I was never favorably impressed with him. By Jove! it is not every mistress that can have such a devoted attendant. I only hope his overzeal in your service may never get you into some compromising position. He is hardly, with all his virtues, the proper servant for a young lady to have about her; he has had no training—no *proper* training at all—you see. But you must let the villain nurse himself for a day or two anyhow. It would be torture to make him ride after what I gave him.”

His lordship spoke feelingly, with heroic endurance indeed; and if Malcolm should dare give *his* account of the fracas, he trusted to the word of a gentleman to outweigh that of a groom.

Not all to whom it may seem incredible that a nobleman should thus lie are themselves incapable of doing likewise. Any man may put himself in training for a liar by doing things he would be ashamed to have known. The art is easily learned, and to practise it well is a great advantage to people with *designs*. Men of ability, indeed, if they take care not to try hard to speak the truth, will soon become able to lie as truthfully as any sneak that sells grease for butter to the poverty of the New Cut.

It is worth remarking to him who can, from the lie actual, carry his thought deeper to the lie essential, that all the power of a lie comes from the truth: it has none in itself. So strong is the truth that a mere resemblance to it is the source of

strength to its opposite, until it be found that *like* is not *the same*.

Florimel had already made considerable progress in the art, but proficiency in lying does not always develop the power of detecting it. She knew that her father had on one occasion struck Malcolm, and that he had taken it with the utmost gentleness, confessing himself in the wrong. Also, she had the impression that for a menial to lift his hand against a gentleman, even in self-defence, was a thing unheard of. The blow Malcolm had struck Liftore was for her, not himself. Therefore, while her confidence in Malcolm's courage and prowess remained unshaken, she was yet able to believe that Liftore had done as he said, and supposed that Malcolm had submitted. In her heart she pitied without despising him.

Caley herself took him the message that he would not be wanted. As she delivered it she smiled an evil smile and dropped a mocking curtsy, with her gaze well fixed on his two black eyes and the great bruise between them.

When Liftore mounted to accompany Lady Lossie, it took all the pluck that belonged to his high breed to enable him to smile and smile with twenty counsellors in different parts of his body feelingly persuading him that he was at least a liar. As they rode Florimel asked him how he came to be at the studio that morning. He told her that he had wanted very much to see her portrait before the final touches were given it. He could have made certain suggestions, he believed, that no one else could. He had indeed, he confessed — and felt absolutely virtuous in doing so, because here he spoke a fact — heard from his aunt that Florimel was to be there that morning for the last time: it was therefore his only chance; but he had expected to be there hours before she was out of bed. For the rest, he hoped he had been punished enough, seeing her rascally groom — and once more his lordship laughed peculiarly — had but just failed of breaking his arm: it was all he could do to hold the reins.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN OLD ENEMY.

ONE Sunday evening — it must have been just while Malcolm and Blue Peter stood in the Strand listening to a voluntary that filled and overflowed an otherwise empty church — a short, stout, elderly woman was walking lightly along the pavement of a street of small houses not

far from a thoroughfare which, crowded like a market the night before, had now two lively borders only — of holiday-makers mingled with church-goers. The bells for evening prayers were ringing. The sun had vanished behind the smoke and steam of London; indeed, he might have set — it was hard to say without consulting the almanac — but it was not dark yet. The lamps in the street were lighted however, and also in the church she passed. She carried a small Bible in her hand, folded in a pocket handkerchief, and looked a decent woman from the country. Her quest was a place where the minister said his prayers, and did not read them out of a book: she had been brought up a Presbyterian, and had prejudices in favor of what she took for the simpler form of worship. Nor had she gone much farther before she came upon a chapel which seemed to promise all she wanted. She entered, and a sad-looking woman showed her to a seat. She sat down square, fixing her eyes at once on the pulpit, rather dimly visible over many pews, as if it were one of the mountains that surrounded her Jerusalem. The place was but scantily lighted, for the community at present could ill afford to burn daylight. When the worship commenced and the congregation rose to sing, she got up with a jerk that showed the duty as unwelcome as unexpected, but seemed by the way she settled herself in her seat for the prayer already thereby reconciled to the differences between Scotch church-customs and English chapel-customs. She went to sleep softly, and woke warily as the prayer came to a close.

While the congregation again sang the minister who had officiated hitherto left the pulpit, and another ascended to preach. When he began to read the text the woman gave a little start, and, leaning forward, peered very hard to gain a satisfactory sight of his face between the candles on each side of it, but without success: she soon gave up her attempted scrutiny, and thenceforward seemed to listen with marked attention. The sermon was a simple, earnest, at times impassioned, appeal to the hearts and consciences of the congregation. There was little attempt in it at the communication of knowledge of any kind, but the most indifferent hearer must have been aware that the speaker was earnestly straining after something. To those who understood it was as if he would force his way through every stockade of prejudice, ditch of habit, rampart of indifference, moat of

sin, wall of stupidity and curtain of ignorance until he stood face to face with the conscience of his hearer.

"Rank Arminianism!" murmured the woman. "Whaur's the gospel o' that?" But still she listened with seeming intentness, while something of wonder mingled with the something else that set in motion every live wrinkle in her forehead and made her eyebrows undulate like writhing snakes.

At length the preacher rose to eloquence—an eloquence inspired by the hunger of his soul after truth eternal and the love he bore to his brethren who fed on husks—an eloquence innocent of the tricks of elocution or the art of rhetoric; to have discovered himself using one of them would have sent him home to his knees in shame and fear—an eloquence not devoid of discords, the strings of his instrument being now slack with emotion, now tense with vision, yet even in those discords shrouding the essence of all harmony. When he ceased the silence that followed seemed instinct with thought, with that speech of the spirit which no longer needs the articulating voice.

"It *canna* be the stickit minister!" said the woman to herself.

The congregation slowly dispersed, but she sat motionless until all were gone and the sad-faced woman was putting out the lights. Then she rose, drew near through the gloom, and asked her the name of the gentleman who had given them such a grand sermon. The woman told her, adding that although he had two or three times spoken to them at the prayer-meeting—such words of comfort, the poor soul added, as she had never in her life heard before—this was the first time he had occupied the pulpit. The woman thanked her and went out into the street. "God bless me!" she said to herself as she walked away: "it *is* the stickit minister! Weel, won'ers 'ill never cease. The age o' mirracles 'ill be come back, I'm thinkin'." And she laughed an oily, contemptuous laugh in the depths of her profuse person.

What caused her astonishment need cause none to the thoughtful mind. The man was no longer burdened with any anxiety as to his reception by his hearers; he was hampered by no necromantic agony to raise the dead letter of the sermon buried in the tail-pocket of his coat; he had thirty years more of life, and a whole granary filled with such truths as grow for him who is ever breaking up the clods of his being to the spiritual sun and

wind and dew; and, above all, he had an absolute yet expanding confidence in his Father in heaven, and a tender love for everything human. The tongue of the dumb had been in training for song. And, first of all, he had learned to be silent while he had naught to reveal. He had been trained to babble about religion, but through God's grace had failed in his babble, and that was in itself a success. He would have made one of the swarm that year after year cast themselves like flies on the burning sacrifice that they may live on its flesh, with evil odors extinguishing the fire that should have gone up in flame; but a burning coal from off the altar had been laid on his lips, and had silenced them in torture. For thirty years he had held his peace, until the word of God had become as a fire in his bones: it was now breaking forth in flashes.

On the Monday, Mrs. Catanach sought the shop of the deacon that was an ironmonger, secured for herself a sitting in the chapel for the next half-year, and prepaid the sitting.

"Wha kens," she said to herself, "what birds may come to gether worms an' golachs (*beetles*) about the boody-craw (*scarecrow*), Sanny Grame?"

She was one to whom intrigue, founded on the knowledge of private history, was as the very breath of her being: she could not exist in composure without it. Wherever she went, therefore—and her changes of residence had not been few—it was one of her first cares to enter into connection with some religious community; first, that she might have scope for her calling—that of a midwife, which in London would probably be straitened toward that of mere monthly nurse—and next, that thereby she might have good chances for the finding of certain weeds of occult power that spring mostly in walled gardens and are rare on the roadside—poisonous things mostly, called generically *secrets*.

At this time she had been for some painful months in possession of a most important one—painful I say, because all those months she had discovered no possibility of making use of it. The trial had been hard. Her one passion was to drive the dark horses of society, and here she had been sitting week after week on the coach-box over the finest team she had ever handled, ramping and "foming tarre," unable to give them their heads because the demon-grooms had disappeared and left the looped traces dangling from their collars. She had followed Florimel from

Portlossie to Edinburgh, and then to London, but not yet had seen how to approach her with probable advantage. In the meantime she had renewed old relations with a certain herb-doctor in Kentish Town, at whose house she was now accommodated. There she had already begun to entice the confidences of maidservants by use of what evil knowledge she had and pretence to more, giving herself out as a wise-woman. Her faith never failed her that, if she but kept handling the fowls of circumstances, one or other of them must at length drop an egg of opportunity in her lap. When she stumbled upon the schoolmaster preaching in a chapel near her own haunts, she felt something more like a gust of gratitude to the dark power that sat behind and pulled the strings of events—for thus she saw through her own projected phantom the heart of the universe—than she had ever yet experienced. If there were such things as special providences, here, she said, was one: if not, then it was better luck than she had looked for. The main point in it was that the dominie seemed likely, after all, to turn out a popular preacher: then beyond a doubt other Scotch people would gather to him: this or that person might turn up, and any one might turn out useful. One thread might be knotted to another, until all together made a clew to guide her straight through the labyrinth to the centre, to lay her hand on the collar of the demon of the house of Lossie. It was the biggest game of her life, and had been its game long before the opening of my narrative.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

WHEN Malcolm first visited Mr. Graham the schoolmaster had already preached two or three times in the pulpit of Hope Chapel. His ministrations at the prayer-meetings had led to this; for every night on which he was expected to speak there were more people present than on the last; and when the deacons saw this they asked him to preach on the Sundays. After two Sundays they came to him in a body and besought him to become a candidate for the vacant pulpit, assuring him of success if he did so. He gave a decided refusal, however, nor mentioned his reasons. His friend Marshal urged him, pledging himself for his income to an amount which would have been riches to the dominie, but in vain. Thereupon the silk-mercator concluded that he must have money, and,

kind man as he was, grew kinder in consequence, and congratulated him on his independence.

"I depend more on the fewness of my wants than on any earthly store for supplying them," said the dominie.

Marshal's thermometer fell a little, but not his anxiety to secure services which, he insisted, would be for the glory of God and the everlasting good of perishing souls. The schoolmaster only smiled queerly and held his peace. He consented, however, to preach the next Sunday, and on the Monday consented to preach the next again. For several weeks the same thing recurred. But he would never promise on a Sunday, or allow the briefest advertisement to be given concerning him. All said he was feeling his way.

Neither had he, up to this time, said a word to Malcolm about the manner in which his Sundays were employed, while yet he talked much about a school he had opened in a room occupied in the evenings by a debating club, where he was teaching such children of small shopkeepers and artisans as found their way to him—in part through his connection with the chapel-folk. When Malcolm had called on a Sunday his landlady had been able to tell him nothing more than that Mr. Graham had gone out at such and such an hour—she presumed to church; and when he had once or twice expressed a wish to accompany him wherever he went to worship, Mr. Graham had managed somehow to let him go without having made any arrangement for his doing so.

On the evening after his encounter with Liftore, Malcolm visited the schoolmaster and told him everything about the affair. He concluded by saying that Lizzy's wrongs had loaded the whip far more than his sister's insult, but that he was very doubtful whether he had had any right to constitute himself the avenger of either after such a fashion. Mr. Graham replied that a man ought never to be carried away by wrath, as he had so often sought to impress upon him, and not without success; but that in the present case, as the rascal deserved it so well, he did not think he need trouble himself much. At the same time, he ought to remind himself that the rightness or wrongness of any particular act was of far less consequence than the rightness or wrongness of the will whence sprang the act; and that while no man could be too anxious as to whether a contemplated action ought or ought not to be done, at the same time no man *could* do

anything absolutely right until he was one with Him whose was the only absolute self-generated purity—that is, until God dwelt in him and he in God.

Before he left, the schoolmaster had acquainted him with all that portion of his London history which he had hitherto kept from him, and told him where he was preaching.

When Caley returned to her mistress after giving Malcolm the message that she did not require his services, and reported the condition of his face, Florimel informed her of the chastisement he had received from Liftore, and desired her to find out for her how he was, for she was anxious about him. Somehow, Florimel felt sorrier for him than she could well understand, seeing he was but a groom—a great lumbering fellow, all his life used to hard knocks, which probably never hurt him. That her mistress should care so much about him added yet an acrid touch to Caley's spite; but she put on her bonnet and went to the mews to confer with the wife of his lordship's groom, who, although an honest woman, had not yet come within her dislike. She went to make her inquiries, however, full of grave doubt as to his lordship's statement to her mistress; and the result of them was a conviction that beyond his facial bruises, of which Mrs. Merton had heard no explanation, Malcolm had had no hurt. This confirmed her suspicion that his lordship had received what he professed to have given; from a window she had seen him mount his horse, and her woman's fancy for him, while it added to her hate of Malcolm, did not prevent her from thinking of the advantage the discovery might bring in the prosecution of her own schemes. But now she began to fear Malcolm a little as well as hate him. And indeed he was rather a dangerous person to have about, where all but himself had secrets more or less bad, and one at least had dangerous ones, as Caley's conscience, or what poor monkey rudiment in her did duty for one, in private asserted. Notwithstanding her hold upon her mistress, she would not have felt it quite safe to let her know all her secrets. She would not have liked to say, for instance, how often she woke suddenly with a little feeble wail sounding in the ears that fingers cannot stop, or to confess that it cried out against a double injustice, that of life and that of death; she had crossed the border of the region of horror, and went about with a worm coiled in her heart, like a centipede in the stone of a peach.

"Merton's wife knows nothing, my lady," she said on her return. "I saw the fellow in the yard going about much as usual. He will stand a good deal of punishing, I fancy, my lady—like that brute of a horse he makes such a fuss with. I can't help wishing, for your ladyship's sake, we had never set eyes on him. He'll do us all a mischief yet before we get rid of him. I've had a hinstinc' of it, my lady, from the first moment I set eyes on him"—Caley's speech was never classic; when she was excited it was low—"and when I have a hinstinc' of anythink, he's not a dog as barks for nothink. Mark my words—and I'm sure I beg your pardon, my lady—but that man will bring shame on the house. He's that arrogant an' interferin' as is certain sure to bring your ladyship into public speech an' a scandal; things will come to be spokè, my lady, that hadn't ought to be mentioned. Why, my lady, he must ha' struck his lordship afore he'd ha' give him two such black eyes as them. And him that good-natured an' condescendin'! I'm sure I don't know what's to come on it, but your ladyship might cast a thought on the rest of us females as can't take the liberties of born ladies without sufferin' for it. Think what the world will say of *us*! It's hard, my lady, on the likes of us."

But Florimel was not one to be talked into doing what she did not choose. Neither would she to her maid render her reasons for not choosing. She had repaired her fortifications, strengthened herself with Liftore, and was confident. "The fact is, Caley," she said, "I have fallen in love with Kelpie, and never mean to part with her—at least till I can ride her or she kills me. So I can't do without MacPhail. And I hope she won't kill him before he has persuaded her to let me mount her. The man must go with the mare. Besides, he is such a strange fellow, if I turned him away I should quite expect him to poison her before he left."

The maid's face grew darker. That her mistress had the slightest intention of ever mounting that mare she did not find herself fool enough to believe, but of other reasons she could spy plenty behind. And such there truly were, though none of the sort which Caley's imagination, swift to evil, now supplied. The kind of confidence she was yet capable of reposing in her groom Caley had no faculty for understanding, and she was the last person to whom her mistress could

impart the fact of her father's leaving her in charge of his young henchman. To the memory of her father she clung, and so far faithfully that even now, when Malcolm had begun to occasion her a feeling of awe and rebuke, she did not the less confidently regard him as her good genius that he was in danger of becoming an unpleasant one.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
MAGAZINE LITERATURE.*

PERIODICAL literature appears to have been an original English growth. What the Hôtel de Rambouillet had done, half a century before, for France, that "The Spectator" did for England, and it was characteristic of the two nations that the agent in the one should be a *salon*, in the other a paper. Both raised, refined, and purified the public taste at a time when storms had subsided, and left a good deal of mud behind them, and both did so only by a certain stiff fastidiousness which made Frenchwomen *précieuses*, and Englishmen prigs.

One Dr. Drake, in 1818, collected much curious information respecting these early periodicals, showing that the first idea sprang from Steele, and the practical execution is due to Addison, whose invention of the club of "The Spectator" gave a dramatic variety to the letters and essays, and scope for the employment of many different hands. It is plain that an immense effect was produced on the turbid waters. Dr. Drake quotes from contemporary pamphlets evidence that the whole current of thought was affected:—

All the pulpit discourses of a year scarce produce half the good that flowed from "The Spectator" of a day. . . . These writings have set all our wits and men of letters on a new way of thinking, of which they had but little or no notion before. Every one of them writes and thinks much more justly than they did some time since.

The circulation amounted to twenty thousand a day, and reached even to the Highlands (and this in the days of roads "before they were made"), and were read with the news of the week by grave pol-

iticians, who met on Sunday evenings "to arrange the affairs of the nation."

Indeed, the Saturday papers in "The Spectator" are meant to be directly religious treatises. To us they look very flat, dry, and "fusionless," just fit for the age that had driven out the Non-jurors, but they were written in all sincerity, and did their work in keeping up the recognition of religion among the "wits," who gave their tone to the thought of the country. Nor must we forget that we owe to Addison the resuscitation of some of the most beautiful hymns of a more earnest and gifted generation than his own. Many persons are amazed to find that "The spacious firmament on high," and "When all thy mercies, O my God," are not Addison's, but Andrew Marvell's. There was wholesome training, too, in the contemplation of the model Old English gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley, so faithfully attending his village church, and making the responses sonorously, even though he rebuked the idle in an equally loud voice, and was himself the chooser of the printed sermons from which the parson was to preach. And as we know, Addison so loved Sir Roger, that, as Cervantes did by Don Quixote, he slew him with his own hand to save him from being murdered by others.

It was "The Spectator," too, that made Milton the fashion, and, by disinterring "Chevy Chase," began that delight in ballad lore which Johnson in vain ridiculed, and which bred our chief romantic literature and antiquarianism.

The correspondence afforded a ready lash for the many follies, foibles, and impertinences of the day. Letters on assumptions in manners and dress, complaints of my lady's caprices from my lady's own woman, pictures of life with the masculine lady of the time, or the gentleman too much devoted to the arts of the kitchen, cannot fail to amuse any one who dips into the long rows of little brown volumes which range along the uppermost shelves of old libraries, by showing how unlike our own were the manners, how like the natures of our forefathers and foremothers.

France, Germany, and Holland had soon "Spectators" of their own, and at home Dr. Drake enumerates no less than thirty of the like papers before the era of "The Rambler." It is curious to find that one of these was called "The Free Thinker," not by any means in the present sense of the word, at least, so we hope, for it numbered an Archbishop of Armagh and a Bishop of Rochester among the contribu-

* 1. *Blackwood's Magazine*. (Blackwood, Edinburgh.)

2. *Chambers's Magazine*. (Chambers, Edinburgh.)

3. *Macmillan's Magazine*. (Macmillan.)

4. *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. (Bell.)

5. *The Monthly Packet*. (Mozley and Smith.)

6. *The Churchman's Companion*. (Masters.)

tors to its "elegant fictions," and was conducted by that Ambrose Philips, whose poems on aristocratic babies and "silly swains and yet more silly sheep" assisted in lowering "silly" from its Miltonic sense of *selig*, blessed; and whose nickname enriched the language with the adjective "namby-pamby." No wonder "The Free Thinker" did not thrive.

In truth "The Spectator" was a daily paper, and with all its class was more like a single article from one of our weekly papers, such as the *Saturday Review* or the *Athenæum*, than the magazines which are its numerous progeny.

We have had the curiosity to look out the word magazine in our Johnson and our Webster. It appears that the word comes from the Arabic *makhzan*, a granary, whence the Spanish *almacen*, the French *magasin*, and our magazines, which were almost always of corn or of ammunition, until Edward Cave, in 1731, adopted the word as a title for his monthly paper, the now venerable *Gentleman's Magazine*. In 1755, Johnson, with evident reluctance, adds to the original definition: "Of late this word has signified a miscellaneous pamphlet, from a periodical miscellany named the *Gentleman's Magazine*," and now after a century, that peculiar affectation, which makes second-rate English people like to discard common words, has overthrown this sensible term, and when we go to inquire for our magazines, the shopman stares as if we uttered a vulgarity, and reproachfully says, "Your serials, sir?"—periodicals, which first began the evil custom of turning an adjective into a substantive, having in the mean time fallen into disuse.

However, newspapers still head their critical column "The Magazines," and so far they are praiseworthy, though we have very considerable doubts whether the perpetual hasty and ephemeral criticism of the daily press is a wholesome stimulant to the subjects of it, often amounting as it does to a mere advertisement. To attempt a history of magazine literature would be entirely beyond our bounds. All we can do is to mention what seems to us the chief stages in its course.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* was, as it professed, a storehouse of information of various kinds, not very brilliant, but useful and sensible; and the *Lady's*, which followed, was a curious collection of fashions, bad poetry, and worse novels, which, we think, was never in vogue with people of the higher classes, though it must have lived on many years, to judge by the

accumulated volumes sometimes to be found in old inns or farmhouses.

It was not, however, till the lull that followed the downfall of Napoleon I. that there was leisure for much idle literature or any great facility for its transmission. Then it was that publishers began to start magazines, such as the *Monthly* and *New Monthly* in double columns of close printing, intended to supply the reader with a selection of fare, heavy or light or both, as the case might be, for a whole month. The first which really attained any distinction was *Blackwood's* in the hands of Professor Wilson. Reading his papers in cold blood after the lapse of forty years, it is difficult to realize the delight people felt in the symposia of Christopher North. We can only think of Mr. Pickwick, an evident parody of the great man, whose speeches were greeted with rapture, whether critical, political, humorous, or, we must now say, extravagant. When our elders tell us how eagerly they watched for *Blackwood* and revelled in the domineering sententiousness of Christopher and the broad Scotch jokes of the Shepherd, we turn to the old volumes, and stand amazed at the rampant thing that Toryism was in their day, and at the kind of wit that then went such a long way. And yet, in its kind, Christopher's is a wholesome, honest, outspoken sort of temper, always hearty in praise or blame, and never dealing with what would soil the imagination: it is rough but not bitter, rude but not sneering. The spirit is that of a great boy, vehement in both likes and dislikes, crushing a noxious insect with sledge-hammer force, and then raving over the charms of his favorite pursuits. "Maga" and "Ebony," and the like pet names are displayed to the public with the utmost simplicity, and the public accepted the confidence with equal cordiality.

With Wilson, *Blackwood* lost this distinctive feature of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," but it has continued to stand high in reputation, for good and sound critical papers and essays, and for fiction of a superior order—many of our best novels having first seen the light in its pages. There is no fear in taking up a number of Christopher North's beloved "Maga" that we shall find anything for which to blush, or any attacks or sneers on what we hold most sacred.

There are almost as many periodicals as there are great publishers. There seems to be a necessity laid on every "set" to have what it is now the fashion to call "its organ:" but as all kinds of fingers play on

most of the organs in turn, there is nothing very distinctive left about them. It was one of the stock pieces of advice in books for young people forty years ago to avoid reviews and magazines, for fear of being made desultory. The magazines were too strong, or the young people too careless for the warning to be heeded, and perhaps its truth has been proved, for desultory the great proportion of us are, if by that we mean that there are comparatively very few readers who ever attempt a long many-volumed book, steadily work through a standard old history, or return again and again to an old favorite. One feels at times as if it would be a good thing to be shut up with half a dozen old books for a year, that one might read something through, instead of, as soon as one is settled into some solid book, being swept from it by the tide that sets in on the first of every month. Yet if there be a virtuous attempt to cling to the older friend and let the new-comer drift by, we find ourselves left behind in household talk, in social conversation, and altogether out of the current of affairs. So, as the sheaf of periodicals comes in, we treat them as a naughty child does a dish of apples, taking a bite out of each in haste, ere they are passed on to some one else, or join the many-colored pile in the cupboard. Some people do still steadily refuse to read a story in instalments, but the most part have cultivated a curious faculty in their minds, by which they keep eight or ten serial stories distinct from month to month, and never confuse their heroes and heroines.

Fiction is the inevitable feature of all magazines alike; in some the wing meant to bear the solid part, as the thistle-down, the seed in others the chief element, only ballasted by a small amount of "wadding." We are far, however, from thinking this reign of magazines altogether a misfortune. Many are thus enabled to read, who would never have had books within range of a more expensive kind. Subjects are ventilated as they could never be in separate pamphlets, and there is a ready circulation of useful discoveries or proposals. And the fiction itself gets more thoroughly read and commented on than it does in a complete form when it can be rapidly turned over and dismissed. The young muse is especially obliged to the poet's corner of a magazine, which enables her effusions to be put on their trial without that fatal venture, the publication of a volume. Altogether, the manufacturers of literature have reason to be grateful to the system,

which, by lessening the risk of publishing their first essays in the craft, trains their 'prentice hands with some remuneration, and thus lifts them above that miserable dependence on patrons and publishers, of which Hogarth's "Poor Author" is the embodiment.

On the other hand, the temptation is great of rushing unadvisedly into print. First beginners do not indeed find it very easy, and are apt to run the gauntlet through a series of rejections; but once established as a contributor, there is every temptation to slurring, hasty work, and in some cases to sacrificing the general artistic effect of a whole production to the desire to make a point in each number, and always to let the curtain fall at some climax. Then the graver articles are very apt to be the crude result of some dredging in a few of the usually neglected library-shelves. The abstracts that would once have been made as a part of self-education are poured out as discoveries; and what, perhaps, is worse, the essays written during the working of the mind, and which are sometimes mere scum of fermentation, are sent forth to puzzle the world, and to commit the author to sentiments he would soon have outgrown. There are old stock subjects which come to the surface once or twice in every generation, such as the authorship of Junius, the Man in the Iron Mask, Caspar Hauser, and the Peter Botte Fountain, which all seem to be regarded as the material of magazines, and which happily come fresh to somebody.

Magazines, literary, improving, religious, juvenile, and amusing, there are in numbers, besides the serial papers devoted to some special purpose, of which there is no need to take any notice here. Every one has probably an ideal of a magazine, which might be carried out, if editors were infallible, and could also command perfect contributors, whose productions would never disappoint or run counter to all expectations, or turn out too long or too short. It is rather awkward for the public if the slumbers of all the Homers of a number take place at the same time, as they are too apt to do in the heats of August. Moreover, editors have relations and friends, ay, and friends' and relations' friends—people who, as Dickens, we think, describes it, expect you to accept an article because their wife's brother once lent your uncle an alpenstock.

The nearest approach to the ideal magazine of the second order, that we remember, was *Sharpe's Magazine*, in those days

when "Frank Fairleigh" predominated in its fiction, S. M. was the poet, and the other articles were thoroughly fresh and vigorous. It was a perfect feast to seize upon one of the numbers, but there seems to be some fatality on this class of magazines intended to be popular. The fresh vigor evaporated, the character changed, people dropped it, and then it dropped. A serial of this class is avowedly much wanted, and has been often attempted, but never is able long to survive. One difficulty is illustrations, which are always needed to float such a magazine, but more often swamp it by their expense. Even *Good Words*, which began vigorously, soon fell into the pathos of the perpetual reproduction of two lovers looking into each other's eyes, and employs artists so devoted to the existing style of dress that the country girl described as clad in the homeliest manner appears in the true "tilted hat" and tightened garments of the period. And in the current number this December, the artist has been so palpably heedless of the story that the hair described in the line below as flowing, is shown in the woodcut rolled up. These may be trifles, but they show culpable heedlessness. The *Day of Rest*, and that infantine magazine the *Peepshow*, also the *British Workman*, have the best woodcuts, partly because they eschew the sentimental style. But it is a strange fact that the evangelical and semi-Dissenting magazines have almost a monopoly of clever art in woodcuts. Yet we can hardly suppose it is owing to their having a larger circulation.

There is at this moment no perfectly satisfactory magazine, that we know of, to send into the servants' hall after the first novelty, and then to pass on to the lending library. *Good Words* has not the brilliancy it had in the outset under its original editor. This would not matter, nor would we even object to an inoffensive negativity in its theology, but we have no security against such objectionable stories as Mrs. Edwardes' tale of the "The Sylvestres," dealing in French Fourierists, and the Rev. Llewellyn Davies has been known in his ardor for cremation to state that the doctrine of the resurrection of the body is founded on some misunderstanding of St. Paul's words. It seems to us that the plan throughout has been the collecting authors of name and then leaving them entirely to their own devices—a plan working well for literary interest, but not for the edification of those who need guidance. It is a great pity the *People's Mag-*

azine did not attain liveliness enough to be popular, and thus perished, probably through the contrary fault of not allowing freedom enough, and the *Leisure Hour* has at present a story seemingly intended to diffuse mistrust and party spirit. The *Day of Rest* has some excellent contributors—Hesba Stretton, whose stories are always successful, and Mr. Proctor for science; but there is a tone of semi-Dissent about some of its papers that prevents us from committing ignorant readers to it. The like is the case with *Evening Hours*, which has lapsed more into this tone since its nominal editor has been avowedly beyond the reach of exercising any supervision. Her letters from Port Natal are the best thing in the numbers; but that a name should be lent as editor when editorial work is impossible, seems to us a strange thing. We greatly need a really good magazine of this kind, with fiction, always pure and sound, stirring and lively enough to command eager interest, and with good scientific and historical articles, really able sketches of scenes and places at home and abroad, and altogether such a collection as would command the interest of a larger class of readers. We do not want it to be a directly "religious magazine," only that religious principle should underlie everything in it, and that truth, reverence, and decorum should always be attended to.

We have more directly religious magazines in *Golden Hours*, the *Churchman's Companion*, and *Monthly Packet*, the first of which alone attempts art, and that not very high art. *Golden Hours* has often pleasant chapters of travel, and sensible papers on other subjects, but its tales are apt to be controversial, and the dread of Romanism seems to be their chief moral. The *Churchman's Companion* often has excellent articles in it, but its weak point is the religious sensationalism of most of its fiction. Religious is hardly the right word, for there is apt to be a great deal too much of minute detail of ornament and ritual combined with a rather sickly sentiment. It is very unfortunate, for the ecclesiastical articles are often excellent, but the weakness and silliness of some of these tales absolutely prevent the book from being read by persons to whom the more solid papers would be most useful. The *Monthly Packet* has adapted itself from the first to the needs of young girls of the well-educated classes, and its best articles usually run on from number to number so long, that there is little to interest a person who takes up a

number casually, through there is much in it very valuable to regular subscribers.

What we want is something like what *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* has been, nay, we can almost say that it still is. It is full of short, interesting articles, always bright, clever, and full of information, but perfectly colorless as to religion. The weak point is, as usual, in the tales, and as after all it is stories that form the chief training in morals of an immense portion of our population, it is of great importance that these should be high-minded and well-principled. And here it is that the avoidance of religious topics tells. No one can write of the great events of human life, such as are the topics of fiction, without shallowness and poorness, or else without passion and lawlessness, who has not the mingled soberness and earnestness given by religious principle. And no one so feeling, can long write good papers in which all reference to the highest motives is kept out of sight. Innocent and pure these novelettes in *Chambers's* always are, but the longer ones have a great tendency to vehement sensational adventures, and the shorter are little more than lively accounts of some small love-affair, some mistake of identity, some imaginary terror, and are forgotten as soon as read. However, take it for all in all, there is no entirely secular magazine we could so gladly see occupying a spare moment as *Chambers's*. And this merit of doing no harm is no small one. Children's magazines ought to thrive more than they do, considering the real delight they are. It was a bad sign when Mozley's excellent *Magazine for the Young* failed for want of support; *Aunt Judy*, with all her talent, has been forced to raise her price, yet she really commands first-class juvenile writing, and is much better than *Good Things*. The *Chatter-box* and the *Peepshow* are too slight for a thoughtful child, though excellent for a younger one.

We feel this keenly when we pass from these so-called "popular magazines" to the larger monthlies, which lie on drawing-room tables and on bookstalls at stations; the newer ones shining in butterfly tints, the older ones preserving their ancient sober livery.

Here is the *Argosy*, over which we mourn. It began so well, with that curious story of "Shoemaker's Village," so wonderfully picturing one of those self-grown clusters of houses where the British workman is seen in his true colors; also with "Robert Falconer," one of the best of

George MacDonald's tales, and with other thoughtful papers that made those earlier numbers valuable. But for the last six or eight years, it has changed its character, and become a vehicle for the regular sensational novel, sometimes by Mrs. Henry Wood, sometimes by an imitator, with the regular murder at the beginning, and all the millinery details in which that school delight. There was one story, called "Parkwater," so disgusting that we cannot imagine how it could have been printed. The stories professing to be the recollections of Johnnie Ludlow have a certain naïve charm of style, and the two or three characters who run through them all, the squire, his wife and son, are so natural that we forget the improbability of a moderately peopled neighborhood having supplied such a fund of startling experiences and strange mysteries. The other tales are generally of that flimsy style which seems as if there were some machine to turn them off—a pair of lovers, a tragic or a comic incident, death or marriage, all in half-a-dozen pages, to be glanced at and forgotten. Sometimes there is a tolerable bit of foreign scenery, sometimes a scrap of historical character, and the inevitable poem. *Voilà tout*.

The other monthlies of higher pretensions lose a good deal of individuality from the practice of engaging authors all round in turn to supply articles, so that it might be possible to run through the whole course. *London Society*, *Belgravia*, and *Tinsley's* all have much the same character, and are almost wholly devoted to novels, with the lightest and most unsubstantial wadding between. In general, the novels are of the sensational type, and are apt to deal with equivocal positions and unpleasant mysteries. We must, however, make an exception in favor of a tale called "Wood and Married," by Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, which ran on for a good while in *Tinsley's*, and was a really beautiful story, with some fine characters in it.

None of these approach the brilliancy of *Household Words*, when Dickens was its editor, and when Mrs. Gaskell was contributing her delicious "Cranford"—perhaps one of the best specimens of feminine humor in the language for quiet grace and delicacy. Such contributors as these cannot be called up at will; so it is not fair to complain of their absence!

But we do complain of the presence of what is painful and unwholesome, like the fiction we often find in the *Cornhill*. There is no want of ability here, nor of

interest, but surely it is not well that a popular serial, which lies on all our tables, should be made the field for creating sympathy with a woman who wants to marry her brother-in-law, as in "Hannah," for such a painful picture as begins "The Atonement of Leam Dundas," and for that present story of "Carità," in which Mrs. Oliphant, to our grief and indignation, has brought forward a piteous suicide to escape a lingering disease. The description is excellent, and we are shown how the vivacious, eager, self-indulgent woman, who has lived a life of refined amusement and vanity, is absolutely unable to accept the sentence that condemns her to a slow agony, and thinks of nothing but how to escape it, without apparently the least recollection of any over-ruling Power—without hope and without fear of aught beyond the present. Nor, so far, is there any condemnation of the terrible act, and whatever the sequel may disclose in the course of events, we cannot but think the promulgation of these earlier chapters unjustifiable. Did the author ask herself how they might affect some sufferer in the same circumstances, and what morbid suggestions they might carry with them? It is one of the further difficulties of conscientious magazine writing, that the Nemesis deferred to the end of a long tale does not tell upon the earlier portions when they are first read and commented upon.

Perhaps we shall be told that conscientious magazine writing is a "goody" idea, exploded long ago! Well, we are content to accept the imputation. We do think that it is a fearful responsibility to scatter broadcast pictures of frivolity, passion, and temptation, if not of vice, and that those who eagerly read such descriptions, though it may be far from them to do such things, certainly "take pleasure in those that do them."

Of course we do not expect that all writing should necessarily be *virginibus puerisque*, though we believe that it is a fact that the highest and noblest class of mind, and therefore the most manly, shrinks with disgust from foul descriptions, as health turns from disease. Great tragedy must perforce be concerned with crime and passion, but to treat these as subjects for great poems, tracing out the moral retribution with stern poetical justice, is not like the morbid love of close painting of the details which bring the horrors as close to us as if we were reading them in the newspaper. Or why should we have bits of history, told with evident zest, of people who are better forgotten, such as

the Marquise de Verneuil? The *Cornhill* has had such admirable papers in it—Miss Thackeray's charming tales and many others, which we lovingly remember, that we regret the more the uncomfortable tone (to say no more of it) so many of its articles have lately assumed.

A serial tale, if at all powerful, takes more hold of the imagination than one published complete, because there is more suspense and more discussion, and thus an objectionable one does more mischief in this form. Moreover, when the evil is detected, people have become interested, and do not like to withdraw their subscriptions till they know the end. A little resolution in this matter and a little conscience about reading are much needed in the present day. If all right-minded heads of families refused to take in a book where there was one of these undesirable tales going on, the supply would fall off, for the taste of the market is consulted, and authors would not be actually told that they must strain for incidents and passions to which they are unequal, and can only describe by mounting on stilts of other people's.

There are also the partly political, partly literary magazines, such as *Fraser's*, *Macmillan's*, *St. James's*, and the *Temple Bar*. In these the imaginative portion is more the wing to float the seed of thought than the *raison d'être*, and we think that their vigor as to social questions, both for evil and for good, has diminished since the *Contemporary* and *Fortnightly Reviews* have served as an arena. Papers on abuses or on charities find a home in *Macmillan*, and there is good criticism at times in all of them, but memorable articles do not very often occur, and the wadding is sometimes extensive, though now and then there breaks on us some really able enunciation put forth by a person who really has something to say, and says it with all his might, such as Miss Octavia Hill's occasional papers on the London poor, in *Macmillan*; but, on the whole, we think there is less force and variety in these serials than there was in their earlier days, and though their fiction is more guarded than in some others, it has not been of the first order of late.

We were all bewitched with Mr. Black's descriptions of scenery in "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," and "A Princess of Thule," and there are arch pictures of character that take the imagination for a time, but the stories themselves are apt to compress into something rather poor and unsatisfactory. Try to tell the out-

line of any one of them, apart from the grace of manner, and it is amazing how little there is in them. Indeed we are at a loss to understand how so extravagant and absurd a character as "Madcap Violet" can have had such a run. There is nothing in her worthy of admiration, and she only attracts by a certain fun and dash. Is it a wholesome state of things when such a wild, reckless, insubordinate girl is held up as the subject of interest? And how can a firm of such high character admit an article ending as one on "German Cradle-Songs" does in this December number? where we are told that the Christmas tree "points to the day when religion, having ceased to be a dogma, will have become once more simple poetry, and as such, the common inheritance of the pure in heart and child-like in spirit." We ask, is it fair on us and on our sons and daughters to scatter such anti-Christian aspirations in their way?

It is well that magazines should exist, as a vehicle for expression on many topics which require less ephemeral treatment than can be given in a newspaper, and yet cannot well stand alone. Yet we think that the continual feeding on this kind of literature is not favorable. Everything is in scraps, they come round like the fare at a dinner-party, cut and garnished mouthfuls, while we never see the *pièces de résistance*, from which half the materials come, and we get into a habit of expecting everything to be thus made easy for us, so that some of us are no more able to cater for ourselves, in a library, than we are to exercise the noble art of carving, once the mark of a well-bred man or woman.

Yet in the interest of the many who can read intelligently, and have small means of buying books, who need windows opened to them in the world present and past, and want freshness and variety, we would fain see what we have described as an ideal magazine, and which a very little might make some of the existing ones.

At the same time we hold that much of the special mission of magazines has been taken away by the general cheapness of standard books, and that the habit of dipping idly into them is a pernicious one. While each trusts to its serial tale to float it, and runs on just because people are accustomed to it, or want to see the end of the story, both the writer and reader are injured by the process. Would not even that beautiful story, "Off the Skel-

ligns," have been far better if it had been written as a whole, when it must have been less disjointed and better brought into keeping? And would not the idea of a complete and connected plot, such as we see in Miss Austen's novels, be less entirely beyond the conception of the present generation?

Hasty writing, without sense of responsibility in sending forth crudities, is the bane of the thinkers of our day, and we suspect that the abuse of magazine publicity has much assisted in forming the habit. What seems indeed to be most needed in all concerned with light literature, is—we are sorry to say it—a conscience, and a sense that a written sentence is even more potent for good or evil than a spoken sentence. This seems a self-evident fact; and yet, alas! how many there are who think nothing of perplexing others with their own troubled and vague theories. And how many more who seem to have no dread of pollution to the mind from what they read to pass away an idle hour!

From The New Quarterly Review.
GOETHE IN HIS OLD AGE.

BY EDWARD BARRINGTON DE FONBLANQUE.

IF the present period is not favorable to the development of the organ of veneration, and if there are fair grounds for the charge so often brought against the rising generation, of a want of deference for age; it may, on the other hand, be allowed that age is apt to be somewhat exacting in its assertion of a claim to exceptional respect, as though it were to be universally admitted as an established fact, that years invariably bring experience, and that experience invariably teaches wisdom and virtue; as though there were no such things as foolish old men or grey-haired sinners.

Goethe, who was singularly free from conventional prejudices, had no delusions on this point. In his eightieth year he gave it as his opinion, that men did not, as a rule, grow wiser with old age, that the utmost they could do with advancing years was to endeavor to preserve the good that was in them, and that, in many matters, the judgment was at least as reliable at five-and-twenty as at sixty.

"I have no reason to complain," he says, "of want of intellectual productiveness in my old age; but those things which, in my youth, I could accomplish

daily and under all circumstances, I can now only succeed in doing at times and under favorable conditions."

Three centuries he grows, and three he stays Supreme in state, and in three more decays,

says Dryden of the oak. Substitute decades for centuries, and the couplet may be applied to the life of man, allowing him his first thirty years for the attainment of full physical and moral stature, and the next thirty for developing and expanding in intellectual breadth. The third stage is one of decadence: the process may be slow, and almost imperceptible, but the canker is at work. The mind may be unconscious of loss of power, or the body capable of its usual exertion, but that nice balance between the two, which makes up the symmetry of healthful manhood in its prime is impaired. Why then do we insist upon associating exceptional wisdom with advancing years, thus estimating a thing not according to its permanent or rising, but to its declining value?

Instances there are, it is true, of intellectual vigor surviving to a very advanced stage. We Englishmen are proud to cite some three or four such from among the statesmen and jurists of a past generation; but for each one of these cases how many are there in which we are doomed to lament the unmistakable encroachments of senility, gradually sapping the powers of a great mind, or, sadder still, to mourn over the contemplation of a gigantic intellect dwindling into the impotence of early childhood.

We meet, not unfrequently, with a mind which, even towards the close of a long life, may bear advantageous comparison with thousands of average minds in their maturity; but in order to establish its claim to unimpaired vigor it should be submitted to the more severe test of comparison with itself when in its prime, and such a test it is surely unreasonable to impose. We have no right to look for meridian rays towards evening; the best and highest hope we can have for a great and honored life is that, like the sun at the close of a bright summer's day, it should go down in calm and cloudless splendor. Such was the sunset of Goethe's life; so in his eighty-third year he passed away shedding light, warmth, and color around him to the last. Even of him it cannot be said that he had been exempted from the infirmities of age, or that in his later years the fire of his genius burnt with as bright a flame as in earlier days; but what a grand spectacle he presented to the end,

to the very end, when, with his failing breath the dying giant gasped out a prayer for "more light"!

The loving and faithful disciple who has recorded his conversations with the great master during the last nine years of his life,* and who had seen him for the first time when he was already in his seventy-fourth year, does not deny that his hero occasionally felt weighed down by the burden of his years, and complains that at these times "a heavy mist seemed to rest upon his soul," but these were passing moods.

"Winter and summer," says Eckerman, "age and youth, seemed to maintain a constant struggle within him, yet marvellous was it to mark how in this man, between seventy and eighty, youth was ever in the ascendant, and how the autumn and winter days referred to, were the rare exceptions in his life."

It is impossible that the words uttered in the calm and repose of his old age by one who had stamped the impress of his genius upon his generation, and whose creations are destined to influence the thought of many generations yet unborn, can be read without deep interest, and a person living in constant and (with due allowance for differences of age and position) familiar intercourse with such a man had certainly exceptional opportunities for recording these words in all their force and freshness. A nature like Goethe's becomes more grand the nearer it is approached; it is only among the contemptible that familiarity breeds contempt.† If then his conversations upon a wide range of subjects, literary, political, religious, social, and personal, fall short of our expectations, and fail to contribute, in an adequate degree, to our knowledge of his mind and character, we may safely conclude that the fault lies with the biographer and not with his subject. In justice to Eckerman it may be allowed that he was conscious of his inability to do full justice to his hero, for in his preface he compares himself to a child who has endeavored to catch the summer rain in his outstretched hands, but has allowed the greater portion of the precious drops to

* *Gespräche mit Göthe in den letzten Jahren Seines Lebens, von Johann Peter Eckerman.* First published at Leipsic, in 1836.

† According to Mr. Lewes it was Hegel, who said that if no man could be a hero to his valet-de-chambre, it was "not because the hero is no hero, but because the valet is a valet." The authorship of this wise and witty rejoinder to a popular aphorism has been fathered upon, and quoted by, many writers; but Mr. Lewes authoritatively attributes its origin to the German philosopher.

dribble through its fingers. But, even the drops which he succeeded in catching are not always precious drops. In reading Eckerman's volumes we are frequently tempted to ask ourselves whether Goethe would have consented to their publication, had he been consulted. A great man might entrust to the friendly judgment of his physician the duty of writing the story of his death-bed, but he would hardly wish the final chapter of his biography to be contributed by the good-natured nurse who had attended him through his last illness, soothed him in his querulous moods, humored him in his wild fancies, and perhaps listened to the incoherent utterances of his fevered and wandering brain. Goethe was, as has been shown, singularly free in his old age from the ills that flesh is heir to, but we are inclined to suspect that had he been subject to drivelling and childishness, his biographer would have reproduced some such twaddle in the same reverential spirit in which he has recorded the poet's most pregnant words.

Johann Peter Eckerman, born in the vicinity of Hamburg towards the end of last century, of peasant parents, had in his fifteenth year barely acquired the first rudiments of education, by such attendance at the village school as he could snatch in the intervals of farm drudgery. A natural taste and capacity which he displayed for drawing, attracted the notice of a local official, who afforded him opportunities for some higher instruction, by means of which he was enabled to qualify for a small appointment under government. Called to take up arms in the German wars of liberation, he availed himself of a campaign in the Low Countries to make himself acquainted with the great Dutch painters, whose works the young recruit attempted to copy, during his passing visits to museums and picture-galleries, carrying about his unfinished sketches in his knapsack. On the conclusion of peace in 1815, he again obtained a clerkship, and devoted his leisure hours to attendance at the local gymnasium, indifferent to the ridicule which attached to a young man of four-and-twenty, taking his place in the school-room by the side of boys of twelve and fourteen. After some years of unremitting application, the proceeds of a volume of poems, published by subscription, together with a small grant from government, enabled him to go through a two years' course at the University of Göttingen, at the conclusion

of which he ventured to submit to Germany's great poet his manuscript of a carefully prepared work, "*Beiträge zur Poesie*," with a request for an introduction to a publisher, should the composition be thought worthy of such a favor. He received a courteous and encouraging reply, and, impelled by an irresistible impulse to see the man whom he already considered his patron and benefactor, the poor student, on a hot summer's day in 1823, buckled on his knapsack and trudged on foot from Hanover to Weimar.

He thus describes their first interview:—

"Before long Goethe entered. He wore a blue overcoat and shoes; a noble figure! the impression was overwhelming, but he at once dispelled my embarrassment by his cordial words. We sat upon the sofa, I felt blissfully overcome by his presence and contact, and could hardly find words to address him.

"We sat together long in a calm and loving mood; I pressed his knee; I could not utter from gazing upon him—I could not see enough of him. . . . He spoke slowly and deliberately as one might imagine an aged monarch to speak. One sees at a glance that he reposes upon himself and is raised above praise and censure. I felt inexpressibly well while in his presence, and soothed as one might be who, after much trouble and long hoping, had at length seen his fondest wishes gratified. We parted from one another with love; I, happy in the highest degree, for good-will sounded in all his words, and I felt that he thought well of me."

Nor was it in words only that Goethe showed his consideration for the poor unknown student. With that innate delicacy which was one of the most marked traits of his generous nature, he found a plausible pretext for providing Eckerman with remunerative work in the revision of his unpublished writings; and in this employment, doubly congenial from the circumstance of its bringing him into almost daily contact with his idol, Eckerman continued at Weimar until Goethe's death in the spring of 1833.

Eckerman's character is one deserving of all respect. Thoroughly conscientious and earnest, with a deep reverence for art and a sincere love of nature, he was simple, truthful, and affectionate. We have seen how, under difficulties almost insuperable, the poor peasant boy had succeeded by force of will, energy, and self-denial, in so highly cultivating himself as to fit him for companionship with one of the greatest

minds of his age. The qualities necessary for fully understanding and reflecting such a mind he did not possess. The appreciative sentiment, which he had in a high degree, is rarely wanting in a literary executor, and is indeed too commonly a source of danger; but of the critical and discriminative faculty, than which no gift is more indispensable to a biographer, Eckerman was entirely devoid. His countrymen have called him the German Boswell; but beyond their reverential natures the two men had nothing in common. Johnson personally is perhaps better known to Englishmen than any man of his time, and this he owes far less to "The Rambler" or to "Rasselas" than to Boswell. He did enough to earn a lasting fame, but many a man whose knowledge of the great moralist's works does not extend beyond an occasional reference to the dictionary, is familiarly acquainted with Johnson's face, figure, and dress, his habits, his sayings and doings, and can picture him as he sits over a dish of tea in Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room, or lays down the law among congenial spirits at the "Mitre Tavern," or snubs the faithful Boswell in his study.

Eckerman's records call up no such image. He tells us, it is true, how Goethe was dressed on different occasions: in a black coat with a star, or a brown coat with a blue cap, or in a white flannel dressing-gown; but his words convey no impression of living individuality. He is a photographer rather than an artist. He produces faithfully enough the outlines of face and feature, with furrows and wrinkles; but we do not see the man as he walked and talked and looked. We never hear his voice or catch his smile. Of those delicate lights and shadows which give life to the canvas, those subtle artistic touches by means of which Lewes, without the advantage of personal intercourse, has produced so graphic and powerful a picture, there is not a trace in Eckerman.

Another remarkable characteristic of these conversations is the absence of wit and humor. It may be allowed that of the latter gift the Teutonic race has received but a very small share, and that even Goethe, though there is undoubted humor in some of his works,* shows but little of it in his familiar correspond-

ence; but who can deny the possession of wit to the author of "Faust" and the creator of Mephistopheles? If then, in conversations ranging over a period of nine years, and a great variety of subjects, we find hardly a spark of wit, we must either conclude that the poet had outlived this faculty, or that the matter-of-fact mind of his biographer was incapable of catching and reflecting its flashes, and that thus the salt of Goethe's dialogues was often lost in the process of filtering. Probability is much in favor of the latter hypothesis.*

Perhaps, too, there was a certain reserve between patron and *protégé* calculated to restrain the flow of light conversation. Boswell had a good deal to bear at the hands of his hero, but he had an advantage in his social superiority over the object of his intellectual worship. He never forgot, nor indeed did Johnson, that he was the Scotch laird, and this consciousness must have served to ward off the weight of the cudgel and to infuse into their intercourse an element of equality tending to produce a more unreserved tone than could exist under the social disparity between Eckerman and Goethe. His veneration for his idol was even deeper, perhaps, than that of Boswell, but in addition to his worship for "the Prince of Poets"† the son of the German peasant could not but feel awed in the presence of *the Herr Geheimrath von Goethe*. This feeling displays itself frequently throughout Eckerman's volumes, in which the title of Excellency crops up with wearisome iteration in discussions upon abstruse and learned subjects, and in philosophical speculations. If, then, in these conversations we are never shocked by coarseness such as Boswell was frequently exposed to, we miss in Goethe the heartiness of tone and the thoroughly human element which underlay the current of Johnson's conversations, even when they culminated in outbreaks of boorishness. Without for a moment agreeing with those who have denied to Goethe the possession of a heart,‡

* The few of Goethe's sayings as recorded by Eckerman which have any claim to be called witty are thoroughly French in their character; as—"If others ask me for good advice, I tell them I am willing to give it, but only on condition that they do not act upon it;" or his description of Weimar as a town, containing ten thousand poets and several inhabitants; or again when, being asked whether he had seen Mr. A. kiss Mrs. B., he replied, "I saw it but I don't believe it," recalling Madame de Stael's "*Je n'y crois pas, mais je le crois*," à propos of the devil.

† Goethe relates having received a letter from an English literary man, who in consequence of having seen him described in a German print as the Prince of Poets, addressed him as his Highness the Prince Goethe, Weimar.

‡ Even in his relations with women, which formed

* "Faust" has perhaps most of it; there is rich humor in the scene between Mephistopheles and Martha, broad humor in the Leipsic wine-vaults, quaint and grotesque humor in the witches' kitchen and the *Walpurgis-Nacht*. The vein that runs through "Wilhelm Meister" is of a more forced and less genial kind.

it may be allowed that his habit of self-suppression and undemonstrativeness, and that "diplomatic manner" of which even Schiller complained, produce a chilling effect and are apt to convey an erroneous impression of his true nature. "Sir, you are talking nonsense," is a form of speech which no provocation could have induced the courtly poet of Weimar to address to the humblest individual, but he could hit as hard with his tortoise-shell paper-knife as Johnson ever did with his cudgel, and poor Eckerman's knuckles did not escape these playful though by no means painless raps. Thus when, Eckerman having modestly remarked that a work of Schillings' had given him the clue to an abstruse passage in the second part of "Faust," Goethe "smilingly" answered, "I have always found that it is as well to know something," — a rejoinder which the biographer quotes with much complacency.

As a complete work, then, illustrative of Goethe in his old age, Eckerman's volumes are not to be commended. They fail to show us the man, and they give but dim impressions of the mind. The style is disfigured by diffusiveness and repetition, and here and there by unaccountable contradictions. Nevertheless, by a judicious process of winnowing, we may arrive at a fair estimate of Goethe's opinions upon a variety of topics, and there are, moreover, some passages which throw light upon his own many-sided character.

It is remarkable how frequently Goethe's conversations turned upon theatrical subjects; but it must be borne in mind that in those days the stage was looked upon as an instrument of instruction and culture as well as a means of entertainment. Goethe's long connection with the Weimar theatre, the direction of which he only relinquished in consequence of what he conceived to be its desecration by the introduction of a dog in one of the performances, had made him a complete master of the technicalities of the stage. No man held higher views of the dignity and utility of the drama, or of its influence upon popular taste; no one could have made more strenuous efforts to make the stage over which he presided as perfect as possible in all its details. The smallest part received his care and attention,* but from

the main grounds of this charge, he cannot be called heartless. Goethe was deeply susceptible to female charms, and while under their influence full enough of heart. His powers of self-control, however, enabled him to subordinate love to propriety or self-interest, or such other purely personal considerations as pass in the world by the word duty.

those who aspired to represent a great poet's highest creations Goethe exacts something beyond the professional qualifications of an actor. It was not enough that he should possess physical accomplishments, dignity of diction and bearing, refined taste, and the faculty of varying his individuality, or, as he expresses it, of passing out of his own life into that of another; in order truly to interpret the conception of the heroic he must have cultivated his mind by the study of the ancient classics, and of the best works in painting and sculpture, so as to have caught their spirit.

Goethe's marvellous energy and working power is illustrated by the many hours which, amidst his official, literary, scientific, and social occupations, he devoted to theatrical affairs — advising old actors, training young ones, reading the plays of unknown authors, superintending the production of pieces, and conducting the material and financial management of the stage, down to its most minute details.

In the following passage there is a moral which theatrical managers will do well to take to heart: "I had two dangers to guard against. One was my passionate love for talent, which tended sometimes to make me inclined to show partiality. You may guess at the other. There was no lack in our theatre of women, not only young and pretty, but of gentle culture. I felt myself passionately attracted by several of these; nor was there any fear of my advances not being met half-way; but I checked myself in time. I knew my position, and all that I owed to it; I stood there not as a private individual, but as the chief of an institution, the success of which was dearer to me than my own pleasures. Thus, by remaining firm and master of myself I remained master of my theatre, and never wanted the necessary respect, without which authority cannot be long upheld."

Looking upon the stage as a great popular educator, Goethe naturally attaches pre-eminent importance to dramatic literature. "A truly great dramatic poet," he says, "is capable of infusing the spirit of his works into the spirit of the actors. . . . There was an influence in Corneille calculated to form heroic souls, and therefore it was that Napoleon, who required heroic souls, said that if Corneille had lived in his time he would have made him a prince."

He assigned a very high place to French dramatic literature, and to the healthy influence it had exercised in its time upon

the people. Of Molière he says: "I have known and loved him from boyhood, and have learnt from him through life. I never fail to read some of his works every year, in order to keep up my acquaintance with the admirable. It is not only the artistic treatment which delights me, but the genial, tender, well-cultivated mind of the poet. I know but a few fragments of Menander, but they give me so high an idea of him, that I consider the great Greek the only man that can be compared with Molière. . . . He is essentially a pure man — that is the only word that can describe him. There is nothing distorted or deformed about him; and then the grandeur with which he ruled the morals of his time, and chastised men by depicting them as they were!"

Like most Germans, Goethe was enthusiastic in his admiration of Shakespeare. He once resented a criticism, in which Tieck was placed upon a level with himself, and said: "It is as if I were to compare myself with Shakespeare, who is a being of a higher order, to whom I look up, and whom I must revere."

He did not deny that our great poet's plays frequently defied the laws of the stage, but he did not reproach Shakespeare for his unwillingness to subordinate his free genius to theatrical necessities. "Had he written for the court of Madrid or the theatres of Louis XIV., he would have been obliged to subject himself to their worst theatrical forms; but this is not to be regretted, for what we have lost in Shakespeare as a playwright he has gained as an universal poet. . . . He is altogether too rich and powerful; he serves us golden apples in silver bowls. By a study of his works we may obtain the bowls, but, alas! we have only potatoes to put into them." He accordingly resented the carping criticisms on Shakespeare, in which stress was laid upon disregard for the unities or apparent anachronisms. What does it matter, he asks, that Lady Macbeth says that she has "given suck to children," whereas Macduff declares that Macbeth never had children?

"Shakespeare did not look upon his pieces as being composed of so many letters of the alphabet, to be counted and compared with one another, but as representing a whole, and he need not trouble himself to explain contradictions and inconsistencies. It is a poor critic who goes minutely to work, tracing every stroke of the painter's brush or the poet's pen. A great work of art should be contemplated

and enjoyed in the same spirit in which it was conceived."

Goethe thought highly of the influence which Shakespeare's contemporaries and successors had exercised upon German literature, and also of the poets and humorists of the eighteenth century, foremost among whom he classed Goldsmith and Fielding. He was, however, if we may judge from these conversations, far more intimately acquainted with his English contemporaries than with our older poets.

Of Walter Scott he says: "He is a genius without an equal. . . . He gives me much to think of, and I recognize through him a new art, with laws of its own." Again, of "The Fair Maid of Perth," which, for lifelike action and faithfulness of detail, he compares to Teniers' pictures, "One just learns what English history is and means when such an inheritance falls to a great poet." In Scott's "Life of Napoleon" he sees an eloquent utterance of English popular opinion of their great enemy, which, in time to come, may afford useful materials for history, not of France but of England.

Of all English poets, however, it was Byron who appealed most powerfully to Goethe's sympathies: "Let the English say what they will, they have no poet to be compared with him. He differs from all others, and upon the whole is greater." Indeed, he goes so far as to declare that, but for his morbid feelings and spirit of contradiction and negation, he might have been as great as Shakespeare. He places him far above Tasso. "Byron is the flaming thornbush which lays the sacred cedar of Lebanon in ashes. The great Italian epic, which has maintained its reputation through centuries, is upset by one line of 'Don Juan.'" He regrets that Byron did not find a vent for his spirit of opposition in political debate, instead of making his writings the vehicle for these feelings, so that "much of his poetry may be described as Parliamentary speeches in verse." He utterly condemns his perverted moral views and his tendency to denial as destructive of poetic harmony. "The poet gains nothing by calling the evil bad, but infinitely much is lost by calling the good bad; it is not for him to destroy existing abuses, but it should be his aim to build up something at which humanity may rejoice."

He attributes many of Byron's defects to outward circumstances and position, and to the fact of his having been born to rank and fortune, both of which he con-

siders prejudicial to the development of genius. "Almost all great poets and artists have sprung from the middle classes."

These are a few of his remarks upon Byron:—

"Byron writes poetry as women produce beautiful children, without knowing how or asking why. He is only great while he poetizes; when he reasons he is lost."

"In the conception of the outward and in a clear penetration of past events, Byron is as great as Shakespeare; but in his pure individuality, Shakespeare is unapproachable. Byron felt this, and seldom speaks of him, though he knew his works by heart. He would gladly have disowned him, for Shakespeare's cheerful spirit stood in his way, and he could not make head against it."

"There is culture to be derived from Byron, even in his audacity and impertinence. We should beware of seeking it only in what is pure and moral. Everything that is great becomes cultivating, so soon as we become conscious of its greatness."

"In 'Marino Faliero' we are not conscious that the author is an Englishman. We live altogether in Venice, and in the period of the action: that is true art. . . . A French author never allows us to forget that he is writing from Paris."

"Evil tongues drove Byron out of England, and would have driven him out of Europe had not an early death snatched him from the malice of the Philistines."

Goethe did not, however, consider that literature had sustained a severe loss by the death of Byron, who had, in his opinion, exhausted his powers, and accomplished all it was given him to do.

Goethe made liberal allowance for plagiarism. "Walter Scott utilized a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so, since he treated it rationally. In the same way he drew upon my Mignon for a character in one of his novels. Byron's transformed devil is a continuation of my Mephistopheles, and that again is quite fair. My Mephistopheles sings one of Shakespeare's songs, and why should he not? Why should I take the trouble of writing a song when Shakespeare had said for me exactly what I wanted?"

Of Carlyle Goethe speaks in high praise as of the one Englishman who had thoroughly and conscientiously studied the literature of Germany, and placed it in its true light before his countrymen. "He is a moral power of much significance, and has a great future before him; it would

be difficult to foretell all that he may yet live to work and effect."

Burns is upheld as a true poet of the people, who has exercised a healthy influence over their minds, and gladdened their toilsome lives with genial and sympathetic song. Of another true poet of the people he says:—

"Béranger's is a happy gifted nature resting entirely upon itself—developed from out itself, ever in harmony with itself. His songs have, year in, year out, made millions of people happier, and what better can be said of any poet?"

In Victor Hugo's earlier works Goethe already discovered the germ of those literary vices which with advancing years have so sadly blemished his great genius; speaking of "Notre Dame" he says:—

"This is the most detestable book ever written. It is a contradiction without nature or truth. The so-called characters are not living men of flesh and blood, but wooden dolls, which go through their dances, grimaces, and contortions according to the effect the author wishes to produce. What an age is this, that not only makes such a work possible and brings it forth, but finds it endurable, and even edifying!" What would he have said of "*L'Homme qui Rit*," or "*L'Année Terrible*"?

When Byron smarted under an adverse criticism he roused all the powers of his ill-disciplined temper to revenge himself by a violent and indiscriminate onslaught upon the whole race of critics and authors. Goethe was far from being insensible to critical assaults, but his nature was singularly free from rancor, and though he found relief and satisfaction in preparing barbed shafts in his defence, the arrow was never allowed to leave its quiver. He tells Eckerman that he had a large collection of epigrams directed at different times of his life against his detractors, but that it was enough for him to have thrown them off and thus rid himself of his bile—they had never passed beyond the circle of a few intimate friends: "they did me good service, but why should I trouble the public with my private affairs, or injure still living persons by their publication?"

Of his own Werther he speaks with a half regretful pride, as a man might of a beloved child, the birth of which is a reproach to him, but whose existence vividly awakens in his sober after-life memories of youthful happiness such as can never come to him again.

"It is a creation which, like the pelican, I fed with my heart's blood; there is in it

so much of the very innermost of my own breast, so much of my own deepest emotions and thoughts, that it contains material for ten such volumes. Moreover, as I said before, *I have read the book but once*, and I shall take care not to read it again. . . . I should dread to live again through the pathological condition out of which it sprang."

Passing from literature, let us glance at Goethe's views upon two subjects in which he has been much misrepresented and misunderstood: politics and religion.

"I have been assailed in religion, science, and politics because I was never a hypocrite, and had the courage to utter what I thought. They would insist upon not seeing me as I am, and turned away from everything that was calculated to present me in a true light. Schiller, who, between ourselves, was far more of an aristocrat than myself, but who was more cautious in what he said, had the good fortune to be considered a particular friend of the people, while I was called a Conservative (*Freund des Bestehenden*). . . . It is true that I had been no friend to the French Revolution, for its horrors were too near me, and shocked me day by day, while its beneficial results had not then become apparent; and because I condemned revolution I was called a Conservative. This is an ambiguous title which I must decline. If the existing order of things is all that is good and great, I have nothing to say against it, but as side by side with the good there are necessarily evil and injustice and imperfection, a friend of the existing order of things often means an advocate of the obsolete and the bad."

Though Goethe resented being called a Conservative, his ideas of good government are such as rank Toryism of a type now extinct would hardly have ventured to proclaim in England half a century ago.

"A man should follow the trade to which he was born,* and which he has learned, and hinder no other man from following his trade. Let the cobbler stick to his last; the peasant remain by the plough, and the prince learn to govern. . . . let the father look after his household—the mechanic attend to his customer—the parson preach mutual love, and don't let the police interfere with the amusements of the people."

But although Goethe thus advocates a

paternal government over a submissive and unambitious people, he is anything but an aristocrat, and makes even respect for the sovereign dependent upon personal qualities.

"For mere royalty, as such, and unless backed by a sturdy, manly nature, and sterling worth, I have but little respect; indeed, I feel so well in my own state, and so satisfied with myself, that I would never have thought it anything remarkable if I had been made a prince. When I received my patent of nobility, people considered that I was greatly elated by the honor done me; but, between ourselves, it was nothing to me—absolutely nothing. We Frankfort patricians used to consider ourselves on a par with the nobles, and when I held my patent in my hand it never occurred to me that it gave me anything that I had not possessed before."

To the charge frequently preferred against him of being a courtier, he replies:—

"Well, what of that! Do I serve a tyrant or a despot? one who gratifies his pleasures at the cost of his people? I have been intimately connected with the grand duke for half a century, and have striven and worked with him, and I should lie were I to assert that I could recall a single day on which the grand duke had not thought of doing something calculated to benefit his country or to ameliorate the condition of individuals. . . . If they will have it that I am a court-lackey, I have, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that I am the lackey of one who is himself but a servant of the common wealth."

His countrymen had reproached Goethe with his want of interest in political affairs and of his sympathy with Germany's arch-enemies, the French. Why had he not turned his poetical genius to account by writing war-songs, like Körner, to arouse patriotism?

"I write war-songs! No, that is not in my line; I write love-songs because I love, and how could I write songs of hatred without hating? Between ourselves I never did hate the French though I thanked God when we were rid of them. How should I, to whom the all-important question was culture or barbarism, hate a nation which is amongst the most cultivated on earth, and to which I owe so large a portion of my own culture? National hatred is a very peculiar thing. You may always find it most strong and rabid in the lowest grades of civilization, but there comes a stage in which it disappears,

* Under this state of things Goethe's father and himself would have been tailors by trade.

and when one stands, so to speak, above nationalities and feels the prosperity or misfortune of a neighboring people, as if it had befallen one's self. This stage of civilization was congenial to my nature, and I had attained it long before I was sixty years of age."

Again, in reply to the charge that he had not fought in the wars of liberation:—

"Why should I take up arms without hatred, and *how can a man hate without youth?* Had the emergency arisen when I was twenty, I should not have remained behind, but it found me in my sixtieth year. We cannot all serve our country in the same way; but each must do his best with what God has given him. I may assert that in those tasks which nature set me as my special work I have not rested night or day, and allowed myself little recreation, but have striven hard, and worked as well and as much as I could. It were well if all men could say the same."

Little as Goethe affected politics, and tolerant as he deemed himself towards all shades of opinion, he could not forgive extreme liberal views in old age, and is very hard on this score upon our Jeremy Bentham:—

"It is an interesting problem to me to see so sensible, moderate, and practical a man as Dumont, become the pupil of that fool Bentham, and again, a problem to meet with an old man (like Bentham) who can thus close the course of a long life, and become a radical in his old age. . . . There is Sömmering just dead, having barely completed a miserable fifty-seven years! What lumps men are not to have the courage to hold out longer than that! I give all honor to my friend Bentham, that very radical fool, who is still hearty though some weeks older than I am. . . ."

And on Eckerman suggesting another point of resemblance in the youthful activity of their old age:—

"True, but we work at the two extremes of a chain; Bentham is for destroying, and I am for preserving and constructing. To be so radical in his old age is the summit of folly."

On Eckerman hinting that if Goethe had been born in England he too would have been a reformer of abuses:—

"For what do you take me?" replied Goethe, assuming the tone and manner of his Mephistopheles. "I look after abuses? I expose and publish them? I, who in England could have made a living out of abuses! Born an Englishman, I should have been a rich duke, or, better still, a

bishop, with £30,000 a year. I should above all things have hung on to the thirty-nine articles, and defended them from all sides and in all directions, especially the ninth article, which would have been a subject of peculiar attention and tender interest to me. I should have so lied in prose and verse that the £30,000 a year could not have been withheld from me, and once I had attained that position I should have scrupled at nothing to keep it. Above all, I should have strained every nerve to make the darkness of ignorance, if possible, more dark. I should have cajoled the masses, and so trained the youthful mind that no one should see, or have the courage to proclaim, that my splendid position rested upon a basis of shameful abuses."

The allusion to the English Episcopal Bench recalled to Goethe's mind a visit he had once received from the Bishop of Derry.* "Lord Bristol passed through Jena, and having expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, urged me to pay him an evening visit. His lordship was pleased to be extremely rude, but, met with equal rudeness, he became tractable enough. In the course of our conversation, he attempted to preach me a sermon on my 'Werther,' and to lay it upon my conscience that I had justified suicide. "'Werther,'" he said, 'is an immoral and damnable book.' 'Stop,' I cried, 'if this is the way you speak of our poor "Werther," what have you to say to the great ones of the earth, who, by one stroke of the pen, send one hundred thousand men into the field, of whom eighty thousand kill one another, or incite to murder, arson, or pillage; while you thank God for such horrors, and sing a *Te Deum* over them? . . . And now you would call an author to account and condemn his work, because, misunderstood by a few narrow minds, it has freed the world from at most a dozen blockheads or good-for-nothings, who really could not have done better than blow out the feeble remnant of their little light."

Not content with thus turning the tables upon the bishop, Goethe proceeded to attack him on his own ground, accusing his Church of driving poor souls into mad-houses by threats of hell-torments, and of creating unbelief and infidelity by preaching absurd superstitions.

"This outbreak," he says, "had an excellent effect upon the bishop. He became

* Eckerman, who has a happy knack of misquoting names, calls him Bishop of Derby. He, in like manner, speaks of having read Milton's "*Simson*."

as mild as a lamb, and during the remainder of our interview conducted himself with the most perfect courtesy and the nicest tact."

Goethe's views of an united Germany, like those of many of his countrymen at the present time, do not accord with the recent Bismarckian accomplishment of national union. Fraternity among all German-speaking races, united action against a foreign enemy, an universal coinage and system of weights and measures, the abolition of internal customs, dues, and passports within the German states, with roads, canals, and railways, would, in Goethe's opinion, suffice, without the absorption of sovereign States, for all necessary conditions of German union; and he indicates the evil of "a great empire with a single great capital for the development of individual talent, and the general welfare of the masses, by the familiar illustration of the living body, of which the heart is the centre, and which can only supply the vital current to the other members within a certain radius. He attributes the diffusion of education in Germany to the equal distribution throughout all the states of scholastic institutions, emanating from the many different seats of government, and which would never have existed had Berlin and Vienna been the only capitals; and believes that the absorption of the smaller capitals in the sovereign empire, and their reduction to the rank of mere provincial towns, would seriously impair the national cultivation of learning, art, and science.

Half a century ago young Germany was passing through a somewhat peculiar moral phase. French oppression, and the heroic spirit of resistance it had aroused, were things of the past, and those political aspirations for a more enlightened system of government, and an extension of popular rights, which twenty years later swept like a torrent over all the country, had not then begun to occupy men's thoughts. The national mind, deprived of more active exercise, took refuge in a mysticism which found an outlet in a variety of unhealthy and morbid channels, and "*Schwärmerei*," with its attendant train of foolish affectations and false sentiment, infected literature and social life. Goethe was severe in his condemnation of this unnatural phase, and draws a contrast very flattering to us, between the rising generation of his own country and the young Englishmen,* of whom a consider-

able number at this time frequented Weimar for the purpose of education.

"While the Germans plague themselves with the solution of philosophical problems, the English, with their practical good sense, laugh at us and win the world. . . . If we could but give the Germans, after the manner of the English, less philosophy and more energy, less theory and more practice . . . You know that hardly a day passes that I do not receive a visit from some passing stranger, but if I were to say that the personal appearance of these learned young Germans gives me pleasure, I should not speak the truth. Short-sighted, pale, with sunken chest, young without youth — that is the picture that most of them present. And when I begin to converse with them, I find that all that others enjoy appears unmeaning and trivial to them; that they are wedded to their own ideas, and that nothing interests them except the problems of their own speculations. . . . All youthful feeling, all youthful enjoyment, seems to be driven out of them. . . .

"I know not whether it be owing to race, or soil, or education, but the fact remains, that the English appear to advantage over almost all others. We only see a few of them here, and those probably by no means the best, but what sturdy, handsome fellows they are! Young as they are, generally not more than seventeen when they arrive here, you never find them embarrassed or bashful; on the contrary, their manner and bearing in society is as full of confidence and as easy as if they were everywhere the masters, and the whole world belonged to them. As a German father of a family, to whom the peace of his own ones is dear, I always shudder when my daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of one of these islanders, for I foresee the tears that will be shed at his departure. They are dangerous young fellows, and that they are dangerous is their great merit. . . . It is not birth or wealth, but that they have the courage to be just what nature made them. The blessing of personal liberty, the consciousness of the English name, and the significance which attaches to it abroad, is extended even to children, so that in their families, as well as in schools, they are treated with greater consideration and enjoy a more happy and free development than we Germans do."

As the politicians accused Goethe of

readers of Lewes' "Life of Goethe" will remember the graphic picture of the great poet which he draws in his reminiscence of those early days.

* Our own Thackeray was among the number, and

want of patriotism, because his mind soared above the mists of party feeling and international jealousies, so theologians charged him with irreligion and unbelief because he denounced priestcraft in whatever form it appeared, and refused to sacrifice his right of judgment to the arbitrary dicta of rival Churches.

"I ever believed in God and nature, and in the victory of good over evil, but this was not enough for the pious souls. I must also believe that three are one, and that one is three, and this the truthfulness of my soul rebels against, nor do I see what possible help it would be to me."

Religious zeal is not apt to measure the terms of its denunciations, and it need not surprise us that one who, like Goethe, rejected alike the gloomy asceticism of Geneva, the superstitions of Rome, and the arrogant intolerance of the Anglican Church, should have been proclaimed a scoffer and an atheist. Against these sweeping charges the poet requires no apologist; they are answered in his works and in his life. Where shall we find a more noble and eloquent outburst of the spontaneous spirit of religion and reverence than in Faust's reply to Margaret's timid doubt of his belief in a God? And in those words Goethe had laid bare his own soul and proclaimed his own deep faith. Never was there a nature more thoroughly permeated by a love of God. He recognized Him in every object of surrounding nature, and he attributed to Him all great works that had ever been achieved by man; but he resented the presumption of the human mind when it attempted to gauge His greatness or to penetrate to the mystery of His being.

"I would as soon doubt in myself as in God; but the nature of God, immortality, the human soul and its connections with the body, must remain eternal problems in which the philosophers cannot advance us. How should we, with our limited conceptions, form an idea of God, or attempt to describe the Highest Being? . . . Were I, like a Turk, to call him by a hundred names, I should still, in comparison with his illimitable qualities, fall short and have said nothing."

Whatever approached most nearly to his ideal of the Godhead received his ungrudging reverence:—

"Ask me if it be in my nature to offer adoring worship to Christ, and I answer, Yes, thoroughly. I bow before him as to a divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality . . . but ask me if I am disposed to bow before the thumb-bone of

the apostles Peter and Paul, and I say, Excuse me, and keep away with your nonsense."

It was this determination to pay no homage to dead men's bones that made devout believers be angry with Goethe. He allowed no man to stand between him and his Creator, and he dwells upon the merits of the great religious reformers, not because they built a new creed, but because, by shaking off the spiritual fetters which the Church had imposed, they enabled man "to walk God's earth with firm tread, and to feel a God-endowed nature within him."

Here again are the reflections of this unbeliever:—

"At seventy-five years of age one cannot but think of death sometimes. The thought leaves me perfectly at peace, for I entertain a firm conviction that man's spirit is an essence of an indestructible nature, working on from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, that to human eyes appears to go down, but which does not go down, but shines on forever."

On the contending claims of philosophy and theology he says:—

"Religion is a mighty power, by means of which fallen and suffering mankind have in all times sustained and raised themselves, and in assigning to it such an influence, religion is exalted above philosophy, and requires no support from it. But on the other hand, philosophy requires no aid from religion in order to establish its doctrines, as for instance, the belief in eternal life. Man believes in immortality; he has a right to the belief, for it is in accord with his nature, and he may, if he will, rest this belief on religious teaching; but for a philosopher to attempt to argue the immortality of the soul from a legend, would be weak and come to nothing. My own conviction of a continuous existence springs from my consciousness of personal energy, for I work incessantly to the end. Nature is bound to assign to me another outward form of being as soon as my present one can no longer serve my spirit."

Scientist though Goethe was, he thus rebukes the arrogance of science:—

"To hear people talk, one would almost conclude that they thought God had gone into retirement since the olden time, and that man was now completely set upon his legs, and could get on without God and his daily invisible breath. Theology and nature still claim a divine providence, but science and art consider themselves to be purely earthly, and only the product of

human power. Let any one attempt, however, to produce anything by means only of the human will and human power that can be placed by the side of the creations of Mozart, Raphael, or Shakespeare !”

This brings us to Goethe's theory of *demoniacal possession*, not in its Scriptural but in the Socratic sense of *δαίμων*.* He contended that the world's great men were under the direct influence and guidance of a spirit directly emanating from God, and that through this power they were enabled to dominate their fellow-men, to overcome human obstacles, and thus to accomplish their appointed tasks on earth.

The heroic men of actions in all ages, according to this theory, owe their achievements to the help of this guardian spirit, the divine spark lent to weak humanity to effect great predetermined ends. Among his contemporaries, Goethe considers Napoleon to have been most powerfully inspired by the demoniac influence, to which his numerous successes are attributed — to the desertion of which, on the completion of his allotted task, his fall is due.

Of his own sovereign, he says : —

“The late grand duke (of Weimar), possessed it in so extraordinary a degree that no one could withstand him . . . All that I ever undertook upon his advice prospered with me, so that in cases in which I could not trust my own judgment I had only to consult him, and his intuitive answers always insured me a happy result. It is to be regretted that he could not utilize my own higher ideas and aspirations, for when the demoniac element deserted him and only the human power remained, he was incapable of initiation, and that was injurious to him. But so it is with all of us ; we require to have our good genius to hold us in leading-strings, telling and urging us from day to day what to do, but it leaves us at last, and then we grope in the dark.”

This capricious *δαίμων* was not, however, reserved for men of action only, but likewise inspired men of thought : —

“In poetry there is always something of the demoniac element, especially when it treats of the unknown and of subjects beyond the range of reason and intelligence. Among artists, it is more frequently found in musicians than in painters. In Paganini it displayed itself in the highest degree, and he was thus enabled to produce such wonderful effects.”

* As implying a particle of the divine essence planted in chosen natures by God for the purpose of fulfilling his will upon earth.

Homer, Raphael, Shakespeare, Mozart, and Byron, are among those quoted as excelling under demoniac inspiration, and the personally attractive power which the last-named exercised, especially over women, is attributed to his *δαίμων*.

Many are the fantastic reflections and illustrations in which Goethe indulged in connection with this topic, and to which the good Eckerman listened with the most intense interest. On one occasion he ventured to hint that he could trace some of the demoniac power in Mephistopheles, but the poet hastened to assure him that he was mistaken, and that there was not one atom of it in Faust's sneering devil.

Goethe had also a strong belief in electric affinity, contending that there were forces in man which “like the magnet itself exercises an attractive or repelling power according as we come into contact with congenial or antagonistic objects.”

Thus he is of opinion that if a girl were to be shut up in a dark room in which, without her knowledge, there was a man who intended to murder her, his unseen presence would produce an uneasy feeling and apprehension, which would drive her from the room ; while the presence of a loved one under the same conditions would inevitably drive them into one another's arms. Indeed, he relates in full detail several instances of such magnetic attraction within his own experience, and dwells at length upon one case in his early life when, during a walk, he was so powerfully overcome by a mighty longing for a beloved maiden that the impulse magnetically communicated itself to her in her home, and she was driven from her room, and wandered about until by the power of magnetism they met face to face, when she said, “I felt so uneasy at home that I could sit still no longer, but was driven forth and obliged to come here.”

It is, perhaps, possible, however, to explain such a phenomenon upon a less speculative theory.

Goethe was fond of recalling scenes in his early life, more especially those connected with his love-affairs and flirtations. There is something touching in an old man's reminiscences of youthful passion, something pathetic in the contemplation of age, when with calm heart and tearless eyes it gently surveys the ashes of dead loves and buried hopes. In looking through that long vista of years, imagination is apt to lend a fictitious coloring to events, to cast an unmerited shadow over some forms and an artificial halo of light around others. If we may judge of

Goethe's feelings by his works, his letters, and his actions at the time, there is nothing to distinguish his love for Lili from some half-dozen other loves before and after, and it was probably the enchantment lent by distance which painted her in roseate hues, and prompted Goethe half a century later to describe his relations with her in such passionate terms:—

"Again I see my charming Lili in the life, and feel the breath of her enrapturing presence. She was indeed the first whom I deeply and truly loved, (poor Frederica!) and I may say she was the last, (poor *Frau von Stein*!) for all the *little fancies* which touched me in after life were light and superficial when compared with that first love. Never was I so near my own happiness as in the days of my love for Lili; the obstacles which kept us apart were not in fact insuperable, and yet I lost her!"

Would he have lost her had his love in those days been what in his old age he pictured it? Would he not have overcome those not insuperable obstacles, more especially as he boasts that he had then a powerful ally in his *δαίμων*, "which ever accompanies passion, and finds its true elements in love"?

"In my relations with Lili it was peculiarly influential, and gave a new direction to my whole life. I do not exaggerate when I say that my coming to Weimar and my being here now, was the direct result of this influence;" from which we must infer that his *δαίμων* helped him to break off the connection rather than to win the object of his devotion.

Brilliant, universal as was Goethe's fame throughout the civilized world, he lamented that his works could never appeal to the sympathies of the masses in his own country:—

"My works can never become popular; he who thinks or hopes for that is in error. They are not written for the masses but for single individuals, who feel and seek something conceived in a similar spirit . . . What is there among all my songs that lives among the people? Now and then a pretty girl will sit down to the piano and sing one of them, but the people remains silent. With what feelings must I recall the time when I heard Italian fishermen singing passages from Tasso!"

"But we Germans are of yesterday. We have, it is true, been cultivating our minds for the last century; but another two centuries must pass before our countrymen shall possess that intellect and higher culture that will prompt them, like

the Greeks, to do homage to the beautiful, and so to be inspired by worthy song, that we may say of them 'It is long since they were barbarians.'"

To those who have followed his career, the life of Goethe would appear to have been an exceptionally happy one. Born to competence and comfort, endowed with a brilliant mind and a handsome person; blessed with unfailing health and high animal spirits, his progress through life was one long series of triumphs and successes. From early manhood, and all through his long life, he had enjoyed the love of women, the friendship of men, the deep homage of the world of intellect, the uncourted favor of sovereigns and princes. Never was there one who, in a greater degree, carried into the seer of life those blessings "which should accompany old age, as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." Was he content?

"I have always been cited as one peculiarly favored by fortune, and I will not complain or find fault with the course of my life; but, in reality, it has been nothing but trouble and labor, and I can safely affirm that, in my seventy-five years, I have not had four weeks of enjoyment. It was the everlasting rolling of a stone which required constantly to be raised anew. My autobiography will show what I mean by this. There were too many demands upon my energy both from within and from without.

"My essential happiness lay in my poetic moods and workings, but how sadly were those disturbed and hindered by my external position! Had I kept aloof from public and business transactions, and lived more in solitude, I should have been happier and done more as a poet."

Happier, it may be, though there are few who would not envy him his share of happiness; greater as a poet, he could hardly have been, — so let us leave him in his glory.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE EASTERN POLAR BASIN.

THE following letter has been addressed to the president of the Royal Geographical Society by Herr Augustus Petermann, the eminent geographer of Gotha:—

SIR,—On three previous occasions I have taken the liberty of addressing you on the subject of Arctic exploration—the 9th of February and 3rd of March, 1865,

and 7th November, 1874.* I tried to second your endeavors for the further exploration of our globe and the enrichment of science, and have honestly endeavored to add my mite in these undertakings by getting up German and other exploring expeditions towards the north pole.

In those previous letters I strongly advocated the selection of the Spitzbergen seas (the whole wide ocean from east Greenland to Novaya Zemlya) as the best way to the north pole, and into the central Arctic regions, instead of Smith Sound. Nevertheless I rejoiced to see a new British expedition sent forth, by whatever route it was decided on to reach the north pole. Now that this expedition has safely returned to your shores, I crave permission to tender my sincere congratulations on all its achievements. I always held the Smith Sound route to be the most difficult of all; but since it was decided on that it should be tried by a new expedition, I felt assured that an English expedition would in every case be attended by most important results for geography and all scientific branches.

There has never been a more important scientific exploring undertaking than the "Challenger" expedition. It marks a new era in the survey of our globe, and the natural laws by which it is governed; and when the commander of that expedition was called to take the "Alert" and "Discovery" to the north pole, there was perfect certainty that it would be done in a thoroughly complete manner for the interests of science. It is this pure interest for scientific progress that cannot be too much commended, whereas formerly Arctic expeditions were sent out for lucre or gain, to find a north-west or north-east passage to the lands of gold, or spices, or other riches. Let not England grudge these noble undertakings, for, if we look around, it will be found that the English nation and the English government are the only ones in the world that have sent forth an expedition like that of the "Alert" and "Discovery."

I have tried to make myself acquainted with every Arctic and Antarctic voyage ever undertaken from the earliest to the most recent times, and it appears to me that there never was a more able and heroic expedition than that conducted by Sir George Nares. There have been many that were perhaps more foolhardy, and left one or more valuable ships behind

in the ice; but to conduct two vessels through that most dangerous ice-alley, and safely back again, has never been done before. The "Polaris," by particular good luck, got as far as 82° 11m. N. lat., but was never brought home again; Kane's and Hayes's vessels only reached 78° 40m. N. lat.

The commander of the "Challenger" expedition will certainly have brought back even from a region like that of the Palæocrystic Sea a collection of scientific work and observations that will ever be a credit and honor to England. If I may be allowed I would suggest the value of one of the results in particular. It is very seldom that an expedition like this, however successful and lucky, can be said to have finished a task or a subject; for generally new questions, new problems are created by its researches, that require fresh work. Sir George Nares's expedition, however, may be said to have *finished*, as it were, a great portion, say one-third of the Arctic regions, the scene of noble English exploits for a considerable time back. From Smith Sound to Bering Strait, the region of the Palæocrystic Sea, our knowledge is entirely due to British enterprise and perseverance.

Led on by Bylot, Baffin, John Ross, and Inglefield, the Americans have indeed also made noble and most persevering efforts of exploration from Smith Sound to Robeson Channel; and the names of Kane, Hayes, and Hall will remain among the foremost heroes of scientific enterprise; but many doubts remained, and many illusions were created, which had to be dispelled before it could be said that the Smith Sound region was finished.

If Sir George Nares's expedition had done nothing else than fully explode the pernicious views connected with Smith Sound it would be entitled to the greatest credit. The Smith Sound route had been artificially puffed up; exploration in that direction had attained a "power of habit," and the predilection for Smith Sound became contagious and an incubus on Arctic research.

Sent out to attain the pole by sledges, to be drawn by fine plucky seamen along a land of fiction, it required the greatest moral courage to return home sooner than expected, and with results diametrically opposed to the fallacious premisses, on which the whole plan of the expedition had been founded. Had Sir George Nares, instead of coming home this year, sailed round Cape Farewell, and tried the other side of Greenland—in the wake of Sir

* Proceedings of the R.G.S., ix., pp. 98, *et seq.*, 114, *et seq.*; vol. xix., pp. 173, *et seq.*

Edward Parry's yet unsurpassed brilliant summer trip of 1827, or Captain David Gray's thirty years' whaling along the shores of east Greenland—I am fully convinced he would have *finished* the north pole just as well as that terrific Palæocrystic Sea, or as when the equator, then so much feared by all the world, was first crossed by Diniz Dias, four hundred and thirty years ago. For I cannot but think that any one reading attentively Sir Edward Parry's narrative of 1827, and comparing it with the experience of the late expedition, will be assured that Sir George Nares in the wake of that great explorer, would have attained the pole. Sir Edward Parry with his sledge boats in the loose drift ice looked out for the biggest and most compact ice, whereas a steaming expedition would search for the water and lanes.

Ten years ago many of your first authorities, like Captain (now Admiral) Richards,* General Sabine, Sir Edward Belcher, Admiral Ommanney, Captain (now Admiral) Inglefield, Sir Roderick Murchison, and many others, were advocates for the route by the Spitzbergen seas, but somehow or other, they were gradually got over to the other side, to the Smith Sound route.

Had the expedition proceeded that way even this summer or autumn, and been successful in reaching the north pole, it would no doubt have been welcomed back by the British nation more heartily than it has been; but then there was the duty to fulfil and the instructions to follow.

The best and most correct and wisest measure, therefore, was to bring the vessels home safe and sound; and there they are now, fit for other service; and if your enlightened and liberal government remains true to the English way of doing things—in a complete way, and not by half measures—it is to be hoped that these vessels will once more be sent out by a more promising route.

There are six routes to the north pole :
1. by Smith Sound; 2. by Bering Strait;
3. by the east coast of Franz-Josef Land;
4. by the west coast of the same; 5. by Spitzbergen (in the wake of Sir E. Parry);
6. by east Greenland.

Smith Sound is finished, Bering Strait is to a certain extent the counterpart of it, and the destruction of the American whaling fleet to the north of it this year—a

mere repetition of former similar disasters—shows the power and character of that Palæocrystic Sea when a vessel is exposed to its tremendous fury.

After long and deliberate weighing of all the facts attained and all the observations hitherto made, I more than ever think, as I always did, all the four routes through the seas west and east of Spitzbergen decidedly preferable to the other two. The East Spitzbergen Sea is undoubtedly occupied by the Gulf Stream, or whatever it may be called, which prevents the polar ice getting further to the south in that wide sea than about 75° N. lat. on an average; whereas on the other, western, American side of the Atlantic, it has been known to drift to 36° N. lat., the latitude of Malta. Not a particle of ice has ever been known to reach the North Cape (71° N. lat.).

I still believe the great open sea of Middendorf, Wrangell, Anjou, and others, the Polynia of the Russians, extending from the Taimyr River in the west, to Cape Yakan in the east, about fourteen hundred nautical miles long in a direct line, to be in connection with the furthest ends of the Gulf Stream; but I do not consider the Gulf Stream—as it has been shown by actual observations to occupy the whole width of the ocean between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya—to be of any particular advantage for navigation to be pushed northward in that direction. All the Arctic and Antarctic ice seeks a constant exit towards the equator. In the Antarctic these ice-drifts are freely dispersed all round the pole, and all over the wide ocean up to 62°, 50°, 40°, and even 35° S. lat.; and nowhere has such a marked influx of a warm equatorial current been observed as the Gulf Stream in the northern hemisphere. Side by side the Polar Current and the Gulf Stream pursue their courses, and whereas the former brings the ice down as far as 35° N. lat., the Gulf Stream protects all Europe from the polar ice, and keeps it back to about 75° N. lat., a difference of about 40° of latitude. But between Bear Island and Novaya Zemlya, in about 75° N. lat., the Gulf Stream is certainly charged with ice that comes down from the Siberian seas. It is evident that here, by the contact of two currents meeting each other, one of them charged with ice, the latter must get packed and heaped up; and thus it was that the "Tegetthoff" of the Austrian Expedition, that was to force its way there, got into the grip of the ice, and was never again liberated. The Gulf Stream therefore produces in that

* "He had read Dr. Petermann's papers very attentively, and had never seen any views more clearly expressed, or defended by arguments more logical and convincing." (See "Proceedings of the R.G.S.," vol. ix., p. 124.)

part of the Arctic regions a kind of ice barrier.

The "Tegetthoff" was a small, weak steamer of only two hundred and twenty tons, and was caught in the strong current near Cape Nassau. It was a most unfortunate season, all the ice drifting towards that shore; whereas the same seas had again and again been freely navigated every succeeding year by many Norwegian fishermen in frail sailing vessels of only thirty tons. I am fully convinced that a vessel like the "Alert" or "Discovery" could every year penetrate somewhere between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya far to the north. It has also been frequently shown these last years by many Norwegians, and Mr. Leigh Smith, that all the shores of eastern Spitzbergen can be easily attained.

Lieutenant Weyprecht, who conducted the Austrian Expedition — Lieutenant Julius Payer only having the charge of the sledging — deliberately states his opinion in contradiction to Payer — "that he considers the route through the Siberian seas as far as Bering Strait as practicable as before, and would readily take the command of another expedition in the same direction." And the famous Swedish Professor Nordenskjöld, than whom no one better knows the Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya seas, writes to me from Stockholm, November 29, that in the year 1878 he will again go out at the head of a new Swedish expedition that is to penetrate through the whole of the Siberian seas, as far as Bering Strait, he having two years in succession penetrated through seas formerly considered impenetrable, as far as the great Siberian rivers Obi and Yenissei.

Further north, at 80° and beyond, Franz-Josef Land is encountered, and here two ways offer themselves, the western and the eastern shores of it. The latter are no doubt beset by the drift-ice of the Siberian seas, which has but little room to escape by the south, consequently this coast would probably not be favorable as a basis for proceeding northward. But the opposite, the western shores, recommend themselves in that respect.

The fifth route — direct north of Spitzbergen, in the wake of Sir Edward Parry's journey in 1827 — has never been properly tried with an efficient steamer, and it appears to me that it could just as well be navigated as the Antarctic sea with its gigantic ice-masses by that most successful expedition of Sir James Clarke Ross in

1840-3, who moreover had not the aid of steam, but only "dull sailing" vessels.

However, there is, of course, not the line of land to hold on, and therefore east Greenland seems of all six routes to the north pole the most advantageous. It is there that the Arctic ice freely drifts away all through the summer, and also all through the winter, as has been shown by the crew of the sailing vessel "Hansa." Thus the central area of the polar regions is more or less cleared of its ice, and could, I am fully convinced, by an expedition like that of Sir George Nares, be navigated, the pole attained, and the whole regions, as far as Bering Strait, explored. This view is corroborated by the long experience of Captain David Gray, of Peterhead, who knows more about the seas of east Greenland than any other person living.

As far as Newfoundland and 36° N. lat. there is a permanent ice-drift all down Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, and from Smith Sound, a distance of about twenty-six hundred nautical miles. Within this long line the ice does not necessarily increase towards the north, and hence there is what is well known to the whalers under the name of "north water" at the furthest northern end of this twenty-six hundred miles long ice-stream, as well as the mild climate and open water that are known to exist in Port Foulke and its neighborhood all the year round. In like manner open water may, and probably will, be found under the very pole, after having navigated the ice-stream of east Greenland in the same way as Baffin Bay is navigated by whalers and exploring expeditions. And the more ice is drifted down, the more open sea will be left behind in summer and autumn, when frost cannot form new ice. Baffin Bay, on the whole, can receive but comparatively little of the Palæocrystic ice through the narrow channels of Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound, and Smith Sound. The East Greenland Current is the only one capable of clearing the central Arctic regions of its ice-masses, and hence it will also best lead navigators to the open polar sea in its rear.

It is there that an expedition has the best chance of getting into the central Arctic regions and to the north pole. It is there that I directed our two German expeditions to, and although the first only consisted of a little Norwegian sailing sloop of sixty tons, and the second of a clumsy steamer of one hundred and forty-three tons, and an unfortunate sailing ves-

sel of two hundred and forty-two tons, they were as fairly successful as could be expected under the circumstances of an undertaking so entirely new to us Germans. Koldewey did not try properly to push northward; the little engine was out of order, and he limited himself to the paltry distance of only twenty nautical miles.

I still think that an efficient expedition like that of Sir George Nares could probably by this route finish the north pole in one season, or in two or three months during the summer or autumn. 80° N. lat. near Spitzbergen is attainable every year by mere open fishing-boats. I am convinced Sir George Nares, after what he has done up to $82^{\circ} 27'$ N. lat. at the Palæocrystic Sea, would steam right away to the pole on the east Greenland route.

It may even be that the coasts of east Greenland and Franz-Josef Land may towards the north pole approach each other in a width something like those of Baffin Bay, so that an expedition proceeding to the pole that way may perhaps have two shores to hold on, and also to discover.

As regards the extension of Greenland towards the pole, and as far as Cape Yakan, north of Bering Strait, as a long stretch of land or island, this theory of mine is intimately connected with the view I have always held of the central Arctic regions, at least for thirty years back. It is this: I consider the central Arctic area to be divided into two nearly equal halves, the one extending from the shores of east Greenland in about 20° W. long., over Baffin Bay, Parry Island, to Point Barrow, Bering Strait, and Cape Yakan in about 176° E. long.; the other half thence all along the Siberian coast, over Franz-Josef Land, Spitzbergen to east Greenland. These two regions are essentially different in every respect, topographically, physically, thermometrically, hydrographically. The former may be called the western, the latter the eastern half of the Arctic regions. In the western half the land prevails, in the eastern the sea. The western half is mostly landlocked and icebound, the eastern has a wide open outlet. The Palæocrystic Sea in particular has in every respect the character of being landlocked, and productive of ice accumulation and great cold. Its ice masses can neither fully escape through Berring Strait, Lancaster Sound, Jones Sound nor Smith Sound, all these openings being much too narrow for the exit of the Palæocrystic ice. But if to the north

of it there was no barrier of land, it would drift away by eastern Greenland.

The Polynia of the Russians extends from the Taimyr River to Cape Yakan, some eighty-five degrees of longitude, or at least fourteen hundred nautical miles in length. It is not a waterhole, as has often been asserted, but an extensive open sea, of which we know as yet very little, but this little with sufficient certainty, that this open sea has always been found at the same place. There is no such thing anywhere all along the Palæocrystic Sea. The only feature of the western half at all resembling it on a very small scale is the very thin and narrow warm current running from the Atlantic up the western coast of Greenland past Melville Bay as far as Port Foulke, keeping this bay open all the winter, producing rich vegetation and animal life, and a prolific seal and walrus fishery; not very far from that terrific Palæocrystic Sea. This is also a long line of warm current and open or navigable water, but the Siberian Polynia seems of much greater dimensions in every respect.

The eastern half of the Arctic regions — the Polar Basin, as it may be called — is entirely different from the western half in every respect. It has a wide opening on the Atlantic side, and is swept by the mighty polar current summer and winter, liberating it of its ice masses, and hence Palæocrystic ice, like that found by Sir George Nares's expedition, is entirely unknown there. It is also swept by the immense masses of warm water that come down all the great Siberian rivers from the hot plains of western central Asia.

Of the temperature of this Polar Basin, it is sufficient to mention the observations made by the Swedish expedition on the north coast of Spitzbergen in 80° N. lat., in 1872–3. The mean monthly temperature of January was as high as 14.2° Fahr., the mean of the three winter months, December, January, February, 3.7° Fahr., and the absolute greatest cold observed only -36.8° Fahr. The whole region between east Greenland and Novaya Zemlya is by far the warmest part of all the Arctic and Antarctic zones. This is shown more clearly than ever by the new isothermal lines I have constructed from all the most recent observations.

It needs a barrier of land or islands extending from Greenland all the way to Kellett Land and Wrangell Coast opposite Cape Yakan, to explain these very remarkable features; for the currents of the sea alone are not sufficient to account for them,

as in the North Atlantic. For the furthest offshoots of the Gulf Stream up the west coast of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya get charged with floating ice-masses beyond 80° N. lat., or even 75° .

All these facts, features, and theories I have carefully drawn out on maps and published long ago.*

Whether Greenland extends all along to Bering Strait remains of course a theory that has to be proved or disproved by actual exploration, but all expeditions yet sent out have, every one of them, been forced to show the correctness of it thus far. Admiral Inglefield, in 1852, came home cutting off Greenland at about $79\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. lat., and convinced that he might have sailed in the little "Isabel" from Smith Sound all the way to Bering Strait. Admiral Inglefield, and many other members of your society still living, will remember the discussion of the 22nd of November, 1852, when I strongly objected to these surmises on various grounds, particularly on that of the distribution of temperature, and the almost entire absence of driftwood, which on all the coasts swept by the Siberian and east Greenland currents is found everywhere in immense quantities.†

Kane's expedition, in 1853-55, was forced to extend Greenland to Cape Independence in $80^{\circ} 35\text{m.}$ N. lat., but there it was again cut off at the time, and an open sea of fiction, on Morton's testimony, carried right away to Spitzbergen and Siberia.

Hayes's expedition in, 1861, found this open sea choked full of ice, and Hall's expedition, in 1871, was forced to fill it up with solid land, stretching from Cape Independence to Beaumont's Cape Bryant, in about $82^{\circ} 24\text{m.}$ N. lat., probably Cape Sherman of the Americans, thus adding other two degrees of latitude to my land.

Captain Beaumont saw Greenland still further, to $82^{\circ} 54\text{m.}$ N. lat., and there is not one reason why it should stop there and trend southward towards Cape Bismarck, simply because he could see no further in misty weather. If Greenland ended in $82^{\circ} 54\text{m.}$ N. lat., the Palæocrystic ice would, with the prevailing westerly winds, have freely drifted away to the east.

The very little driftwood found all the

way from Smith Sound to the Palæocrystic Sea seems to be all of American and not Siberian origin.

Traces of Eskimos in Robeson Channel have only been found as far as $81^{\circ} 52\text{m.}$ N. lat., consequently those of eastern Greenland could not have come round Cape Britannia, but must have come down from Asia along the shores of that extension of Greenland, which I always maintained. It is well known in the southernmost parts of Greenland, that far away on the east coast of Greenland a heathen tribe of Eskimo lives, of which now and then stragglers arrive at the German missionary station of Friedrichsthal, but always go away back again, because they find climate and human existence to be preferable on the east coast.*

It is not at all unlikely that Eskimos will yet be found right under the north pole, or on some land near it.

It is gratifying to note that Arctic research, so vigorously pursued these last ten years, is earnestly being proceeded with. Already a Swedish and a Dutch expedition are decided on, as I am informed by direct communication from Sweden and Holland. The scheme of Lieutenant Weyprecht, to establish eight observatories in the Arctic regions, is also under consideration; I fear, however, that it has not much chance of realization, because there is as yet not interest enough among nations to make it an international undertaking like the expeditions for observing the transit of Venus. To do it well would at least involve ten different expeditions. From what I have been able to ascertain the interest hitherto shown comes to this: those that are eager to embark in fresh Arctic work do not want to limit themselves merely to the establishment of a station for making meteorological, magnetical, etc., observations, but want to follow up geographical discovery generally; and those who pretend to be favorable to the scheme do nothing whatever, but limit themselves to empty phrases. The German Imperial Commission, instituted to investigate and report upon the subject of Arctic research, have made a report to the Prussian government, and there it rests, without any hope as yet of its being taken up. As far as I can learn from Berlin, the government has as yet no interest in the matter; and the fact certainly is, that all that has been done in Germany and Austria in Arctic

* See, for example, my maps of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, with the currents of the ocean, drift-ice and pack-ice, Greenland to Bering Strait, etc., etc., in my "*Geographische Mittheilungen*" for 1866, Tafel 5.

† *Athenæum*, 11th December, 1852, p. 1359.

* "*Calwer Missionsblatt*," 1869, p. 44; 1871, p. 21, et seq. Petermann's "*Geogr. Mitth.*," 1871, p. 224.

research these last ten years has been done by private exertions and not by the governments.

It further appears to me that a great mass of good observations of all kinds and most valuable material exist that have not yet been fully — in many cases not at all — worked out connectedly; and also that the millions of meteorological and other observations already made in various parts of the Arctic regions are not valueless, because they have not been made simultaneously, as Weyprecht wishes. On the contrary, the fault appears to be rather that they are not as much made use of as might be; despite their being derived from different years, they appear to me of as much value as could be wished, for general purposes.

There are but few persons devoting themselves to the working out of a mass of single observations in any branch of science, and it takes those few that devote themselves to such a task too much time. Thus it took, for example, Middendorf no less than thirty-three years to work out in biological respects, in relation to the whole circumpolar region, the observations he had made in his comparatively little journey to the Taimyr River in 1843.

One of the important points to settle in all future research is, whether the Eastern Polar Basin can be navigated and explored and the north pole reached. As yet the only attempts and inroads made in that respect worth speaking of are Sir Edward Parry's little summer trip from Ross Island to 82° 45m. N. lat. and back, 23d June to 12th August, 1827; and Lieutenant Payer's little tour in Franz-Josef Land to 82° 5m. N. lat., 26th March to 23d April, 1874. The Swedish attempt, reaching 81° 42m. N. lat. on the 19th September, 1868, was made in a very insufficient, small, and weak mail steamer, and cannot count for anything; it only found very thin ice of one year's formation, just the very reverse of Palæocrystic ice, as is best seen from the plate of the Swedish work.

It has been truly said — "It might be done; and England ought to do it."

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your very obedient, humble servant,

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN,

*Honorary Corresponding Member and Gold Medallist
of the Royal Geographical Society.*

GOTHA, December 8, 1876.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MARIUCCIA.

THESE pages contain a faithful delineation of some types of nature widely differing from any to which we are accustomed in our own more sober and prosaic race, and an attempt has been made to convey literally into English the forms of Italian peasant speech.

"Give heed to me, Marco my son! give heed to me! Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter is NOT FOR THEE!"

"Give heed to me, my mother! Give heed to me! Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter shall be for me in spite of thee and God the Eternal!"

After this fashion closed a bitter altercation between Marco Donati and his widowed mother, familiarly known in their own native Apennine valley as L'Assunta, or still more commonly as *la ciuccia*, or the donkey-wife.

Like most of his race when enraged or thwarted, Marco had spoken not only with an air of vindictive resentment and defiance, but, to a calm spectator, the excitement expressed in every line of his handsome face would have seemed to border on frenzy.

With an abrupt and jerky gesticulation of the hand he turned to go. Then suddenly, as if to clutch with new force and meaning his words, he caught up fiercely one of the huge apples his mother was sorting into heaps and mounds, and, with a grimace of inexpressible rage, sent it whistling across her stooping head to the opposite side of the small and stifling chamber, in which from sunrise that morning she had unremittingly toiled.

Having enjoyed a *sfogo* in this heroic manner, Marco, without a word, departed.

"Go! go! thou accursed toad!" ejaculated his mother in a stifled tone of rage, adding, with a glance of inflexible determination, "But, my little son, Mariuccia the wool-comber's daughter is *not for thee!*"

Her limbs shook and her voice quivered with wrath, but she lost not a moment of time. With incredible rapidity she continued to select and manipulate her ruddy fruit.

At length, when she fairly beheld the small and sinewy form of her son recede along the obscure, vault-like passage which led from the entrance of the house to the close den in which she was working, she gave a full vent to the bitterness which the recent recrimination had so powerfully aroused.

"Accursed toad!" she again repeated, addressing in fancy her defiant son. "*Già, già!* aye, aye! Bring me here for a daughter-in-law that peasant pauper, and, as true as the Mother of God in Paradise, the welcome she shall have from me is my clog on her beggarly muzzle! *Ouf!* is that rag of a peasant that carries on her brazen back all the dower she will ever own, a match for my son Marco? Is she to come and play the lady here? No, no, my little daughter, there are other birds in the snares for my son Marco! A wife he shall wed and a dower to boot! And you, my fine little Mariuccia, go, go! Take your fill of *polenta* both summer and winter,* till you fall in with some other Christ in Maremma!† Oh, Madonna of the Black Mountain! are men not all alike? Is Marco not a perfidious pig? And his father (holy soul!), was he not an accursed thunderbolt? Did he not stretch us on the cross both day and night? Bad, bad! even as Protestant heretics! Ah, Blessed Mother of the Poor! The devil has ever owed a spite to me! It is my destiny. In holy truth, I would need the patience of all the souls in Paradise, and I have it not! *Ouf!* I sweat! I tremble!"

At this tragical climax, the sorely-tried donkey-wife ceased for a moment her absorbing work, and rising to her feet, she convulsively mopped her dripping temples with the gaudy *pezzuola*, or kerchief, which, previous to this emergency, had brilliantly adorned her much-afflicted and grizzly head.

Hardly, however, had the operation been completed than a shrill and shrieking female voice summoned Assunta by name from without.

"Ho, Assunta! Ho, the donkey-wife! Behold me! It is I! I am here! Casimirra the charcoal-wife! Oh hasten for the love of the souls in pain, for this accursed load squashes my brain as flat as a fritter! Oh Assunta, my daughter! what a slug you are! what a tortoise! Do you take me, forsooth, for one of your own blessed donkeys, that you leave me here to fry in this accursed sun? *Ouf*, what flames! What a furnace! What beasts of burthen they make of us poor women! Holy patience! I melt away! I bake! I blister! Accursed be the devil, she comes not!"

"Oh, may you die of a fit, you ugly witch," was the involuntary greeting with

which Assunta inwardly responded to the stunning chatter of her unwelcome neighbor.

In truth the bitter emotions of the morning had quite unfitted her for the customary gossip and clamorous wrangling which invariably attended the most trivial transactions of her daily life.

Nevertheless she hurried along the dark passage, readjusting on the way her inseparable head-gear, and, on emerging from the porchlike entrance, she hastened to relieve the loquacious Casimirra of the huge burthen of charcoal which was balanced with inimitable skill on the crown of her head. Assunta proffered the customary courteous salutation of "A happy day to you, my Casimirra." But in every puckered seam and wrinkle of her deeply-tanned old face there was plainly legible the severe vexation she had so recently experienced.

"A happy day to you, my Assunta, my little donkey-wife!" returned Casimirra, with a smile quite as forced and a substratum of temper quite as fiery as that of her neighbor Assunta. "Oh, in truth, my daughter," she proceeded glibly, "yours has been even as the hand of God on my brow. *Ouf!* I am in flames like a soul in pain! What a sun! In truth a day of malediction! Do you think it little, my Assunta, to send a Christian down from that accursed mountain of the witches with a *world* on the crown of one's head such a midday as this? Through the grace of God alone have I not burst like a singing *cicala*. And you know, my good daughter, when my load is for you, I make it heavy, heavy even as the malediction of God. *Per Bacco!* my Assunta — *the measure, I have it not!* It has remained in the accursed mountains behind me. Oh, what a head is mine! In truth no better than an empty pumpkin. But it matters not, my Assunta, not one dried fig does it matter. The measure is just. What do I say, beast that I am? It is brimfull — it overflows. Did I not weigh it for my little Assunta?"

Assunta, wholly unmoved by Casimirra's familiar and ingenious stratagems, proposed on the spot, with a resolute air, that her own measure should be substituted for the missing one, and that the contents of the sack should be forthwith formally estimated in their united presence.

"As my donkey-wife wills," replied Casimirra, with an assumption of meekness strangely at variance with the angry fire which gleamed in her genuinely thievish eye.

* Only the poorest of the peasantry use *polenta* in summer.

† An unlooked-for good fortune.

The proffered measure was, however, indignantly spurned on the plea of its being more than double the regulation size.

Consequently a variety of preliminary observations of a strongly hostile tendency ensued, and finally the customary bitter affray broke out in earnest by Assunta incautiously observing, "Ah, go fry yourself, you ugly witch! Do you think you will impose on me?"

"Oh most holy mother! What discourses! What people!" vociferated the charcoal-wife, uttering a snort of defiance and rage. "Oh, what interest have I in wronging you, my daughter? When I swear to you on my mother's ashes that your measure is double the lawful size, oh, why should I be sacrificed? No; rather than use it, I vow two tapers to the Madonna of the Seven Griefs. I'll carry back every ounce of that accursed load on the crown of my head. May Heaven thunder-strike me if I say not true! May this hand wither and dry if I touch your measure this holy day."

"Now, my brave Casimirra, hear me well," broke in Assunta, with an enforced and short-lived semblance of composure; "now, will you wager with me a *scudo* that my measure is not just and fair as the hand of God, and that your sack has one half of the right and lawful weight? Now, will you take the holy wager, oh Casimirra — say?"

"Oh most accursed day that I took this order!" shrieked Casimirra at the shrillest pitch of her voice, ignoring with her native acuteness Assunta's challenge. "Oh, better had I driven a knife into my own throat than come down here this day of ill-luck to be mortified and maltreated. May the plague of plagues smite this accursed house and the evil race of witches that owns it. Oh, let me begone! Rather than leave one twig of my charcoal in this bewitched and unlucky sty, may I be blinded by a thunder-bolt as I stand. May I die of a fit like a dog without priest or pardon!" And here Casimirra with wild and vindictive gestures fell on her knees, and began to thrust back, with her own sun-blistered claws, the charcoal which was lying about on the ground before her.

Assunta, in the mean while, not desiring that such an heroic remedy should be applied to the case in hand, observed pacifically, "Oh, — gently! gently! you simpleton of a charcoal-wife. Brava! my daughter, you will in truth enjoy your jaunt *up* the mountain-side! Ah, Casimirra! Casimirra! it's an ugly act to *cheat*, my

daughter. But bear well in mind the devil's flour all turns to bran. But hear me now in holy peace. With the hand of God let us measure now the charcoal, and if by miracle we find it short some ounces, then you, my daughter, shall have some *soldi* less. Now say, my little Casimirra, do I content you so?"

The compromise found favor in the eyes of both, and the vociferous quarrel subsided as suddenly as it had originated.

Casimirra besought Assunta to refresh her throat with a draught of water, remarking quite humanely, "In truth my throat is dry! Enough! What will you have? We are six sisters-in-law at home, and every soul of us has the accursed vice of shouting *ad alta voce* when our blood is hot. Have patience and compassion, my donkey-wife. Excuse the disturbance I have caused you! A thousand salutations to the handsome youth your son. *Addio*, oh Assunta! a happy evening to you, good little wife!"

Notwithstanding this courteous and friendly termination of their interview, Assunta hastily muttered at intervals during the course of that luckless day, "Go! go! you ugly thief!" And Casimirra, as she toiled and panted along the steep and perilous ascent which led to her mountain hut, more than once ejaculated, "*Ouf*, the lying cow!" But not a trace of any deeper sense of offence remained in either of their shallow minds. Both women, although barely numbering their fortieth year, belonged nevertheless to the genus *crone*. Their skin was thick and puckered like parchment, and the original fine brown hue of their youth had deepened with time into the coarse darkness of mahogany.

Their large gleaming eyes retained, however, all the life and fire of their early days, and in their lean and wiry forms, and their wonderful physical endurance under the heaviest toil, there was no decay visible, corresponding to that aged look which had so prematurely marked their withered features. Nor were they exceptions amongst their neighbors. Exposure to the tanning process of a southern sun playing freely on naked necks, arms, and feet in youth, and on hands and face through life, invariably produces this appearance of age amongst the women of the people even in early middle life.

Most of the inhabitants of the lovely little Apennine valley of Pian del Monte could boast like Assunta of descent from a long line of hardy, thrifty mountaineers, all of whom had for ages been free pro-

prietors of a small portion of their native soil. They were a thriving, frugal race, invigorated by their simple life of labor, and by their unrivalled mountain climate.

Assunta herself was mistress of a small freehold property, including garden, house, and field, and she possessed besides three invaluable donkeys (hence her professional name of *la ciucaia*). Being a shrewd and speculative mountaineer, she had long driven a prosperous trade in charcoal, and supplied with that commodity more than one neighboring village.

As a matter of course the inheritor of all this rural wealth would one day be her only son, Marco. Can it be wondered at if the opulent donkey-wife had set her heart on his wedding a wife and a dower to boot?

The mother and son had a love for each other after a fashion; there existed considerable similarity of nature and temper between the pair, and this fact seriously impeded their chances of agreement. When roused or thwarted by opposition they were both mulish in their obstinacy, but if only left free to follow their own varying moods they were fickle and whimsical to a degree. Honest to the letter they were, but it was the single moral quality of which they had even a notion. Like most of their race they enjoyed vigorous natural intelligence, which was, however, rarely called forth by higher interests than by lying slander, loose gossip, and keen financial squabbings.

They were both, when roused, of ungovernable temper, and capable of much vindictive passion; but, when unmoved by any leading spring or strong interest, they were mild and unoffending — at all times mad for shows and *festas*, and childlike in their love of trivial idle chatter.

The mother's master passion was *greed and gain*; the son's leading spring was *love or hate*.

The evening of that contentious autumn day was one of serene enchantment. The familiar beauty of the mountain valley assumed strange forms of loveliness in the radiance of the sunset hour. Clouds flecked with gold and purple blended into a soft radiant haze, which seemed to clothe the great mountain forms; and when the sun had set amidst a glory of rose and violet, there spread along the west a clear citron light which diffused a more sober charm across the scene, and brought repose to the gazer's vision.

Nor was the fairness of the earth less perfect. The chestnut woods were ripening; the beech-grove tints were crimson-

ing; and from a higher mountain range the pine plantations spread their pungent healthful fragrance. Cool mountain springs crossed the valleys, and rare Alpine plants and flowers filled the air with subtle charm. Around the flowers all day long gorgeous flashing creatures had hummed and fluttered; dragon-flies with blood-red wing and trunk of burnished bronze, and butterflies bright as Mediterranean blue skimmed the air, and poised on peach-leaved campanula, Alpine aster, and twining dwarf clematis.

From amidst the thickest chestnut shades, at about two miles' distance from his native village, Marco Donati suddenly emerged, blind as a bat to all the glories of earth and heaven, and, hastily wending his way along a level woodland path, at the end of some minutes he abruptly struck up a steep mountain track, which led almost perpendicularly to a small clump of huts, perched like an Alpine eyrie in an overhanging niche of the mountain-side, and bearing the appropriate title of the Devil's Crown. The evening was still at full glow, as Marco advanced with a rapid stride. His face was resolute and defiant as when he had departed that afternoon from his mother's presence, and in fact the bitter scene of the morning had only precipitated the crisis so much dreaded by the prudent Assunta.

Marco was hastening as fast as he could stride to pour forth his love into Mariuccia's ear, and to secure for life to himself her faith and affection. His thoughts were neither complex nor contending. It never in his life had crossed his mind to weigh an action or to control an impulse, and in this special crisis his imperious, unreasoning nature seemed a perfect torrent of vehement wild sensation, which carried him along as blind and irrational as a whirling moat in one of his own mountain streams.

His passion for Mariuccia had passed through few stages of expansion, and had needed but a brief period to reach its present intensity. Mariuccia presented an overpowering attraction to his impetuous senses, and he felt for her that southern passion which consists more of ungovernable desire than of any truer sentiment of love, and which so often quickly wanes and dies, or changes with inconceivable rapidity into the bitterness of hatred or the craving of revenge. Of Mariuccia's favor, Marco had but slight proof. In the daily avocations of their limited valley life, the pair frequently crossed each other's path; but Mariuccia had returned with

prudent coolness his eager greetings, and had left unanswered his meaning glances.

No later than a week before they had met at a neighboring village *festa*. They exchanged no words beyond the barest friendly greeting; but beneath the rustic porch of the festal church they stood side by side a moment. Marco stretched forth his hand and offered her a slender branch of Alpine aster; the girl received the gift with almost tame composure, yet an artless joy, beyond the power of dissembling, gleamed in her sweet and splendid eyes, and sent a thrill of transport to Marco's heart.

On the evening in question Marco quit-
ted the direct path which led to Mariuccia's dwelling, and passed along at the rear of the nest of huts which formed the Devil's Crown.

By this precaution he avoided much unwelcome neighborly greeting, and on emerging some paces higher from amidst the beech-trees he paused to pant, and suddenly started.

From behind a rude trailing tangle of the creeping broad-leaved foliage of spreading gourd and crimson bean, Marco had seen a young and radiant face. The sight had checked his breath and sent the blood surging back to his heart. Mariuccia was in truth a comely, beaming Tuscan *contadina*.

In a second more the pair stood face to face.

"A happy evening to you, my daughter!"

"A happy evening to you, my son!"

Such was the patriarchal greeting of the youthful couple.

"Mariuccia, how does the world and love treat you?" demanded Marco, with a grave and sober air, wrenching as he spoke a tiny faded gourd from off the stalk, and tossing it high above them in the air.

"Not so badly, *Marco mio*! And how does it fare with you?" enquired Mariuccia, with a look of genial mischief in her dark eyes, which deepened the picturesque charm of her lovely face.

"How does it fare with me! As true as God in Paradise, my Mariuccia, in this moment I embrace the joys of heaven," replied Marco, with a kindling glance at Mariuccia's sweet face, and finely-rounded form, in which one already discerned the distant promise of the sensuous luxuriance which is so general a characteristic of the women of her race and clime.

"He who is content enjoys himself, my son!" retorted Mariuccia, with a well-known sarcastic proverb of her tongue.

"Hear me, *Mariuccia mia*, I fain would say four words to thee," said Marco, with a quiver in his voice, as he drew closer to the trailing fence behind which Mariuccia demurely nipped the withered stems and buds.

Mariuccia, on hearing the tenderer form of address into which Marco had impetuously rushed, wore for a second a graver air, but soon regaining her merry bantering tone, she smilingly replied, —

"Even ten words, my son! Speak out then truly, what wilt thou say to me?"

"Hast thou not lately heard some gossips' tattle, Mariuccia, say?"

"What gossips' tattle, in the holy name of heaven?"

"Gossips' tattle about *thee* and *me*!"

"Oh! shame, my son! Thou art a brazen liar, my little Marco! Madonna dear! what chat is this? Marco, begone! I will not hear thee more. But tell me first, for heaven's love, what *do* the ugly gossips say?"

"They say, oh Mariuccia dear, what I wish to God were true! Hold thine ear a little closer. Mariuccia sweet, the gossips vow to God that you and I make love together."

"Oh! *Jesu mio*! what evil tongues have they! Could we not count on our ten fingers all the times we have met and chatted? *Ouf!* the lying race of witches! But cheer up, Marco, they neither make us hot nor cold. The moon heeds not the baying dog, and why should we their ugly scandal? *Addio*; now, my Marco, I must begone! A happy night, my son, to thee."

"Hear me first, oh Mariuccia, pray! And, were the gossips' tattle true, what shame, what miracle would it be? Am I not a youth, and art thou not a maiden? Say yes, or no, to me! To tell thee all the holy truth, the gossips' tattle all comes from me. For I would wish with all my soul to make true love with thee! Does this displease thee, my Mariuccia, say?"

"Oh! Mother of God! does this displease me? No, in truth! I would quite willingly agree. But hear me well, my son; it is not *I* who can either bind or loose you! It is not *I* who can give you yes or no. First we must hear my father's will, and ask my mother's pleasure. Has she not borne me, and must we not content her? If they both make thee a friendly face, and take thee into favor, I vow to God, my Marco, no difficulties shall be made by me. Does this content thee, say? I have their holiest order to give no pledge and make no love unless they both agree."

"Oh! what scruples! what lying words

are these! In truth thou art well named. Thou art, indeed, a frigid wooden little Madonnina. Where is thy father Tonino and thy mother Ernesta? I will ask them now this very hour, and if they make an evil face or won't agree, I swear I'll die with grief, I'll burst with rage."

"Oh! Marco, art thou mad and fit to be tied? What hour is this? What wouldst thou do? Return to-morrow at vespertide, and tell them all in holy quiet. And now begone? Oh! Mother of God, what would the gossips say were thou and I found here together? Away! away! Be quick, oh Marco, and do not stay. For heaven's holy love, I hear my father! If he comes here, we shall have slaughter! A happy evening to thee! A thousand times *addio*."

"Mariuccia! Mariuccia! I have a passion at my heart for thee. For Heaven's holy love, stretch thine hand here to me." For a short second of joy Marco seized Mariuccia's brown and well-formed hand, and ere she had time to disengage it from his grasp, pressed it closely to his quivering lips. Then wrenching himself from the enchanted spot, he plunged headlong down the broken mountain track, and never paused until, breathless and almost speechless, he stood on the threshold of his own dwelling. "My little mother, have pity and compassion," he said, on entering; "to-night Mariuccia is my promised bride, and before the chestnuts fall she shall be my wedded wife."

"It shall be as God permits, my son!" was the wily donkey-wife's reply. Her eyes blazed with rage, and her cheek turned green as a withered olive leaf; but a glance at her son's face had sufficed to warn her not to waste her words in a second bitter, bootless struggle.

On feeling Marco's unwarrantable caress, Mariuccia had started as if a viper had struck her—with the innate shrinking of the upright southern *contadina* from the simplest endearment, which, if once admitted, is too apt to lead to licentious freedom—her eyes darkened with grave displeasure, and her sweet smiling mouth assumed an expression of almost latent sternness and force of will.

"Marco! Marco!" she muttered, "keep your place, my son, and bear respect to others! Such ugly freedom is not for me! *Jesù mio*! What would my mother say? What would my father do?"

Then suddenly her young face relaxed and smoothed, a bright crimson flushed the golden brown of her cheek, her eyes grew bright with joy, and pushing from off her

smooth, wide brow her thick, wavy hair, she clasped her hands together with a sudden sense of happiness. "Oh, Mother of God!" she murmured, "what content! what joy is mine!"

Hastily re-entering the still untenanted hut, she busily prepared the family supper, consisting of eggs cooked in oil, and flat-tish cakes of chestnut flour.

"What hast thou been doing, my daughter, say?" inquired Tonino the woolcomber, on his return home, peering inquisitorially into Mariuccia's eyes, and laying aside, with Tuscan carefulness, the implements of his daily toil.

"What hast thou been doing, my daughter, say?" reiterated like a mountain echo Ernesta, Mariuccia's mother, as she crossed the threshold with a faggot of brambles under each arm, and a load of chestnut leaves pyramidically piled on the crown of her head; these latter being employed in baking the *necci*, or chestnut-flour cakes, on flat round stones, which, previous to being heated, are daintily lined with fresh green leaves of the invaluable chestnut, the chief support and sustenance of the frugal mountaineers.

Both parents in their queries were moved by the deep distrust and apprehension which causes parents of the south to watch with such jealous closeness over their unmarried daughters.

"The speckled hen strayed far away and I have been searching for her. The little rambling witch has made me fly through wood and dale, but, thanks to heaven, at last I caught her!" was, alas! the perfidious answer that came pat from Mariuccia's lips.

"*Mariuccia, mia bella!* Far from thee I live on grief! Oh! happy me were I thy kerchief, were I thy bodice! For thee I would be flayed, would be slaughtered. I kiss your eyes, my little angel! I kiss your golden mouth of love!"

Some such were Marco's musings that night when, seated on the low, dilapidated parapet of the threshing area, he enjoyed in happy solitude his evening smoke.

"*O Jesù mio!* I get a fever from my despair! What rage, what bile is mine! What a cross and passion I have to bear! My liver is gnawed with grief and spite!" Such were Marco's mother's contemporaneous cogitations as she watched her golden ripe tomatoes boil and bubble down into the thick pungent paste or *conserva*, which forms one of the chief bases of Italian culinary science and seasonings.

The day following Marco's momentous

interview with Mariuccia lingered on with endless tedium for the youthful pair. The Madonna alone can tell how Marco followed, like a walking automaton, his mother's charcoal-laden donkeys to the neighboring hamlets.

If these quadrupeds arrived in safety, without plunging headlong down the picturesque and precipitous ravines by which the mountain tracks are flanked, to their own sagacity and agility be the credit, and not to their heedless guardian.

To his mother's most influential customers Marco replied but curtly and *senza complimenti*; he discharged his cargo in sullen abstraction, and hastily resumed his way.

"Poor son! poor son!" observed the sagacious crone Olimpia; "one reads it in his eye; he has a passion in his blood, and woe to Marco if he meets tribulation when he makes love."

"When he makes love!" retorted Irene, her daughter, a fine, boldly picturesque young woman, with a wild light of passion in her face, and an imperial pride in her air, and whose hair, twisted in thick black cables, set off her heathen-goddess-like head. "Marco does little else all the holy year," she added, with a bitter cynical sneer on her handsome and vindictive features. "He has a new caprice in his blood with every rising moon! What poor, accursed dupe gives heed to him, perfidious, lying little viper!"

"Like you at Easter last, you ugly owl," incautiously interposed a girl of wild apish appearance, who was shelling, at some distance from her elder sister, the ripe golden cones of Indian corn from their soft elastic husks, which served for the winter bedding of the entire household.

The elder girl started to her feet in speechless rage, her eyes blazed, and her teeth set, and not before some seconds did she recover the power of articulating her savage wrath.

"Say not that again, thou filthy, lying gossip!" she at length vociferated, seizing with looks of fury a full golden maize-cone, which she hurled with dexterous aim at the offender's head, striking with such hearty force, that from the grazed temple the blood trickled slowly down her face.

"Ah, infamous assassin, may the Lord send you a fit!" panted forth the wounded elf. "Ah, you shall die by my hand! I shall split your head like a rotten walnut! I shall crush you like an evil toad! May the hand wither that struck that perfidious blow! May a thunderbolt fulminate thee, oh accursed cow!"

"Ho, you women!" shouted a wild, imperious-eyed youth, who suddenly emerged from the low and dingy family den, brandishing a gigantic wooden ladle around his own half-crazed head. "Peace with your accursed gabble! Daughters of a dog! Silence, if you value your ugly muzzles! Woe to you, oh women, if I lay my hands on one of you this holy hour! I vow to God there shall be slaughter! Enough, oh accursed gossips, say! Are you or I to command this blessed day? Patience! Peace, I say! *Corpo di Bacco! Sangue di Dio!* What chattering evil owls are these!"

The riot amongst the slavishly subservient women was quelled before the imminent slaughter or indiscriminate cuffing had been applied by the rhodomontading youth, who, in virtue of his superior lordly sex, and in the absence of the elder men, was deputed to impose order and maintain peace amongst the females of the clan.

Twirling his imposing ladle once more around his head, the youth stamped his clog-shod foot like a demon in a pantomime, and, with a fierce sense of superiority over things human and unseen, he ejaculated melodramatically: "Sow of a woman! Pig of a Devil!" and departed abruptly from the scene.

Marco, in happy unconsciousness of the clamorous excitement caused by his own callous indifference to his *ci-devant bella*, the fiery-blooded and vengeful Irene, proceeded with increased celerity in the direction of his own valley. Having, with abstracted mind, partaken hastily of a highly-seasoned mess of winter beans redolent of garlic, tomato, and pimento, which, with rough-made bread and a few walnuts, still almost green, constituted his afternoon meal, Marco dressed himself with sedulous care in his most festal attire.

In his handsome suit of fine woollen texture, and his high-crowned, broad-leaved Calabrese hat, Marco, agile, supple, and slender, with his clear blazing eyes and his fine olive features, presented, it must be owned, a goodly appearance.

"My little mother, I go forth to walk."

"Go, go, my son! a happy voyage to thee I wish," was the parting greeting between mother and son, both being equally averse for the time to more explicit explanations.

"Is it permitted, may I enter?" demanded Marco Donati, as he stood on the threshold of Tonino the wool-comber's hut, and speaking with the quaint formality of the Tuscan *contadino* on state occasions and in festal attire.

"Pass, pass, my son! A happy evening to thee. What dost thou here, Briccone? *Per Bacco!* Marco, how fine thou art! Ah, woe to the maidens when such a young Adonis draws near. Be seated here and let us gossip."

Tonino politely indicated a seat for Marco on the wooden bench beside himself, and then, with a courteous nod and a stately "with your permission," he resumed his work and continued teasing out a heap of fine and fleecy wool which lay piled in rich disorder around his feet.

It may truly be said that Tonino was a wool-gatherer as well as a wool-comber; a tuft of wool, he argued, was neither here nor there to his numerous employers. And so the fleecy, useful commodity accumulated like magic in Tonino's dwelling. Without sounding of trumpets or beating of drums, Tonino occasionally disposed of his spoils on advantageous terms to some of his least scrupulous neighbors, and by such transactions added materially to his means of living. "They are all of the same hair," said Tonino bitterly, in allusion to the galling closeness of his employers' supervision, which materially checked his own enterprising and predatory instincts.

Somewhat pilfering and more than somewhat lying, and a blatant braggart, was Tonino, we must admit; but he was neither fierce nor cruel by nature, and, unlike many of his neighbors, his roguish old heart was free from envious gall and bitterness. He loved with fervent warmth his wife and daughter, although, like all his race, he rhodomontaded towards both, and it needed all his true old wife's high spirit and fine sense to keep him permanently in check.

A fine specimen of the best type of a Tuscan peasant wife was Mariuccia's mother. Full of vigorous character and spirit, Ernesta had a frank and resolute nature, and possessed a temper at once sweet, firm, and equal. She loved her daughter with southern passion, and to her counsels, full of true wisdom and shrewd knowledge, much of the superiority of Mariuccia's own nature was due.

Nothing could be more dissimilar in appearance than our couple of worthy mountaineers. Tonino was of stout and thick dimensions, but in spite of his short, heavy form he was as wiry as a mountain goat and almost as woolly. His features, while suggesting much craft and shrewdness, bore an expression of genial humor, which softened the keen, thievish blink of his restless grey eyes.

Ernesta was of small and spare stature, and her refined features expressed much natural sensitiveness; her faithful soft eye and massive mouth and chin indicated the force and serenity of her nature, which so much resembled that of her daughter. She had the grave, dignified, and deferential manners which are so common among the Tuscan mountaineers.

After much irrelevant gossip between Tonino and Marco concerning the chances of chestnuts and Indian corn, of wool and walnuts, and various other topics, Marco was on the point of plunging into the object of his visit, when Tonino demanded with an air of much mystery, —

"Marco, hast thou heard the novel gossip?"

"What gossip, oh Tonino! Tell me, pray; I burn, I die to know."

"Palmira, Angiolino's bride, was bastinadoed at vesper hour last eventide, and before the rise of sun this blessed day, *per Bacco*, she had levanted! Angiolino is mad with rage and fit to tie, and swears he will slay her for the scandal."

"*Corpo di Bacco!* Thou dost amaze me; but, Tonino, say! That ugly pig of Angiolino, has *he* not made the scandal? Was Palmira not a comely maiden, and had she not a seemly dower?"

"What wilt thou have, my little Marco! Day and night he heard her moaning! her head was splitting, her back was breaking! *Corpo di Dio!* who could stand it? The neighbors, too, began to scoff and jeer him. I heard, myself, Andrea say, 'Oh, Angiolino, you are no man! Have you no hands to pound her? Pound her once with all your might and you will cure her.' And Argentina, Leonildo's wife, flouted at him worse than all. 'Oh wake her up, the sluggish little snail,' said she; 'give her two blows, and then you will see her work and dig and hoe! Her woeful face and pining air dishonors you before us all.' Now he has done it, and who can tell? Women, mayhap, like flies, are taken best with syrup. Marco, my son, who weds a wife need have two brains. If thou wilt marry, thou doest well; if not, thou doest better."

"Oh, Tonino, hear me, pray," exclaimed Marco on hearing Tonino's concluding words, as, moved by a sudden impulse, he drew closer to the moralizing old rogue.

"Does it displease thee? I would make love with Mariuccia with all my soul, if thou and Ernesta can both agree!"

"What sayst thou, Marco? What novelty is here? Hast thou and she made love already? *Per Dio!* quickly say!

You have met by stealth! she is led astray! *Corpo di Dio*, there will be blood drawn here."

"Tonino, I vow to heaven and swear on my soul Mariuccia knows not one crumb of what I say! I'll tell her now if we both agree, but if thou makest a long unfriendly muzzle, I'll go my way and she shall never know. I swear I'll die but — silence, peace! I'll never speak."

"Your manners please me well, oh Marco! But gently, gently! This is not a skein of wool to be so quickly disentangled. Thou knowest, my son, who weds Mariuccia must not need her *scudi*. In truth, she needs no dower. *Per Bacco*, who can work as she? Who keep the house so neat and well? Without her, Marco, we are not fit to drag a spider from its den. I do not wish to raise her to the stars, but, *per Dio*, she is *no* woman, *she is a man!*"

"Tonino, hear! I love thy daughter, and bear her much respect as well. Her dower is not my heart's desire. If you agree, we will now make love together, and then before the days are shorter we shall wed."

"*Capperi!* Marco, how thou goest! He who goes slow goes sure, my son; but let us away and seek the women."

Mariuccia was speedily discovered returning from the adjoining wood, with her hands full of splendid egg-shaped mushrooms, of which her father hastily relieved her, observing with pompous gravity, — "My daughter, Marco has four words to say to thee." He then judiciously retired to a safe distance, leaving to the lovers a certain freedom, but at the same time commanding the fullest supervision of the interview.

"Mariuccia, my life, my soul!" whispered Marco, in a tone of transport, "I am as happy as the souls in Paradise."

"And I, my Marco, as if I touched the heavens with my very finger," replied the young girl, trembling with her artless, earnest joy and love.

"Dost thou swear to me, oh Mariuccia, to be my faithful, loving *dama* (lady-love)?" enquired Marco, drawing closer to her side, as if to allay the fierce pining for her sweet presence which had rendered the heavy hours of that interminable day so unbearable.

"I vow to God to take thee, Marco, for my true *damo*; but hear me well, and have compassion. I would not wish to pledge my word and give my soul to a false, perfidious lover. In holy truth when I give a pledge or sign a vow I do it most sincerely.

So heed me well, oh Marco! Do not swear away thy soul to-day, and then tomorrow plant me there without farewell or *buona notte*. Think of this, my son, and speak."

"Oh Mariuccia, what words are these! For whom dost thou take me, say? Am I a man to do such ugly deeds? Would I betray my own beloved *dama*? I swear by thine own angel head I shall ever love and be true to thee."

And Marco, kindling with fiery impulsiveness, stretched forth his hand and grasped passionately Mariuccia's arm, forgetful of the vigilant Tonino, who instantly and sternly confronted the disconcerted lovers.

"Hear me well, my children," he said, addressing them with genuine displeasure in his blinking eyes. "For six long years I, Tonino, Mariuccia's father, courted Ernesta, Mariuccia's mother; we gossiped *much* and chattered; but God protect us if once we exchanged a finger-tip or took such shamefaced, filthy freedom! Be this your guide and rule, my children! Discourse and chatter, but hands aloof! Enough, my Marco! Remember well, and bear in mind that

Man is flame and woman is tow,
And the Devil easily sets them aglow!"

When the news of Mariuccia's betrothal with Marco Donati spread through their native valley, it was greeted with a cordiality and good-will far from usual on such occasions amongst the mountaineers, who, although connected by intimate and constant intercourse, were for the most part irreconcilably divided by small local feuds, bitter personal animosities, and hereditary financial quarrels. It says much for the power of genuine goodness, that Mariuccia had not a single evil-wisher or detractor amidst the most contentious or slanderous of her neighbors. Her sweet and peaceful nature was heartily valued by those around her, especially by the mountaineers whose own bitter jars had often been composed to peace by the influence of Mariuccia's gentle presence.

One dark face deepened into a livid hue, and one fiery heart was filled with rage and despair, when the news of Mariuccia's engagement reached her ears — Irene, the fierce and showy beauty, who in her rage had wounded her mocking sister, and whose love passages with Marco had been stealthy and deep.

But even Irene spared Mariuccia in her wrath, and only muttered: "Holy God, he is mad! Mad fit to tie! Who laughs last

laughs best, my son! Mariuccia's *damo*—patience! it may be! But Mariuccia's *sposo*—may God fulminate him, *never!*”

Many sage counsels were poured into Mariuccia's ears by her wise and loving mother. “Beware, my daughter: bear respect and show it to Marco's mother, or thou wilt rue the day thou wedd'st him.”

“My little mother, you speak wisely, you say well.”

“Let not the gossips say aught of thee. Dwell with all in peace, bide at home, and have *no* tattling friends. Content with all thy heart the house you enter. Remember well a mouthful of bread is a mouthful of poison where spite and envy dwell. Be *subject* to thy husband and serve him well. Thou art a woman and *born to bow*. Give no heed, my daughter, to those who say, ‘When your husband says one word, you say *two*; when he makes a threat, you take a stone; when he gives a blow, you use the knife.’ Heed your mother, Mariuccia dear. If thou art maltreated, *peace* and *give no scandal!* A good wife makes a good husband. She who is judicious and wise knows when to close both ears and eyes.”

Marco's mother, L'Assunta, in accordance with one of the deepest tendencies of her pliant race, when she found opposition of no avail, *yielded* with every appearance of good-will, placing, like a true Italian, her cause in the care of fortune and the fates.

Her acquiescence grew much more cordial in consequence of a plan concerning Mariuccia which met with the donkey-wife's fullest commendation. A short period after her engagement with Marco, it was decreed by Mariuccia's parents that she should repair to the busy, toiling town of Pescia, and remain there until the date fixed for her marriage had arrived. The object of this proceeding was twofold. A sister of Tonino, a prosperous *pettinatrice* or hairdresser of Pescia, had volunteered to supply the *corredo*, or marriage outfit, including a stock of house-linen befitting the prosperity of Mariuccia's wedding. And both Tonino and Ernesta hailed with satisfaction a scheme by which they were exonerated from the arduous and watchful duties invariably imposed on family guardians during the courtship of a daughter.

Assunta calculated keenly on the chances of Mariuccia's absence, and on the effect it might possibly exert over the fickle and mobile passions of her son Marco.

“My daughter,” said the wily crone, “it seems to me a thousand years until I

see thee now under our roof. What wilt thou have? When first my Marco said he would wed the little Mariuccia, the news was no more welcome than a thorn in my eye; but now, my daughter, thou art welcome to me as Easter of the roses.”

“Mariuccia, I *cannot* live far from thee! I shall die and burst with grief! I shall live on sighs and melt away with rage and sorrow! It stabs my heart and gnaws my liver to part with thee,” were Marco's farewell words when Mariuccia at her departure took leave of her weeping mother, and loudly sobbing lover.

“Courage, my little mother! Cheer up, my Marco, and live in happiness,” were her parting words as her fine face, full of love and feeling, was borne from their view. Tonino accompanied his daughter to Pescia, and for the first time in twenty years remained a few days in his sister's house. On his return home, he bore Mariuccia's pebble chaplet to her mother, and a spray of blessed olive to her lover, both of which she kissed with fervor and with a simple trust in their protecting charm.

The period of Mariuccia's absence appeared to the poor girl dreary and leaden-winged beyond endurance; but at length the time fixed for the duration of the betrothal drew to an end, and the very day for her return to the mountains was appointed for the wedding. Her father and her lover awaited her at the same bleak little station of Pracchia, from whence a few short months previously she had so unwillingly departed.

Mariuccia fell on her father's neck with sobs of joy, eagerly enquired after her mother, and then, with flushed and radiant looks, held forth her hand to Marco, with all the tenderness of her love beaming from her faithful face. Hardly had Mariuccia's eyes rested on her lover's face than a dim perception of something wrong and changed chilled her to the very heart. Marco gazed on her with a more tender look than formerly, but in his eye she read a bewildered trouble and dread, and an imploring look, which filled Mariuccia's trusting nature with a foreboding of evil almost worse than any known calamity.

In her father's looks and manners she also seemed to detect a forced constraint and a pretence of cheerfulness, which made her heart sink and her limbs tremble.

Nevertheless, with her natural bravery she thrust from her the doubts and fear

which had so cruelly marred the happiness of her return; and she exchanged numerous hearty greetings with the neighbors, who all along the way to her dwelling welcomed her back with genuine good-will; although it seemed to her that even they addressed her with a sober tinge of pity and compassion.

On their arrival at the old hut, Mariuccia was met by her mother, whose greeting was silent and tender. Then her restless joy had reached its climax, and she flew to visit the hens, the goat, and the little garden, above which towered the purple mountain spires and pinnacles.

Marco followed her, and when they both stood once more side by side behind the tangle of budding plants where Marco had first declared his love, the girl stretched forth her hands to her lover, nor sought to check the first impulse of her pure love which she had felt to be uncontrollable. Marco caught her hand with passionate eagerness, gazed into her eyes with a strange look of anguish and fear, and flinging himself on the ground before her, he burst into loud sobs and groans.

"For the love of Christ, oh Marco, what afflicts thee?" she stammered in a trembling tone. "Do not fear to tell me! My blood is ice, my heart is stone; but speak, oh Marco, speak!"

With his face lowering to her feet, and amidst broken sounds of grief, Marco brought out his confession of faithlessness and shame. Dimly, as if in a dream, Mariuccia learned that during the dreary misery of her absence Marco had been again drawn within the snares of the bold Irene, to whom he had again renewed his stealthy visits, until his heartless folly had resulted in consequences of direful disgrace to the girl, whose dishonored fame was now no longer the whispered gossip of far-seeing slanderous crones, but had become a matter of open public scandal. With gestures of despair he further added that Guido, the half-crazed and reckless brother of Irene, had sworn on the village altar to plant a dagger in Marco's throat unless he repaired by lawful marriage the disgrace of his sister Irene.

Marco seemed crazed with the bewilderment of weakness and despair, but with wild oaths he swore that no death would compel him to a union with the hated woman who had ensnared him into such shame and ruin.

Mariuccia heard him with a pain like death at her heart; her bright animated features seemed to grow pinched and sharpened as if with the pangs of hunger.

She laid her hand on her bosom as if she had been wounded there; and when her eyes rested on the humiliated form of her base lover she burst into bitter weeping.

"*Ahi! Marco mio!*" she sobbed, "I pardon and forgive thee! But what would a knife in *my* heart have been compared to this? Oh Mother of Jesus! what tears! what tears day and night I have to shed!"

Marco continued wildly to implore that Mariuccia would still consent to become his wife, but this she refused to promise with the gentle dignity which he knew by experience was not to be shaken.

Mariuccia at length prayed Marco to take leave of her for the night, without returning to her parents in the hut. They parted in bitter grief, and Marco would only consent to go on Mariuccia's promising to defer her irrevocable decision until his return on the following morning. When left once more alone Mariuccia again pushed back her wavy hair from her brow, and clasping her hands together she stood exactly as she had done on the same spot some short months before; but now, instead of expressing the excess of her joy, amidst tears and sobs she exclaimed, "Dear Mother of God! what a grief! what a passion is mine!" She made her way straight to her mother, who stood within the small dwelling, and laying her cheek on Ernesta's neck she sobbed as if her heart would break. "Oh mother, mother," she cried, "why have you ever borne me? Oh pray all the saints that Lord God may take my unhappy life!"

That night, which should have been one of unalloyed happiness, brought no peace or rest to the mountaineers. After hours of sleepless misery, poor Mariuccia rose before dawn, and busied herself as formerly with the small domestic arrangements of her rude home. The whole happy visions of her young life had melted away; and she now only possessed the bitter memories of her ruined hopes.

Early in the forenoon Mariuccia was summoned by name from without the house. On proceeding to the spot from whence she had been called she beheld in the distance the well-known form of the miserable Irene. The girl's aspect would have changed into pity the sternest hate, but in Mariuccia's merciful nature there was no hate or scorn, and no pining for revenge on the unhappy rival who had changed her life into such sudden bitterness.

With hands clasped and streaming eyes Irene cast herself at Mariuccia's feet, and with a pleading look in her large eyes she

broke forth in a voice that sounded like a cry, "*O Mariuccia mia!* I would not wish that thou shouldst be deceived by me! I am a poor unhappy girl, abandoned and condemned! And he who has led me into evil, looks at me no longer, and now maltreats me. The accursed traitor will know no more of me nor of the son I bear him! Hear me, *Mariuccia mia!* For the love of Christ do not thou forsake me! Tell *him* when he comes to thee, 'Begone, thou accursed perfidious dog! Thou hast betrayed another, and I will betray thee now.' Tell him 'Away, thou lying villain! I would not have thee for my *damo*. I would not wed thee now if thou couldst crown me with a crown of pearls!' Tell him, the ugly assassin, that if he makes a step towards thee, or lays a finger on thee, thou wilt slay him like an accursed viper. — *Ahi!* the day I knew that cruel Cain, the stone of malediction fell close to me. *Ah, Mariuccia, bella mia!* he has taken from me the little share of honor that once was mine. He has dragged me through a sea of mud and woe! But hear me now, my gentle, kindly daughter. As true as Christ was on the accursed cross he shall die by Guido's hand. Guido has sworn upon the Virgin's altar to plant a knife in his accursed throat and pierce him like a cruel hound. *Ah!* what grief, what shame is mine! *Ah, Mariuccia*, my good child, thy look is kind, thy heart is tender! Thou canst wear thy kerchief high, but I must hide my shame and draw it low. But wilt thou swear and promise me, *O mia cara*, to drive him from thy presence, to spurn him with thy foot, and spit upon him? Wilt thou do this, and then the assassinating, ugly traitor will yet be mine?"

"*Never*, by the most holy and eternal God!" yelled a voice which froze the blood in the two women's veins, as Marco suddenly emerged from behind the hut with looks of frenzied disorder in his wild defiant eyes. "Never, thou lying, dishonored owl! Begone, I can neither see nor suffer thee. Accursed carrion, I curse thee and abhor thee!"

The blood left Irene's dark face as Marco uttered the bitter, taunting execration. Her lips lost their glow and fulness, and changed to a thin, livid streak. Her features were distorted, and her frame agitated by her wild trouble. She uttered not a word; but with the assistance of Mariuccia, whose heart was filled with grief for her misery, she struggled to her feet.

Then all things rushed rapidly to a tragic crisis.

Withdrawing a few paces she bent her head like a crouching beast, and then, swift as lightning, she fell with the spring of a fury on Marco. Mariuccia, who had beheld the unhappy woman draw from her bosom a weapon during that short second of pause, cast herself shuddering between them, and in her own faithful loving bosom received the swift stinging blow of hate and vengeance. Irene closed her eyes a moment, and then, as if infuriated still more by the sight of the wounded girl, she struck the terrified and hesitating Marco to the heart.

He fell and died almost without a movement.

Mariuccia survived some hours, and sank gently to rest in her mother's arms, with words of mercy and forgiveness on her faithful and loving lips.

Irene was sent to expiate her crime in a penal reformatory; but after a brief interval she died in giving birth to a crippled waif, the son of the murdered Marco.

Assunta's hair whitened, and a deeper shadow fell over her entire person during the first days of her hard grief for the death of her son. But she saved with even more greed than before.

Some years subsequent to the events narrated in this little Apennine drama, the writer visited for the first time the valley of Pian del Monte. In the absence of carriage-roads or safe mountain tracks, we had recourse to *la ciucaia*, and secured one of her wise and nimble donkeys for the summer season, Assunta herself being engaged to serve as guide.

One glorious summer evening, as we were seated on the fine fragrant herbage which clothes the mountains to the summit, the quaint melodies of the Tuscan peasant songs, and the tinkling bells of the flocks returning from their distant and lofty pasturage, filled the air; while the enchantment of the sunset hour rejoiced our eyes. The sheep drew near to lick our hands with fearless friendliness, and the brown-skinned peasants found the way to cross our path, and greet with polished grace the *forestiera*. We took sketches of the delicious scene and figures, and listened with eager ear to old Assunta while she related, with many digressions and excursions, in the classical and picturesque idiom of the Tuscan Apennines, the substance of this episode of southern passion, which we have put into the form of a consecutive narrative in the third person.

"What will you have, *signora mia?*" said the crone, knitting her coarse wool

as if for life, and peering with bright undimmed eyes into our face. "Every mountain has its valley; and Marco, poor son, had his vice. He *would* wed a wife without a *scudo*, and see how God has castigated him!"

Such was the *moral* of the Apennine donkey-wife's story.

On a subsequent visit to the valley we enquired for Assunta, and found she was dead. Her gains amounted to large rustic wealth. Only at her dying hour did she give ear to the counsels of Don Domenico, the faithful old pastor of the valley, and bequeath her entire property to the deformed child of her murdered son. Nevertheless, with her expiring breath, she refused to admit the child to her presence, and died filled with scruples at having enriched "a jest of nature — an evil cripple, marked by Christ like Cain."

From The Leisure Hour.
WIT IN COURT.

KEEN and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunket was once engaged in a case, when, towards the end of the afternoon, it became a question whether the court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunket expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set." "Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding judge, "not 'set;' hens set." "I thank you, my lord," said Plunket. The case proceeded, and presently the judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case, he feared the action would not "lay." "Lie, my lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister; "not lay; hens lay." — "If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a testy and irritable judge, "I'll fine you a hundred pounds." "I'll give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply. — Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of his head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think this implied a difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it." On another occasion Curran was pleading before Fitzgibbon, the

Irish chancellor, with whom he was on terms of anything but friendship. The chancellor, with the distinct purpose, as it would seem, of insulting the advocate, brought with him on to the bench a large Newfoundland dog, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention while Curran was addressing a very elaborate argument to him. At a very material point in the speech the judge turned quite away, and seemed to be wholly engrossed with his dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lords," said the witty barrister, "I really was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation." But perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this same advocate hurled at Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench — so, at least, it was commonly believed — simply because he had written in favor of the government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retaliation: "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

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WILL'S WIDOW.

It's hard enough for folks to work
 For such a little pay;
 To me it does not matter much,
 Now Will is gone away.
 The bird whose mate is flown afar
 Cares little for her nest:
 For glimpse of distant paradise
 The barest bough serves best.

A cup of tea and crust of bread
 Are quite enough for me:
 To give me dainties would be waste
 As Will's not here to see;
 Or leastways, if he can look down
 He knows too much to care,
 Knows that it does not signify
 What people eat or wear.

If I was living in the place
 Where once I lived with Will,
 All going on the same old way,
 But just the house grown still,
 I'm sure Will would seem further off,
 So slowly time would go:
 One needn't sit to watch for death,
 That's sure to come, we know.

But now I seldom make a moan
 About the sadder part;
 I think the moving of the hands
 Is wholesome for the heart;
 For as I stich, I recollect
 The happy times we had,
 Our courting days, and wedding morn,
 When every one was glad.

I have Will's bird to sing to me,
 And, lest it pine for trees,
 When Sunday evening's calm and fair
 I take it for a breeze.
 Will's lying not so far from this,
 And that is where we go:
 The little bird cheeps cheerily—
 I fancy it may know.

Will's buried by the old grey church
 That stands upon the moor,
 And as I can't take Dick inside,
 I listen at the door;
 And every word the parson speaks,
 I seem to hear Will say,
 "That's something good for you, old girl"—
 For that was poor Will's way.

And all the time as I walk home
 I watch the sun go down;
 It makes our grim old city look
 Like New Jerusalem town.
 And I have such sweet fancies come
 I never had before;
 When you've none else to talk with you,
 I think God talks the more.

When first Will went, I longed to die,
 But now I wait content;
 As parson says, "When comforts go,
 The Comforter is sent."

Yet, oh! how glad I'll meet with Will,
 And tell him it came true
 When he said, "Polly, dear old girl,
 God will look after you."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

SONG OF THE CARILLONEUR.

RING out, my bells, in accents clear;
 Ring soft and sweet,
 And take a message true and dear
 To hearts that beat.
 Soothe the soul with sorrow aching;
 Cheer the life when all's forsaking;
 Sing of joy to hearts now breaking;
 Ring on, my bells!

Ring out, my bells, across the plain;
 Ring wild and free,
 And wake the echoes back again
 To melody.
 O'er the mountains waft my dreaming,
 Where the sunset glory's streaming,
 Where the purple vines are gleaming;
 Ring out, my bells!

Ring out, my bells; ring full and strong.
 My soul, to-day,
 Upon inspiring notes of song
 Would float away.
 From the gray old minster sending
 Tones that, in such concord blending,
 Tell of harmonies unending;
 Ring out, my bells!

Ring out upon the listening air
 Your silver spell;
 Ring out the music quaint and rare
 I love so well:
 Hope to every faint one bringing,
 Peace on earth forever ringing,
 And of love eternal singing;
 Ring on, my bells!

Chambers' Journal.

H. K. W.

THE WESTERN WIND.

YET on my cheek I feel the western wind,
 And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
 And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
 Tales of fair meadows, green with constant
 streams,
 And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
 Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
 And starred with white the virgin's bower is
 twined.
 So the o'erwearied pilgrim, as he fares
 Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
 Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
 Of a serener and a holier land,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
 Breath of the blessed heaven for which we pray,
 Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad
 Our earthly way!

JOHN G. WHITTIER

From The Edinburgh Review.
MEDITERRANEAN DELTAS.*

THE effects of small, but long-continued changes are more easy to calculate than to imagine. It is hard to realize, from what takes place during an observation extending over days, or even years, the results of the lapse of centuries, or tens of centuries. It is indeed possible, from the narrowest base of exact observation, to calculate the proportions of secular distance, as the astronomer, from the restricted limits of the rotation or of the orbit of the earth, deduces the order of the planetary range. But as the eye is unable to take cognizance of those minute angular differences which are grasped by microscopic examination of the vernier, so is the fancy unable to picture, from the movement of the waterfall of to-day or of the flood of a year or two ago, the condition to which a constant fall of water or a long series of floods will reduce the valley familiar to our infancy after the lapse of thousands of years. Nothing is more trite than the constant reference to the effects of the unwearied tooth of time. Nothing is more familiar to the mechanic than the introduction of time as an element of computation, and yet nothing affects us with more surprise than the result of this imperceptible, unslumbering action, when we are suddenly brought face to face with it after the lapse of a sufficient period to allow of a visible change.

In the case of those physical changes which are constantly taking place on the face of the planet earth by the agency of rainfall and water-flow, we have the most striking instance of our inability, not so much to estimate as to realize in fancy, the effects that are certain to follow in a definite period of time. When deep and

rapid rivers are observed to erode one bank of their channel, and to throw sand and shingle on the other, the sidelong movement of the stream, though it may amount to miles of distance in a comparatively short time, can only be ascertained by definite measurements, taken at fixed dates. The case in which the physical changes produced by the steady operation of natural causes are most obvious, is probably that of the inroads made on a cliff of soft or friable material by the tide. We observe that a fall of perceptible magnitude has been caused by a tempest. We may note that the outlook point of the fisher, or the hut of the shepherd, is now so near the verge of the cliff, that a few more such nights as the last would be enough to place the frail tenement in peril. A little later we may see even nearer cause for alarm. Yet again comes a tempest, and our landmark has disappeared. But with its disappearance has been lost our natural and apparent means of determining where sea and shore were accustomed to border. Again, we are driven back to the aid of the surveyor or of the map-maker to measure the rate at which the ocean is advancing, and to estimate the time within which what is now green knoll will have become sandy sea-bottom.

Physical science is only in its cradle; and yet the geological theory was comparatively old before it was allowed to totter forth from the imaginary regions of vast and terrible convulsions, regarded as the great agents of terrestrial change, and to enter on the more sober inquiry into the probable effects that would be produced, or that have been produced, by the operation of existing and appreciable causes, prolonged for a long period of time. It is to Sir C. Lyell that we are indebted for first directing due attention to this important aspect of the geologic record. It is true that no one who has been a witness to the formidable activity of earthquake and of volcano even in the comparatively tranquil regions of southern Europe, can doubt the fact that convulsions of terrific energy have left their marks on the surface of the earth. The earthquake of January 1858, though it was said to have destroyed thirty thousand

* 1. *Les Villes mortes du Golfe de Lyon.* Par C. LENTHERIC, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris: 1876.

2. *On the Lagoons and Marshes of certain parts of the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By D. T. ANSTED, F.R.S. Excerpt of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers. 1869.

3. *Address to the Royal Geographical Society of London.* By Major-General Sir H. C. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., President. London: 1876.

4. *An Inquiry into the Soundness of M. de Lesseps' Reasonings and Arguments on the Practicability of the Suez Canal.* By Capt. T. SPRATT, R.N., F.R.S. London: 1858.

persons in Calabria, only threw down a few stones from the solidly-built palaces of Naples. And yet a shock which, though alarmingly sensible to the population, wrought no further mischief in the capital of the two Sicilies, raised the whole shore of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Misenum, by a permanent elevation of from six to eight inches above the former level of the sea. This movement, however, is but trifling in comparison to the successive elevations and depressions, of as much as ten or twelve feet in level, which are shown, by the attacks made by boring marine molluscs on the columns of variegated marble which yet stand erect on their bases amid the ruin, to have occurred, on the same coast, since the erection of the temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli. Little more than a century before the occurrence of the quiet, but very appreciable, volcanic displacement of 1858, a portion of the bank of the Tagus, comprising a quay thronged with the inhabitants of Lisbon, went down like a stone to an as yet unsounded depth — so at least they assert on the spot — being severed from the undisturbed portion of the city as if it had been cut in twain by a knife.

It may seem almost paradoxical to assert that the present century is witness of a process which, if continued for a sufficient length of time, will convert the basin of the Mediterranean into a vast river valley, in which marsh and lagoon will gradually be warped up into cultivated soil, and through which the waters of the Nile and the Atbara, receiving as affluents the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, the Tiber, and other tributaries, will be poured into the Atlantic. Yet nothing is more certain than that the causes now in daily operation are adequate to effect this great physical change, provided that no geological convulsion intervenes during the period required for its completion. Not only so, but the *data* which have been collected and are in course of collection by hydrographers, geographers, and engineers are becoming so numerous and exact, that it may be possible, before long, to assign the period within which this obliteration of the inland sea would be effected. As the first assumption, however — that of the unin-

terrupted continuance of the actual geological order — is one of such unwarranted magnitude, it would be little more than scientific trifling to complete the calculation. It is much more to the point to inquire how far we can ascertain, either from historic records, or by the methods of the surveyor, the annual amount of delta formation that is actually taking place in the Mediterranean. In some instances we have recently been provided with careful measurements of flow and of deposit. In other cases we have indications, more or less reliable, of the condition of the littoral in the neighborhood of the great river mouths at given dates. Herodotus supplies us with important landmarks showing the growth of the delta of the Nile, which have never yet been either understood or thoroughly investigated. M. Lenthéric has given us much valuable information as to the growth of the delta of the Rhone. Admiral Spratt has prepared charts exhibiting the advance of the shallow banks in the delta of the Kilia, the northernmost branch of the Danube, between 1830 and 1856. From Venice comes information that the silting up of the lagoons, which Sir John Rennie, in 1819, predicted would ensue if certain precautionary measures were neglected, has made rapid progress since the Austrian engineers departed from the wiser plans of their Italian predecessors. It remains to be seen whether the information as yet accessible is sufficient to allow us to arrive at any approach to the definition of a law that would be applicable, under various cases, to the determination of the secular growth of the deltas of the rivers flowing into the tideless waters of the inland seas of Europe.

The conversion of the bed of the Mediterranean into a cultivable river valley, vast as the change may appear to the imagination, is, after all, but a special example of that steady, silent, unintermitting, and therefore mighty change that is in progress over the greater portion of the surface of our globe. The physical powers of nature, the rifting energy of frost, the parching and crumbling effect of heat, the mechanical friction of rain, the chemical action of the atmosphere, are all engaged in a mighty and combined effort to

reduce the surface of the planet to its true mathematical form of a spheroid of rotation. So certain, however slow, is the result of the incessant action, that it is only to the counterbalancing effects of geological convulsions — or at least of upheavals which deserve that title by their magnitude, whatever be the rapidity with which they may have been effected — that we can attribute the fact that our globe is not now in the condition of a solid nucleus, surrounded everywhere with a watery envelope. Almost all that we can observe of the steady operation of natural causes is tending to reduce the earth to that condition. Inorganic nature hastens, we will not say to destruction, but to that obliteration of the features of individuality, which would result in the destruction of terrestrial life. The toil of man, feeble and puny as are its results when compared with those of the great agencies of nature, tends in some cases rapidly to hasten, in others slightly to delay, the assimilating process. The great conservative element which resists the erosive force of atmospheric and of aqueous degradation, is the vigorous energy of vegetation. By absorbing and distributing the mountain rainfall; by clothing and protecting the banks of rivers; by arresting the deportation of the sandy banks of the sea by the waves; and by forming a barrier to the destructive march of the sand dunes in the track of prevailing winds, — forest trees, marsh and aquatic plants, creeping knot grasses, and socially-growing pines effect more for the maintenance of the actual condition of the dry land than any other, or than all other agencies. By mining, quarrying, draining, and similar works, man aids in the great operation of the degradation of the exposed portion of the surface of the earth. By his breakwaters, dykes, dams, quays, and other engineering labors, he endeavors to arrest the conversion of dry land into sea. But the accumulated efforts of the human race, since the first traces of their abode upon earth, have effected less change in the condition of the countries they inhabit, than has been wrought by the greedy or petulant haste of a single generation through the clearance and destruction of forests. It

is only by the aid of the vegetable kingdom that man can contribute, in any appreciable degree, to the maintenance of the present condition of the surface of the earth. It is by his wanton inroads on the great conservative power of vegetation, that he most efficiently hastens the degradation of the soil.

But little more than the third part of the superficies of our planet is estimated by Humboldt to be uncovered by the waters of the ocean. The extreme height attained by the mountain ranges is less than the lowest depths measured by the plumb-line. Indeed, the mean height of the continents above the level of the sea has been estimated at only one fifteenth part of the mean depth of the ocean. The mean elevation of Europe is estimated at 636 feet above the sea. The dry land, then, if gradually degraded and carried into the sea, would not only find ample room for deposit beneath the water, but would — if the assumed proportions are any way near the mark — fail to raise the surface of the latter by more than fifty feet, or to increase the length of the mean diameter of the globe by much more than one four-hundred-thousandth part, to say nothing of the counterbalancing loss of diameter occasioned by the degradation of the highlands. The more lofty are the mountain ranges, the more powerfully do they attract that rainfall which acts on them with the slow pertinacity of the file; the more rapid are the torrents that furrow their slopes, and bear rocks and boulders to the plains below, the more copious and irresistible are the floods that pound boulders into gravel, and gravel into sand, and finally veil the evidence of their toil under a blank mantle of mud. The annual rainfall of the world has been estimated by French men of science at very nearly fifty inches (actually 1.5 metres) over the entire surface of the globe. As regards the proportion of the areas of land and water, it may appear at first sight that the ocean receives on its surface two-thirds of the total quantity of rain. But when we come to study the result of actual observation, we find that the attractive power of the mountain ranges on the water borne aloft in the atmosphere is so great as to go far to com-

pensate for the comparatively limited area of the dry land. Thus we find that in India along the west coast of the peninsula, from the seashore to the summits of the Ghauts, and again from the mouth of the Irawadi along the east coast of the Bay of Bengal, up the valley of the Bramaputra, and along the skirt of the Himalaya, there exist wide belts of rainfall of more than one hundred inches in annual depth. In special localities this large downpour is more than doubled. Even in the Lake district of England, where atmospheric phenomena are very far from attaining a tropical intensity, an annual rainfall of 244 inches has been actually measured at the Sty Head Pass. On the other hand, over a very great portion of the surface of the ocean there does not exist any more attraction for rainfall than is found to be exerted by the rainless districts of Asia, of Arabia, or of Africa. The estimate above quoted of average rainfall has been taken from calculations as to heat and evaporation, rather than from measurement of rain or rivers. But such phenomena as are presented by the Atbara, the Uruguay, and indeed by most of the great torrential rivers of the world, are conclusive as to the fact of the immense concentration of rainfall that occurs on the most prominent mountain ranges — that is to say, on those very portions of the earth's surface that now project most sensibly above the mean level of the sea. While the rainfall in the British islands (notwithstanding the extraordinary instance above cited) does not exceed from twenty-four to sixty inches, according to the zone of country, that of Dutch Guiana is stated at 229 inches, that of Brazil at 276; that of the Western Ghauts, at an elevation of between four thousand and five thousand feet, at 302; and that of the Khasia Mountains in Bengal at six hundred inches: no less than thirty inches being mentioned by Dr. Hooker as having there fallen in twenty-four hours.

The general profile of the rivers of the world, whatever be their variation in length, in volume, and in regularity or sinuosity of course, has been described as approaching a parabolic curve. For the precipitous descents over which the vertically falling rain is at first hurried, the violent action of the mountain torrents has earned the name of the zone of erosion. As torrents blend and calm into rivers, and as the slopes of the hills become more gradual, the channels of discharge assume greater regularity. The shingle and gravels into which the rocky fragments, borne down

from the steeper portions of the water-courses, have become broken and ground, have a tendency to form in beds and shoals whenever the accidentation of the ground deflects the course of the stream. After any mountain storm, or long-continued rainy season, rivers, in this part of their course, are apt to keep up a perpetual movement of the loose materials of their bed. A substantial shoal of gravel will disappear, to be replaced, later on, by contributions from the same source to which the deposit was in the first instance to be traced. The course of the Po, in the neighborhood of Turin, is a characteristic example of this portion of the system of an important river. In our own island the River Towey, in Carmarthenshire, may be cited as an appropriate parallel, respect being had to the inferior volume of the stream. This second portion of the general system of rivers has been called the zone of compensation.

By no sharp and defined change, but by gradual diminution of the inclination of the river-bed, the zone of compensation passes into the zone of deposit. It is in this zone that a river finally loses its individuality, and that its waters mingle with the sea. In some cases, where the low land stretches to a considerable distance from the foot of the hills, the course of the rivers through the zone of deposit is slow, tortuous, and comparatively feeble; the fall being almost imperceptible until the spot is reached where the descending current first becomes sensible of the opposing action of the tide. When this limit is attained, the further course of the river is such as to fall into one or other of two very distinct categories or groups.

The essential difference of these groups depends on the question whether the river discharges its waters into a tidal or a tideless basin. These terms are used absolutely in the first instance, as denoting a marked difference of condition. In practice, however, the limit is less rigid. Tidal seas rise with very different velocity and height of flood on various parts of their coasts, as is to be seen in our own island. Thus the tide, which, in the Thames, may have a rise at springs of from twenty to twenty-four feet, hardly exceeds the fourth of that rise in the roads of Yarmouth; while in the Wye, above its confluence with the Severn, the equinoctial spring tides are said to have reached the height of seventy-two feet. A like enormous rise is said to occur in the Bay of Fundy. On the occasion of the floating of the bridge built to carry the South Wales Railway over

the Wye at Chepstow the actual rise of the tide was about sixty feet. The remarkable funnel-shaped mouth of the Severn is no doubt one main cause of this piling up of the incoming wave. In the Seine, which also has a funnel-shaped mouth, the phenomenon of the bore, *barre*, or *flût*, which is a rare occurrence on the Severn, and is unknown in most rivers, is due to a like cause. When a strong wind drives the rising tide into either of these broad estuaries, the impetus gained by the wave is such that as the course narrows the water is heaped up on itself by its own momentum, and rushes up the channel as a vertical wall, coped by a crest of tumbling water, spray, and foam, canopied very often by driving storm, rain, or sleet, and rising as much as twelve or fourteen feet above the surface of the descending rivers.

Between such a tidal estuary as that of the Seine or of the Severn, and the placid expanse of the almost tideless Tyrrhenian Sea, into which the Tiber discharges its waters at Ostia, the contrast is extreme. It is not, however, one that can be taken as typical. Each great river has features of its own, as well as features that are common to its class. Thus, while the level of the Mediterranean, as a rule, does not vary more than from twenty-four to thirty inches, under the influence of winds and of currents, it is more tempestuous on certain portions of its coasts; and is said to have an actual tide, when the wind is northerly, rising as much as from thirty to fifty-five inches at the head of the Gulf of Venice.

Bearing in mind that either term is used rather as denoting the central idea of a group than as a rigid definition applicable to any member of that group, we return to the statement that rivers, in the third and last division of their systems, may be distinguished as they fall into either tidal or tideless waters. It is the latter class of rivers alone that properly presents the phenomenon known by the term delta. The word, as is well known, is taken from the similarity of the triangular islets formed at the *embouchure* of the Nile, to the form of the Greek capital delta; a similarity which is more apparent in the case of the early Hellenic or of the Phœnician alphabet than in the more regular modern form—in which indeed the idea is altogether lost, except in the capital letter. The action of rivers that fall into tidal seas generally differs from that of the delta-forming streams, inasmuch as the force of the reflux of the tide, aiding

the torrent of the river, is ordinarily enough to maintain a deep and navigable channel. In other words, rivers that flow into tideless seas are apt to deposit the solid matter which they bring down in banks and islands at the spot where the regular movement of the water is first checked by the opposition of the sea. Tidal rivers, on the contrary, send their deposits more freely forth, to be deposited over the general bed of the ocean.

There is one point with reference to the action of tideless rivers which has been disputed by some writers, but which seems to be established by indubitable evidence, at all events, in the best-observed cases, which are those of the Rhone and of the Nile. This is the permanent fixity of the point of diramation. Regarding the extremely tortuous and irregular course of the channels of such rivers as we have named; the absence of any rocky or artificial bridges to determine their divergence; and the habit, which they all share, of varying the position of their channels apparently at will, and certainly under the influence of comparatively slight causes; it might be anticipated that the point of diramation, or the landward apex of the delta, would shift its position as it became left inland by the accumulation of material at the base of the islet, and move either up or down the stream. Such an anticipation, however, is not supported by observation. This fact tends to show that the point of diramation is not casually decided. In the Nile, at the present time, islands occur above the point of bifurcation. The existence of an island betokens the actual division of the stream by some obstacle; and thus shows that there was a facility offered for permanent division at that point, of which the river refused to avail itself. It therefore may be held, with some confidence, that the position of the point of diramation—that is to say, the commencement of the formation of the delta—depends chiefly upon level. It is at a certain point in its descending curve that the river first meets that silent but sensible opposition which is offered to its movement by the sea. This point will be at, or near to, the spot where the level of the surface of the river at low water is the same as that of the mean surface of the sea. As this level remains unchanged—we are now speaking only of historic times—so does the point where the tendency to deposit first undergoes material facilitation also remain unchanged. In other words, the apex of the delta is a fixed point, irrespective, to some degree,

of the volume or velocity of the rivers. This view, if established by more exhaustive observation, may perhaps hereafter take rank as a primary law of the formation of river deltas.

The establishment of this law (which we will now assume as hypothetical) tends to explain how it is that rivers of such different character as the Nile, the Daunbe, and the Rhone present such remarkable similarities in the matter of delta formation. It cannot be owing to mere chance that each of these rivers, which originally poured their undivided streams into the sea, should have not only diramated but split into seven streams, subsequently choking up one after another of their channels; and again pouring the main body of their waters in two cases through two, and in the third through three, main mouths or outlets. Indeed, the whole course of the formation of what the French hydrographers call the *appareil littoral* is almost identical in these very different rivers. The Rhone, one of the most rapid rivers in Europe, rises at the height of 5,772 feet above the level of the sea. In its first descent (of 112 miles out of its entire course of 520 miles), into Lake Lemane, it falls no less than 4,555 feet; a descent which gives a slope of 7.4 m. per kilometre, or seven and four-tenths in a thousand. From Lake Lemane to Bellegarde the river continues to roll down rocks and large blocks of stone. Below this point commences the gravelly bed, the inclination being reduced to 1.009 m. per kilometre. From Lyons to Beaucaire the inclination of the bed (with the exception of some rapids) varies from 0.5 to 0.3 m. per kilometre, and the velocity of the river is from 1.5 m. to 2.5 m. per second in ordinary flow, rising to as much as 4 m. per second during freshets. Between Beaucaire and Arles the inclination of the bed of the Rhone is reduced to 0.123 m. per kilometre. The grinding action of the current is by this time complete. The material brought down by the river is reduced to the state of sand or mud; the latter being chiefly contributed by the affluent stream of the Durance, which enters the Rhone near Avignon. At Arles the Rhone divides into two branches: the Grand-Rhone on the left and the Petit-Rhone on the right. The level of the surface of the river here is 1.03 above that of the sea, to reach which it has to flow for some thirty miles further. Velocity and inclination progressively diminish from this point; the mean fall hence being less than 0.03 per kilometre. Thus the forma-

tion of thirty miles of delta has not produced a greater elevation, or banking up of the ordinary level of the low-water mark of the Rhone at Arles, than is equivalent to about an inch and a third per mile. This inclination is considerably less than the minimum which is considered necessary to ensure the flow of water through the dykes of our own fen districts. We thus have a proof, at once, of the soundness of the hypothesis above suggested as to the cause of the diramation of the river, and of the absence of change in the level of the Mediterranean itself since the commencement of the historic delta of the Rhone.

We say historic delta, because a pre-historic, or geological period has left evidence of its occurrence at a time when the action of the Rhone and its affluents appears to have been of a more violent nature than has been the case within recent times. Over the vast triangle of which Beaucaire, Cette, and Fos form the angles, stretches a vast deposit of boulders, which is known as the Alpine diluvium. We need not now enter into the question of the mode of formation of this great slope, which gradually loses itself beneath the waters of the Gulf of Lyons. The continuation of the incline beneath the sea is shown by the gradual increase of depth. The line of fifty metres' sounding is nearly parallel with the coast at a distance of about fifteen miles. A more irregular curve, lying about three and a half miles seaward of the fifty-metre line off Cape Couronne, and stretching thence towards the Pyrenean promontories, leaving a distance of twenty-four miles between the centres of the two curves, is bounded by the depth of one hundred metres. At some twelve miles, again, to the south, this depth is doubled. The actual delta of the Rhone is a triangular island of two hundred fifty square miles in area, contained between the two previously mentioned arms, which are known as the Grand-Rhone and the Petit-Rhone, in the centre of which is the *étang*, or marshy lake, of Valcarès, possessing a superficies of somewhat under thirty square miles, and a depth of from one to two metres. The effect of the waters of the Durance, which, rushing through the defile of Lamanon, falls almost at right angles into the Rhone, appears to have determined the extension of the diluvial delta towards the west. The deposit of diluvium, even limiting its area to the space landward of Cette and of Fos, covers seven times the area of the historic

delta, formed of the sands and mud of the rivers. It may throw some light on the progress of secular change to notice, that the *étang* of Valcarès covers about an eighth part of the present delta.

The bulk of solid matter annually brought down by the Rhone is estimated by M. Surell at seventeen millions of cubic metres. M. Lenthéric does not present us with the data for this calculation, nor with any estimate of the volume of the Rhone, the extent of the area which it drains, the average rainfall over that area, or the proportion of solid matter held either in suspension or in solution by the waters of the river at any portion of its course. Determinations of these data are requisite to enable the engineer to make any calculation as to the relative activity displayed in the zone of erosion and in the zone of deposit, and thus to estimate how much of the annual deportation of the river goes to the formation of visible delta, and how much to the raising of the bottom of the sea, over a larger or smaller area. These questions, indeed, may not assume an European interest in the case of the Rhone. As to the deposits of the Po, the Adige, the Brenta, and the Danube, they are, however, of very great importance; and in the case of the Nile, the largest of all the delta-forming rivers of the inland seas of Europe, the determination of the disposition of the deposit is a point upon which depends the ultimate maintenance of the line of communication opened, by the Isthmus of Suez Canal, for the maritime intercourse of Europe and the East. These great rivers are spoken of by the French writers as *fleuves travailleurs*. It is not, however, the case that the work performed by a river in abrading and eroding its mountain cradle, pulverizing its spoil, and bearing down the material to form bars and islands at its mouth, is to be measured by the visible growth of the latter. The collaboration of another workman has to be taken into account. The Thames is not less of a "workman river" than the Tiber. But the strong tides of the channel prevent an accumulation which is normal in the quieter waters of the Mediterranean. It is thus needful to study the destructive and transporting work of a river, independently of any estimate of its activity which may be formed from the growth of its delta. Taking the latter as the sole basis of calculation, it would follow that the deposits of the Nile were now only about one-tenth of their average annual amount for the entire historic

period; and not only so, but that they are considerably less than the actual deposits of the Rhone. M. Lombardini, cited by M. Lenthéric, estimates the annual deposit of the Nile at forty million metres cube; that of the Rhone being, as above stated, seventeen million metres cube; that of the Po forty million metres cube; and that of the Mississippi six hundred and forty-four million metres cube. The annual growth, or prolongation, of the mouth of the Grand-Rhone is given at fifty metres; that of the Po at eighty metres; that of the Nile is said now not to exceed from three to four metres per annum. We shall return to the subject of the formation of the delta of the Nile. It is, however, apparent from the above figures, apart from any question of rectification, that the measurement of delta mouths alone is far from being enough to give information as to the efficacy of a river as a denuding and degrading agent.

Even in the case of the Rhone alone, it is evident from the facts accumulated by M. Lenthéric, that the action of waves and currents demands as careful and minute a study as does the evidence of actual and visible deposit. Two great promontories mark the angles of the delta of the Rhone; the Pointe de l'Espignotte, to the west of the present *embouchure* of the western branch, and the Pointe de Beauduc, to the west of that of the Grand-Rhone. These points advance into the sea at the mean annual rate of seventy metres. But in the coast-line of more than twenty-four miles which lies between these two promontories, not only is there no corresponding advance, but actual retrogression of the shore is in some parts taking place. A double line of towers, necessarily erected as at once signals and defences for the entrance of the river, marks the gradual and secular prolongation of the banks forming the mouth of the Rhone. The custom of erecting such structures is mentioned by Strabo. On the left bank the towers of Mauleget, St. Arcier, Parade, and Beloare bear witness to secular changes. On the right, below the towers of Mondovi, Vassale, and Le Graux, exist the tower of Sampau, built in 1614, that of St. Ernest, built at the *embouchure* of the Bras-de-Fer, or old Rhone, in 1656, and that of St. Louis, built in 1737. This last semaphore tower was erected on the shore. It is now more than seven kilometres distant from the sea.

While data such as the above bear unmistakable evidence as to river deposit,

the general problem is complicated by the effects of storm waves and of littoral currents. The predominating action of the sea in the Gulf of Lyons beats from the south-east. The direction of the prevailing winds, and of the most violent storms, is a point or two further towards the west. The south-easterly wind blows for from five to six times the number of days during which the south-westerly gales prevail, and, indeed, for more than eight months out of twelve. The littoral current from east to west attains a velocity of from 0.6 metres to 3 metres per second in calm weather, and from 1.5 metres, to 2 metres, and even to 3 metres in storms. Under this influence actual erosion of the shore of the Camargue, or Rhone delta, is in progress. The lighthouse of Faraman was built in 1836, at about seven hundred metres from the sea. It is now condemned. A semaphore was placed, in 1852, at thirty metres in advance of the lighthouse. It has been destroyed for two years. There is a depth of twenty-five metres of water at the spot occupied a hundred and fifty years ago by the Pointe de Faraman; and although the advance of the sea is less rapid than formerly, it is still maintained at the rate of fifteen metres per annum. The semaphore is drowned; the pharos is not more than fifty yards from the sea; in three or four years more it will no longer exist.

It is a matter rather of special than of general interest, to trace the varied action of the river and the sea to the controlling causes. The chief interest of the phenomena of the delta of the Rhone to the engineer, the historian, or the statesman, concerns not so much the local movement, as the light thrown by such movement on the general laws of the deposit made by large rivers in tideless seas. As to this, the detailed study of M. Lenthéric is of no little value, although in the parallel which he attempts to establish between the action of the European rivers and that of the Nile, he omits the due consideration of that important element, the littoral current, which we have just seen to play so important a part in the erosion of the shore of Faraman, and the filling up of the Gulf of Fos. Unresting activity is the great characteristic of the delta-forming power of the Rhone. The steady growth of land, and retrogression of the sea, are the result of this activity. But such growth and retrogression are not simple and regular. They do, indeed, follow certain controlling laws; but the application of those laws not only differs in each local-

ity, but varies according to the effects produced by the position of the deposits themselves. The general course pursued by a river in the formation of its delta is, briefly, this. When the descending current has reached the level of the sea, and the channel has been permanently formed down to what becomes the point of diramation, the check given to the movement of the stream causes the precipitation of a cone of sand. The river, parted by this constantly accumulating obstacle, continues to form its own banks on either side, and thus lines its course as it advances through the sea with constantly extending walls. With the variations in height caused by floods the river overflows these newly-formed barriers, and thus precipitates a layer of sand or mud sloping gently outwards from the stream. At points determined mainly by the littoral currents the formation of the bank is checked, and the material deposited is partly swept away by the current, and either spread over the bottom of the sea, or deposited in a cordon, spit, or belt of sand at an angle to the direction of the river. These cordons, increased by the action of the waves, especially during storms, shut off pools from the main sea, which at first are open to internal navigation, then gradually become filled up by deposits from the river floods; then encourage a rank fluviatile and marshy vegetation, and finally are warped up into rich and productive soil. The whole series of phenomena—formation of *berge* or river bank, of cordon, of *étang* or marsh, and finally of reclaimed soil—which the French engineers include under the term of growth of the *appareil littoral*, may be traced in various stages of their progress at the *embouchure* of each of the great rivers which enter the Mediterranean and its affluent lake, the Black Sea.

The locality in which the action of the English rivers in effecting an alteration of the shore-line may perhaps be studied with most advantage is the remarkable lagoon formed by the confluent streams of the Avon and the Stour, immediately below Christchurch. The ancient bluff of Hengistbury Head, still furrowed by the defensive lines of the old Saxon invaders, stands out in the long, hollow range of coast reaching from Hurst Castle to Studland Bay, and on to Durlston Head, causing the shore-line to present the plan of a double curve, somewhat similar to that marked in the air by the wings of a large bird. When the ordnance survey of this part of England was completed, in

1811, the area immediately to the north of the promontory presented a plan closely resembling that of a Roman post. A true lagoon then reached for the one and one-third mile of distance from the confluence of the two streams to the bar thrown up by the tide, which ran in a north-easterly direction from the end of Hengistbury Head to a promontory on the opposite mainland. In the middle of this bar was an opening, which looks on the survey exactly like an artificial entrance between two well-built walls. Within was a capacious basin, into which, however, thin lines of sand protruded from the mouths of the rivers, like the *berges* we have before described in the cases of the Rhine and of the Nile. But, by 1848, when the fourth sheet of the survey of the south coast of England was completed by Captain Sheringham, R.N., the *appareil littoral* had undergone a marked change. The greater part of the former lagoon had been transformed into marsh or into meadow, through which the confluent streams ran in a distinctly marked and curving channel. The central opening in the bar had disappeared, having been entirely choked by the action of the waves, and the escape of the water now takes place through a mouth more than a mile eastward, below Highcliff Castle. Thus the formation of the *berge*, that of the cordon or bar, that of the lagoon, and that of the ultimate marsh and meadow, are illustrated in this beautiful spot by careful and exactly dated surveys. The face of the shore within half a century has undergone far more change than is apparent on the secular walls of the noble priory church that has looked down for eight hundred years on the activity of the rivers. So pure and dry is the air that the graceful decorations carved by the Roman masons on the panelled walls of the sacred building are as sharp and clear as if they had been cut within the century. It is the work of man here that assumes permanence, while that of nature undergoes such comparatively sudden change.

An approximate estimate of the area of the gathering grounds of the Rhone and its affluents has been given by Professor Ansted, in a paper on lagoons and marshes, which was read at the Institute of Civil Engineers on February 16, 1869. This paper gave the fullest account of the Rhone delta that we have met with before the publication of the work of M. Lenthéric, and the detailed account of the lagoons may still be read with interest. The watershed drained by the Rhone is stated in

this paper at thirty-seven thousand square miles; but a note gives a correction to the effect that French geographers have lately given as the drainage area, in France alone, 45,884 square miles. A discrepancy of this amount in a special study of the subject is, at all events, a proof that the subject is not yet thoroughly mastered. If we may rely on Mr. Ansted's figures, the area covered by lagoons and marshes is in the proportion of a little more than two acres to every square mile of watershed basin; or in round numbers, about the three-hundredth part of the larger area. As to the rainfall, the information is but fragmentary. From 1857 to 1864, the mean rainfall at Montpellier was 36.58 inches. Over the Camargue the rainfall is said to be about one-fifth less. But what occurs in the upper part of the river's course is unknown. A long series of observations, carried on at properly distributed points, is necessary in order to arrive at clear information on a subject so deeply affecting the well-being of France. That showers and storms of great violence occasionally burst on the cradle of the Rhone and its affluents is well known. In October 1868, as much as seven inches of rain is said to have fallen in twenty-four hours in the neighborhood of Montpellier. If we assume the English average of thirty-six inches as that of the watershed basin of the Rhone, we shall find that the annual rainfall over that area gives a total quantity of one hundred and fifty milliards of tons, or sixty-six per cent. more than the measured volume poured into the Mediterranean by the Nile. The chief value of this comparison is the lesson which it points as to the need for ascertaining discharge, as well as rainfall. From its confluence with the Atbara the Nile runs for twenty-four degrees of latitude without receiving a single affluent. Its loss by evaporation in that distance materially reduces its volume. Were its course sufficiently prolonged, not a drop of its water would reach the sea, except in the season of flood. Yet no doubt can be entertained that the rainfall over the watershed of the Nile must be enormously greater than that of the basin of the Rhone.

Some valuable hydrometric observations on the River Tiber have been abstracted, in the Foreign Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, from the *Giornale del Genio Civile* of 1875. From observations taken for a period of eight years, Signor Venturoli has calculated that the mean amount of the water brought down by the Tiber is ten thousand cubic feet

per second. In 1870 the total average flood of water in the valley of the Tiber was 213,900 feet per second; the flood water being calculated to be double that of the Po in relation to the area of its basin. The rainfall area of the Tiber is estimated at 6,455 square miles. The rainfall registered at Perugia is considered to be equal to the average fall over the whole basin of the Tiber. This is stated by Venturoli at 34·8 inches; one-fifth of which is deducted for loss by evaporation and otherwise, leaving an annual supply of 27·3 inches for feeding the river. The advance of the delta of the Tiber is measured by the obliteration of the ancient ports of Trajan and of Claudius. According to plans collected by Sir John Rennie, the retrogression of the sea here is at the rate of about two yards per annum. But this is not so much the advance of a projecting delta, as the gradual augmentation of a line of seaboard of undetermined length, lying within the great curve of one hundred and ten miles of coast, stretching from Capo Farnesio to Capo D'Anzo. The solid deposit of the Tiber is not estimated in the paper cited.

The action of the river that drains the great Lombardo-Venetian basin possesses an importance, not only from engineering considerations but from historic associations, scarcely inferior to that of the movement of the Nile itself. A frequent feature in river systems is the confluence of one stream with another, often at an obtuse angle to its course, and often near its mouth. Not unfrequently it is the case that the affluent stream drains a different description of country from that which feeds the principal river. In such cases, the junction is that of a torrent with a stream of permanent flow, as in the instances of the Parana and the Uruguay, and of the Nile and the Atbara. In the Lombard plain a somewhat different arrangement has been effected by the engineering of nature. The Tanaro, rising in the Maritime Alps; the Po, springing from Monte Viso; the Dora Riparia, reaching from Mont Cenis; the Dora Grossa, descending from Mont Blanc and Mont St. Bernard, and the Sesia, flowing from Monte Rosa, converge above the confluence, near Pavia, of the Ticino with the united streams. A fan-shaped network of water-ways is thus formed, extending over a circle, roughly measured of some eighty miles' radius from a point near Vercelli, and draining a basin girded by the loftiest summits of the Alps, and covering more than twenty thousand square geographical

miles of ground. The lakes of Como, Iseo, and Garda send down their surplus waters from the north and north-west to swell the main stream of the Po. But below Mantua, and through the area of that ancient Eridanic delta within which the lake of Comacchio, as well as the lagoons of Venice, were gradually walled off from the Adriatic, the Adige and the Brenta now find channels parallel with that of the Po; and the waters of these streams mingle only in the Adriatic. Thus, while Venice may be said, from a geological point of view, to be situated on the delta formation of the Po, it is the action of the Brenta which is now filling her lagoons, and threatening to convert the most picturesque of Italian cities into an inland town. The whole coast from Trieste to Ancona may be regarded as the actual boundary line of a geological delta, in the middle of the sweeping curve formed by the base of which the present mouths of the Po are protruding their active formation, far in advance of the cordons of the two lagoon systems before mentioned. The *lido*, or cordon of sand bounding the Venetian lagoons, is pierced with deep water openings, or *foci*, which have owed their maintenance, from the date of the foundation of Venice in 1104, mainly to the fact that the ebb of the faint tide of the Adriatic lasts for only about a sixth part of the time of the flow. Thus a force of scour is attained, to which we have no exact parallel in the cases of the Rhone, the Tiber, or the Nile. The rise of ordinary spring tides does not exceed 2·8 feet. When counteracted by a north wind the flow is less than fourteen inches in rise; aided by the sirocco, it has been known to attain a height of 4·3 feet.

It is the more necessary to collect due materials for forming a clear opinion of the action of the rivers in the vicinity of Venice, from the fact that M. Lenthéric attempts to establish an exact parallel between the littoral apparatus of this portion of the Adriatic and that which exists at Port Said. The ability shown by this writer in his examination of the delta of the Rhone, and in his description of the dead cities of the Gulf of Lyons, is such as to give weight to his remarks on any similar district. It is therefore desirable to note the very contrary conditions which prevail in the Venetian lagoons and in the Nilotic basin.

The rainfall descending on the southward versant of the Carnic Alps makes its way into the upper portion of the Adriatic, and sweeps the Gulf of Venice with an

appreciable southward current. The sands and mud brought down by the Tagliamento, the Piave, and other streams, are thus partially carried towards Ancona. During the sirocco, which blows with great fury in the gulf, the alluvial matter is thrown upon the cordon. So far, however, has this influence been from permanently widening the Lido (which is only three hundred and fifty metres in mean breadth), that it has been found necessary to face this outer barrier with stone, protected by groins or ribs run out to the sea, for a length of four miles between Lido and Malamocco. These two entrances, thus defended, and the two smaller *foci* or openings of Foggia, Tre Porti, and the Piave, admit the tide when raised by the sirocco; and being aided by dredging, maintain an ample scour. The waters of the Brenta, which are full of solid material, were diverted into a canal, furnished with sluices, and by this means the silting up of the lagoons was for a long time reduced to a minimum. Great contention, however, has arisen among the Italian engineers on this subject; and the importance of the first principle contended for by Rennie and his school, that of a catch-water drain for arresting the deposits brought down by flood water, was departed from in 1840, when the Austrian engineers turned the Brenta into the lagoon. Professor Zanon, in the *Rivista Maritima* for October 1875, argues in favor of this course. But the result has been that over the entire bed of the lagoon, an area of some fifty kilometres by ten, the bottom has been warped up $\cdot 75$ metre since 1840, while the delta has advanced seven kilometres, and is now within three kilometres of Chioggia. The silting up of the bottom alone shows a deposit of eleven million of cubic yards per annum, independently of the growth of the delta.

By departing from the principle that prevention is better than cure, the Italian engineers have thrown away much of the special advantage with which nature had endowed the port of Venice. But even in its present condition it has no such menacing a foe to dread as exists in the case of Port Said, where a strong littoral current sweeps not from but towards the head of the Levant, bearing with it as much of the enormous mass of the annual deposit of the Nile as is not now disposed of in prolongation of the delta, or in raising the sea bottom between the Rosetta mouth and the Pelusiac Bay. This travelling mass, on reaching the shore of Syria, is

partly blown from the margin of the sea, and advances, in desolating dunes, over the once celebrated gardens of Jaffa, as well as over the now barren isthmus. There is no scour from Lake Menzaleh or from Port Said, and all that can be done is to keep up a continuous dredging, the amount of which has risen from one hundred and sixty-one thousand cubic yards in 1871 to nine hundred and thirty-seven thousand cubic yards in 1875. Sir Henry Rawlinson, in his address to the Royal Geographical Society on May 22, 1876, refers to the observations made by Staff-Commander Millard, in February and March 1875, on the littoral between Port Said and the Damietta mouth of the Nile. He refers to the gradual shoaling of the Bay of Pelusium, of which Colonel Stokes has given very instructive details. The currents are found to be mainly dependent on the wind, the prevailing direction of which is north-westerly, as shown on the chart prepared by Admiral Spratt. The only positive contribution to our previous knowledge of the subject contained in Sir Henry Rawlinson's speech are the statements that "the line of strongest current is that bordering on the Damietta mouth of the Nile and the projecting coast east of Port Said," and that the coast-line between these localities was found to have advanced considerably seaward, "in some places nearly to the extent of three-quarters of a mile," since the date of the survey made by Captain Mansell, R. N., in 1856. It is very possible to understand how the growth of the Nile delta, when it has passed beyond the shelter of Aboukir Point, may have been reduced from a secular average of more than twenty yards per annum to a fifth or a sixth of that rate of increase, if we find that the material brought to the mouth of the river is swept towards the Syrian shore with such energy as to cause a seaward growth of fifty-two yards per annum of the shore of the Pelusiac bay.

The most valuable contribution, however, which has been made to our positive knowledge of the deposits of the Nile is a measurement of the volume of the river, and of the proportion of matter held in solution and in suspension by its water, which has been made by Mr. Fowler, C.E., in the capacity of engineer-in-chief to the khedive. Mr. Fowler has favored us with abstracts of measurements taken when the river stood at different heights, as measured on the nilometer. During a period of sixteen years daily observations have been thus recorded; and the mean annual

volume has been calculated for a year when the Nile attains the mean height of 6.87 metres in flood. The lowest tide included in the observations was 5.87 metres (in 1868); the highest 8.48 metres (in 1874). Analyses of the solid material contained in the water were made for Mr. Fowler every month during the year 1874 by the late Dr. Letheby.

The annual discharge of the Nile, on these data, amounts to ninety thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight millions of tons of water. More than two-thirds of this large volume is brought down during the watery tetrameny of the ancient Egyptian year, containing the months Mesori, Thoth Paophi, and Athyr (in the fixed, not the vague, year), and nearly corresponding to our own August, September, October and November. In October the flow amounts to nineteen milliards of tons. In June it is rather less than one and one-fourth milliards of tons. The importance of a knowledge of this variation of volume is due to the fact that the quantity of solid matter brought down by the high Nile is far larger in proportion than in the case when the river is low. The quantity of matter in suspension, in a given quantity of water, is four times as great in August as it is in May. The total estimate of solid matter, both in solution and suspension, brought down in the year is sixty-two millions of tons. But Mr. Fowler remarks that, as the water analyzed was taken from the surface of the river, the results of analysis are far below the real proportion of solid matter. Professional experience leads him to the inference that the bulk of wet material actually deposited must be fully five times that of the solids obtained by chemical analysis.

Experience at the Cairo waterworks has shown that the solids deposited in a few hours by high Nile water amount to an inch in depth for ten feet of water, or the one hundred and twentieth part of the bulk. It is long since Mr. Shaw gave exactly the same proportion, as the result of experiment. If only two-thirds of this proportion be taken for the flow of the four months of high Nile alone, the result will be equal to the above estimate of five times the deposit estimated from Dr. Letheby's analysis. Thus, from two independent modes of investigation, it results that the minimum quantity of solid matter annually brought down by the Nile amounts to at least three hundred millions of tons. If we attribute to this matter the specific gravity assigned by Professor

Rankine to mud (which is intermediate between that of dry and of damp sand), we have a quantity of two hundred and forty millions of cube yards of annual deposit.

The waters of the Nile may be distinguished by their color, at the time of inundation, for more than ten leagues after their entrance into the sea. The soundings taken by Admiral Spratt, R.N., off the coast of Africa, from Aboukir Bay to El Arish, give depths of from fourteen to twenty fathoms at about twenty miles from the shore. We may, therefore, consider the deposits from the Nile to form a submarine hill, or sloping surface, from low-water level to the depths above indicated. If we take a mean depth of ten fathoms, or sixty feet, as a vertical dimension, we find that the annual deposit of the Nile will cover an area of very nearly four square miles to that depth. If we double the estimate of depth we, of course, shall halve the estimate of area. It thus may be reduced to a mere matter of figures to show that the greater part of the superficies of Egypt to the north of the ancient site of Memphis, must have been raised above the level of the Mediterranean by the deposits of the Nile since the historic date of the founding of that city. The statement of Herodotus to that effect is thus fully verified by the measurements of Mr. Fowler.

At the time of the founding of Memphis, according to the statement recorded by the great historian, "except the Theban nomos, all Egypt was marsh, and none of those parts which now exist below Lake Mæris were above water." The area of the delta itself, between the two existing streams forming the Damietta and Rosetta mouths, is stated at something under two thousand square miles. But the area indicated by Herodotus amounts to at least four times that dimension, as fairly as it is possible to compute from the irregularities of the actual coast and internal lines. M. Lenthéric makes it amount to twenty-three hundred thousand hectares. We shall find good reason to conclude that in the time of Herodotus the outlines of the coast occupied a position intermediate between that maintained in the time of Menes and that which is represented on our last hydrographic survey.

The earliest Egyptian literature yet deciphered speaks of Memphis as a city. The hieroglyphic characteristic is a pyramid; and the name in the inscriptions is read by Dr. Birch as "the city of the Mennefer pyramid," or pyramids. The

word *men* means a port; although when it is used in that sense, it is usually accompanied by a determinative not employed in writing the name of Memphis. The meaning of the name *men nofre* may be fairly illustrated by the more modern names of Havre de Grace, or Portobello, or Newhaven.

Indeed, the foundation of a city at or near to the northern limit of the *terra firma* of Egypt suggests the establishment of a port, especially as the king to whom the choice of the site is attributed had his capital at Abydos. The hills now rising above the sand in the parallel of Memphis and of Suez, and the position of the pyramids, agree with the hypothesis that, at the early date in question, the statement made to Herodotus was accurately true, and that only marsh and occasional islets then presented any barrier between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf.

Thus Herodotus is fully borne out in his assertion that the Egypt to which the Greeks of his time were in the habit of navigating was altogether made ground, and the gift of the river. If we understand him aright, he seems to intimate that a distance of seven days' sail from the sea to the vicinity of Lake Mœris, added to three days' sail further up the Nile, marked the extension of the Nile-formed land in his own time. There has been some difficulty in deciding on the actual distances which it was intended to define. He reckons in *schœni*, and says that each *schœnus* was equal to sixty *stadia*. If these are to be regarded as Greek *stadia*, Herodotus would have overstated both the length and breadth of Egypt by about fifty per cent. But the words of the passage in question are, "And each *schœnus*, being Egyptian measure, sixty *stadia*." If we understand that an Egyptian *stadium* is intended, we have to ascertain the length of that measure by the actual distance between the indicated points. As closely as these can be ascertained, the distances quoted are accurately proportioned to one another. The distance in longitude from the Plinthinian Bay to the Serbonian Bog is exactly proportionate to the distances in latitude from Elephantina to Thebes, and from Thebes to Heliopolis. As a fourth measurement of Herodotus is that from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile, we have here a measurement of the seaward extension of the delta in the last twenty-three hundred years.

The *schœnus*, if we take the above distances as determinative, is a length of

three and one-fifth geographical miles, which is a unit very readily understood by those who are aware of the combination of divisions by 4, by 6, and by 10, which were used by the most ancient astronomers and geographers. Ptolemy, in the account of some of the ancient eclipses, which he gives in the *Almagest*, uses the Chaldean division of the day into 6 degrees, each consisting of 80 scruples. The number 96, or its double, 192, is one that constantly recurs in the Chaldean scale, and has the advantage of being divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6. The *schœnus*, according to this determination, contains 192 seconds of latitude; and the *stadium* is, consequently, equal to 98·77 metres. Jomard, in his "*Système Métrique des Egyptiens*," makes the *stadium* used by Aristotle, Herodotus, and Megasthenes 99·75 metres in length. The difference is not of sufficient magnitude to interfere with the present inquiry, but the lower determination is more accordant than the higher with the Chaldean system of measures.

The distance given by Herodotus from Elephantina to Thebes is thirty *schœni*, being equal, according to the above determination, to 96 geographical miles, which is in as exact accordance with facts as can be required. From Thebes to Heliopolis the distance of 81 *schœni* gives 259·2 geographical miles. The position indicated for Heliopolis in modern maps is about six miles further north than the site thus fixed. But it is probable that the point indicated by Herodotus is that of the apex of the delta, or first bifurcation of the Nile. The occurrences of islands and loops of the river renders it difficult to indicate the exact head of the delta even at the present time. A spot four hundred kilometres to the north of the parallel of 30° is that which may be taken with the nearest approach to accuracy as the present position of the first division of the Nile into two main branches or channels; and this determination agrees so closely with that arrived at from the measurements given by Herodotus, that there can be but little doubt of the secular permanence of the true apex of the delta. The distance of thirty six *schœni*, or 112·2 geographical miles, from the Plinthinian Bay to the Serbonian Lake, is, again, as accurate as it is possible to determine. There remains a distance of twenty-one *schœni*, or 67·2 geographical miles, from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth of the Nile. This would place the northward termination of the delta in the time of Herodotus in latitude 31° 8m. N., or thirty-three geograph-

ical miles southward of the existing coast-line, as laid down in Admiral Spratt's survey in 1858.

Against this very simple and consistent reading of the account given by the great historian, it has been attempted to adduce evidence from Strabo. The only pretext, however, for so doing is taken from an identification, which is altogether imaginary, of the ruins of the Bourg el Tineh, or the mounds of Faramah, with the ancient Pelusium. Admiral Spratt, in his "Investigation of the Effect of the Prevailing Wave Influence on the Nile Deposits," states that the name Faramah applies to the whole chain of mounds lying one and a half miles to the south-east of the Bourg el Tineh, and that they indicate the site of the city of Pharamia, of the times of the Crusades, a place which is mentioned in Michaud's "*Croisades*" as a distinct city from Pelusium. Tineh, indeed, is an Arabic word, signifying mud; and the name Pelusium is derived from a Greek word of the same meaning. On this coincidence (being only that of names which might with equal propriety apply to any buildings in a district won from the mud of the Nile) the attempted identification entirely hangs. Bourg el Tineh, however, is on the right bank of the ancient Pelusiatic branch, according to Admiral Spratt's survey. Pelusium, according to the account given by Josephus of the march of Titus, was on the left bank of that stream. There is, moreover, a passage in Strabo which has not been hitherto cited, but which is in exact accordance with the position of the Sebennytic mouth fixed by Herodotus. This passage fixes the site of Pelusium at twenty-six *schœni* from the apex of the delta; a distance which, considering the eastern inclination of the Pelusiatic branch of the Nile, very accurately coincides with the previously quoted distance, stated by Herodotus, of twenty-one *schœni* from Heliopolis to the Sebennytic mouth.

If we take, then, the ancient bifurcation of the Nile, or apex of the delta, at 111 *schœni* from Elephantina, or in latitude 30° om. 12s. N., which is in accordance with the latest map, we find that the extension of the delta from the date of the commencement of this bifurcation, or approximately from the era of Menes to the time of Herodotus, was sixty-two geographical miles. The period of time indicated, according to the Egyptian chronology, was four thousand years. From the date of Herodotus to that of the survey of Admiral Spratt, during a period of

two thousand three hundred years, the growth of the delta has been thirty-three geographical miles. Considering that the northward growth of the delta must become slower as the coast-line advances to the northwards, it would be impossible to find a more satisfactory check on the original calculation.

An independent verification of the measurements of Herodotus may be obtained by a careful examination of the map of Egypt. The large map prepared by M. Linant de Bellefonds leaves, indeed, very much to be desired in the way of clearness of definition, which may be to a great extent the fault of the lithographer. It also possesses the grave defect of confusing hypothetical with actual determinatives, especially with regard to positions thought to be mentioned in the Pentateuch. But it is the best survey of Egypt yet attainable; and the observations for which we refer to it are far within any conceivable limit of error.

It will be readily seen that engineering works of such importance as the formation of an artificial channel for the Nile, are likely to leave an impress on the face of the country. The whole course of the river, as is the case in most unrestrained channels, is tortuous and irregular. An artificial channel would be naturally straight. It is known that the present Rosetta branch of the Nile is the ancient Bolbitic channel, being one of those which is described by Herodotus as artificial. We find, on the map, a length of some forty-four hundred metres, extending from the railway bridge at Zaiad to a point in lat. 31° om. 7s., which gives every sign of having been originally artificial. It is approximately straight, and wider than the sinuous portions of the river, which exist to the north and recommence to the south of this part of the channel. Something of the same nature, though less distinct, may be traced in the parallel part of the Damietta branch, for a length of some thirty-eight hundred metres, terminating about 31° om. 3s. As Herodotus does not give the date of the excavation of either of these channels, it is not possible to state, on his authority, how far they must have terminated to the south of the latitude reached by the Sebennytic mouth in his day. It is certain that the latter was in the most advanced portion of the delta, and that the artificial mouths, when first opened, as being lateral, must have been to the south of the seaward head of the delta. A difference of six or seven miles, therefore, such as

actually exists between the latitude of the points indicated, brings us very close to what might have been expected. The difference at the present day between the lengths of the Rosetta and of the Damietta branches is given at eight miles.

Continuing to use round numbers, as being really the most suitable for a calculation of this approximate nature, we find that the waters of the Nile have been the means of raising above the level of the Mediterranean, in a period of sixty-three hundred years, an area of some eight thousand square miles. A square English mile, one yard thick, contains a little more than three million cubic yards. We have seen that the annual deposit of the Nile amounts to two hundred and forty million cubic yards. This would give an annual average increase of area of 1.27 miles, with a mean depth of deposit of sixty-one yards. In a boring made by Mr. Fowler at the east end of the Damietta barrage, the upper part of the ground consisted of brick earth, loam, and brown clay, to a depth of 11.4 metres, succeeded by ten metres of running sand and silt, and then by alternate layers of coarse running sand, coarse sand and gravel, dark silt, fine yellow silt, coarse running sand, and fine running sand and silt, to the total depth of thirty-seven metres. At this level no signs appeared of being near the bottom of the fluvial deposit. At the distance of thirteen miles from the present coast-line, Admiral Spratt found the bottom of the Mediterranean to contain no trace of the Nile deposits, but to consist of pure sea productions, viz. pure coral, coral sand, and shells. The depth was thirty-one fathoms, or sixty-two yards—a very remarkable verification of the accuracy of the foregoing estimate. The actual encroachment of the shore at Port Said, between 1868 and 1873, has been at the rate of fifty-two yards per annum, notwithstanding the distance from the Damietta *embouchure* of the Nile, or more than double the mean annual encroachment of the delta since historic times.

It will be seen that we have been able to collect a series of data from widely differing sources, the results of which show an accordance that approaches very nearly to demonstration. The present outline of the Egyptian coast, together with the soundings, is taken from the reports of Admiral Spratt, R. N., in 1858. The positions of the apex of the delta, and of the Sebennyitic mouth of the Nile, in the time of Herodotus, are referred to

actual latitudes by the distances given by that historian from Elephantina and from Thebes. The approximate position, four centuries later, of the Pelusiatic mouth is given by Strabo. The quantity of solid material annually brought down by the Nile is ascertained by the admeasurements of Mr. Fowler. For the first time these various records have been compared, and they mutually vouch for each other's accuracy. It remains for us to inquire into the evidence that may be obtained as to the annual changes to which the coast of Egypt is subjected under the conditions actually existing at the present time.

The prevailing winds, and therefore the prevailing wave movement, off the coast of Egypt, are from the north, or north-west, according to the observations of Admiral Spratt. Off Alexandria the coast and shallows are rocky, and not sandy; the coast as far as Cyrene westward being formed of a rocky shore-line, broken into headlands, which are the spurs or salient bases of mountain ranges. Abukir Castle stands on the extremity of this rocky shore, on a spur of land which formerly jutted out as a natural mole into the sea, rising from fifty to one hundred feet above the water level. Westward of this natural groin the sea is deep, as well as unencumbered with sand; a depth of one hundred feet being attained within two miles of the shore. As soon, then, as the secular growth of the delta brought the apex of that formation northward of the shelter of the Abukir reef, the deposits at the mouths of the Nile became exposed to the full swell and current of the Mediterranean, and instead of being allowed to settle in comparatively still water, were each year more and more dispersed along the coast to the eastward, as far as the shore of Syria itself. Nor are they absolutely arrested by that shore. The sand, when dry, is blown up from the margin of the sea. In some places it accumulates in dunes. All along the coast, as far as Jaffa, it is steadily advancing on the land, where it is not encountered by fir plantations; and is overwhelming the beautiful gardens near that town (which were celebrated for their fertility as far back as the date of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty), at the rate of a yard per annum.

The members of that pleasant excursion party which M. de Lesseps dignified by the name of the "International Commission," and hurried up the Nile and across the Isthmus of Suez as the guests of the

khedive, report that all the sands brought down by the Nile are deposited at its mouth; and that the advance of the latter is admitted to be not more than nine or ten feet per annum. This double assertion is simply puerile. Its entire inaccuracy is not matter of opinion. The charts and soundings taken by Admiral Spratt, Captain Nares, Colonel Stokes, and other officers, are so careful and exact, that the information which they convey can only be ignored by a very wilful and determined ignorance. As to the actual rate at which either the Damietta or the Rosetta branch now annually protrudes its *berge* of sand into the Mediterranean, it can only be accurately determined by the comparison of successive surveys, such as those which have been made around the locality of Port Said. But Admiral Spratt states that a tower which was situated at the mouth of the Foum el Farez, one of the principal *embouchures* of Lake Menzaleh, at the time of the French occupation of Egypt, is now fully half a mile from the sea, owing to the encroachment of the shore. Between the years 1868 and 1873, according to the report of Colonel Stokes,* the shore-line at Port Said has advanced seven hundred and eighty feet, being an encroachment on the sea at the rate of fifty-two yards per annum, or double our estimate of the secular average encroachment of the delta. In fact, the annual solid matter brought down by the Nile being an approximately constant quantity, a diminution of the advance of the delta at the *embouchures* of the river must be accompanied by an equivalent increase of the deposits in some part of the Mediterranean to the eastward of those *embouchures*.

The actual arrangement of the lagoons and strips or cordons of sand, which now form the greater portion of the seaboard along the entire coast-line of Egypt, is such as to indicate a considerable change in the littoral disposition of the deposits of the river since the formation of the last thirty or forty miles of its channel; or, indeed, since the time when it was allowed to form its own course in continuation of the two artificial outlets mentioned by Herodotus, which have become portions of the two main existing branches known as the Rosetta and Damietta channels. The sands brought down by the first-named of these branches have been swept to the eastward by the littoral current, so as to

form the cordon or belt of some forty miles long, which separates the lagoon called Lake Bourlos from the sea. A similar cordon, of equal length, stretching eastward from the Damietta mouth, forms the northern shore of Lake Menzaleh. To the east of the ruins of Bourg el Tineh, two parallel lagoons, extending for more than fifty miles from east to west, occupy the ancient position of the eastern part of the Pelusian bay. Over the entire district, the only part in which the delta has continued its original mode of solid growth, is within a range of some forty miles to the westward of the Damietta branch, an area which has been entirely filled up by the action of the now choked up Sebenyitic branch of the seven-mouthed Nile.

The annual change that is taking place on the shore of Egypt is only partially to be appreciated by a map or bird's-eye view. It requires also to be measured by the sounding-line, and delineated on a properly constructed section or contoured chart. In the immediate neighborhood of Port Said this has been done. During the present year there has been presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of her Majesty, a comparative plan, showing the decrease of depth seaward from Port Said, from 1869 to 1873, which was drawn up by Colonel Stokes, and transmitted by that officer to the Earl of Derby on November 11, 1874. This plan shows the soundings taken from the French survey, of 1869, in black; those of Captain Nares, in 1870, in blue; and those of Captain Wharton, in 1873, in red. Colonel Stokes reports that between the dates of the two last-named surveys more than five million cubic yards of solid matter have been thrown down between the present eighteen and thirty feet lines of soundings to the west of a line drawn in continuation of the west pier of Port Said. In that time the thirty-foot line has receded seawards twelve hundred yards on the prolongation of the west pier, in other places for more than that distance. Over a space of twelve hundred yards west to east, and eight hundred yards north to south, the depth has shoaled from five to eight feet between the thirty-foot line of 1870 and that of 1873.

This shoaling is probably local, being the direct effect of the check opposed to the littoral current by the pier of Port Said. But its magnitude is such as to intimate that the deposits of the Rosetta, as well as of the Damietta stream, are brought as far eastward as Port Said. If we suppose the volumes of the two branch-

* Egypt, No. 2. Correspondence respecting the Suez Canal. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, 1876. (See Chart at p. 30.)

es to be approximately equal, and that the sand brought down by the Damietta mouth is gradually deposited by a littoral current of three miles wide over the one hundred and forty miles of coast to El Arish, we should not be able to anticipate a shoaling of more than from three to four inches per annum at a distance of forty miles from the *embouchure*, which is the distance of Port Said. We find, however, from actual survey, a deposit of from twenty to thirty-two inches per annum within half a mile from the shore; an advance of the thirty-foot line of soundings at the rate of four hundred yards and more, and an encroachment of the coast-line at the rate of fifty-two yards per annum. However narrowed be the area over which these changes are now actually in progress, they show the unabated activity of the mighty causes which have won the entire soil of Lower Egypt from the Mediterranean within the historic time that is covered by hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The secular changes in the face of Egypt comprise not only the advance of the shore-line into the Mediterranean, but a more or less imperceptible warping up of all the soil flooded by the Nile. The rise of the river itself, which was measured on a nilometer built into a wall at Elephantina, must be affected by the deposit on the face of the country below that spot. Herodotus states that in the reign of Mœris a Nile flood of eight cubits' rise inundated all Egypt below Memphis. The only difficulty in this passage is as to date. Herodotus says the priests told him that the reign in question was nine hundred years before his own time. That number of years, however, only reaches back to the reign of Ramses Miamoun, of the nineteenth dynasty. The formation of Lake Mœris is dated twelve hundred years before that reign; and the name Mœris is that of a monarch of the twelfth dynasty, which reigned from B.C. 2812 to B.C. 2599. The general phenomena of the increase of the delta are far more consistent with the earlier than with the later of the two dates thus intimated; that is to say, with the period of the twelfth rather than that of the nineteenth dynasty, as having witnessed so low a rise of the Nile, especially when we consider that from the time of Herodotus to our own, but little variation has occurred in this respect. A minimum rise of fifteen cubits was required, Herodotus says, to flood the country in his day. The statue of Nilus in the Vatican is encircled by sixteen *amorini*, symbolizing the sixteen cubits of rise which gave the

omen of a fertile season in the time of the thirty-third dynasty. The nilometer at Elephantina gives a cubit of twenty-one inches, making the sixteen-cubit flood show a rise of three hundred and thirty-six inches. During a period of sixteen years, according to the observations taken under the direction of Mr. Fowler, the average height of the flood was 6·87 metres, or 271·84 inches. The highest flood during this time was in 1874, when it rose 8·48 metres, or 335·25 inches, a very close reproduction of the sixteen cubits of the time of the Ptolemies. The lowest was in 1868, being only 5·87 metres, or 232·27 inches, which is yet sixty-four inches higher than the rise referred to the time of Mœris. It is certain that the less obstruction the flood met in its descent below Memphis, the less would be the height that it would maintain at that spot.

Mr. Horner endeavored to form a scale of the antiquity of the delta by sinking a shaft beside the statue of Rameses, and measuring the depth of made earth that had accumulated since the erection of that statue. If his conclusions as to the original level, which are quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, are accurate, the rise of soil at the base of the statue has occurred only at the rate of three and one-half inches per century. But Mr. Horner assumes that the ancient builders erected works of colossal magnitude on a site subject to annual inundation — a most improbable hypothesis. The true deduction to be drawn from the small accumulation above the platform of the statue is, that the low rise of the Nile referred by Herodotus to the time of Mœris had not been exceeded at the date when this sacred work was executed. Sir Charles Lyell estimates the rise at Elephantina at 5·3 inches, at Thebes at 4·9 inches and at Heliopolis at 4·1 inches, per century. In none of these estimates does there appear to have been due attention given to the fact that the quantity of the matter held in suspension by the Nile during its floods varies in proportion to the depth of water. The nearer the surface, or the shallower the water, the less the deposit. Thus, comparing equal heights of flood, less deposit would annually occur on higher than on lower ground, and less deposit on the same area year after year. Again, any obstructions that interfered with the flow of the flood would have a powerful influence on the depth of deposit. It is thus conceivable, or indeed certain, that while inches were deposited in certain localities, feet would be deposited in others in the same space

of time. It is desirable to exhaust all the means of comparison in a question of this magnitude. But actual experiments as to the deposit made from a given depth of flood water, like those of Mr. Fowler, must yield far more luminous results than casual observations, which estimate the amount of secular change without due consideration of all the conditions that may have affected the exact locality.

A historical inquiry of considerable interest is connected with the physical history of the Egyptian delta. Considerable discussion has arisen as to the track indicated by the book of Exodus as that taken by the Israelites in their flight from Egypt. The choice of route lies within narrower limits than might be assigned from a hasty view of the map. Through the Gulf of Suez itself, from within a short distance of its northern extremity, the channel has a depth of at least ten fathoms. The date of the exodus, according to the most careful comparison of the various indications given in the Pentateuch and historic Hebrew books, was in the year 1541 B.C.; which corresponds to the third year of the reign of King Thothmes IV., seventh king of the eighteenth dynasty. This monarch is spoken of in the inscriptions as the "tamer of the Syrian shepherds," an expression which may very well be taken for the Egyptian account of an event which the Jewish historian regarded from so different a point of view. At this time, according to the estimate above given of the growth of the delta, the seaward apex of that formation must have been about 30° 54m. of north latitude. The right bank or shore, (taking the delta as maintaining approximately a series of parallel outlines during its growth,) would have been somewhere near the spot now occupied by Ismailia. The space now covered by Lakes Menzaleh, Ballah, and Timnah, and the intervening and neighboring marshy and sandy districts, must at that time either have been far below the level of the Mediterranean, or have been covered by lagoon and marsh, accessible to the waters of that sea, when driven by a westerly wind. On the right hand of the comparatively narrow isthmus then existing, the depression of the Bitter Lakes was, no doubt, connected with the Arabian Gulf. The main or even the entire distance which at that time divided the water of the Arabian Gulf from those of the Mediterranean may, therefore, be taken to correspond to the Ym Suph, or sea of reeds, of the Pentateuch: a term which was first erroneously translated by Erythian or Red

Sea, in the time of Ptolemy II., when the physical change which had gradually occurred in the isthmus had obscured the true meaning of the language of the book of Exodus, accordant as it is with that used by Herodotus.

On this view of the case (the accuracy of which can only be a question of detail), several expressions which have perplexed the students of the book of Exodus become perfectly clear and intelligible. When the flying bands, descending Wady Tomilat, which most Egyptologists identify with Goshen, arrived at the coast, the intention of their leader being to avoid the well-frequented track by the shore of Philistia, through the dominions of a people apt to arms, and experienced in resisting invasion from Egypt, the line of march was necessarily turned to the right. At nightfall, the people bivouacked on a grassy plain — the Coptic language yet preserves the word *pichairoth* with this signification, which is also that of the term used in the Septuagint version — between the Pharos, or watch-tower on the shore (Migdol), and the Temple of Typhon (Baal Zephon), which may readily be identified with the ruin known as the Serapeum. The prevalence during the night of a strong east wind — the Septuagint calls it a south wind, and St. Jerome, rather uncandidly, uses the participle *urens*, but all the expressions point to a wind from the south or east, or from the hot quarter, in fact to the commencement of the Khamsin, for which the exact period had arrived — drove back the water in the lagoons connected with the Mediterranean. Those of the Arabian Gulf, and its connected lakes, must on the contrary have been raised by this wind; so that it is evident from which sea danger was to be apprehended. Through the very district of the Ym Suph, over the edge of or between the lagoons from which the water had been driven back by the force of the wind, the one body fled, and the other pursued. In the morning, the sea returned with a change of wind. The expression used by St. Jerome, *primo diluculo*, which has been followed in the "when the morning appeared" of the authorized version, is more correctly indicated by the Septuagint as meaning "towards the east," a phrase which corresponds to the previously described effect of the west wind in reducing the level of the water. Referring only to the physical phenomena indicated by the passage, the whole account is as clear and consistent, according to this view of the nature of the locality, as it is perplexing

and unintelligible if referred to a passage over the ten-fathom-deep channel of the Arabian Gulf, or even over the site of the Bitter Lakes at the head of that gulf, in the whole of which an easterly wind raises, and a westerly wind depresses, the level of the waters.

The map of Egypt by M. Linant de Bellefonds, to which reference was previously made, inserts imaginary stations on the march of the Israelites with no less precision than it indicates the sites of existing structures. It has the misfortune to define the point of the crossing the isthmus by Moses as between the Bitter Lakes and the present head of the Gulf of Suez; a position for the selection of which no distinct reason can be adduced, and which is liable to the fatal objection that a westerly or southerly wind would raise the waters, instead of depressing them, as described in the Pentateuch. If Josephus drew on other sources than his imagination in describing the mountain which shut in the line of march, he may have very well referred to the plateau of El Guisr, in which the ruin of the Serapeum is found. Every expression used with reference to the exodus is consistent with the idea of a passage through the reedy marshes between the Mediterranean and the Arabian Gulf lagoons, which would have protected either flank of the expedition, and thus made the waters, in the language of the country, a wall to the fugitives on either hand. The identification of the Ym Suph with the Gulf of Suez, is not only entirely imaginative, but is a leap in the dark which can only throw undue discredit on a venerable record, the true sense of which had become obscured, by the date of the translation in the time of Ptolemy II., by the physical changes of the locality.

Egypt at the present hour is thus far what she was sixty-three hundred years ago. She is at once one of the best practical schools which can be found for the engineer, and one of the localities where the skill of the engineer can most richly augment the products of nature. The first great work of which the oldest tradition embalmed in the pages of Herodotus gives note was one almost identical in its nature with one of the last undertaken by a Mussulman prince. The dam which Menes is related to have built across the Nile cannot have been placed in a very different situation from that which was selected by the engineers of Mehemet Ali. The actual distance between the two stations appears to be about fifteen miles; and an engineering reason for the change may be

found in the higher level now attained by the Nile flood, in consequence of the growth of the delta during a period of sixty-three hundred years. The Nile formerly flowed close to the western suburbs and gardens of Cairo, from which it is now from half a mile to a mile distant. The plain of Boolak, seven miles long, and at least a mile and a half wide, is said in the notes to Lane's "Modern Egyptians" to have been formed within a period of two hundred years. Thus, independently of the general encroachment of Egypt on the sea, local displacements and changes, so easy to be effected in an alluvial soil of one hundred feet in depth, have advanced at a rapid pace. It is only by the remains of human work, or by the occurrence of solid rocks, which formerly were islands, that any ancient sites can now be positively identified in Lower Egypt. But between the character of the engineering works of the early Thinite dynasties, and those of the Moslem viceroy, there is that difference which exists between the labor of men and the petulant toil of children. The former built, if not for eternity, yet for a duration to be measured by millenniums. The latter, by a barbaric impatience, so hurried the work undertaken for barring the Nile, in 1847, that the rise of fifteen feet which it was intended thus to secure has never been approached. The utmost difference in level for which the engineers have dared to trust to the strength of the dam is under six feet; and no doubt is entertained that the head of water would blow up the dam and destroy all the work of the barrage long before it rose to the moderate height originally anticipated. Thus a work which is admirable in design, and accordant with the most ancient tradition of the former grandeur of the country, has proved little more than a ridiculous failure; and that not so much in consequence of the want of professional skill, as owing to the barbarism of the government of Egypt.

That enormous wealth might be drawn from the delta by well-executed works of irrigation, there is not a shadow of a doubt. Sugar, cotton, rice, and indigo, for which the climate of Egypt is suited, are summer crops, and cannot be raised there without irrigation. The summer discharge of the Nile is as low as forty million cubic yards of water per diem. There are three and a half millions of acres of cultivable land in Lower Egypt, out of which only about one fourteenth part is irrigated by the rude chain pumps, worked by oxen, which are known by the name of *sakiehs*.

Twenty-six cubic yards of water per acre per diem are required for the irrigation of land producing summer crops, and rice requires nearly three times that supply. The former quantity is about equal to a daily rainfall of one-fifth of an inch. The irrigation of a million of acres would consume more than half the volume of the Nile at its lowest, and it may be very questionable how far it would be practically safe to abstract so large a quantity of water from the channel during the dry season immediately preceding the inundation.

The volume of the river must also place a limit to such an effort to restore the fertility of the district above the cataracts, as may otherwise be considered to be within the reach of engineering science. It is probable that the effect of earthquakes in destroying the natural barriers of the cataracts, has tended to the desolation of Nubia. Measurements on the face of the rock at Semneh, above the second cataract, prove the rupture of a great barrier across the river lower down at some period later than the twentieth century B.C. Sir Gardner Wilkinson is of opinion that this barrier existed at Silsilis. From this point to the delta the Nile continually diminishes in volume by evaporation. The supply needed for irrigation above this spot might have been far more readily spared three thousand to four thousand years ago, when the delta had attained only about a third part of its actual area before Memphis, than would now be the case. But in regarding the possible advantages to be drawn from the barrage of the stream, attention should not be exclusively confined to the delta. The effect of well-designed works in the vicinity of the cataracts is a subject well worth the attention of the government of Egypt.

Whatever view be taken of the best method of utilizing the annual bounty of the Nile, the fact of the great amount of deposit which it annually brings down is one that can no longer be matter of doubt. It is possible that the foregoing estimate may require some correction. It is, however, based on positive data; and the accordance between the cubic quantities estimated by Mr. Fowler, and the successive boundaries of the delta indicated by Herodotus, by Strabo, and by Admiral Spratt, is so close as to show that there cannot be any very serious error in either statement. That the seaward extension of the delta has of late years been but small, in consequence of the protrusion of the coast being diminished by the east-

ward movement of the deposit caused by the prevailing currents, after the shelter of Aboukir Point was lost, is probable enough. The form of the cordons joining the lagoons is conclusive as to the character of this littoral movement. The surveys of Captain Nares and Captain Wharton tell us of its effect on the neighborhood of Port Said. It is high time that it should be generally known that the results of the observations of these able hydrographers have been reduced to definite form, and that the question of the encroachment of the shore at Port Said has been removed from the category of subjects on which it is possible for educated men to hold widely divergent opinions.

We have no space to refer to the observations of Admiral Spratt on the growth of the delta of the Danube; a matter of no small European interest. We must be content if we have been able to call the attention of the engineer, the hydrographer, and the geographer to the activity and importance of the changes which river action is at this moment effecting; and to the need of collecting full and adequate observations on the various elements requisite for the solution of the general problem. The areas of watershed basins, the amount of rainfall, the inclination of the zone of erosion, the measurement of the volume of the river at its mouth, the quantity of solid matters held in solution or suspension in its waters throughout the year, the growth of deltas and cordons as ascertained by actual survey — such are the points which it is needful to study, and we hope that every fresh occasion may be seized to add exact information to our knowledge of them.

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEMBER FOR BALLINASCROON.

IN the first-floor room of a small house in Piccadilly a young man of six-and-twenty or so was busily writing letters. By rights the room should have been a drawing-room — and a woman might have made of it a very pretty drawing-room indeed; but there were no flowers or trailing creepers in the small balcony; there were no lace curtains to prevent the sun-

light streaming through the open French windows full on the worn and faded carpet; while this half study, half parlor, had scattered about in it all the signs of a bachelor's existence in the shape of wooden pipes, time-tables, slippers, and the like. When the letters were finished the writer struck a bell before him on the table. His servant appeared.

"You will post those letters, Jackson," said he, "and have a hansom ready for me at 3.15."

"Yes, sir," said the man; and then he hesitated. "Beg your pardon, sir, but the gentlemen below are rather impatient, sir—they are a little excited, sir."

"Very well," said the young man, carelessly. "Take my bag down. Stay, here are some papers you had better put in."

He rose and went to get the papers—one or two thin blue-books and some drafted bills—and now one may get a better look at the member for Ballinascreen. He was not over five feet eight; but he was a bony, firm-framed young man, who had much more character than prettiness in his face. The closely-cropped beard and whiskers did not at all conceal the lines of strength about his cheek and chin; and the shaggy, dark-brown eyebrows gave shadow and intensity to the shrewd and piercing grey eyes. It was a face that gave evidence of keen resolve, of ready action, of persistence. And although young Balfour had the patient and steady determination of the Scotch—or, let us say, of the Teuton—as part of his birthright, and although even that had been overlaid by the reticence of manner and the gentleness—the almost hesitating gentleness—of speech of an Oxford don, any one could see that there was something Celtic-looking about the grey eyes and the heavy eyebrows, and every one who knew Balfour knew that sometimes a flash of vehement enthusiasm, or anger, or scorn, would break through that suavity of manner which some considered to be just a trifle too supercilious.

On this occasion, Hugh Balfour, having made all the preparations for his departure which he considered to be necessary, went down-stairs to the large room on the ground floor. There was a noise of voices in that apartment. As he entered, these angry sounds ceased; he bowed slightly, went up to the head of the room, and said, "Gentlemen, will you be seated?"

"Sorr," said a small man, with a large

chest, a white waistcoat, and a face pink with anger or whiskey, or both, "sorr, 'tis twenty-three minutes by my watch ye have kept us waiting——"

"I know," said the young man, calmly; "I am very sorry. Will you be good enough to proceed to business, gentlemen?"

Thus admonished, the spokesman of the eight or ten persons in the room addressed himself to the speech which he had obviously prepared. But how could he, in the idyllic seclusion of the back-parlor of a Ballinascreen public-house, have anticipated and prepared for the interruptions falling from a young man who, whether at the Oxford Union or at St. Stephen's, had acquired a pretty fair reputation for saying about the most irritating and contemptuous things that could vex the soul of an opponent?

"Sorr," said the orator, swelling out his white waistcoat, "the gentlemen" (he said gentlemen, but never mind) "the gentleman who are with me this day are a deputation, a deputation, sorr, of the electors of the borough of Ballinascreen, which you have the honor to represent in Parliament. We held a meeting, sorr, as you know. You were invited to attend that meeting. You refused to attend that meeting—although it was called to consider your conduct as the representative of the borough of Ballinascreen."

Mr. Balfour nodded: this young man did not seem to be much impressed by the desperate nature of the situation.

"And now, sorr," continued the orator, grouping his companions together with a wave of his hand, "we have come as a deputation to lay before you certain facts which your constituents, sorr, hope will induce you to take that course—the only course, I may say—that an honorable man could follow."

"Very well."

"Sorr, you are aware that you succeeded the Honorable Oliver Glynne in the representation of the borough of Ballinascreen. You are aware, sorr, that when Mr. Glynne contested the borough, he spent no less than 10,800*l.* in the election——"

"I am quite aware of these facts," interrupted Balfour, speaking slowly and clearly. "I am quite aware that Mr. Glynne kept the whole constituency drunk for three months. I am quite aware that he spent all that money; for I don't believe there was a man of you came out of the election with clean hands. Well?"

The orator was rather disconcerted, and

gasped a little; but a murmur of indignant repudiation from his companions nerved him to a further effort.

"Sorr, it ill becomes you to bring such charges against the borough that has placed you in Parliament, and against the man who gave you his seat. Mr. Glynne was a gentleman, sorr; he spent his money like a gentleman; and when he was unseated" (he said onsated, but no matter) "it was from no regard for you, sorr, but from our regard for him that we returned you to Parliament, and have allowed you to sit there, sorr, until such times as a general election will enable us to send the man of our true choice to represent us at St. Stephen's."

There was a loud murmur of approval.

"I beg your pardon," said Balfour. "I must correct you on one point. You don't allow me to sit in Parliament. I sit there of my own choice. You would turn me out if you could to-morrow; but you see you can't."

"I consider, sorr, that in that shameless avowal —"

Here there was a flash of light in those grey eyes; but the indiscreet orator did not observe it.

"You have justified the action we have taken in calling on a public meeting to denounce your conduct as the representative of Ballinascreen. Sorr, you are not the representative of Ballinascreen. I will make bold to say that you are sitting in the honorable House of Commons under false pretences. You neglect our interests. You treat our communications, our remonstrances, with an insulting indifference. The cry of our fellow-countrymen in prison — political prisoners in a free country, sorr — is nothing to you. You allow our fisheries to dwindle and disappear for want of that help which you give freely enough to your own country, sorr. And on the great question that is making the pulse of Ireland beat as it has never beaten before, that is making her sons and her daughters curse the slavery that binds them in chains of iron, sorr, you have treated us with ridicule and scorn. When Mr. O'Byrne called upon you at the Reform Club, sorr, you walked past him, and told the menial in livery to inform him that you were not in the club. Is that the conduct of a member of the honorable House of Commons, sorr? Is it the conduct of a gentleman?"

Here arose another murmur of approval. Balfour looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am sorry I must leave you at 3.15; my train goes at

3.30 from Paddington. Do I understand you that that is all you have to say?"

Here there were loud cries of "No! no! Resign! resign!"

"Because I don't think it was worth your while to come all the way to London to say it. I read it every week in the columns of that delightful print, the *Ballinascreen Sentinel*. However, you have been very outspoken; and I shall be equally frank. You can't have all the frankness your side, you know. Let me say, then, that I don't care a brass farthing what any meeting in Ballinascreen thinks, or what the whole of the three hundred and eighty electors think about me. I consider it a disgrace to the British Constitution that such a rotten and corrupt constituency should exist. Three hundred and eighty electors — a population of less than five thousand — and a man spends close on 11,000% in contesting the place! Disfranchisement is too good for such a hole: it should be burned out of the political map. And so you took me as a stopgap. That was how you showed your gratitude to Mr. Glynne — who was a young man, and a foolish young man, and allowed himself to be led by your precious electoral agents. Of course I was to give up the seat to him at the next general election. Very well, I have no objection to that: that is a matter between him and me; though I fancy you'll find him just as resolved as myself not to swallow your Home Rule bolus. But, as between you and me, the case is different. You wished to make use of me: I have made use of you. I have got into the House; I have learnt something of its ways; I have served so far a short apprenticeship. But do you think that I am going to give up my time, and my convictions, to your wretched projects? Do you think I would bolster up your industries, that are dwindling only through laziness? Do you think that I am going to try to get every man of you a post or a pension? Gracious heavens! I don't believe there is a man-child born in the town but you begin to wonder what the government will do for him. The very stones of Westminster Hall are saturated with Irish brogue; the air is thick with your clamor for place. No — no, thank you; don't imagine I am going to dip my hands into that dirty water. You can turn me out at the end of this Parliament — I should have resigned my seat in any case — but until that time I am Hugh Balfour, and not at all your very obedient servant."

For the moment his Celtic pulse had got

the better of his Saxon brain. The deputation had not at all been prepared for this scornful outburst; they had expected to enjoy a monopoly of scolding. Ordinarily, indeed, Hugh Balfour was an extremely reticent man; some said he was too proud to bother himself into a passion about anything or anybody.

"Sorr," said the pink-faced orator, with a despairing hesitation in his voice, "after the language—after the language, sorr, which we have just heard, my friends and myself have but one course to pursue. I am astonished—I am astounded, sorr—that, holding such opinions of the borough of Ballinascreen as those you have now expressed, you should continue to represent that borough in Parliament——"

"I beg your pardon," said Balfour, with his ordinary coolness, and taking out his watch, "if I must interrupt you again. I have but three minutes left. Is there anything definite that you wish to say to me?"

Once more there was a murmuring chorus of "Resign! resign!"

"I don't at all mean to resign," said Balfour, calmly.

"Sorr, it is inconceivable," began the spokesman of the party, "that a gentleman should sit in Parliament to represent a constituency of which he has such opinions as those that have fallen from you this day——"

"I beg your pardon; it is not at all inconceivable; it is the fact. What is more, I mean to represent your precious borough until the end of the present Parliament. You will be glad to hear that that end may be somewhat nearer than many people imagine; and again the bother comes from your side of the water. Since the government were beaten on their Irish Universities Bill they have been in a bad way—there is no doubt of it. Some folks say there will be a dissolution in the autumn. So you see there is no saying how soon you may get rid of me. In that case, will you return Mr. Glynne?"

Again there was a murmur; but scarcely an intelligible one.

"I thought not. I fancied your gratitude for the 11,000*l.* would not last as long. Well, you must try to find a Home Rule candidate who will keep the town drunk for three months at a stretch. Meantime, gentlemen, I am afraid I must bid you good morning."

He rang the bell.

"Cab there, Jackson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good morning, gentlemen."

With that the deputation from Ballinascreen were left to take their departure at their own convenience; their representative in Parliament driving off in a hansom to Paddington Station.

He had scarcely driven away from the door when his thoughts were occupied by much more important affairs. He was a busy man. The deputation could lie by as a joke.

Arrived at the station, Balfour jumped out, bag in hand, and gave the cabman eighteen-pence.

"What's this, sir?" the man called out, affecting to stare at the two coins.

Balfour turned.

"Oh," said he, innocently, "have I made a mistake? Let me see. You had better give me back the sixpence."

Still more innocently the cabman—never doubting but that a gentleman who lived in Piccadilly would act as such—handed him the sixpence, which Balfour put in his pocket.

"Don't be such a fool next time," said he, as he walked off to get his ticket.

He had a couple of minutes to spare, and after having taken his seat, he walked across the platform to get an evening paper. He was met by an old college companion of his.

"Balfour," said he, "I wanted to see you. You remember that tall waiter at the Oxford and Cambridge—the one who got ill—had to give up——"

"And you got him into some green-grocery business or other. Yes."

"Well, he is desperately ill now, and his affairs are at the worst. His wife doesn't know what to do. I am getting up a little subscription for her. I want a couple of guineas from you."

"Oh," said Balfour, somewhat coldly. "I rather dislike the notion of giving money to these subscriptions, without knowing something of the case. I have known so many dying people get rapidly better after they got a pension from the Civil List, or a donation from the Literary Fund, or a purse from their friends. Where does the woman live?"

"Three, Marquis Street, Lambeth."

"Take your seats, please!"

So these two parted; and Balfour's acquaintance went back to the carriage, in which he had left his wife and her sisters, and to these he said,—

"Did you ever know anything like the meanness of these Scotch? I have just met that fellow Balfour—he has thirty

thousand a year if he has a penny — and I couldn't screw a couple of guineas out of him for a poor woman whose husband is dying. Fancy! Now I can believe all the stories I have heard of him within the last year or two. He asks men to dinner; has champagne on the sideboard; pretends he is so busy talking politics that he forgets all about it; his guests have to content themselves with a glass of sherry, while he has a little claret and water. He hasn't a cigar in the house. He keeps one horse, I believe — an old cob — for pounding up and down in Hyde Park of a morning; but on his thirty thousand a year he can't afford himself a brougham. No wonder those Scotch fellows become rich men, I have no doubt his father began with picking up pins in the street."

Quite unconscious of having provoked all this wrathful animadversion, Balfour was already deeply immersed in certain Local Taxation Bills he had taken out of his bag. Very little did he see of the beautiful landscapes through which the train whirled on that bright and glowing afternoon; although, of course, he had a glance at Pangbourne; that was something not to be missed even by a young and enthusiastic politician. At the Oxford Station he was met by a thin, little, middle-aged man, with a big head and blue spectacles. This was the Rev. Henry Jewsbury, M.A., and fellow of Exeter.

"Well, Balfour, my boy," called out this clergyman, in a rich and jovial voice which startled one as it came from that shrunken body, "I am glad to see you. How late you are! You'll just be in time to dine in hall: I will lend you a gown."

"All right. But I must send off a telegram first."

He went to the office. This was the telegram: — *H. Balfour, Exeter College, Oxford, to E. Jackson, — Piccadilly, London. Go to three, Marquis Street, Lambeth; make inquiries if woman in great distress. Give ten pounds. Make strict inquiries.*

"Now, Jewsbury, I am with you. I hope there are no men coming to your rooms to-night; I want to have a long talk with you about this Judicature business. Yes, and about something more important even than that."

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury looked up.

"The fact is," said the young man, with a smile, "I have been thinking of getting married."

From The Church Quarterly Review.
LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.*

BY RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE production of a biography in a series of single volumes would not commonly be a safe experiment on the appetite or patience of the public. But, in the present instance, reliance may be placed upon an interest sustained and stimulated by the reason of the case. The whole career of the prince consort, and the free exhibition of the life of the sovereign and the surroundings of the throne, which it has drawn with it, form a picture which must be interesting, so long as Britons conceive their monarchy to be a valuable possession; and must be edifying, so long as they are capable of deriving benefit from the contemplation of virtue thoroughly "breathed" with activity, guided by intelligence, and uplifted into elevated station as a mark for every eye. Mr. Martin's handiwork is well known to the world. It neither calls for criticism, nor stands in need of commendation by way of advertisement. In producing all that can give interest to his subject, free scope seems to have been judiciously allowed him. In one respect only, so far as we can judge, he has been rather heavily weighted in running his race. Perhaps with a view to gratifying the taste of royal and ex-royal readers from Germany, he has found it needful to carry his readers somewhat freely into the labyrinthine details of German politics during the years 1848-50, when the empire was in embryo, and when the attitudes of the various powers and influences at work were imperfectly developed, and for the most part neither dignified nor becoming. The prince took an active, almost an officious, but a thoroughly patriotic, interest in them; and if he did not find a clew to guide him through the windings, or disclose any signal gift of political prophecy in what he wrote, he, at least, set a good example in his disposition to cast aside the incumbrances of dynastic prejudice, and hold language which had justice and liberality for its rule. It may seem singular, but we take it to be the fact, that he applies a stronger and sharper insight to the Eastern question, as it emerged in 1853, than to the problems offered to his notice by the land of his birth.

The main interest, however, of this

* *Life of the Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. Vol. II. London, 1876.

biography, which is, we believe, to secure for it a place in our permanent literature, will not, perhaps, be found to lie so much in the treatment of this or that current question of its time, as in the figure and character of the man, as a man, who is its subject, in the light it throws upon the difficult question of his position as a prince consort, and in the contribution it supplies towards defining that important position for the future as well as for the past.

The excellence of the prince's character has become a commonplace, almost a by-word, among us. It is easy to run round the circle of his virtues: difficult to find a point at which the line is not continuous. He was without doubt eminently happy in the persons who principally contributed from without to develop his capacities, and determine his mental and moral, as well as his exterior, life; namely, in his uncle, his tutor, and his wife. But how completely did the material answer to every touch that it received; how full, round, and complete it was, as a sculpture; how perseveringly and accurately did the prince apply a standing genial conception of duty and action to the rapid stream, it might be said, the torrent, of the daily details of life; how much of interest — amidst incessant action, and without the tranquillity necessary for systematic thought — he presents to the class who have no taste for mere action, to the philosophic student; how nearly the life approximates to an ideal; how it seems to lay the foundations for a class and succession of men, if only men could be found good enough, and large enough, to build themselves upon it! Mr. Martin has been impugned by an acute writer* for the uniformity of his laudatory tones. Now, doubtless, it would be too much to expect a drastic criticism of the prince's intellect in a work produced under the auspices of an adoring affection; but an honest impartiality prompts us to ask whether in the ethical picture here presented to us there really is any trait that calls for censure. If there is anything in the picture of the prince that directly irritates the critical faculty, is it not

That fine air,
That pure severity of perfect light,†
which was insipid to Queen Guinevere in the heyday of her blood, but to which she did homage when the equilibrium of her nature was restored?

There can be little doubt that the prince

will be remembered in future generations with something quite different from that formal and titular remembrance, which belongs to his rank in its relation to the throne, and which is accorded to Prince George of Denmark. There has not yet been time to determine his exact place among the inheritors of renown, fulfilled or unfulfilled. The silly importunity which has urged Pope Pius IX. to dub himself "the Great" was doubly wrong: wrong, as we think, in urging him to clutch at what he will never get: wrong, beyond all question, in requiring him to fabricate at a stroke a title which has not, and, from its nature, cannot have, yet inured: inasmuch as it can only be conferred by the general sense of an impartial, that is, a succeeding age.* For it is thus alone that the phrase acquires its dignity: *securus judicat orbis terrarum*; manufactured by a contemporary *clique*, it is entitled to no more respect than the forged antiquities, which are daily passed off upon the ravenous appetite of collectors. All that we can venture in this case to propound is, that, with every fresh gush of light upon the prince's personal history, there is a corresponding growth in his claims to admiration and celebrity, and an intimation of his finally taking a higher rather than a lower place among the departed sons of fame.

At the same time, it would probably be too much to hope that the third volume of Mr. Martin will raise the prince above the second, as the second has, we think, raised him above the first. The period of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which entailed upon him arduous and constant labor, was probably the climax of his career. This narrative appears to establish his title to the honors of its real origination.† Its nearest analogue in past history would appear to have been the Frankfurt fair of the sixteenth century. The mischievous system of narrowing the usefulness of commerce for mankind by what was called protection had not then been methodized; and the productions of different countries, where adequate channels were open, flowed by a natural process to a common centre. But great discoveries are commonly to be found in germ, either unobserved or imperfectly developed, long before their publication, which marks the stage of maturity in their idea, and makes them part of the general property of mankind. So came the printing-press, so

* *Nonconformist*, Dec. 9, 1876.

† Tennyson's "Guinevere."

* Shelley's "Adonais."

† Chap. xxxv., vol. ii. 223-5.

came the steam-engine; and, in this sense, when on July 30, 1849, twenty-one months before the opening, the prince propounded at Buckingham Palace his conception of the Great Exhibition, as it might be, to four members of the Society of Art, he established his title to the practical authorship of a no small design. In it were comprised powerful agencies tending to promote the great fourfold benefit of progress in the industrial arts, of increased abundance or diminished stint of the means of living among men, of pacific relations between countries founded on common pursuits, and of what may be termed free trade in general culture.

It was a great work of peace on earth: not of that merely diplomatic peace which is honeycombed with suspicion, which bristles with the apparatus and establishments of war on a scale far beyond what was formerly required for actual belligerence, and which is potentially war, though still on the tiptoe of expectation for an actual outbreak. It was a more stable peace, founded on social and mental union, which the exhibition of 1851 truly, if circuitously, tended to consolidate. And if, in the quarter of a century which has since elapsed, counter-influences have proved too strong for the more beneficial agencies, let us recollect that many of the wars which have since occurred have been in truth constructive wars, and have given to Europe the hope of a more firmly knit political organization; and that, even if this had not been so, the influences of theory and practice associated with the Great Exhibition would still have earned their title to stand along with most other good influences in the world, among things valuable but not sufficient.

During the last decade, however, of his years, from 1852 to 1861, wars, as well as rumors of wars, became the engrossing topic of life and thought to many a mind which, if governed by its own promptings, by the true direction and demand of its nature, would have battered only on the pastures of national union and concord. The Crimean War, — with its fore and after shadows, began early in 1853, and closed in 1856; it was followed by the Indian Mutiny, and this by the French war panic of 1858-60, which, more than any other cause, encouraged as it was by no small authorities, altered the disposition of the British people in a sense favorable to, and even exigent of, enlarged military and naval establishments. This, we think, was a great misfortune to the prince, in regard both to the mental movement which

required a congenial atmosphere and exercise, and to the eventual greatness which was its natural result. He was properly, and essentially, a man of peace. The natural attitude of his mind was not that of polemical action, but of tranquil, patient, and deliberate thought. It was as a social philosopher and hero that he was qualified to excel, rather than as a political or military athlete. It is true, indeed, that the searching fire of continual struggle educated those royal personages, whose destiny in other days or other lands has lain beyond the precincts of the constitutional system. But it is the very pith and essence of that system to remove from sovereigns, and to lay upon their recognized and official servants, the heavier portions of that responsibility and strain, under which a governing will, lodged in a few human brains, or in one only, takes up into itself, and directs, while controlling, the collected force of an entire community. Doubtless even now royalty — we speak of constitutional royalty — acts out in idea, with a certain reality, the contentions which it observes and superintends, and with which at particular points it may actually intermix; but, as a rule, its share in them is an indirect and mediate share. Princes are rather moons than suns in the political firmament; and the tranquil atmosphere in which they dwell, while more favorable in some of its aspects to a reflective and impartial habit of mind, is not calculated to foster the strongest tissue, or develop the hardest forms, of character. While the peers of England are more remote than the Parliamentary commoners from living contact with the great seething mass of a highly vitalized community, and while the popular House must, with all its faults, remain, so long as the Constitution keeps its balance, our highest school of statesmanship, so the throne, though vexed more than enough with labors and with worries of its own, yet in relation to the sea of political strifes, remains sheltered within an inner and landlocked haven, and the mental habits which it tends to generate will be less masculine though more amiable accordingly.

If there is force in these remarks, they will apply scarcely more to a constitutional sovereign, than to one who attained to such a degree of moral and mental identification with the greatest of all constitutional sovereigns as did the prince consort. They have also a peculiar and individual application to a mind, the rich gifts of which were not wayward and unruly, but

fitted themselves at every point into the mould supplied for them by his position, and became in consequence an admirable and typical example of what that position, genially apprehended and employed, is calculated to produce.

In this view, those who most highly estimate the prince's work may well regret that the line of mental movement represented by the Great Exhibition came soon to be deflected towards a different region of human activity. In that region, mankind at large is at once excited and morally enfeebled by rivalries and conflicts hardly ever in their outset generous, and marred from the beginning of the world by their tendency to degenerate, from their first intentions, in the direction of more violent and wide-sweeping passions, more greedy selfishness, and deadlier feuds.

A parallel may be drawn between the prince consort and Mr. Pitt, in regard to one striking characteristic of their respective careers. They were both men loving peace. Each of them began, very early in life, to hold a position of high command, and of profound importance to the public welfare, in the midst of pacific ideas, plans, and expectations. Each of them achieved a reputation of the highest order in connection with this line of thought and action. Upon each of them, and singularly enough upon each of them at the age of thirty-three, there fell what, but for the knowledge that in all mysteries of our life there lies hid but a deeper and larger providence, we might call an ugly trick of fortune; an imperious change, not in the man, but in external circumstances which overrule the man, and which carry him, perforce, out of a work well beloved, and more than well begun, into a place and function of opposite conditions, less congenial, and less adapted to favor the development of his character, by leading him up to the highest point of its capacity. Before 1853, England had only to look with sympathy upon the sufferings and disorders of the Continent, while she watched and made provision for her own internal condition. But from that day until the sad day of the prince's death, she was ever in actual struggle, or in anticipation of struggles deemed probable; and this great change in the nature of the cares and occupations offered to the prince, the normal bill of fare, so to speak, made ready for him, was to him very much what the Revolutionary War was to Mr. Pitt. With a difference indeed of degree, for the prince was not overweighted and absorbed, as Mr. Pitt was from 1793 on-

wards; but, with an identity of general outline, each of these changes broke up the perfect harmony that subsisted between the man and his occupation, and probably abstracted something from the ultimate claims of each to pre-eminent renown.

The prince's life from day to day was, however, not a life fashioned by haphazard, but one determined by conscientious premeditation. What he said, he had usually written; what he did, he had projected. When an important subject presented itself, his tendency and practice was to throw his thoughts on it into shape, and to harmonize its practical bearings with some abstract principle. Though a short, it was a very full and systematic life. So regarding it, we may say that his marital relation to the sovereign found a development outwards in three principal respects. First, that of assistance to the queen in her public or political duties. Secondly, in the government of the court and household. Thirdly, in a social activity addressed to the discovery of the wants of the community, and reaching far beyond the scope of Parliamentary interference, as well as to making provision for those wants, by the force of lofty and intelligent example, and of moral authority.

The public mind had for the moment lost its balance at the particular juncture, when for the first time the intervention of the prince in public affairs became a subject of animadversion. It was at the beginning of 1854, during the crisis of expectation before the Crimean War, the calm that precedes the hurricane. A very short time, and a single day of explanations from Lord Aberdeen and Lord Russell, then the leaders of the two Houses of Parliament, sufficed to set right a matter which we now wonder that any should have had either the will or the power to set wrong. It was a matter of course that the queen's husband should be more or less her political adviser; it would have been nothing less than a violence done to nature if with his great powers and congenial will, any limits had been placed upon the relations of confidence between the two, with respect to any public affairs whatsoever. Had he been an inferior person, his interference would doubtless have been limited by his capacity. But, he being, as he was, qualified to examine, comprehend, and give counsel, the two minds were thrown into common stock, and worked as one. Nay, it does not even seem easy to limit the sovereign's right

of taking friendly counsel by any absolute rule to the case of a husband. If it is the queen's duty to form a judgment upon important proposals submitted to her by her ministers, she has an indisputable right to the use of all instruments which will enable her to discharge that duty with effect; subject always, and subject only, to the one vital condition that they do not disturb the relation, on which the whole machinery of the Constitution hinges, between those ministers and the queen. She cannot, therefore, as a rule, legitimately consult in private on political matters with the party in opposition to the government of the day; but she will have copious public means, in common with the rest of the nation, for knowing their general views through Parliament and the press. She cannot consult at all, except in the strictest secrecy: for the doubts, the misgivings, the inquiries, which accompany all impartial deliberation in the mind of a sovereign as well as of a subject, and which would transpire in the course of promiscuous conversation, are not matters fit for exhibition to the world. The dignity of the crown requires that it should never come into contact with the public, or with the cabinet, in mental dishabille; and that its words should be ripe, well-considered, few. For like reasons, it is plain that the sovereign cannot legitimately be in confidential communication with many minds. Nor, again, with the representatives of classes or professions as such, for their views are commonly narrow and self-centred, not freely swayed, as they ought to be, by the paramount interests of the whole body politic. We have before us, in these pages, a truly normal example of a personal councillor of the queen for public affairs in her husband; and another, hardly less normal, in Baron Stockmar. Both of them observed all along the essential condition, without which their action would have been not only most perilous, but most mischievous. That is to say, they never affected or set up any separate province or authority of their own; never aimed at standing as an opaque medium between the sovereign and her Constitutional advisers. In their legitimate place, they took up their position behind the queen; but not, so to speak, behind the throne; they assisted her in arriving at her conclusions, but those conclusions when adopted were hers and hers alone: she, and she only, could be recognized by a minister as speaking for the monarch's office. The prince, lofty as was his position, and excellent as was his

capacity, vanished as it were from view, and did not, and could not, carry, as towards them, a single ounce of ultimate authority. If he conferred with Lord Palmerston on matters of delicacy, belonging to the relation between the sovereign and the secretary of state, it could only be as the queen's messenger, and no word spoken by him could be a final word. He was adjective, but the queen the only substantive. As the adjective gives color to the substantive, so he might influence the mind of the queen; but only through that mind, only by informing that supreme free-agency, could his influence legitimately act; and this doctrine, we apprehend, is not only a doctrine wholesome in itself, but also indisputable, nay, what is more, vital to the true balance of the English monarchy. On the other hand, as the queen deals with the cabinet, just so the cabinet deals with the queen. The sovereign is to know no more of any differing views of different ministers, than they are to know of any collateral representatives of the monarchical office; they are an unity before the sovereign, and the sovereign is an unity before them. All this, it will be observed, is not a description of matters of fact, but a setting forth of what the principles of our monarchy presuppose; it is a study from the closet, not the forum or the court; and it would have been more convenient to use the masculine gender in speaking of an abstract occupant of the throne, but for the fact that we have become so thoroughly disused to it under the experience of forty happy years.

Nice and sound, however, as would appear to have been the application of these principles to practice, on the part of Baron Stockmar, and, in his higher and more difficult position, of the prince, we take leave to question the theoretic representation* set forward by the one, and accepted by the other; as well as countersigned by the biographer, at a period of calm very different from the political weather which prevailed at the moment of its production. This representation is conveyed in a long letter, dated January 5, 1854, and consisting of two parts. In the second and much the shorter of the two, it is held that the prince "acts as the queen's private secretary, and that all else is simply calumnious;" and the right of her Majesty to the assistance implied under this modest name is justly vindicated (pp. 554-7). But the first portion of the letter contains a Constitutional

* Vol. ii., pp. 545-57.

dissertation, which was in no manner required for the support of these rational propositions, and which is based, as we think, mainly upon misconception and confusion, such as we should not have expected from a man of the baron's long British experience and acute perceptions. His main propositions appear to be these: that again and again, since the Reform Act, ministers have failed to sustain the prerogatives of the crown; that the old Tories, who supported these prerogatives, were extinct, and that the existing Tories were (p. 546) "degenerate bastards;" that the Whigs and "politicians of the Aberdeen school" were conscious or unconscious republicans; that the most jealous liberalism could not object to "a right on the part of the king to be the permanent president of his ministerial council" (p. 547); that premiers were apt to be swayed by party interests; that no penalty for ministerial obliquities now remained but that of resignation; that this was insufficient to secure good conduct from the bad or the incapable; that the sovereign should take part at the deliberations of his council; that the centre of gravity had been shifted by the Act of 1832 from the House of Lords to the House of Commons; that a well-merited popularity of the sovereign was to support the House of Lords against the dangers of democracy, and his direct action in the government to be a *vis medicatrix nature* (p. 551) for maintaining prerogative, and for supplying all defects by a judgment raised above party passions. Yet the right of the crown is to be merely moral (p. 549); and in the face of it, ministers would act, as to their measures, with entire freedom and independence; but, as to policy and administration, the sovereign is primarily charged with a control over them, which he should exercise through the premier (p. 549).

Thus the baron. A congeries of propositions stranger in general result never, in our judgment, was amassed in order to explain to the unlearned the more mysterious lessons in the study of the British monarchy. Taken singly, some of them are truisms, others are qualifications, which usefully restrain or neutralize the companion statements. Some also are misstatements of history; others of fact. For example, the Parliamentary Constitution had its centre of gravity in the House of Commons, not in the House of Lords, before, as well as after, the Reform Act. The House of Lords, in fact, has resisted the will of the House of Commons since

the Reform Act, more than it did before the passing of that great statute. The gravest change then effected in regard to the House of Lords was this: that, under the old system, the peers had in their own hands the virtual appointment of a large section of the House of Commons; whereas now, although their influence in elections is still great, it is exercised through and by what is supposed to be, and in general is, a popular and voluntary vote. The Reform controversy was admirably argued on both sides, not perhaps worse on the side of the opponents of Reform; some of whom, following up a subtle disquisition of philosophical politics in a previous number of the *Edinburgh Review*, pointed out unanswerably that singular economy, by which the old close boroughs had cushioned off, as it were, the conflicts between the two Houses; and then predicted with truth, though likewise with exaggeration, that when once the House of Lords ceased to assert and express itself by this peculiar method within the House of Commons, it would be driven upon the alternative of more frequently pronouncing an adverse judgment.

Again, Baron Stockmar teaches that the prerogatives of the crown had been abandoned by successive ministries, and had no longer any party ready to defend them. It would be much nearer the truth to say that there was no longer any party disposed to assail them. But what means the baron by "the prerogatives of the crown"? Are they prerogatives as against the ministers? or prerogatives as against the Parliament, or the popular branch of it? As against the ministers, the sovereign's prerogatives before the Reform Act were: firstly, that of appointing and dismissing them; secondly, that of exercising an influence over their deliberations, which was, as the baron says in one of his qualifying passages, in the nature of a moral right or influence. The first of these is virtually a right of appeal from the cabinet to the Parliament, or the nation, or both: and no such conspicuous instance of its exercise can be cited from our pre-Reform history, as was supplied by William IV. after the Reform Act, in the month of November, 1834, with no sort of reason and (it is true) without success, but also without any strain to the Constitution, or any penalty other than the disagreeable sensation of being defeated, and of having greatly strengthened and reinvigorated by recoil the fortunes of the party on whom it had been meant to inflict an overthrow. As regards the prerogative or power,

which gives the monarch an undoubted *locus standi* in all the deliberations of a government, it remains as it was: and it is important or otherwise, exactly in proportion to the ability, the character, the experience, and, above all, the attention, which the sovereign of the day brings to bear upon it. If there be differences, they are not such as Baron Stockmar indicates. It is, indeed, certain that the monarch has to deal with the popular power in a proximate, instead of a remote position: but so have the ministers: and likewise that there was once a party of king's friends (as well as a large number of the nominees of peers), within the House of Commons, by means of whom he could operate to a certain extent, in an unavowed manner, upon or against his ministers. But of this party we lose all trace after the reign of George III.; so that it supplies no standing ground for the baron. It is, perhaps, also true that the subordination in the last resort of the royal to the national will, when expressed through the constitutional organs, which was fact before the Reform Bill, has been patent and admitted fact since that measure became law. The dying throes of independent kingship gave for a moment a real pang to the self-centred mind of George IV., and even imparted a certain interest to his personality, when after many struggles he consented or gave way to the bill for Roman Catholic Emanipation in 1829.

Baron Stockmar, however, appears to confuse the prerogatives of the crown, which are really represented by ministerial action in the face of the legislature, with the personal rights of the sovereign in the face of and as towards his or her ministers. And here the question must be cleared by another distinction, of which, in this rather confused and very disappointing letter, he takes no notice: the distinction between the statutory powers of the crown and those immemorial and inherent powers, which have no written warrant, which form the real and genuine prerogative, and which form a great oral tradition of the Constitution: resembling in their unwritten character what is called the privilege of Parliament, but differing from it in that they are perfectly well defined. In the mouth of Baron Stockmar, the plural word prerogatives appears to include both classes of three powers, which only ignorance can confuse, though sometimes, even in high official places, ignorance does effectually confuse them. Accepting the phrase for the moment, we ask which of these statutory prerogatives have, since

the Reform Act, been forfeited or impaired through the timidity of the governments down to 1854, or, we might perhaps add, of succeeding governments? The question is most important, for, by dint of the prerogative proper and these statutory powers, the ministers, sustained as they are by the sovereign behind them, form a great part, not only of the executive or deputed, but of the ultimate and supreme governing force in this country. To test the doctrine of Baron Stockmar, let us enumerate some examples of the vigor of the powers of the crown. We have already spoken of the great prerogative of dismissal of ministers as it was illustrated in 1834. Surely the prerogative of appointment of bishops sufficiently proved its animation, against the remonstrance of the primates and a body of their suffragans, in the case of Dr. Hampden. The prerogative of peace and war did the same in 1857, when Lord Palmerston carried on, at the charge of the country, a war in China, which the representatives of the people, the stewards of the public purse, had condemned: and when, upon the election to which he had recourse, he received the sanction of the country for what he had done. And the prerogative of dissolution must have been in a healthy state in 1852, to enable a government, supported only by a minority, to perform the work of the session, and carry the supplies before asking the judgment of the constituencies on its title to exist. There is but one prerogative of the crown, so far as we are able to read the constitutional history of the country, or rather but one of any great significance, which has suffered of late years. It is the initiative in proposing grants of public money. This prerogative, if such it is to be called, has been seriously and increasingly infringed, to the great detriment of the nation. And this by a double process. The House of Commons was very rarely disposed, before the Reform Act, to press upon the administration of the day new plans or proposals involving public outlay. After the Reform Act, there was manifested a vicious tendency to multiply these instances, which, however, produced no very serious consequences for the first twenty or twenty-five years, but which has become a great public mischief, since the increasing wealth of the most active and influential classes of the country has brought about a greater indifference to economy in the public expenditure. Local claims, and the interests of classes and individuals, are now relentlessly and constantly pressed

from private and irresponsible quarters, and, though the House of Commons still maintains the rule that money shall not be voted except on the proposal of the crown, yet it permits itself to be pledged by addresses, resolutions, and even the language of bills and acts, to outlay in many forms, and these pledges it becomes morally compulsory on governments in their turn to redeem. But besides the activity of private, professional, and local greed, and the possible cowardice of ministers in resistance, the House of Lords has done very great mischief in this respect, by voting into bills the establishment of officers and appointment of salaries, and sending these bills to the Commons with all such portions printed in italics, a conventional expedient adopted in order to show that they are not presented as parts of the bill, but only as indications of the view or wish of the House of Lords; in matters, however, in which they have as a body no more right or title to any view or wish at all, than the House of Commons has or had to send in italics, or by any other subterfuge, to the Lords a direction as to the judgments to be given in appeals. Here, then, we have a real case in which a power of the crown has been greatly and mischievously weakened. But this is a power which probably forms no part of prerogative properly so called. We apprehend that it rests upon no statute, but only on a wise and self-denying rule of the House of Commons itself. The crown, as such, has no immediate interest in it whatever; and there is not the smallest reason to suppose that Baron Stockmar knew to what solid truth in this one respect he was giving utterance, or that he in any way cared about the matter.

There is, indeed, one genuine crown right which has been somewhat disparaged of late years, and that is its title to the crown lands. By degrees, it became the custom for the sovereign, on accession, to surrender the life-interest in these properties to the State, in return for a life-income called the civil list. But this transaction in no way affected the legal right of the next heir to resume the lands on the expiry of the arrangement. It is undeniable that members of oppositions, and the blamable connivances of party, have of late years, in various instances, obtained by pressure from the governments of the day arrangements which touch the reversionary interest. The question is too complex and many-sided for exposition here: but it may be said with truth, first, that the State has dealt liberally as a tenant under a

life-lease with the estates given to its control; and, secondly, that the subject is in a constitutional view a small one. Neither shall we here investigate the curious doctrine — in one sense novel, and in another obsolete — of those who contend that the sovereign has a peculiar relation to the army, involving some undefined power apart or different from its general relation to the executive portion of the business of government. We shall only observe that, in this country, the standing army is itself extra-constitutional, and that its entire dependence upon Parliament has been secured, not as in the case of the civil services by a single provision, that of requiring annual votes for its support, but also by the further precaution of granting only by annual mutiny acts those powers for enforcing discipline which are necessary for its management. Not even a colorable plea can be set up for an exceptional power or prerogative in respect to the army.

As to the occasion of Baron Stockmar's letter to the prince, the truth seems to have been this. A most unreasonable and superficial clamor had been raised against the intervention of the prince as a counsellor, an adviser, in the performance of the queen's public duties: a clamor due to the peculiar susceptibilities of his time, the aberration of a portion of the press, and the very undue disposition of what is questionably called "good society" to canvass in an ill-natured manner the character and position of one who did not stoop to flatter its many vulgar fancies, and whose strictly ordered life was a continual though silent rebuke to the luxurious license that large portions of it love and habitually indulge in. Instead of dealing with this practical matter in a practical manner, Baron Stockmar was unhappily tempted to stray into the flowery fields of theory. *S'avid sui floridi sentier*. His constitutional knowledge, apart from his working common sense, which he did not think good enough for so high an occasion, was, after all, only an English top-dressing on a German soil: and hence he has given a perfectly honest but a most misleading exposition of a great subject, highly needful to be rightly apprehended everywhere, and of course most of all in courts.

One of his propositions is that the king, if a clever man — for so (p. 549) it seems to be limited, and we do not envy those who would have to pronounce the decision "aye" or "no" upon the point, nor indeed do we know who they are — shall "make use of these qualities at the delib-

erations of his council." Now this, to speak with a rustic plainness, is simply preposterous. We take first the ground which would be called the lowest. If the sovereign is to attend the cabinet, he must, like other cabinet ministers, adapt his life to its arrangements, spend most of the year in London, and when in the country be always ready to return to it at a moment's notice. Perhaps it may be thought that, as would be only seemly, cabinets could, as a rule, be postponed to suit the convenience of so august a personage. It would be almost as easy to postpone the rising of the sun. But let us suppose him there, not on his throne, but in his arm-chair. He must surely preside; and in that case what becomes of the first minister? It is a curious, but little observed, fact of our history, that the office of first minister only seems to have obtained regular recognition as the idea of personal government by the action of the king faded and became invisible. So late as in the final attacks upon Sir Robert Walpole, it was one of the charges against him that he had assumed the functions of first minister. The presence of the king at the cabinet either means personal government — that is to say, the reservation to him of all final decisions which he may think fit to appropriate — or else the forfeiture of dignity by his entering upon equal terms into the arena of general, searching, and sometimes warm discussion; nay, and even of voting too, and of being outvoted, for in cabinets, and even in the cabinets reputed best, important questions have sometimes been found to admit of no other form of decision. Now such is the mass, detail, and technical difficulty of public affairs, that it would be an absolute cruelty to the sovereign to put him through these agonies; for it is no trifling work and pain to hammer into form the measures and decisions which are, when promulgated, to endure the myriad-minded, myriad-pointed criticism of the Parliament, the press, and the country. At present the sovereign is brought into contact only with the net results of previous inquiry and deliberation, conducted by other and, as the Constitution presumes, by select men. The baron's proposal is to immerse him in the crude mass of preliminary pleas and statements, to bring him face to face with every half-formed view, to compel him to deal with each plus and minus, known and unknown, quantity in and by itself, instead of submitting to him only the ascertained sum of the equation. The few remarks now offered are far indeed from exhibiting ex-

haustively the huge demerits of this unwise proposal; but they may serve to prove or indicate that either, while intolerably cumulating labor, it must solely impair dignity and authority; or, if it aims at preserving these, the end can only be gained by making the king the umpire and final arbiter of deliberations, to which he listens only for the assistance of his own judgment. That is, they not simply alter, but overturn, the Constitution, by making a personal will supreme over the ascertained representative will of the nation.

If, however, the office of the first minister would have suffered by the last-named proposal, it seems that compensation was to be given him at the expense of his colleagues. We shall not record any dissent from the general view of the remarkable controversy between the crown, or court, and Lord Palmerston; which is to the effect that, in the main, the sovereign was right in demanding time and opportunity, of course with a due reserve for the exigencies of urgent business, for a real, and not merely a perfunctory consideration of draft despatches. But with this there seems to have been combined a demand that the drafts of the foreign minister should be submitted to the sovereign only through the head of the government. It is laid down (p. 300) that the first minister, as well as the foreign secretary, is bound to advise the crown on questions of foreign policy; and, we are told, it was accordingly demanded (p. 302) —

That the despatches submitted for her approval must therefore pass through the hands of Lord John Russell, who, if he should think they required material change, should accompany them with a statement of his reasons.

It is unquestionable that the prime minister, who is entitled to interfere with, and in a well-organized cabinet is constantly invoked by, every department, has a special concern in foreign affairs. He will, therefore, have something to say upon the drafts prepared by his colleague. But this, according to the sound law of established practice, he will say to his colleague; and the draft, as it goes to the sovereign, will express their united view. Instead of this, the proposal seems to have been that the drafts prepared by the foreign minister should be discussed and settled between the prime minister and the sovereign. Now almost any system may be made workable by considerate and tender handling; but the method now before us, issued as a hard abstraction, would justly be said to degrade an office of a dignity and weight

second to none after that of the head of the government. The transmission through the first minister seems indeed to have been agreed to, wrongly as we think, by Lord Palmerston (p. 309); and Stockmar in his memorandum apparently extends this system to all the ministers, for he says that the control of the sovereign would be "exercised most safely for the rest of them through the premier." Thus the premier would stand between them and the sovereign. The baron failed to perceive that this involves a fundamental change in their position: their relations to the crown become mediate instead of immediate; they are no longer the confidential servants of her Majesty; he is the sole confidential servant, they are her head clerks: he is in the closet, they stand in the hall without.

To some readers these may appear to be mere subtleties. They certainly escaped eyes of great acuteness, when those of the prince consort and of Baron Stockmar passed over them. But every trade has its secrets. The baker and the brewer, the carpenter and the mason, all the fraternity of handicraft and production, have, where they understand their business, certain nice *minutiae* of action neither intelligible to nor seen by the observer from without, but upon which niceties the whole efficiency of their work, and the just balances of its parts, depend. There is nowhere a more subtle machinery than that of the British cabinet. It has no laws. It has no records. Of the few who pass within the magic circle, and belong to it, many never examine the mechanism which they help to work. Only the most vague conceptions respecting its structure and operations are afloat in the public mind. These things may be pretty safely asserted: that it is not a thing made to order, but a growth; and that no subject of equal importance has been so little studied. We need not wonder if even to the most intelligent foreigner, who gets it up as a lesson from a school-book, it is an unsolved riddle; we may be thankful that the mistaken reasonings of Baron Stockmar never baffled his good sense in practical advice, and that his balloon, even after careering wildly in the fields of air, always managed, when alighting on the earth, to find its way home.

We will now turn to another chapter, where Mr. Martin deals with the papal aggression, and with the thoughts which the controversy at that time stirred in the mind of the prince. He went to work, as his manner was, to "analyze" (p. 341) the

crisis, in its Anglican rather than in its Romeward aspect, with philosophical assiduity; and he laid down the principles which he conceived to indicate the true path towards a remedy.

The evil he conceived to be the introduction of Romish doctrines and practices by the clergy against the will of their congregations, under the assumption of a sole authority. And the cure he found in three propositions, thus expressed (p. 343):—

That the laity have an equal share of authority in the Church with the clergy.

That no alteration in the form of divine service shall therefore be made without the formal consent of the laity.

Nor any interpretation given of articles of faith without their concurrence.

From these, he thought, would spring a "whole living Church constitution," in government and doctrine.

Of these propositions we put aside the first, not only because it is expressed without historical or theological precision, but also and mainly because it is an abstraction. Nor need we dwell upon the third, because, after another quarter of a century's experience, it has not been thought necessary either by laity or clergy to call for any new interpretation of articles of faith. But the second touches a matter which has invited legislative handling—namely, "the form of divine service." And the readers of Mr. Martin will at once be struck with the glaring fact, that the basis for legislation, which was suggested by the prince, is totally different from that which was accepted by Parliament on the recommendation of the archbishops and the Earl of Beaconsfield. Nor is the difference of a speculative character; the lines, on which the two work out their results, are lines which cut across one another. In making good this proposition, we shall assume, of course—but it is a very large and generous assumption—that the act will be both impartially and learnedly worked by the tribunals. So regarding it, we observe that the very rule which the prince sets up, the archbishops and the prime minister have induced Parliament to trample under foot. The rule of the prince is that existing practice is so far to be presumed right practice, that it shall not be altered without consent of laity and clergy. The basis of the act is that existing practice, however established by length of time, and however acceptable both to laity and clergy, may at any time be challenged by three parishioners, who may never have

even seen the inside of the church as worshippers, and, unless the will of the bishop intercept the process, is to be upset if it be inconsistent with the judicial, that is the literal, meaning of the words of a statute passed in 1661. Further, it is now the presumable duty of the clergy of themselves to alter their practice, even against their own inclinations and those of the congregation, where it is not in conformity with the exact prescriptions of that statute in any one of the myriad details which it prescribes. It is true that, where a trial is demanded, the bishop may stop it. We do not doubt that this power, without which the act would have been even far worse than it is, will be rationally and prudently exercised by nearly all the bishops. But the difficulty of so using it will, to the most honest and enlightened mind, be very great: in one or two instances, which it would be invidious to name, we can hardly hope that it will be considerably employed; and if but one bishop out of twenty-eight or thirty be suitable to their purpose, the wire-pullers at the centre will put up in that diocese their three puppet-parishioners, and seek so to rule the whole country. The whole spirit and tendency of the act go to narrow discretion; to curtail freedom enjoyed for generations with satisfaction to all; and to tighten practice according to a rule adopted more than two centuries ago, and to such interpretations of that rule as may be pronounced by judges, nearly the whole of whom are not only ignorant of ecclesiastical history and law, but apparently as unaware as babes that such ignorance is either a disqualification or even a disadvantage for the exercise of their office. But this tendency and spirit of the act is and has been felt to be so intolerable, that it has been qualified by the interpolation of an arbitrary power, which may extinguish the act in diocese A, give it absolute and unrestricted sway in diocese B, and a mode of operation adjusted to as many points between these extremes in dioceses from C to Z. Now the prince's plan, not denying the authority of the law, nor impeding its ultimate enforcement, introduced collaterally into our system a new sanction — namely, a sanction for things established by usage. They were not to be altered without consent of laity and clergy. This was his simple plan of change. Where that consent was obtained, and the desire for a change established, still they could only be altered in the direction of conformity with the law, which remained applicable in all its rigor, and without any spurious triad of

parishioners or any intervention of an arbitrary *veto*, to unestablished novelties. We have surely here a very notable competition between the plans of the archbishops and of the prince.

Look here upon this picture — and on this.

The prince was ever regarded with some jealousy and apprehension by Churchmen: yet some of them may be tempted to wish not only that his most valuable life had been largely prolonged, but that he had been primate of all England in 1874. We should not then have been trembling at this time in fearful anxiety to learn whether a great and historic Church, rich in work and blessing, rich in traditions, and richer still in promise, is or is not to be the victim of the follies committed in 1874.*

It was to be expected that one, whose life was so steadily held under the control of conscience, should deeply feel the responsibilities attending the education of the royal children. In no station of life is there such a command, or such a free application, of all the appliances of instruction. The obstacles, which it places in the way of profound and solid learning, are indeed insurmountable. This disability is perhaps compensated by the tendency of the station itself to confer a large amount of general information, and of social training. Our young princes and princesses have grown up under a sense of social responsibility, far heavier than that which is felt by, or impressed upon, children born and reared at the degree of elevation next to theirs. In a religious point of view, however, their dangers are immense: and they are greatly aggravated by the fact that, after the earliest periods of life are passed, and anything like manhood is attained, they do not enjoy the benefit of that invaluable check upon

* It is needful to correct an error into which Mr. Martin has fallen, not unnaturally, in a matter lying beside the main scope of his task. He says in p. 338 that after the papal brief "the country was put upon the alert, and the progress of proselytism stayed." Chronologically, this is not so. It was shortly after the papal brief that the great rush of secessions took place. Then it was that Cardinal Manning carried into the Roman Church those peculiar and very remarkable powers of government, to which she at least has not refused a sphere. Then departed from us Mr. James Hope, Q.C., who may with little exaggeration be called the flower of his generation. With and after them a host of others. It was eminently the time of secessions. It may be difficult to say whether the papal brief seriously acted one way or the other. For it was very closely followed by the judgment in the Gorham case, and this may in all likelihood have been the principal cause of a blast which swept away, to their own great detriment as well as ours, a large portion of our most learned, select, and devoted clergy.

thought and conduct, which is afforded by the free communication and mutual correction of equals. They have no equals: the cases, in which a friend can be strong enough and bold enough to tell them the whole truth about themselves, are of necessity exceptional. It is much if the air of courts be not tainted with actual falsehood. The free circulation of truth it hardly can permit: and the central personages in them are hereby deprived in a great degree of one of the readiest and most effective helps for their salvation, while they are set us as a mark to attract all the wiles of the designing and the vile.

It is well known, to the infinite honor of her Majesty and of the prince, how, especially in the conspicuous instances of the Dowager Lady Lyttelton and of the excellent Dean of Windsor, the best provision, which love and wisdom could suggest, was made for the religious training of the royal offspring. In this department, as well as in others, the prince looked for a principle, and a defined scope. As early as March 1842 (p. 175), the inevitable baron had supplied a memorandum on the subject. He reverted to it in July 1846 (p. 183), and laid it down that it could not be too soon to settle in what principles the Prince of Wales should be brought up. He deprecated the frame of mind, which leads to indiscriminate conservatism; desired freedom of thought, and a reflective appreciation of practical morality as indispensable to the relation between sovereign and people. And then he proceeded to the question of religion. The law required that "the belief of the Church of England shall be the faith of the members of the royal family" (p. 185); and this law must be obeyed. But should not the young prince's mind in due time be opened to changes in progress, and to the probable effect of discoveries in science? Society, says the baron, is already divided into two classes. The first is composed of those, who hope for improvement from increased knowledge of nature, and attention to the laws of our being; which will work out the results intended by the Creator. Of the hierophants of this class the baron, while he favors them, has not hesitated to write thus: "A constant war is carried on openly, *but more generally from masked batteries*, by this class of persons, on the prevailing religious opinions" (p. 186). "The class contains the seeds of important modifications in the opinions and religious institutions of the British empire."

Then we have the second class, whom the baron succinctly describes as "the

advocates of supernatural religion." This is frank enough: and no attempt is made to disguise the fact, that the issue raised was between Christianity and theism. The account given of this class is given *ab extra*, and not as in the other case from within the precinct. It is, accordingly, as might have been expected, fundamentally inaccurate and misleading. "The orthodox believers regard the supernatural portions of Christianity as the basis which sustains its morality, and as the sole foundations of government, law, and subordination." Of misrepresentation Baron Stockmar was incapable; but we have here a strange amount of ignorance. He might as well have said that supernaturalists were men who did not eat or drink, and who held that corporal life was only to be sustained by divine grace, which was the sole foundation of running and jumping. A man who lives in the second story of a house rests only, it seems, upon the air, and not upon the first story and the basement. But in truth, the Christian morality enjoys all the supports which belong to the morality of Stockmar, while it is lifted by the incarnation to a higher level, with a larger view, and a place nearer to God. We could not expect him to have wasted his time in reading the works of theologians, which, however, he thought himself qualified to describe. Yet he ought surely to have known that St. Paul expressly deduces the binding character of religion (Rom. i. 19, 20) from the book of nature, and also regards offences against nature as a distinct and deeper category of sin (*ibid.* 26, 27). Nor would it have been unworthy of him to bear in mind that Dante has placed the violent against nature in a deeper condemnation even than those who are violent against God ("*Inferno*," canto xiv. and xv.). The baron must have been a good deal puzzled to reconcile his own unequivocal condemnation of supernatural religion with his frank recognition of a legal necessity for training in the Anglican system of belief. Upon the whole, we must say, even with the gratitude every Englishman should feel towards this faithful friend and adviser of his sovereign, the memorandum, as it is presented by Mr. Martin, has too much the appearance of one of the "masked batteries" which it describes. But parental wisdom was not to be seduced even by this great authority, and the arrangements for the education of the Prince of Wales were made, we believe, in the old Christian fashion.

It is not, however, as a model either of

theological or of political opinion that any human being can profitably be proposed for exact imitation, or that we think the prince will be longest and best remembered among us. In the speculative man there remained much more of the German, than in the practical. His contemplation and study of the living and working England were alike assiduous and fruitful; and this man, who never sat upon our throne, and who ceased at the early age of forty-two to stand beside it, did more than any of our sovereigns, except very, very few, to brighten its lustre and strengthen its foundations. He did this, by the exhibition in the highest place, jointly with the queen, of a noble and lofty life, which refused to take self for the centre of its action, and sought its pleasure in the unceasing performance of duty. There has been, beyond all doubt, one perceptible and painful change since his death: a depression of the standard of conduct within the very highest circle of society. In proof of this melancholy proposition, we will specify that branch of morality, which may fairly be taken as a testing-branch—namely, conjugal morality. Among the causes of an incipient change so disastrous to our future prospects, we should be inclined to reckon the death of the prince consort, and the disappearance from public view of that majestic and imposing, as well as attractive and instructive, picture of a court which, while he lived, was always before the eyes of the aristocracy and the nation.

Neither this book, nor any book written from a peculiar point of view, can ever supply a standard history of the period it embraces. It may, nevertheless, supply—and we think it has thus far supplied—a valuable contribution to, and an indispensable part of, such a history. This alone more than justifies the publication. But it has a yet higher title in its faithful care and solid merit as a biography. From the midst of the hottest glow of worldly splendor it has drawn forth to public contemplation a genuine piece of solid, sterling, and unworldly excellence; a pure and lofty life, from which every man, and most of all, every Christian, may learn many an ennobling lesson; on which he may do well to meditate when he communes with his own heart, in his chamber, and is still.

From The Contemporary Review.

WEIMAR UNDER SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

"To Goethe himself this connection with Weimar opened the happiest course of life which, probably, the age he lived in could have yielded him. Moderation, yet abundance; elegance without luxury or sumptuousness; art enough to give a heavenly firmament to his existence; business enough to give it a solid earth."

CARLYLE.

WEIMAR, the capital city of the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar, is, in every material sense, one of the least considerable of the cities of Europe. But it is charmingly situated among the gentle hills and leafy woods of Thuringia. It is near Luther's Wartburg; it is not far from Jena, the city of the university and of the great battle, and from Erfurt. It has, it is true, some claim to dignity in respect that it is a *Residenz*; but it has no trade, and had, at the beginning of the present century, a population of only seven thousand inhabitants. Weimar is nevertheless exceptionally great as one of the spiritual cities of Europe. People still come from all parts of the cultured earth to visit Stratford-upon-Avon, the Mecca of England; and persons, actuated by the same motives which inspire the Stratford pilgrims, still visit gentle, pretty, quiet little Weimar, which was once a republic of letters, ruled by two great kings—Schiller and Goethe. Here, after Goethe had brought Schiller to Weimar, and had procured for his brother poet a suitable appointment from the grand duke, the poet-princes worked in harmonious co-operation and generous emulation in a constant and noble effort to inspire and to elevate German literature and thought. They worked by means of personal influence, of lofty criticism, and by the example of their own productions. Germans still fondly and proudly term Weimar the "Athens on the Ilm;" and it has seemed to me worth while to endeavor to present some picture of Weimar at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present century; that is, of Weimar in its day of glory as the focus and centre-point of German literature while under the reign and influence of the immortal Dioscuri.

The two poets, in their joint Weimar career as the leaders and inspirers of German literature, appear to us as double stars, as twin peaks; and yet those who have eyes that can penetrate the mysteries of space, may discern that the one star is larger and brighter than the other; those who can judge as they gaze from the flat up to the great heights will easily see that one of the two peaks which, superficially regarded, appear to be of equal altitude, is

much loftier than the other. Goethe, immeasurably too great for envy or for jealousy; Goethe, in whose soul littleness could find no place, was desirous of sharing the burden of intellectual rule with a co-operator whom he could love and trust. He inspired Schiller for the post, and then elevated him to the dignity of the second person in the duumvirate. Schiller was his most worthy assistant, but, critically considered, Goethe must be regarded as the great king of German literature. He is the Jupiter of Germania.

The history of German literature presents us with one curious and singular phenomenon. It differs therein from the literatures of England and of France in respect that it flowered late; that its classic writers may be counted as contemporaries; and that its times of bud, of blossom, and of fruit may be compressed well within a century. Lessing produced "*Minna von Barnhelm*" in 1757, and Heine died in 1856. German literature presents no long and almost unbroken stream of literary activity and excellence. It has not a succession of great epochs or a continuous line of mighty names. It has no early objective poet who can rank with Father Chaucer. It has no Elizabethan era of Reformation impulse and Shakespearian splendor. It has no Civil Wars period which includes a Milton. It has no Restoration day of meretricious tarnished brilliancy, the mirror of national decadence. It has no time of Dryden, no Augustan age of Anne, of Addison, and Swift, and Pope; it has now no literature still vitally maintaining itself supreme, and containing such names as Carlyle, Tennyson, George Eliot, Froude. It has no long-descended and still splendid career of continuous achievement in prose, in poetry, in the drama, in history, in essay. During many of the centuries at which we have just glanced it was comparatively dumb; but it flowered splendidly indeed during one century which had finished by the middle of the present century. The causes of this comparative silence, and of this late glory, are to be sought in political and in social history.

Frederick the Great, who marks the termination of an epoch, was wholly French in his literary culture and tastes. He lived, indeed, to see, in his old age, the dawn of the coming day of his nation's literary greatness; but he had little sympathy with the advent of German genius, and Lessing, Goethe, and the others remained unknown to him, unrecognized by him. He said of "*Götz von Berlichin-*

gen," that it is an "*imitation détestable de ces mauvaises pièces anglaises*." He could hardly express his contempt more strongly than by comparing a drama to those of Shakespeare. The emperor Joseph II., a man of clear head, but without poetic sympathy, could not spare, from the conflicts and troubles of his reign, much time to appreciate or to further literature, but he yet patronized Blumauer; and Germany, in that day of national disunion, which left the country so dangerously exposed to the foreign foe, possessed, in addition to the great courts of Berlin and Vienna, many smaller courts, some of which deserve credit for the help which they gracefully and graciously rendered to letters in a time, and under institutions and manners, which left the literature of the country so greatly dependent upon court patronage.

Freiligrath, depressed by the sad condition of the then disjointed Fatherland, sang in his "*Knospe Deutschlands*," —

Herr Gottim Himmel, welche Wunderblume
Wird einst vor Allem dieses Deutschland
seyn!

and the aspirations for unity and strength of the most ardent German patriot of the old day, have since been more than realized by the magnanimous genius of Bismarck, seconded by the loyal wisdom of Kaiser Wilhelm. Only those who knew the circumstances in Germany before the reign of Bismarck, can worthily comprehend how great his services have been to a great nation: but literary greatness has not kept pace with political success, and for the poetical glories of Germany we must look backwards to the days of disunion, to the epoch of national political weakness, and to the life of the smaller courts.

Let us glance for a moment at some of these smaller German courts towards the close of the eighteenth century.

For instance, let us look at Mannheim, where the Kurfürst Karl Theodor was a real patron of art, and, more particularly, of the drama. Count Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe was the friend of Abt, and, in 1771, invited Herder to settle at Bückeburg; while the Landgräfin Karoline von Darmstadt caused a collection of Klopstock's odes to be printed and published. Wieland thought so highly of this highly-placed lady, that he expressed a fervent wish that she could be made queen of Europe. At the court of Darmstadt, Schiller read aloud his own "*Don Carlos*," and was rewarded for the reading with the title of *Rath*. The courts of Gotha, Co-

burg, and Meiningen evinced the truest interest in literature, and delighted to honor humor through its best and most genial representative, Jean Paul. This court theatre of Gotha flourished under the auspices of Ernst II., and possessed Ekhof, the greatest actor of the time. In Gotha Gotter wrote his "Medea," and the fine and gifted Thümmel, after resigning his office of minister in Coburg, transferred his residence to Gotha, and lived there until his death, in 1817. The whimsical but talented Emil August lived in intimacy with Jean Paul, and wrote his "*Kyllenion, oder ein Jahr in Arkadien*" in imitation of the style of Richter. Jean Paul said that Emil August had the wittiest head that ever wore a crown; and the Titan also praises highly Herzog Franz, of Coburg, and the honest, genial Herzog Georg von Meiningen. It is clear that some of the smaller German courts have acquired a claim to the respect and gratitude of posterity by their enlightened and genial patronage of art, of letters, and of literary men. The political misfortune of Germany—a misfortune which was proved to demonstration by Napoleon in 1806, after the battle of Jena, when conquered Germany was overrun by the French and when Weimar, and even Goethe's house, were occupied by French soldiers—was yet not without its good results for literature. In the absence of centralization and of a large reading public, those of many minor courts which did their duty rendered good service to the literature of the nation.

Among the smallest of these small courts was that of Weimar, which yet was to eclipse them all, and to become one of the greatest European centres of intellect, of poetry, and of the drama. Weimar not only reckoned among its resident great men all attracted to the place by the dowager duchess Amalie and by the duke Karl August and his duchess Luise, Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder; but it became, as we shall see, a focus and centre of attraction for all other German and even European celebrities who visited it.

The foundation of the intellectual pre-eminence of Weimar is ascribable to the "dowager duchess" of Goethe's time. Anna Amalie of Brunswick, a niece of Frederick the Great, married, in 1756, Ernst August Constantin, the reigning grand duke, and was left a regent and a widow in 1758. She had one son, Karl August, the well-known princely Mæcenas and intimate friend of Goethe; and, in 1772,

the duchess invited Wieland to Weimar, as tutor to the heir apparent. As assistant tutor to the young duke, Karl Ludwig von Knebel, a Prussian officer, was added in 1773. This Knebel was a man of mark and merit, and his *Briefwechsel* or correspondence with Goethe, is one of the books which throw light upon the relations of the interesting Weimar circle. The duchess was a woman of active and cultured intelligence; and her friendship for Wieland remained steadfast and unalterable. The epicurean patriarch, the apostle of *Schöngeisterei*, the representative of Greek-German-French influences, held as his evangel, "*der heitere Genuss des Lebens*," "the cheerful enjoyment of life;" and the gay duchess, who loved the beautiful in art and nature, was a disciple of the doctrine of her lively and gifted friend, who exercised a strong influence over her life and views of life.

Goethe, who then owed his fame to "Werther" and to "Götz," was visited in Frankfort, in 1774, by the young duke, who seems even then to have been capable of a deep and noble hero-worship. In 1775 Karl August came of age, and one of the first acts of his memorable reign was to invite Goethe to transfer his residence to Weimar. The great poet, who had already done so much, but who had yet so much more and higher work to do, complied; and that long career of glorious activity, which rendered Weimar an immortal city, then commenced. Goethe (born 1749) was at the time twenty-six. He had begun "Egmont," and had just broken off his *Verhältniss* to "Lili."

Goethe was appointed in 1776 *geheimer Legationsrath*; in 1779 he was made *wirklicher Geheimrath*; in 1782 he was raised to the high office of *Kammer Präsesident*; and Karl August, in order to overcome the prejudices and the opposition of the nobility, elevated his poet-friend to the rank of noble.

But these distinctions, however merited, were not conferred without a conflict between the *Kleinstädtereie* of the little duchy and the world-wide genius of the great poet. There were, at first, cabals, intrigues, oppositions, all of which the clear-willed duke resolutely overcame. Wieland was annoyed at the invitation to Goethe, and showed his jealous resentment, although he was soon influenced by the magic of the poet's personality and genius, and wrote, in 1775, that "his soul was as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun." His tone towards Goethe altered, as time went on, with every varia-

tion of his mood, or of circumstances. The warm, womanly partisanship of the duchess Amalie never failed him, but Karl August was as resolute and as constant in support of his greater rival. Of the duke, Goethe said truly, that "*edelstes Wohlwollen und reinste Menschenliebe haben ihn beseelt*:" that he was "animated by the noblest benevolence, and by the purest love of humanity." He knew how to estimate Goethe, and no cabal, whether of court intrigue or of literary envy, could prevail against his noble steadfastness.

Of the frolics of the princely poet and of the poet-loving prince, in the close intimacy of their wild youth, I have no space to speak. Of their cracking whips in the market-place, of their dancing in the mines, of their life in the *Borkenhaus*, I can give no pictures here. Enough that their friendship was warm, noble, and human. Youth is its own god, and they enjoyed it to the top of its bent.

The next figure added to the round table of Weimar is that of Johann Gottfried von Herder, who, in 1776, was called by Goethe from Bückeberg to Weimar. *Freund Humanus*, as Goethe termed him, was the high priest of humanity, and Goethe hoped much from his co-operation. Herder was appointed, at Goethe's request, *Hofprediger* and *Generalsuperintendent*. Goethe had known him at Strasburg, and he used all his influence to obtain the appointment for his old friend. He also found a residence for Herder.

But Herder was not suited either for Weimar or for Goethe, and a gulf soon opened between him and the court, between him and Goethe. Herder, as a preacher, may have genuinely disliked the circles out of which Marianne and Philine could be created; but he was also of a gloomy and hypochondriacal temperament, and he soon became isolated from his Weimar life surroundings. He disliked the doctrines of Kant, and disliked Schiller as a disciple of Kant. His temper, too, was fitful and uncertain. Goethe, who knew his worth, and was filled with large, sweet tolerance and sympathy, treated Herder invariably with all respect, kindness, and consideration, but no effort on the part of Goethe could produce cordiality on the part of Herder. As a grouse which, while feeding in the purple heather, is all the while secreting a certain bitter in his back, so Herder, in his life at Weimar, was nourishing a morbid, sullen bitterness, which lay latent in his character. Goethe was alternately attracted and repelled; attracted by Herder's many fine

qualities, repelled by his harsh and unsocial bitterness. Their art aims and sympathies were not in close accord; and when Schiller came to Weimar, Herder and Wieland formed the nucleus of a *Fronde*, and went into open opposition. Herder attacked the poet-duumvirate, and wrote bitterly against "Meister" and against "Wallenstein." Wieland and Herder fought each for his own hand, but they were united in opposing the leadership and in attacking the work of Goethe and of Schiller. Wieland, a man of gay, sweet nature, with fine poetic sensibility, was at times conquered and charmed by the genius and the character of Goethe. His opposition wavered; but Herder's enmity remained, and was consistent.

We next come to Schiller. He also was brought to Weimar by Goethe. Ten years younger than Goethe, Schiller (born 1759) came from Jena to Weimar in 1799. The two poets first became friends in Jena in 1794, and their personal and literary intercourse and correspondence had been since that time constant and cordial. Goethe assisted Schiller in the production of the *Horen*, a work which soon died, because it did not pay its expenses. "*Ein Zeichen*," says Gottschall, "*wie wenig damals unsere grossen Dichter auf ein grosses Publikum zu rechnen hatten!*" "A proof how little great German poets could then reckon upon a large public."

Schiller's dramatic reputation rested, in 1794, upon his "Robbers," "Fiesco," "*Kabale und Liebe*," and "Don Carlos." His first work, like the first work of Goethe, had met with extraordinary success; the "Robbers" and "Werther" had alike attained to extreme popularity; both had given rise to a flood of imitative literature; both were looked back upon in after-years by their respective authors with moderate satisfaction; both pandered in some degree to the morbid or sentimental popular taste of the hour. No after-work of either writer achieved the same spontaneous and easy success. When they wrote better they had to wait for a slower reverberation, but Schiller and Goethe were both of them men who understood thoroughly the immense difference between immediate popularity and enduring fame.

One of the notes of false criticism is a tendency to incessant and uncalled-for comparison; superfluous comparison, put in the place of penetrating, finely-sundering analysis. Small critics are always comparing—say, for a modern English illustration, Fielding with Smollett, Thackeray with Dickens, Tennyson with Brown-

ing. Goethe himself never compares; he always appreciates. He estimates the work of every individual according simply to its intrinsic individual worth. Thus, to take again an example drawn from English literature, he enjoys and criticises, each separately and without comparison with the other, Walter Scott and Byron. For a direct comparison between Schiller and Goethe I shall let the poet-critics speak for themselves. Schiller says, "*Gegen Goethe bin und bleib' ich ein poetischer Lump*" — i.e., "Compared with Goethe, I am, and shall remain, a poetical thing of shreds and patches." When Goethe heard of comparisons between himself and his more popular rival, he said that, instead of comparing them, Germany ought rather to be proud of possessing two such poets. Thus, while avoiding that direct comparison which I condemn, it will yet be necessary to analyze their several qualities and characters in order to arrive at a clear understanding of the nature and scope of the noble dual kingship of letters which commenced in Weimar in 1799.

Goethe had at last found a fitting coadjutor. He was incapable of any sense of rivalry, and welcomed every worker who could assist him in furthering the great cause of ennobling German literature. Wieland and Herder had failed him; Schiller now came to more than supply their places. And there was work enough to do. There was nothing that can justly be called a nation behind literature; but there was a reading public, which worshipped false idols, and there were popular writers, who pandered to ignoble popular tastes. The time was subjective, and was tinged with vulgar romanticism. Healthy action was the want of the time and of the land; and popular literature, which is ever the mirror of popular taste, was amorphous, insurgent, and thoroughly debased in tone. It needed great intellectual kings to stamp and mould literature into something true, and sane, and ideal. What may be termed the "castle spectre" strain and style was predominant in popular literature. "*Ardinghello*," "*Abalino, der grosse Bandit*," "*Rinaldo Rinaldini*" (the latter written by the man who afterwards became Goethe's brother-in-law, the brother of Christiane Vulpius), were works which sold well and enjoyed great public favor. In the field of chivalry-romance, Veit, Weber, Cramer, Spiess, Schlenkert worked indefatigably, and owed their inspiration to "*Götz von Berlichingen*." Schiller's "Robbers" had called into existence a large "robber

literature." Gottschall alludes to Cramer's "*Domschütz*," to romances about she-pirate queens, bandit-brides in nunneries, terrible maiden-stealers, and noble sons of brigands. The reverberation of the *Sturm and Drang* school was vulgarized in its echo. Meanwhile the works of Germany's best writers were neglected, and were unremunerative to author and to publisher. As, in order to understand the French Revolution, you must commence by reading backwards, and becoming acquainted with that state of society and politics in France which produced the Revolution, so, if we would rightly understand the crusade in which Goethe sought the help of Schiller, we must cast a glance at the condition of literature and of the reading public towards the end of the eighteenth century. A pillar of fire was, indeed, necessary to lead a favored people across the dark wilderness to a better land; and the two poet-princes furnished to the Germans the guiding light.

It may be here recorded, as a curiosity of literature, that Goethe's own works were not in his own time commercially successful. After his return from Italy, the edition of his collected works, which he had prepared and revised with labor and with care, sold, as his publisher complained, only "very slowly." Our own Coleridge mentions that he gained no money by his writings. He says, "I question whether there ever existed a man of letters so utterly friendless, or so unconnected as I am with the dispensers of contemporary reputation, or the publishers in whose service they labor." In Coleridge's case there was no want of a nation, and a reading nation. The one thing wanting was competent criticism to interpret between author and public. It is true that he wrote somewhat above the heads of ordinary critics, but it remains a reproach to the criticism of his day that the works of Coleridge were not at once successful. He suffered, as other authors before and since have suffered, from the inability of contemporary criticism to recognize high ideal thought or work. He is another instance of the truth that immediate popularity differs widely from enduring fame. When Newton lectured, as Lucasian professor, "so few went to hear him that oft-times he did, in a manner, for want of hearers read to the walls."

We have now arrived at the period at which the poet-friends entered upon their campaign of German literary leadership. Schiller, the younger and the second king, strenuous, ardent, eager, supplied stimulus

and impelled his greater, calmer friend to activity and productivity. He also tended to wean Goethe from too much leaning to science, and to win him back to poetry, to romance, to the drama.

Grave and earnest, Schiller was comparatively narrow, limited, and one-sided. He was more positive and intolerant than Goethe, and was harsher in the expression of his convictions or opinions. Goethe, so infinitely profounder as a thinker, so almost immeasurably greater as a poet, is yet his inferior in dramatic intuition, energy, swing, impulse, and construction. The dramatic difference between the two poets may conveniently be illustrated by Goethe's "Egmont." Schiller would not have constructed so weak a drama; he could never have conceived or created such immortal figures as Egmont and Clärchen. It is in their lyrics that these poets most nearly approach each other; but, when they seem to touch, Goethe sweeps lightly and easily aloft, with the airy wing of a sunny song-god.

They had work enough before them. To repress and discourage the popular tide of false and mean literature; to excite and encourage nobler work in authors, and a purer taste in the public — these were aims high indeed, but difficult. Truly a task needful in our own day and land — if we had but a Goethe to undertake it!

In estimating Goethe, we must try to realize to our own thought what he was as well as what he did. We know so little of the man Shakespeare, and his work is so sublimely perfect, that we dare not say the same thing of him. The poet who has done "Faust" needs, indeed, but little allowance on the score of work performed; but yet Goethe himself was, perhaps, greater than anything that even he did. A king of men, sovereign over himself, and over this complex, mysterious, many-sided life of ours, was Goethe; nor should it ever be forgotten that he was always ready to sacrifice himself, as an individual writer, to the best needs of his time and country. He never cared, or stooped, to be merely popular; he said of himself that his work never would or could be popular; he despised all striving for ignoble popularity, and waited for fame. Such men can wait.

He was ardently eager to serve Germany by opposing every low and unworthy tendency, by furthering all noble work and ends. He was, probably, often less anxious to produce work which would best have unfolded his own rarest powers than he was to write that which would most

influence a whole literature by example and by critical models. He possessed in the highest degree the magnanimous critical tolerance which is a note of the very highest genius. Self never blurred his vision or obstructed his view. He bore all his weight of learning lightly, like a flower; and his serene and splendid temperament and character were never tainted by the infirmities which are born of angry temper. He had the truest sympathy with every true achievement, and the most generous help at the service of any genuine worker. He estimated, as only he could estimate, all worthy effort; and he praised and furthered any right worker in any domain of science or of art with the heartiest good-will, and with the most stimulating comprehension and encouragement.

It is all hushed now, and the traces of it are far to seek, and are lit up only by the light which surrounds the splendid success of Schiller and of Goethe in their noble self-imposed task, but the opposition originally offered to their crusade was furious, acrid, and general. They were what they were, but they were not yet recognized by the general public to be what they were. We have already seen that Wieland and Herder were antagonistic in very Weimar itself; and Berlin was extremely active in attack. The Dioscuri were treated as two pretenders of doubtful gifts, and the romanticists of the day vehemently impugned their pretensions in the *Athenæum*. Had I space, I could easily adduce proofs of the enmity which their efforts excited. The hatred which was aroused proves, however, the effect with which they worked. Patient merit takes many spurns of the unworthy, but sometimes even patient merit becomes impatient — especially for the sake of the cause; and in the present instance it flamed into heat and light in the *Xenien*. These epigrammatic little "Dunciads" have nothing of the intense malignity of Pope's satire, but they can sting too, upon occasion. They not only attack bad writers, but bad writing; hence they have a wider wisdom, if less bitterness and fury of invective. They were, in the strictest sense, the joint work of the two poets, and were discontinued only when Goethe became immersed in "Meister." They were at once spear and shield; they could heal and hurt; they were for attack and for defence; and the very fact that such a weapon was resorted to by two such men proves the extent of the antagonism, misconstruction, and enmity which they had to encounter and to overcome.

In the after-time, when great men stand before our thought in the white calm of death, colossal in the marble statues of their immortality, we feel only the glory and the majesty of deathless fame, and forget the sorrow, the struggle, the warfare, all fallen silent now, through which their day of striving and endeavor, of weariness, of disappointment, of toilsome achievement, slowly and often sadly passed. We overlook the contemporary enmity, hatred, and malice; the gross misconception, the ungenerous rivalries, the fierce oppositions, and the savage slanders which surrounded and embittered so many years of their warring lives; we see them, in short, as we *now* see Goethe and Schiller; we look upon the triumphant warriors, and fail to realize the struggles of the time when, though they had all worth and all merit, they had not yet conquered fame or silenced envy. Time, which soothes sorrow, alone renders justice to genius.

We have seen somewhat of the long and fierce opposition with which two poets had to struggle. It was necessary to exhibit this phase of their noble enterprise, in order that the reader may appreciate the fulness of their after-triumph. We are about to pass to the time at which Weimar became the city of the pilgrims, the mount of the lawgivers, the central light of intellectual Germany.

In this place it may be pointed out that the activity of Weimar in poetry was concurrently emulated by Jena in philosophy. Thuringia was the heart and brain of Germany. At that classic epoch Jena contained Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel. Germany has once or twice presented instances of pairs of eminent brothers. At the time which we are now considering, the two Humboldts represented science, and the two Schlegels, together with Hölderlin, represented art in Jena. The correspondence between the great men in Weimar and in Jena was unceasing, and few departments of the post have ever carried so many valuable and interesting letters as did then the Weimar-Jena post-offices.

In the year 1800 Kotzebue returned to Weimar, which was, indeed, his native city. Kotzebue had won great reputation in Germany by his many popular dramas, and it occurred to him that it would be desirable to associate himself with Schiller and with Goethe, and to exalt the Dioscural government of intellectual letters into a triumvirate in which he should be the third person. He staked his popularity against the genius of the poet-princes, and

could not understand that men less popular could be his superiors. He showed great adroitness in endeavoring to compass his ends, but he had reckoned without his master. Goethe seldom descended to anything resembling opposition to a would-be rival; but when Goethe chose to fight he was a man who was never vanquished. His quiet force and calm majesty were stronger than the heat and effort of other and of smaller men; and he thoroughly baffled the too ambitious popular dramatist. Kotzebue found means to be presented at the ducal court; but by no means could he obtain an introduction *bei dem geistlichen Hofe*, to the spiritual court over which Goethe presided. Kotzebue intrigued for the support of the ladies Gräfin Einsiedel, Amalie von Imhoff, Frau von Wolzogen, who were members of that small intellectual circle which met at Goethe's house; and with these ladies he had some success, but Goethe remained calmly firm in his invincible opposition. The playwright next tried to gain over Schiller by rendering honor to the lesser poet, which should introduce jealousy and division between the kings; but in this attempt he signally failed: the whole intrigue collapsed, the storm subsided, and the Weimar lighthouse remained unshaken and in steadfast shining.

It will now be worth while to glance briefly at some of the great pilgrims who were attracted to Weimar by the literary chiefs. The *Xenien* prove how bitter was the animosity which they had to overcome; the list of world-renowned visitors will show how complete their influence became. To two of these world-renowned visitors—Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, the ideal humorist, and Ludwig Tieck, the romantic wildling—we owe most valuable and graphic pictures of Weimar in its day of glory, and of the men who made it glorious—Schiller and Goethe.

Jean Paul twice visited Weimar—the first time in 1796, just in the flush of the great success of his “Hesperus.” He went at once to Goethe, Wieland, Herder. After a round of visits to the notabilities, he writes cynically, to his friend Otto, “*Schon am zweiten Tage, warf ich hier mein dummes Vorurtheil für grosse Autoren ab als wären es andere Leute.*” Jean Paul had in him a strain of vanity and a touch of affectation; nor could he easily sink self. He resented the Weimar leadership of German literature, and did not consider what service he might have rendered to letters by cordially support-

ing it. On Goethe he did not make a favorable impression. Goethe, writing to Schiller, then at Jena, termed Richter's "Hesperus" "*einen Tragelaphen erster Sorte*." This Aristophanic epithet may be paraphrased into "an extremely fantastic animal" — *i.e.*, one compounded of a goat and a stag. What was said of the work seems to have been also meant for the man. Goethe adds that he does not think Jean Paul will ever assist them in any practical way. Schiller agreed with his friend's estimate of their visitor; and yet both poets did full justice to the great and unique merits of Jean Paul. Personal characteristics play often as important a part as a man's abilities; and Jean Paul was not quite great or unselfish enough to help men greater than himself to accomplish noble work. His personality and his training were both in the way of cordial relations with Goethe and Schiller. He was passionately full of modern instinct in art, and was defiantly in opposition to the antique beauty of perfect form and exquisite proportion in literary work. He praises Goethe's pantheon of a house in the *Frauenplan*. He awaits with trepidation the appearance of the god, finds him cold and monosyllabic, but describes his eye as a ball of light. They drank champagne together; an animated conversation about art arose between them, and then *man war bei Goethe* — "I saw Goethe." Schiller rather repelled the glowing Titan, who threw himself into the arms of the *Fronde*, and became intimate with Wieland and with Herder. On his second visit to Weimar in 1799, Jean Paul consorted ostentatiously with the opponents of the Dioscuri; and his description of his meeting with Herder may be quoted as a curious example of the manners of the time. He says, "Beneath the open sky I hung upon his [Herder's] lips, and on his breast. I could scarcely speak in the tumult of my joy; I could only weep! Herder could not embrace me enough. When I looked round, I saw that Knebel's eyes also were wet." Rousseau would have made a good third in this touching scene of weeping and of kissing. A sarcastic remark of Jean Paul against Goethe was promptly avenged in the *Xenien* and the breach between him and the two great powers became too wide to be bridged over. Jean Paul retained his original prejudice against the chiefs.

And yet it is a pity that Jean Paul could not have been added to Goethe and to

Schiller as their coadjutor. Despite his caprices and vanities, he was yet the only man worthy of that post which Kotzebue had vainly striven to grasp; and he could — working cordially with two such men — have rendered great service to Germany and German literature.

Jean Paul, through the grotesque and bizarre, was yet a poet. He is certainly the greatest humorist in German literature; and he is a poetical humorist. The source and fount of his peculiar humor is not drollery, but is excited by the conflict, ever going on in human existence, between the ideals of youthful enthusiasm and the actual facts of social and practical life. Hence his humor is sad, is tender, is earnest, is essentially poetical. He lacked the intense feeling for the beautiful which distinguished Goethe; he had not the swing, the impulse, the enthusiasm of Schiller; his want of the sense of form led him often into mere eccentricity in his writings, nor is his style free from affectations on the top of extravagances; but he would yet have added to the eager art ethics of Schiller, and to the exalted æsthetic idealism of Goethe, a tenderness, a humor, and a conscience, a sympathy with the purely modern spirit, which were all his own. Among the Weimar guests was Novalis (Fr. von Hardenberg), the somnambulist of mysticism, whose somewhat sickly strivings after the "blue flower" of poetry contrast strongly with the kingly certainty and ease with which Goethe, the born poet, attained to the heavenly flower which is more mystic than all Novalis' mysticism. Novalis found Goethe only a "practical poet," and considered him deficient in transcendentalism. The fact was that Goethe, though a transcendentalist after a certain sort, had so healthy an ideal nature, that mystery gave him no pause. His view was not obscured by mist, because he could divine the light behind it. Goethe mastered Kant; Schiller was mastered by Kant. Novalis' own deficiency in the highest elements of poetry led him to estimate Goethe, the author of "Faust," as only an "elegant manufacturer of poetic wares."

The voluptuary of romanticism, Ludwig Tieck, visited Weimar and its gods in 1799. Tieck says that Goethe is a "great, complete man, before whom you may bow down in reverence." He also was repelled by Schiller, whom he afterwards stigmatized as a "Spanish Seneca." Herder seems to have received Tieck with cold politeness only. After Goethe's death, a

party sought to place Tieck on the monarch's vacated throne; but no party could enable any man to replace Goethe.

After the pilgrimage to the Athens on the Ilm had become a fashion, we find amongst the many visitors of more or less note the brothers Stolberg, Lenz, Klinger (Goethe could not stand Klinger's reading of his own works), Merck, the Abbé Raynal, Villoison, and that *Sturmwind in Unterrock*, that "hurricane in a petticoat," as Heine calls her, Madame de Staël, whose French vivacity was surprised because Goethe would not talk more freely; Benjamin Constant, Jacobi, Georg Förster, Elisa von der Recke, Lavater, Voss, Bürger — who, to his own discomfiture, introduced himself with the startling announcement, "Are you Goethe? I am Bürger;" and many others. The whole of the cultured young Germany of that time performed pilgrimage to the shrine; and the great man, tormented by many visitors, became reserved, stiff, and something haughty in manner towards all but the few who had the good qualities or the good fortune to please him. There is evidence of his fame and power in the hatred of those whom he would *not* admit to intimacy. An empty-headed, merely curious windbag visiting Goethe, would not, it is probable, carry away a very pleasant or grateful recollection of the interview. Men judge according to their capabilities. I must here record an amusing anecdote. A Prussian staff-officer (name unhappily unregistered) was quartered in Goethe's house after Jena. This officer, being afterwards much interrogated by the curious as to his impressions of the great man, replied "that he had thoroughly tested the fellow [Goethe] and found that he had nothing but nonsense in his head!" I wish that I could give the name of this staff-officer.

I now pass to the last branch of the subject for which the present essay affords space — the theatre. Goethe always took, as he himself tells us, the pleasure of a child, and the delight of an artist, in theatricals. The Weimar theatre was opened in 1790, and Goethe undertook the supreme direction, with unlimited power. It is interesting to consider the principles upon which he undertook to manage a theatre; though that theatre was, be it remembered, one in a small *Residenz* containing only about seven thousand inhabitants. He says: "*Das Publikum will determinirt seyn; seinen schlechten Gelüsten muss entgegengetreten, sein Geschmack geläutert werden:*" i.e., "The public

must be controlled; its false likings must be opposed, its taste must be bettered." He said later to Schiller, that "*am Gelingen oder Nichtgelingen nach Aussen gar Nichts liegt;*" "success or failure, from outside, is a matter of no importance." He intended in fact to use the theatre as a dramatic school, for national objects, and, careless of popularity or success, he used it also for critical experiments, as he would have used a telescope for scientific investigation. He distinguished keenly between amusement and delight; he would give his small public that which ought to delight it, but he would on no account allow it to have the vulgar food which would best amuse it. The result was often *Langeweile*, and ill-will, amongst the Weimar audiences; but the splendid successes between 1799 and 1805 of Schiller's later dramas — successes which gave to Goethe the purest delight — were great and popular triumphs for the Weimar theatre. In 1799, the then king and queen of Prussia came to Weimar to be present at the first representation of "*Wallenstein;*" and in 1802, the *Schauspielhaus* in Berlin was opened with a performance of Schiller's "*Maid of Orleans.*" One of Goethe's objects was to present the poetical and classic drama, and so to oppose the prevailing taste for the pathetic domestic drama, and other realistic forms of plays. Kotzebue and Iffland were, at the time, the most popular dramatists and stage-managers in Germany, and against their whole tendency Goethe proclaimed war. One of his great difficulties was to teach to his actors the poetical declamation of blank verse; of the *idealen Vers*; an art which was then almost lost upon the German stage. Goethe took himself the greatest trouble to teach declamation. He had to struggle with provincial pronunciation, as well as with inaptitude and a dislike to ideals. Some members of the troop recognized no difference between *b* and *p*, between *d* and *t*; and few were capable of conceiving Goethe's aims. However, a man of genius, with unlimited power and with patient impatience, can do something even with players; and the æsthetic despot gradually trained a good company, which comprised Graff, Schiller's favorite actor, the original representative of *Wallenstein*, Malcolmi, Pius Alexander Wolff, Goethe's favorite pupil, Genast, an excellent low comedian, the younger Unzelmann; and had, as actresses, the daughter of Malcolmi, the wife of Wolff, and the charming and talented Jagemann. The

latter ripened afterwards into Frau von Heygendorff, and the duke's mistress. She it was who caused Goethe to retire finally from the management of the theatre — but thereby hangs a dog's tale; to which we shall come in time.

The Weimar stage had no nation pulsating in its auditorium, had scarcely a public to assist the drama with its reverberation of emotion. Such public as there was, was cold, and could not even applaud in the presence of the court. The audience was a family party, of poor and rich relations, ill at ease amongst each other, and not linked by any strong affection.

The actors were poorly paid — Goethe's own Weimar income was *not* large — and were mediocre; while the chief life in the theatre was imported by an occasional irruption of Jena students, who sometimes behaved turbulently. Eduard Devrient relates that Goethe commonly sat in a chair placed in the centre of the pit, and with those eyes which Thackeray afterwards found to be "extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant," he controlled the assembly. He had small respect for the noisy criticism and applause of the Jena students, and on one occasion, when their conduct was particularly obnoxious, he rose and threatened to have the unruly turned out by hussars. When Schlegel's "Alarcos" was produced in 1802, the piece was received with loud ironical laughter, and the Jupiter, rising from his chair, thundered out, "Let no one laugh!" The Weimar theatre was, in short, subject to a singularly enlightened despotism.

It will be interesting to see something of the style of drama produced during his reign at Weimar. Goethe himself translated and prepared for the stage Voltaire's "Mahomet" and "Tancred;" Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" — the latter adaptation the mistake of a great man; and Schiller produced Racine's "Phædra," Gozzi's "Turandot," and "Macbeth." A. W. Schlegel's "Ion" and F. Schlegel's "Alarcos" were played; and we find the "Andria" and "The Brothers" of Terence given, with the players in antique masks. Schiller's "Bride of Messina" was brought out in the summer theatre at Lauchstädt, but all his great later dramas were first acted in Weimar, and Schiller himself adapted Goethe's "Egmont" for the stage. Goethe wrote for his stage his "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," two magnificent dramatic poems which yet are not dramas; and he also produced — probably in order

to supply the theatre with pieces — his "*Natürliche Tochter*," "*Gross-Kophtha*" and "*Bürgergeneral*," the two latter being his weakest pieces. The greatest dramatic triumph of the Weimar theatre was, without doubt, Schiller's "Wallenstein;" and the influence of the Weimar school of poetical and ideal acting is still felt on every high-class stage of Germany. The traditions of Weimar are still handed down, and are held in high respect by every cultured artist actor. It may be here remarked that he knows nothing of acting who has never seen a great actor; in acting, the lightning of genius is the father of light. We may easily divine how Goethe would have detested the ultra-realistic modern drama, manufactured only for vulgar theatrical effect, and the depraved modern French drama. Do away with the Seventh Commandment, and you destroy the drama of modern France.

With Schiller's too early death, in 1805, Goethe's active interest in the Weimar theatre ceased. In 1813, Graf von Edlink was appointed as his *Intendant*: in 1817, Goethe's son, Kammerherr August von Goethe, became a member of the direction. But Goethe's connection with the theatre was finally and wholly broken off by means of a dog and a mistress. One Karsten possessed a performing poodle and travelled about with this intelligent animal, representing a certain melodrama — "*Der Hund des Aubry*." The pampered and petted Von Heygendorff, formerly the Jagemann, bore a spite against the inflexible director, and, with feminine malice, she, in order to annoy Goethe, induced her lover, the duke, to consent to an engagement of Karsten and his dog. Goethe at once resigned, and the duke accepted the resignation. He afterwards withdrew his acceptance, but Goethe remained proudly inflexible; and the classic epoch of the Weimar theatre was terminated by a clever and unconscious poodle, who emulated the mischief produced by Newton's dog Diamond.

We have now glanced rapidly, as the eye runs from peak to peak of an Alpine chain, over the leading features of the great day of great men in classic Weimar. Its *Gartenhaus*, its park, all its charming country surroundings, are now bare ruined quires where once the sweet birds sang; but round the whole city gather the sacred associations of deathless memories. The chief figure in the place is that of him who lived there longest, and who will live longest as the greatest name in German literature — Goethe. As the years glide

on, and he becomes an ancient of many days, all the clouds disappear, all the contentions, and jealousies, and enmities cease; and his old age stands out against a background of noble calm, surrounded by the serene harmony of a most splendid sunset. He has honor, love, obedience, troops of friends; he has all that even such a man can have around life's glorious close. There is sadness too; for where are the friends of youth, the fellow-workers of manhood? Goethe has outlived much—and many. Herder and Wieland are gone; Schiller, the nearest and dearest of all, sleeps in God's acre of Weimar; wife and son have left him; Karl August lies by Schiller, and shall rest, when the other comes, between his own loved poets, Schiller and Goethe. The third grave waits; but Goethe has immortality on earth, and a calm confidence in the divinity of Deity. His dying exclamation, "More light!" had been the aspiration of his long and nobly striving life, aiming ever to live resolutely *im Wahren, Guten, Schönen*; and more light shall come, blended with diviner harmony. His writings remain our possession. "What the experience of the most complexly-situated, deep-searching, every way *far-experienced* man has yielded him of insight, lies written for all men here. He who was of compass to know and feel more than any other man, this is the record of his knowledge and feeling! 'The deepest heart, the highest head to scan,' was not beyond his faculty; thus, then, did he scan and interpret; let many generations listen." So says our own Carlyle. In any attempt, such as this present is, to picture Weimar in its day of greatness, the central figure ever must remain that of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

H. SCHUTZ WILSON.

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HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY NARISSA ROSA VO.
AUTHOR OF "POLLY."

REDCHESTER was, in old days, a fashionable seaside town. It is now chiefly peopled by persons concerned in the fishing trade, which prospers here: by the male and female scholars and teachers of two large educational establishments called respectively the college and the academy: and by some ever-varying detachment of troops. The place is too large for these inhabitants, and

only looks as lively as it ought on market-days, when visitors crowd in from the surrounding country districts. We might have many permanent summer guests here, if only there were any railway stations near at hand, but there are not; and so the grand old squares of houses in the upper part of the town are mouldering away, and falling into ruins. We have to travel ten miles by coach, cab, or wagon, as the case may be, to reach the junction, in order to proceed thence to the city of Weston or elsewhere; and this is the nearest spot from which we can commence a journey by train.

Redchester is divided into districts. All the upper part is appropriately termed "Look-out," as it commands an extensive view of the ocean and harbor, which is continually gay with home and foreign boats and small vessels. Up above here there is a pretty tree-enclosed square, where the shopkeepers promenade on certain evenings in summer and listen to the band playing; and where the young people sometimes amuse themselves at croquet. The assembly-rooms and billiard-hall overlook this. The barracks are near at hand; and then, a little further on, stands our very old-fashioned and somewhat clumsy-looking church, which is rich in strange monuments and weird legends.

Look-out also boasts of a large monastery within its precincts. This is inhabited by some foreign order of monks, who go about bare-headed, and wear long grey gowns, gathered in at the waist by coarse ropes.

Down below, Redchester is intersected by a wide river, emptying itself into the ocean. Two bridges cross this, and one of these is dilapidated and shadowed over by tall trees. The districts they connect are termed Old and New Town: and in both an odor of fish, in every stage of preservation and decay, is universally prevalent.

The academy, before mentioned, is in the latter division. It is, in part, a charitable institution, and there are consequently strict rules laid down concerning the attire of the pupils. Girls of all ages, from ten to thirty, can receive an excellent education here, fitting them for private life or for holding situations as governesses, when they can secure a nomination for the school, for the moderate cost of about thirty pounds a year; but they must dress almost as simply as Quakers, and are allowed no license in the matter of doing up the hair peculiarly or becomingly. Curls or waves must be brushed out, how-

ever hard the task may be, and no pads are permitted to be worn.

The college is situated in Old Town. My husband, John Grey, is one of the head masters, and we live in a large and very antiquated-looking house, which adjoins the main building; twelve of the scholars always residing with us. Our hall-door opens out upon the narrow, winding street, and is approached by a broad, high flight of stone steps. Every part of our mansion is constructed on an immense scale, as though, when it was built, Redchester had been inhabited by a race of giants. The rooms are lofty, the walls thick, and the doors enormous. A long arched and flagged passage, or corridor, connects our dwelling with the school to which we are attached.

We have had one great friend here ever since our arrival: Louis Carter, a man of somewhat multifarious employments. He has been, at one time, very well off. There was every prospect of his having large means in his hands, and of his holding a good position in society, but his father speculated heavily, and lost nearly all he possessed. His last act, shortly before his death, had been the purchase of an annuity for his son and only child, with the remains of his fortune. "He did this because he believed me quite incapable of earning anything for myself," Louis explained to me, one of those soft, dreamy, half-sad smiles peculiar to him lighting up his face as he spoke.

Our friend was just over thirty when we knew him first. He had devoted his youth and early manhood to the study and culture of music, which was his great and absorbing pleasure; but when comparative poverty fell upon him he turned his attention to other things. At the time I now write of, although he was organist at our church, and also gave music lessons two evenings in each week at the academy, he was, besides, employed every morning as a clerk in a thriving local bank.

Thus he was a busy and tolerably well-to-do man, but he was quite alone in the world, and was of a depressed and desponding turn of mind. He had, moreover, a great dislike to Redchester. Its ruined houses and its somewhat desolate, world-forsaken air oppressed him with gloom and melancholy forebodings, he was wont to say. I always, on the contrary, cherished a particular partiality for the place. It seemed to me as if life in this picturesque spot could not be as commonplace and unromantic as it might be elsewhere.

I gave lessons twice a week at the academy as well as Louis Carter, but the accomplishment I taught was drawing. When I arrived at the school one blustering day early in January, I found that two new pupils were to be added to my class. These were Fenella and Frances Perrin, the daughters of a medical man who had died suddenly, and had left so little provision for his family that these, his eldest children, had come to Redchester with the intention of qualifying themselves to act as governesses. The last-mentioned girl was the elder of the two, but almost every one instinctively put the names in the order I have used above; for Frances had an air of almost childish simplicity about her, which made her appear to be far younger than her sister. Fenella was also a whole head the taller of the pair, and carried herself with an indescribably coquettish confidence of manner.

I thought that Frances was singularly unsuited to the profession she intended to adopt. A beautiful, refined, and sensitive face, a lovely voice, and a shy and timid manner are not the best qualifications with which a young governess can face the world. And all these she possessed.

A great many of the girls had not returned yet from their homes, whither they had gone to spend the Christmas holidays, on the morning when I first made acquaintance with my new pupils. Nevertheless, the long room, in which the drawing and music lessons were given to the more advanced scholars, was tenanted by a small crowd of young people when I entered it. There was a large bow-window at each end, and a great fireplace nearly opposite the door. Round this some twenty or thirty girls were standing, sitting, and kneeling; all busily engaged laughing, whispering, or listening.

Frances and Fenella Perrin were a little apart from the rest, looking as uncomfortable as they no doubt felt upon this their first day in a strange place. The former had her small white hands clasped nervously together. She stood with her slender, graceful figure drawn up to its fullest height. Her beautiful, tender face was pale, and her wide-open blue eyes had in them a look of pathetic and wistful abstraction. Her sunny, light-brown hair shone and glistened even on this dull day. She made a lovely picture.

Fenella was leaning over the back of a tall chair, in a very ungraceful attitude. She was evidently in a great state of indignation at something which had occurred. She sulked and pouted, and her brows

were angrily contracted, while her eyes bore traces of recent tears. She sat next to me as I gave my lesson, and by degrees she brightened up into a good humor. She displayed decided talent, and improved every instant in personal appearance, as her face began more and more to glow with cheerful animation, until I was inclined to consider her almost as uncommon-looking and attractive as her sister, though in a very different way. Frances was busily drawing at the opposite side of the table, and her small, glossy head offered so striking a contrast, and so pretty a point of view, that my eyes strayed thither again and again.

My class was broken up, and lights were brought in, just as Louis Carter entered the room to give his afternoon lessons. It struck me that his face wore an unusually grave and forlorn look that evening, but he smiled a greeting when he recognized me. I was a little curious to see what impression the new pupils would make upon him. They were neither of them girls to be passed over unnoticed in any assemblage.

I naturally concluded that none of the three had ever met before, and I was therefore much surprised to hear Fenella whisper to her sister, "It is he! It is the same Mr. Carter, and he is my very particular friend. What do you think of him?"

Frances had a habit of pausing before she spoke, as if she were anxious not to say anything without due consideration. She was just beginning to reply when the governess, who had appeared with our professor, called the two up to introduce them to the notice of the master. As she did so I noticed that she put the younger girl's name first, as I have done in writing, and as I always felt inclined to do when addressing them both together by word of mouth. In after days I often wished that we had not all fallen into this habit.

It was explained that Frances did not play much. Hitherto she had never attempted more than the performance of her own accompaniments. I drew a little nearer to observe whether Louis was also an old acquaintance of hers. It appeared not, but he was evidently far from remaining unimpressed by her beauty. His cheek flushed when his dreamy eyes fell upon the lovely downcast face before him, and I thought he lingered over the delivery of his opinion as he told her gently that he considered she made a great mistake, if she had a fine voice, in not straining every nerve to become a good player as well as

an excellent singer. "So much depends on the way that a song is accompanied," he said.

Fenella had been waiting impatiently. She now held out her hand. "You and I have met before, Mr. Carter," she exclaimed, with a saucy and coquettish air. The other pupils opened their eyes with surprise at her audacity. It was not etiquette in the school for the girls to speak to the masters, except when they had some question to ask about their studies.

"Stand aside, Miss Perrin, if you please," the governess said, in freezing tones, while she motioned to another young lady to come forward and take her place at the piano.

I was now ready to return home, but it was raining heavily, and the German mistress persuaded me to wait a while in the hope that the weather might improve. This was her holiday hour, and she carried me off up-stairs to her room, to share her leisure for a time. She had a pleasant little sanctum here, all to herself. The chamber was cosy, cheerful, and warm, for a bright fire was burning in the grate. A large cat sat on the rug, purring and blinking. A vase filled with sweet-scented violets and Christmas roses was upon the table, and an open piano stood against the wall. It would have been impossible for us to make use of this instrument just now, however, even had we wished to do so, as the music from below came to us in full distinctness. We sat down and listened. There was presently a change of performers. Some one began to play with a good deal of brilliancy, but in every few bars a note was dropped or played incorrectly.

"I feel sure it is Fenella Perrin who is at the piano," I said.

My companion ran off to find out whether my surmise had been correct, and came back laughing, and informing me I was right.

"What a face, perfectly lovely, has the little girl with the bright hair," she observed, enthusiastically, as she sat down again.

Of course I assented to this. "I like both the girls," I said. "They must come to me on Saturday next."

At this moment a clear, full, melodious voice began to sing that pathetic "Parting Song," by Gilbert.

"It is Frances. It is early yet to talk of separation, when she has only just come to us," I said, when the last soft notes had died away. She was one of those singers who can constrain attention, and make the

hearers forget the world, and all its cares, as they listen.

By the time the rain had ceased it was quite dark, and I was very glad to find that Louis Carter was then ready and willing to escort me home. We chose the shortest way from the academy to the college, although this led us over the old bridge, which my companion told me he nearly always avoided crossing. He kept me lingering there on this occasion, however.

"I never saw any beauty in this dreary place before," he said. "I have generally an instinctive, unaccountable dislike to the spot; and yet, to-night, it has a sort of fascination for me. Perhaps I shall learn to admire Redchester scenery in the end, Mrs. Gray, as you do."

The moon had just risen, and was casting a white ghostly light around. Candles gleamed in cottage windows here and there, and lamps burned and flared in many of the boats. A great tree near us cast gloomy shadows from its leafless branches, and shook and groaned beneath the wintry blast. The water below rushed swirling through the arches of the bridge, and washed angrily against the sides of some old decaying vessels, drawn up on the bank, at a little distance off, to await the destructive work of time, for seafaring superstition forbade their use as firewood.

We were nearing home, at last, when my companion suddenly asked me if I would do him a favor.

"Certainly, if it is in my power," I answered, wondering at his eager and yet hesitating manner. "What do you wish?"

"Will you get the Miss Perrins to attend our choir practice?"

"If I can. The pretty one could help much with her voice. Is she not beautiful?"

"I never saw any one half so lovely before," he replied, and I thought the arm upon which my hand rested trembled as he spoke.

"And Fenella," I inquired, "do you like her? She and you seemed to be old friends."

"I used to meet her, sometimes, when I was living at Weston," he said, absently. "She is gay and merry; but when she plays she has no soul."

We had reached the college then, and he was turning away.

"Has Frances no soul in her voice?" I asked.

I thought he had not heard my question; but after a short pause a very energetic

reply came wafted to me through the gloom made by the overshadowing houses.

"Plenty of soul, but much need of study."

II.

It had become a settled thing that the Perrin girls were to spend every Saturday afternoon with me. We had all three taken to each other, and I did not quite know whether I liked Frances or Fenella most. The latter I soon discovered to be an arrant coquette and flirt. She was, moreover, intolerably vain. Both the girls had already many admirers in Redchester. Much to my surprise, Fenella was more thought of and talked about than Frances. Whenever the former escaped from the academy she was always on the *qui vive*, looking out for a meeting with any male being, were it even but a juvenile collegian, with whom she could get up a little flirtation. It was quite a trial to her, I am sure, that there was seldom a youth to be seen with us when she arrived; for as Saturday was a half-holiday at the college as well as at the academy, all the scholars generally dined very early, and set out at once after dinner upon some country expedition.

I took the two girls to the choir practice at six every Saturday evening, and thence accompanied them back to the school. The organist had made it his custom to escort us from the church on this latter walk. I saw very plainly that he was fast losing his heart to one of my young friends, but, I confess, I found it impossible to decide positively as to which of them was proving the attraction; and I believe that I was not the only person who considered over this question.

Fenella always spoke of Louis by the title of her "particular friend;" and she was continually quoting speeches to us, from his lips, which certainly, as she delivered them, appeared to have been said with a tender meaning. But then we both knew she was apt to see things as she wished them to be, rather than as they were exactly. Nevertheless, it was a matter of fact that our musical professor talked more to her than I had ever known him do to any one else.

Frances and he rarely conversed together, and in his absence she never mentioned him; but if he were suddenly spoken of before her, I noticed that she blushed and grew confused. She was always rather inclined to silence, but on our Saturday evening walks she now

rarely uttered a word. Her face wore a meditative air at such times, and her gentle, wistful eyes were sometimes turned with a puzzled and questioning expression upon Louis and her sister, when Fenella, according to her wont, was trying to rouse her companion into a humor for exchanging lively badinage with her. As we all grew more and more intimate, she was often successful in these attempts, for our friend was no longer the gloomy and moody man he had been. My husband and I rejoiced over the change in him. He carried himself now with a more erect carriage, and walked with a firmer, more elastic tread than before; and at this time he breathed into his voluntaries a sort of triumphal tone, very different from the pathetic sadness they had formerly expressed.

"He has given us one of Batiste's Andantes as if it were a wedding march, or a Christmas carol," I said to Frances, after service one Sunday, while we exchanged greetings in the church porch. She practised instrumental music diligently in those days; and once, when Mr. Carter rewarded some modest performance of hers with an emphatic "Well done," I saw such a tender, happy smile brighten her fair face!

It was two o'clock on Saturday when the girls arrived at the college. The boys, as usual, had all dispersed, and we turned into the drawing-room, before going upstairs, to discuss the respective merits of two photographs Frances had just had done, and which she had brought me to choose from. One showed her full-face,—the other gave a profile view of the lovely, refined features. Both were so pretty that I found it difficult to make a selection between them. I put them back, at last, into their envelope, which I laid upon the table, and proposed that I should defer my decision until later.

We were all very merry that day, and we walked up the wide, old-fashioned oak staircase three abreast, laughing and talking as we went, and having our arms linked together.

We all three grew deep in discussion over a book we were reading, and this made us linger up-stairs even longer than we need have done. Thus it was twenty minutes, or perhaps even half an hour, before we descended. Our surprise was therefore great at finding the drawing-room tenanted by Louis Carter.

He stood up as we went in, looking, I thought, strangely flushed and confused. Louis told us that he had got a holiday

from bank work on this occasion, as he had not been quite well all the morning. He had called to offer us tickets for a concert to be held that evening in the town hall. When he arrived the maid had showed him in here, saying we should be down immediately.

We were much pleased at the idea of the evening's entertainment, but I said we must walk back to the academy and ask permission to enjoy ourselves before we definitely arranged to go. Fenella was in exuberant spirits. She danced about the room with delight, laying down a programme of our proceedings as she went. "High tea at four," she said; "then a journey to the school, to ask leave of Mother Crooke. After that the choir practice; and, to crown all, a concert. Were ever school-girls so fortunate as we?" She paused in her tour of ecstasy before the round table, and began heaping the books one upon another.

The day was a very busy one — so busy that I never, during its course, recollected the photographs I was to choose between. The girls were equally forgetful, for our minds were engrossed with other matters up to the moment of parting. I did not go in search of the photographs until the following evening. To my surprise and indignation, I found that there was no longer a choice left to me. The profile likeness alone remained in the envelope which had contained the two.

I could only, at the moment, conclude that some of the boys had been rummaging in the place, and that they had been unable to resist the temptation of securing so great a prize. If this was the case, however, I wondered that both photographs had not been taken. I called my husband into the room and consulted with him. His suspicions went in the same direction as mine, and yet we neither of us liked to ask questions or to make inquiries upon the subject, lest there might possibly be some mistake.

I was much provoked at the loss, and still more vexed with myself for carelessly leaving the photographs tossing about. I began to turn over the books, in the vain hope that one of the likenesses had fallen between them, when a sudden thought flashed across my mind.

"I have it!" I exclaimed joyfully. My husband was sitting by the fire.

"I felt sure it would turn up," he said, in a relieved tone.

"Oh, I have not found the likeness!" I cried. "I have only hit upon an idea. I feel certain now that Louis Carter took

the photograph while he was here alone in the room. I am delighted, too, to know this. It clears up all my perplexity. It shows me that Frances is the one he cares for. I must tell her about the loss, and make her understand who has been the thief."

"You will do nothing of the kind, I hope," my husband said. "Your conjectures may be correct, but they may also be wrong. I think the only right course is to keep silence for the present, and in the mean time to go off and order a new copy from the photographer."

This was what I eventually did, and I was very soon extremely thankful that I had followed this advice.

The next Saturday happened to be St. Valentine's day. The girls came to me, as usual; but Frances was coughing, and seemed ill. She was perfectly pale, and her eyes looked larger than usual, and there were dark lines drawn underneath her lower lids. She laughed and talked, however, with forced and feverish gaiety quite unnatural to her. Both maidens were laden with valentines, and Fenella was merry with a right good will, although I saw her occasionally stealing a pitying glance at her sister.

I recognized the handwriting upon many of the envelopes shown to me. The Red-chester collegians had been particularly amorously incited this year. The younger girl had received no less than seventeen triumphs of art, while Frances displayed twelve tokens of admiration.

"Is that all?" I asked, at last, when I had my lap full of Cupids, doves, and roses.

"There is one more," Fenella said gleefully, and yet with a certain hesitation of manner; "but it is of quite a different sort from these. It is a *real* one. Don't you think so, Frances?"

The poor child had been bending over the fire. She shivered as she attempted to smile when thus addressed. I saw her blue eyes fill with tears, as she answered, in a husky voice, —

"I don't know — yes — I suppose it is." Her liveliness had failed her all of a sudden, and I wondered what could be the matter.

Fenella, meanwhile, had drawn her last treasure forth, and now held it before me. This valentine consisted of a large unornamented sheet of white paper, containing a bold sketch of the seashore and of the great heaving ocean. Underneath was written: —

So vast my love!

My bliss as boundless,

If thou wilt be mine. — L. C.

The envelope was directed to Miss F. Perrin, and there had been no attempt made to disguise the handwriting. The sender was certainly our organist, and he wished that fact to be known. I pushed all the gaudy missives aside in disgust, and sat silent for a while. Fenella was quite keen enough to see what was in my mind, but she passed no remark. Frances was so engrossed in trying to appear indifferent that she observed nothing. I got up and brought her the likeness I had just received from the photographer, saying aloud that I had determined to keep the profile likeness; while all the time I was mentally repeating, over and over again, "He did not take it, then, and I have been deceived."

As Frances had a cold, I proposed that we should not go to the choir practice that evening. Fenella remonstrated against this idea with eager indignation, and the elder girl yielded at once, and consented to go, as if the matter were quite indifferent to her, although she had confessed to feeling weary and unequal to further effort.

Fenella vexed and provoked me all that day. And yet I was unreasonable, no doubt, in expecting her to act otherwise than as she did, considering the circumstances of the case, and her nature. She feigned extreme fatigue when we left the church, until she almost obliged Mr. Carter to offer her his arm. He only went with us half way to the academy, however. He turned away then, pleading urgent business as an excuse for leaving us; and after that how Fenella did chatter!

"He asked me if there could be any hope for him," she said, breaking out into a conscious little laugh; "and I said, 'Of course not;' and, would you believe it, the stupid old fellow trembled all over as the words came out! He is a goose. Instead of shivering and going away like that he ought to have settled the whole matter to-night, upon the spot."

Frances and I were walking arm in arm. She too trembled just now, and I, half inadvertently, caught her hand in mine, but she drew quite away from me as I did so.

"You talk too much of things, Fenella," she said, with a little gasp.

"What is the good of things except to talk of them?" was the very characteristic answer given to this remark.

Fenella came to me by herself next Saturday. Frances had been laid up ever

since that evening with a feverish cold. We did not go to the choir practice. Even had I been inclined to take Fenella by herself, she would not have cared much to go, as Louis Carter was absent on bank business, and had deputed his duties to an assistant. I went back with her in the evening to the school, to see Frances. She was up and down-stairs again, but she still looked ill. Her face was white and pinched, her hands burned painfully. When I touched her lips they, too, felt unnaturally hot, but she called herself nearly well.

"I shall be quite ready to go to you and to the choir practice next week," she whispered. "Fenella tells me I mope, and that this attracts notice, but indeed I don't wish to do so. I would not interfere with her happiness for the whole world."

III.

THE boys were unusually tardy about dispersing on the following Saturday. The weather was mild, dull, and spring-like, and they were intending to go off upon some fishing excursion. Their preparations for this were very elaborate and noisy. I grew weary, at last, of hearing them tramping backwards and forwards through the long passage connecting our house with the college, and of listening to loud-voiced discussions about rods, bait, and tackle. I opened the great hall-door, and went out upon the steps to get a little peace.

The air was delightfully soft and balmy, but the prospect before me was far from enlivening. A cart laden with dried fish splashed through the muddy street. Two officers, attired in unbecoming undress, went by, with cigars in their mouths, obliging a market-woman to get off the path to allow them to pass. They had just turned out of sight when one of the bare-headed grey monks appeared, walking with down-cast eyes, and a quick, silent step. A group of persons came into view almost immediately afterwards. They were Frances, with Louis Carter, followed by Fenella, who had the curate of the parish as her companion. All four looked out of sorts and uncomfortable. I felt instinctively that something disagreeable must have occurred, and I waited anxiously to greet the girls. The two gentlemen turned away in opposite directions when they reached the house, raising their hats to us all.

Fenella was at my side in an instant. Her eyes were blazing with angry excitement, and she threw back her head with a

haughty, indignant toss and air. Frances stumbled up the steps, and burst into hysterical sobs as she got close to me. "Oh, hush!" I said, leading her into my husband's study, that being the only room down-stairs in which we could be free from the boys' intrusion.

"How I hate such meanness!" Fenella cried, looking at her sister with an unutterably wrathful gaze. "If you had a lover, I would not try to entice him away from you, although it might indeed be fair enough for me to make the attempt, when you are so much prettier than I."

It was some little time before I could ascertain the meaning of all this, but at last I gathered that the facts of the case ran as follows:—

On leaving the academy the girls had gone for a little walk before turning towards the college. They had met the curate, and Fenella, only too delighted to secure any male companion, had challenged him to escort them to their destination, which he was quite ready to do. Shortly afterwards, however, they fell in also with Louis Carter, who immediately attached himself to Frances, entering into earnest and private conversation with her. The younger girl, who regarded him as her own particular property, was terribly chagrined and provoked at this, and the young clergyman was made to feel himself quite *de trop* by her. While she was giving me an account of her grievances, Frances stood at my side, trembling, and shedding showers of tears. She now sobbed out a declaration that, although Mr. Carter had said he had but just left the bank, she felt sure he must have been drinking somewhere.

"For shame!" I cried. "How can you say such a thing of a man like Louis Carter? No one ever saw him the worse for drink. How could you possibly even think it of him?"

"I have every right, at any rate, to ask what he was saying to you," Fenella interrupted, angrily.

"You shall know all about it at once," Frances answered, looking up. "When we came to the old bridge he was asking me to marry him."

Fenella looked unspeakable things, but her anger choked her voice for the moment.

"And you said?" I asked.

"What could I say that would have been half hard enough? I tell you he was not himself. He must have been drinking. He stumbled twice, and nearly fell down; and his eyes were blazing at me in such a

terrible way. I asked him how he dared to say such things to me, after all that has passed, and I told him I would sooner die than marry a man that any one could say had been mean and dishonorable."

"You said what you had no right to say," I remarked, angrily. "I never met a more provoking pair of girls in my life."

"He was not sober," she insisted, passionately. "He could not walk steadily."

"You stumbled twice as you came up the steps here," I said, dryly, "and yet you are quite sober. I don't consider girls should say such things, or ought even to let themselves think them, of men — especially of good men, like Louis Carter — unless there is no possibility of mistake about the matter. My idea is that there has been some most extraordinary misapprehension in this affair from the very beginning. Perhaps he thinks that Fenella is the elder, as I thought at first. He may have intended the valentine for you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Fenella, interrupting me indignantly. "Then pray, what can you make of all the things he said to me? of all the times he asked me if there was any hope for him?"

"Perhaps he did not understand how jealous you are," I answered, coldly. "He may have believed that you knew and understood his admiration for Frances. His questions probably referred to her."

"You may think what you like," was the angry reply, "but from the commencement he paid attentions to me, and to me only, even before he knew Frances. He may have turned off to her now. It is always the way. She set to work to charm him from me, at once, with her beauty, and of course she has succeeded. It is easy for her to have things as she wishes; but he is a mean, wicked, dishonorable man, and I congratulate her upon what she gets in him. But I will have my revenge some day."

Matters were going too far, and I took pattern by Frances, and began to cry. Fenella was soon in tears also, and then we presently kissed all round, and forgave each other.

The younger girl then said, magnanimously, "You may have him, Frances, if you wish to take such a mean fellow; but I will try and keep far away from you both, for I hate him with my whole heart, and I never can forgive any one." She spoke half regretfully, but her lips again grew pale with angry emotion.

"You need not distress yourself about the matter," Frances answered, quietly.

"I could never like any one who had acted dishonorably."

"But he has not, I feel sure," I said. "It has been all a mistake."

"He has only wrecked my happiness forever," Fenella observed, in tragical tones.

"I will never, never marry him," Frances sobbed, clinging to her aggrieved sister; and I knew she spoke with a resolute and obstinate heart.

We discontinued our attendance at the choir practice after this, but otherwise things appeared to go on much as usual. The girls took their music lessons as of old, and it was no doubt good discipline for them to be obliged to act as though nothing had happened. Fenella prospered and grew merry again very speedily under this self-restraint. She was ever ready once more to avail herself of any chance opening for flirtation that came in her way. Schoolboy, curate, vicar, or doctor, all were alike acceptable to her, if they were willing to allow her to amuse herself at their expense.

Francis was, however, no longer what she had been. Her former calm and even temperament was gone. When she fancied herself unnoticed she drooped languidly, and sat with idle clasped hands, as though weary of her life. At other times she was feverishly active and eager. Her cheeks burned on such occasions, and her hands trembled. I thought her far from well or strong, but she was resolute in declaring that there was nothing the matter with her.

Louis Carter, to my great distress, withdrew himself completely from me and from my husband. We could only mourn in secret over this estrangement, and over the sad change we perceived in him. He walked heavily, and with stooping shoulders, now, while a cloud of gloomy reserve had settled upon his face.

At last, one evening late on in June, my husband induced him to come in and take tea with us. The meal would have been an uncomfortable one had not the boys been present. Our organist had always been a somewhat silent man. Few good musicians are given to much talk. The habit of uncommunicativeness in which he had now enwrapped himself had, however, I am sure, grown almost as oppressive to him as it was to others. It appeared to me that he was continually dwelling upon some melancholy topic, and considering it in all its bearings.

I guessed the subject of his thoughts, and I even fancied he was wishing to con-

sult me upon it, for I found his eyes fixed, now and again, with a mournful, questioning gaze, upon my face: but a wall of embarrassment had risen up between us since our last meeting.

We were alone together in the dusky drawing-room after tea, but conversation failed us even then, and at last I asked him to play to me. He went to the piano at once, and I sat near the window and watched his hands, as I listened to the river of melody which began to flow through the shadowy chamber. I saw that he had still his old habit of stooping as he played, as if to listen for what the notes would say, and of then suddenly raising his head in an attentive attitude, as though he were looking out and waiting for an answer from above.

I was in a dreamy trance of enjoyment, when the music suddenly came to an abrupt stop, and the player said slowly, "Your friends, the Miss Perrins, do not ever come to the choir practice now."

"They do not," I answered. At the moment I could think of nothing else to say.

"Could you tell me how it was that I offended Miss Frances Perrin?" he continued, hesitatingly.

I grew confused, and delayed a little before I faltered out the monosyllable, "No."

"I might have guessed not," he said, bitterly, and after that we sat for a while without speaking. At last I said quickly, "Why do you call her Miss Frances Perrin? she is the elder of the two girls."

An exclamation of pain floated over to me through the gloom, with a wailing sound; something as though it had been a prayer. He turned from the piano, and began speaking eagerly. "I did not know," he said. "I always believed she was the younger. Will you tell her ——"

But just at this moment a servant brought in candles, and then my husband joined us. He was full of a journey which he had just learned it would be necessary for him to take on the following day. There was business to be done in Weston, which was distant about thirty miles from the railway junction, and this, as I said before, lay ten miles from us.

I was shocked to see the terrible alteration that the past few months had wrought in our friend's appearance when I observed him by the full light now in the room. He looked ill and worn, and yet there was certainly, at this moment, a hopeful, animated gleam in his face which had not been there when John brought him to me,

a couple of hours before, in the other chamber. He spoke, too, in readier and more lively tones, now, than he had used all the evening, as he told us that he, also, had engaged to go next morning to Weston, on banking affairs.

"The manager asked me to undertake some business there for him," he said, "and I agreed, not caring whether I went or stayed, although the weather is certainly unpleasantly hot and dusty for a long and wearisome journey. As things are now, however," he added, speaking to me in whispered tones, "I think my own affairs here want so much immediate looking after that I should much prefer remaining at home."

It was arranged that my husband and Louis should take a cab together to and from the junction.

"What a pity Fenella and her friend could not go under your escort," I said, inadvertently; but I immediately checked myself, remembering that under existing circumstances, it was much better that the organist should not meet his old acquaintance, at any rate for the present. The midsummer vacation was just commencing, both at the college and school. Frances was to spend the holidays with me, and I hoped to send her back to the academy in better health and spirits than she now enjoyed. Fenella was to start, next evening, for the country with a schoolfellow, at whose home she had been invited to spend a few weeks.

Mr. Carter was with us very early next morning. He arrived before the cab came to the door. He was pale and heavy-eyed, but cheerful in tone and manner. "You look as if you had not slept, and yet as though you rather enjoyed lying awake," I said laughingly to him.

"Perhaps you are right in both surmises," he answered with a smile. "You certainly are in the first. Nature is taking her revenge now, for I could fall off into a profound slumber at this moment, if I got a chance of doing so. I must keep wide awake, to-day, however. I have endless accounts to go through in Weston, and then, coming home, I shall have a large sum of money in my hands. To-morrow, as you know, is market-day here, and the manager expects to need a good deal of gold; beside which my pocket-book is to be filled with notes on his behalf."

He had a small valise in his hand.

"Is that meant for all the sovereigns?" I asked, pointing to it, and wondering at the unusual communicativeness of my friend.

He nodded.

"You must take care of it then," I said, sagaciously.

I stood on the doorstep to see the travellers drive off, and repeated my warning as they both waved me a final farewell.

The weather was very sultry, and they had a tiresome day. When they met in the evening, at the Weston station, John was distressed to find that his companion was completely worn out by the bodily and mental fatigues he had gone through. The train was so crowded that it was impossible for the two to travel together. My husband was provoked at this, as he was anxious to relieve his friend of all care and anxiety concerning his heavily laden valise. Under existing circumstances he was only able to see that Louis was comfortably ensconced in the corner seat of a first-class carriage. Having provided him with a newspaper, he was obliged to hurry off and secure a place for himself.

The train stopped for ten minutes about midway between Weston and the junction, and John got out here to look after his fellow-traveller. Louis was then suffering from a racking headache. He was leaning forward, supporting his forehead upon his hands, and groaning with agony. The sudden stoppage of the train seemed to increase his sufferings, although, a moment before, he had attributed his torments to the rapid movement. He had thrust the precious valise beneath his feet, and another passenger had appropriated his copy of the *Times*.

"I feel as if I could give all I have about me for one drop of cold water," he said, looking up at John with a ghastly attempt at a smile. My husband brought him a glassful, and then proceeded to lay a wet handkerchief upon his aching brows. When this was accomplished, John was obliged to return to his seat. His patient was much better by the time the junction was reached. The two met Fenella and her friend here, and waited to see them off. The girls continued their journey by the train that the other travellers had just left.

IV.

IN the mean time, Frances and I had been spending the day together very quietly. When I had her all to myself in the silent house—for all our boarders had departed—I told her what had occurred the previous evening, but I had hardly got through my short tale when I began to

regret that I had mentioned the organist's name at all. My poor friend was not strong enough to bear any excitement, and she sobbed and cried until she made herself ill.

"Never talk to me about him again," she said at last, imploringly. "There are some things that never can come right in this world, when once they have gone wrong, and this is one of them."

She shivered and trembled all through this hot day as though she had an ague fit.

We had taken tea, and my husband was rejoicing in being home again, when we were all startled by a loud and hurried knocking at the hall door. He was called away, and Frances and I waited anxiously, longing to know what was the matter. We both felt that foreboding of evil which so often fills the mind on the occasion of an unexpected summons coming at some unusual hour.

It seemed as though we were a long time kept in suspense; but at last John reappeared, in the act of drawing on his overcoat. His face was troubled and perplexed, and he looked uneasily at Frances.

"Carter has lost his pocket-book," he said. "There was a thousand pounds in it, in Bank of England notes. He has been with the police, and has telegraphed hither and thither, and now he wants me to drive back with him to the junction. So you must not expect me home to-night until you see me, Mary."

"And it is the bank money!" I exclaimed, breathlessly. "But then, of course, they have the numbers of the notes down, wherever he got them."

"That is just what they have not," John answered, impatiently. "No one wrote them down, through some inexplicable carelessness. Come out and get this poor fellow some tea, or something of the sort, Mary. He is in my study."

He closed the door between us and our young visitor when I had followed him from the dining-room.

"I did not like to tell you before Frances," he said, "but I never, in all my life, saw a fellow in such a terrible state as Carter is in now. He came to me at first like a lunatic, and now he is behaving more as if he were a woman than a reasonable man. I have had him in floods of tears, like any girl. He thinks, and so do I, that after I got him the glass of water to-day, at the station, he must have either slept or fainted when the train again went on, and that his pocket-book then either

dropped out of his pocket or was stolen from it. He reproaches himself bitterly for what he calls his carelessness; although the truth is that the poor fellow was more dead than alive just then, and was quite incapable of paying attention to anything."

"He is overwrought," I said. "He told me that he did not sleep at all last night."

I made some fresh strong tea, and administered it to my patient in silence before he left. As I could give him no comfort, I thought it better to say nothing.

When Frances and I were alone together again, we went into the drawing-room, and sat there until near midnight. I sent her off to bed then, and waited up alone for John. He did not return home until the early day was dawning, and then he had no good news to tell. There were no tidings of the lost pocket-book. Time went on, and this was still the case. It seemed as though the matter were hopeless, for all searches and inquiries continued to prove fruitless.

Louis went daily, as of old, to the bank, where no one, I am sure, ever threw a glance of suspicion upon him, but elsewhere he was seldom seen in public. He no longer played the organ during the church services, nor did he instruct the choir any more. All these duties were delegated to his assistant. He shrank from notice with painful and morbid sensitiveness, believing himself an object of universal contempt. My husband could not persuade him out of the idea that he was now a dishonored man, in consequence of what had occurred. He declined all entreaties to visit us, and it was a long time before I saw him again after that unhappy night when he had come to us in the first eagerness of his distress. I was much troubled at this, as I felt impressed with a strange and strong conviction that the money would, sooner or later, be traced and restored. In spite of the ever growing improbability that this should happen, as the days and weeks went by, the persuasion was still with me, and I longed to try and impart some of my hopefulness to our poor friend. I also desired to make him aware of my sympathy with him.

Frances and I never talked of this sad affair, but I had quite relinquished my hope of sending her back to the academy stronger and happier than she had left it. I began, indeed, to doubt whether she could ever return to the routine of school

life, and my husband sometimes advised me to write to her friends and recommend that she should be recalled home. She grew more beautiful and ethereal-looking every day, until we felt, at times, as if we had some gentle, wistful denizen of another world on a visit with us. John and I regarded her almost as if she were a child of our own, to be petted and loved and cared for; and she accepted and returned our affection with interest.

I was out alone one evening. On my way home I lingered upon the old bridge. I was leaning against the parapet, looking out at the sea, lit up by the red glow of sunset, when I heard many quick footsteps pass me by, while some one, walking with a slow and heavy tread, paused at my side. I turned round. Six grey monks went up the road in procession, and Louis Carter stood near me, hesitating, as if in some doubt as to whether or not he should delay. His gait was weary, his shoulders were bent, and I saw many silver threads gleaming in his dark hair. I put my two hands within his arm to detain him, uttering an exclamation of pleasure; but when his eyes met mine I started back, alarmed at the wild and desperate expression in them. He looked so utterly hopeless that I shuddered instinctively.

"I understand," he said, bitterly. "Of course you do not wish to be seen with me. I will go on."

"Oh, you must not; indeed, it is not that," I cried, my eyes filling with tears. "I was only sorry to see you so very — sad."

"What should a dishonored man be but sad?" he said, heavily.

"I have been wishing so much to meet you," I exclaimed, "I want to tell you not to despair about this money. I feel sure — I know it will be found."

"Have you heard anything of it then?" he asked, eagerly.

I was obliged to confess that I had not, but I did my best to instil some hopefulness into him concerning the loss. He seemed a little cheered and comforted by the sympathy I displayed in his trouble. He walked along at my side; and the load of care upon his brow really appeared to lighten as we talked. We were drawing near the college, when he inquired with sudden abruptness whether Frances was still with me.

"She is," I answered, laconically. I did not wish to talk of her, but unhappily he did.

"You believe that this money will be found," he said. "If it is, and if my

character is thereby cleared from reproach, do you think I may try and explain matters to Miss Perrin? Is there hope for me with her?"

I could not think there was, but I have many times since regretted that I did not at the moment endeavor to persuade myself and him that all might yet come right. My heart being full of hopelessness, however, I made no reply, but pulled down my veil to hide from my questioner the tears that were streaming from my eyes. A sudden overwhelming sadness had fallen upon me.

"I understand," he said, speaking with a weary, unsteady voice. "I hate this place. I have always felt that some dreadful fate was awaiting me here." With that he turned and left me, giving me no farewell greeting of any kind.

I took Frances to the upper part of the town next day, where we listened to the band playing for a while; but the sun was hot, and she was ailing and confined to the house for nearly two days after this. On the evening of the second day we went out boating. We landed, after our excursion, underneath the old bridge. We saw Louis Carter up above us, leaning upon the wall as I had been doing when I met him, and looking out into the far distance. By the time we had climbed the ascent he had entirely disappeared.

Frances became very ill that evening. The doctor said she was suffering from a low fever, which must have been hanging about her for a long time. She grew worse as the days went by, and she was at times delirious. I was obliged to get a nurse to assist me in caring for her. She was very weak, and as there was much cause for alarm, I wrote to summon Fenella back when she had been three weeks absent.

On the evening before I expected her return I went out for a lonely walk, feeling sadly in need of some refreshing air. I went up the hill by the most unfrequented way, and then turned into a road leading down again to the sea behind the monastery, mentioned before.

A sweet-toned bell began to ring out when I had passed the grounds attached to this great building. I paused a moment to listen, and began to picture to myself the scene within the chapel, such as I imagined it to be when the strangely-dressed worshippers gathered for vespers. A lane ran at right angles with the road upon which I was. One of the grey monks suddenly turned out of this and approached me. I moved to the inner part of the path to allow him room to pass, but, to my very

great amazement, he paused at my side. He was a young man; he wore a long, soft, fair beard, and had gentle, compassionate eyes. I should as soon have expected to hear words from our old church steeple, and yet this stranger was actually addressing me. He spoke in clear and well-modulated tones.

"I take a great liberty in troubling you thus," he began. "I believe, however, that you have a regard for that poor young man who has lost the money. My sympathies have been much awakened on his behalf. I would serve him if I could, but I know not how. Perhaps your husband could look after him. He is certainly not in a fit state to be left to himself. You may not be aware that he spends the greater part of every night now upon the old bridge."

With a low bow this strange new acquaintance of mine went his way, and from that day to this I have never seen him, to recognize him, again.

I hurried home full of renewed anxieties. I was intending to send John off at once in search of our unhappy friend, but when I reached the college I recollected that he was out, and would not be back until very late. He taught a class of young working-men one evening in each week, and this night he was thus employed. I thought then of setting forth myself to call at the house occupied by Louis, but when I went indoors first, to inquire for Frances, I found she was worse, and had been asking for me. I could not leave her. Even had I been free the weather would now have interfered to hinder me from going out again. The sky had suddenly become overcast with clouds; rain had already begun to fall, and the wind was rising. There was every appearance of a coming storm.

I sat by Frances for an hour. She had been very weak and faint, but I hoped she was now sleeping. Her hand lay quietly in mine, and her eyes were closed. I was suddenly undeceived, however. She looked up and said, "I have been thinking of Mr. Carter. Do you believe that he really cares much for me?"

"I know he does," I answered. And then I told her what he had asked me concerning her at our last meeting.

"Is there any news of the lost money yet?" she inquired, feebly.

"There is not," I said, with a heavy sigh.

We were silent for a while, and then she asked me if I would write a note for her. "I don't think I could manage to do

it for myself, now," she added, looking wistfully at her white, transparent hands.

"You may dictate a dozen letters to me to-morrow, if you will, I replied, with rash impulsiveness, "but to-night you must sleep."

"I cannot rest until this one note is written," she said wearily, and at last I humored her, and got writing materials together. Her short epistle ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR. CARTER,— I am very ill, but when I get better I hope you will come and see me; and I hope also that next year you will send me another valentine, because I did not know that the one you sent this year was intended for me.

"I am very sorry about the money you have lost. I hope it will be found; but I have five hundred pounds of my own, and I want you very much to borrow this from me, until you get back your pocket-book. It will pay half of what you owe to the bank. Yours sincerely,

FRANCES PERRIN."

"Perhaps I ought to say, 'if I get better,'" my poor little patient said, slowly, when I had finished writing.

My voice grew husky as I kissed her, and murmured, "We will leave it as it is."

"Then you think I may send this note?" she whispered.

"Why not?" I replied. I felt as if heaven were about to aid me in my purpose of administering consolation to Louis Carter, when I held this innocent and childish missive in my hand. "This letter will please the receiver much," I added. "John shall take it to him as soon as he returns home."

Now that Frances had her mind relieved for the moment she closed her eyes again, and really fell asleep this time, leaving me free to go down stairs.

When my husband came in he only waited to swallow a cup of tea before he set out on his new errand. He reappeared much sooner than I had expected. He was drenched with rain, and much fatigued, from wrestling with the storm now raging out of doors. His anxious face betrayed at once that he had no good news to tell. I took two letters out of his hand with an inquiring look.

"Read," he said, pointing to one, the envelope of which had been opened. The other cover contained, as I saw, the note I had so lately penned. I drew forth a sheet of paper, and as I did so an enclosure fell upon the ground at my feet. John picked it up, and held before me the

long-lost photograph, which I had so perplexed myself about. I read:—

"DEAR FRIEND,— I am leaving this place forever, and as it is not likely that we shall ever meet again in this world, I write to bid you and Mrs. Grey farewell. The enclosed photograph is for her. I took it off her drawing-room table, some months ago, when I cherished vain hopes of being able to win the original for my wife.

"I constrain myself now to restore this treasure, as I have thought that it was perhaps this small dishonesty which has been the cause of my late affliction—which has brought upon me the imputation of the great crime, of which all must suspect me. The loss of this money has broken my heart.

"Ever yours faithfully, even to death,

"LOUIS CARTER."

"This was to have been brought to me to-morrow," my husband said. "Carter left early this evening on foot."

"I am sure we shall never see him alive again," I cried, tearfully. "The loss of the money has destroyed his reason, as well as broken his heart. No man in his senses could imagine it was any sin to have taken this poor little likeness. And then just see how he has ended his letter!"

It was hard and dreary work to parry the gentle inquiries made by Frances concerning the fate of her note. I am sure that she guessed that some new misfortune had occurred, of which she was not to be made aware. Before morning a new and more violent and dangerous access of fever came on than any from which she had yet suffered.

Fenella arrived early next day. I took her into my room, before allowing her to see Frances, in order to warn her against making mention of Louis Carter in the sick chamber.

I was pleased to see the younger girl back again, and she was most caressing and affectionate, and much subdued by her grief and anxiety about her sister. We sat close together, hand in hand, upon a low couch, while I related the history of all that had happened since she left. I concluded that she had not heard of the lost money, as, for many reasons, both Frances and I had studiously avoided mentioning the organist to Fenella in our letters. I therefore began at the beginning of the story, but as I proceeded I saw, by the expression of her face, that I was telling her no news. There was a gleam of

angry enjoyment in her eyes, I fancied, as I dwelt upon the distress and suffering caused by the disappearance of the pocket-book. At last, I was shocked to see a smile of malicious pleasure hovering about her lips.

I dropped her hand suddenly. "Fenella," I cried, with bitter reproach in my voice, "will you never allow me to forgive you for all the trouble you have caused? for all the mischief you have done? Do you know that I believe the loss of this money has resulted in the death of Louis Carter, as good and honorable and kind a man as ever lived; and that it is most probable Frances will also die, when she discovers how matters are now?"

While I was speaking the bright glow of health faded quickly out of Fenella's face. Her features assumed an expression of horror and alarm, such as I had never seen displayed in any countenance before. She shrank away from me, uttering a moan of terrible distress. I knelt down beside her, and spoke more gently, being now full of self-reproach for my harshness. As soon as she could recover herself sufficiently, however, she rose up, and pushed me away from her. She then covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Do not touch me," she cried, passionately, shuddering as she spoke. "I can never be happy in all my life again, for I am a murderer. I had his money safe all this time. I only kept it to revenge myself upon him."

It was as she said. When she got into the railway carriage at the junction, the evening she left Redchester, she had almost immediately found a pocket-book at her feet. She opened it, and saw that it contained a good deal of money; but she also perceived, at once, who the owner was; and, on the spot, she resolved to keep her discovery private for a time, so as to punish the organist for what she called his barbarous ill-treatment of her, by letting him think that his property was irretrievably lost. She had, of course, no idea that the notes really belonged to the Redchester bank, nor did she at all suspect their value, for she never gave more than a mere cursory glance at the contents of her prize.

"I thought it would be dishonorable to pry into his secrets," she sobbed forth now.

"I think your conscience must have also warned you that it was neither honorable nor Christian-like to delay, even for

one unnecessary hour, restoring the pocket-book to its owner," I said, sadly.

"It did, it did," she cried, in an agony of remorse. "But I persuaded myself that it was all fair to punish him. I tried to think I was doing everything that was necessary when I brought the thing back, untouched, to you, to return to him."

It would be quite impossible for me to give any just idea of how terribly distressing I found that day.

Frances lay at death's door, and Fenella sat beside her, hour after hour, looking indescribably miserable; while I wandered about from room to room, unable to rest anywhere.

The weather was oppressively hot, and the scorching beams of the July sun were blazing in all directions. Towards evening, however, a light breeze sprang up, and came, wafting refreshment to us, from the west. I went out on the steps to enjoy it, when the twilight shadows were gathering over the half-deserted town.

I was leaning against the doorpost, with my eyes closed, when I felt a hand upon my arm, although I had heard no approaching footstep. I looked up, and saw, at my side, what I took, at first, to be the wraith, or ghost, of my poor friend, Louis Carter. But it was he, himself. He wore no hat, and looked as though he had been fiercely buffeted by the storm of the previous night: his clothes were laden with dust. He stood before me, stooping under the weight of unutterable weariness and depression.

"You see, I could not rest, after all, until I had bidden you farewell in person," he said. "I could not lie down in peace, also, without knowing for certain that Frances had gone before me. Some one had said she was dying, just before I went away from this. Was it true?"

"She is not dead," I said. "She is asleep, and will recover. Come and see her." I held his arm with both my hands, and drew him within the doorway, up the stairs and into my little friend's room. She was not sleeping, as I had fancied. She saw and recognized her lover at once, seeming in no way disconcerted or surprised at his strange and wild appearance.

"You have come at last, then," she said, softly. "I am so glad, and I am sure, now, that the money must soon be found."

"It has been found already," I cried, joyfully.

And thus everything came right in the end, after all; more right, at least, than

could have been expected; for though Frances recovered, and married the man she loved, the Louis Carter who returned to us that evening was never again quite what he had once been. There are afflictions sent to some of us which leave a sting forever, as regards this life. His trial had been of this description.

In this world it is hard to straighten that which has once been made crooked; and Fenella, with all her sincere and bitter repentance, could not restore physical strength and energy to the man she had injured. She has been much sobered and improved by all that has happened, and she has lately married my brother.

Thus neither of the girls became a governess.

From Land and Water.
PIG-STICKING.

To pig-stick, or hunt the wild-boar, armed with a hog-spear or lance, is, I believe, a sport essentially and exclusively belonging to India. The boar is hunted in various other countries, but it is only in India that he is followed without firearms and in true British style. There is just that amount of danger about it that adds salt to the sport, and which, in riding for first spear, brings out the best points in the horse and horseman.

The boar, when domesticated, may look a sluggard; met in his own wild jungle, and disturbed from his lair, early on a "cold weather" morning, is quite a different beast; he is full of fight, and fight he can, either at bay, or charging home. Nothing turns his charge; woe to the careless hunter who has not a ready spear, and a steady hand, for let the beast once get under, or close to your horse's legs, the chances are you will require a new mount; with one upward motion of that solid head, and those cruel tusks, your horse is either lame for life, or ripped right open. The boar, when he charges, is not particular; on one occasion I saw him make right for a horseman, who was not prepared for his foe, and begin to champ his foot; had it not been for timely assistance the damage might have been worse, as it was, the brute left his mark! . . .

The country in which the boar loves to roam is in places very dangerous and treacherous, covered with a tall grass, yclept pig-grass. The holes made by the animal in its rootings cannot be seen until

your horse blunders into one, and over you go, unless your seat is well back and your hands low. The amount of falls is something wonderful to see. Of course this is to be expected, considering the break-neck pace. A good large "solah topee," or sun-hat (bought in the country at a moderate price), made of pith an inch thick, with its wide-spreading leaf, is a great protection, and has saved many a man's head and collar-bone. An instance occurred of this kind to a friend while pig-sticking. Every one was racing for first blood, when B.'s horse stumbled into a pig-rut, throwing his rider badly; B— was insensible for a week, but recovered; his planter's "solah topee," when picked up, though broken to pieces, evidenced how it had saved his life. The boar, if pressed for food, comes close to outlying farms, and commits great depredations amongst the ryots' cultivated fields. They (the ryots) are always glad to give the sahibs news of such arrival, on which a party is made up for hunting. . . .

When once the game is a-foot (the correct manner of accomplishing this is to drive the jungle with a line of elephants), horses are taken well in hand, and the ambition of every one is to get the first spear, or first blood, as it is sometimes called. The honor is as stoutly contested as the brush of Master Reynard is in old England. The boar is a dodgy beast. Away he goes with a grunt, and regulates his pace by that of his pursuer. Should the country admit of full steam being turned on, he does ditto; you go slow, so does piggy; he will do anything but run straight. Now you think you have him right under your spear—a sharp "jink" to one side, or right across your horse, gives your left-hand man, perhaps, an equally disappointing chance! Like every other mounted sport, much depends on the judgment of the rider. Want of that necessary article finds you "shot ahead," and the coveted glory won by another. Men are mounted on every kind of horse, from the Arab, Cabooler, Waler (or Australian), to the Cape horse, stud, Punjaubee, or vicious countrybred, "bought under a tree," well hocussed with bang or opium, to conceal his native inclination to bite and kick the European. Pity help the unlucky rider should he get pitched from one of the latter, as their first performance is to eat the unfortunate cast horseman! Horses with this little peculiarity have been rightly named "man-eaters."

The Arab or Cabooler are the best mounts for this sport; yet I have seen

Australians, when accustomed to the work — which they soon are — second to none in cleverness in the field, entering heartily into the sport. Like their brethren in stock-riding, in their own native land, their wonderful power of "turning on a sixpence" (as old stock-riders say) is invaluable for this kind of chase. A well-bred Caboollee is also a good little beast. A friend had one, which, when he neared his pig, always tried his best to bite it.

The Bengal spear or lance is held (in action) differently to what it is in Madras. The Bengalee holds it short, by the leaded end, and "jobs" his pig. The haft or shaft being about eight feet, one end is heavily loaded with a big knob of lead, to give the stroke force. It must, however, be borne in mind as very unsportsmanlike to lose your spear. This is difficult to avoid at times, both from the pace you may be going, and the weight of your loaded spear. I have seen spears sent almost through a beast, in which position it was impossible to recover them, and if not put in well behind the shoulders, or in a vital spot, the boar will carry away a good number before he gives in. The Madrassee handle is longer, and is not so heavily shod with lead. The spear is held in that presidency (when sticking) more as a lancer carries it, couched under the right arm. Much depends on the spear-head, which must be of the best steel. The boar has big bones, which would soon damage soft or bad metal. The haft is made of "male bamboo," that which is grown on some ranges in lower Bengal, near Bhagelpore, I think, being considered the best. Not having tried both ways of holding the spear, I am not in a position to say which is the best for real work. The Bengal man swears by his, those of the southern presidency admire their own.

From Truth.

THE "DREADFUL PEOPLE" WHO GO TO COURT.

THERE are two sorts of people whom *levées en masse* offend. There are, firstly, those people who once had the pleasure of imagining that the world consisted of a thin layer of rich cream, below which lay unimportant depths of blue milk, about whose value and destination it did not become the cream to concern itself. We believe that economical dairy-maids, who look to quantity rather than quality, not

only allow milk to stand a greater number of hours than is compatible with obtaining the finest and purest cream, but return once, twice, and even thrice, and get fresh "skimmings" every time from the bowl. It is naturally very offensive to the cream of the cream to be treated in this fashion; and the esoteric circle which used formerly to bask in what we believe it is correct to speak of as the sunshine of the court, have been horrified to find that "anybody" can obtain what was once an exclusive, and therefore inestimable privilege. How can Smythe be expected any longer to enjoy what he suddenly finds can be enjoyed also by Smith? Shelley says, —

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away.

But as there is nothing particularly loving about court privileges, to divide them is to take them away with a vengeance. Hence the real original members of *levées* and drawing-rooms are scandalized beyond expression at "these dreadful people" who now get presented. "Where do they all come from?" is the scornful question with which their arrival is greeted. But the cry is still they come. The second class of persons, who are shocked by this upheaval of the new *couches sociales*, are those humble individuals who are too far removed from courts for it ever to enter their heads that they may some day possibly go there, and who, though they dearly love that there should be a crowned head, and court, and an aristocracy, like to see this last as aristocratic and exclusive as possible. To see its ranks invaded by those only just above themselves, is peculiarly offensive to them. It is the old dislike of the peasant or the mechanic for the *roturier*.

But whilst we can appreciate the feelings of these jealous guardians of the honor of the crown, we have just as little difficulty in entering into the motives of the "dreadful people" by whom these feelings are outraged. They perceive that the one indispensable basis of aristocracy in England in these days is wealth, and that a poor lord is of no more account than a poor commoner. No doubt a rich lord is more important, *cæteris paribus*, than a rich commoner; but again, the rich commoner, if rich enough, may aspire to be transformed into a rich nobleman by mere virtue of his opulence. There is no service which persons, of what used to be called gentle birth, can render either to the crown or to the State which cannot be

rendered by persons not of gentle birth. Aristocracy has now no special duties. It would be wonderful, therefore, if it long retained any special rights. Its members perhaps still enjoy certain undefined social privileges; but as these are no longer paid for, they are in danger of extinction, and will, of a certainty, be extinguished. *Pres-tige* lasts for a certain time, but it does not endure forever. Something has to be done periodically to renew its lease of life, or it expires; and as aristocracy in England now does nothing which plutocracy cannot and does not do, the two will eventually be completely confounded. There is nothing save *savoir faire*, which can only be inculcated in early youth, to distinguish them even now; and though to some of us this may be a very important and telling distinction, it will not operate effectually with the multitude for any length of time. New rich people, seeing that old rich people are of importance chiefly by reason of their riches, naturally insist upon sharing their importance. The crown is still the fountain of honor, and to be "presented" is to gain at least

a ticket of admission into the outer circles of "society," though you may not be treated with great consideration when you get there, or be assigned a first place. But to be even only just inside the charmed ring is better than to be standing out in the cold and wanting to be inside; moreover, once inside, it only requires vigilance, audacity, and luck to push to the front. Many people lament *levées en masse* as another sign of the advance of democracy; but these are shallow observers. Once there no longer exists a real aristocracy, but in its stead only a plutocracy, the greater the number of plutocrats you satisfy and whose vanity you tickle by treating them as though they were aristocrats, the greater naturally the size of the garrison which defends the social fortress. They may be hired troops; but all troops are hired in these days; feudal service—in other words, real aristocratic service—is extinct. Mr. Disraeli found Conservative voters in Mr. Bright's residuum; similarly, the crown may have found its most courtly defenders in "those dreadful people."

POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—The effect of oil in stilling troubled waters has been so long known, remarks *Iron*, that it has been constituted the basis of a proverbial phrase. A very small quantity of oil thus used has frequently overcome a very powerful sea. Not many years ago a case occurred in which a ship's crew was enabled, during a severe storm, to escape on shore by the help of a few gallons of oil. A similar and equally successful employment of the same substance is reported to have been made off the "Cape of Storms" last summer. The "King Cenric," a vessel of fourteen hundred and ninety tons, left Liverpool in June last for Bombay. When off the Cape of Good Hope she encountered a heavy gale from the north-west, which continued for some time. Tremendous seas broke over the ship, bursting in the mainhatch, washing away the hatch-houses and boats, smashing in the front of the cabin, and destroying the captain's and officers' stores and clothing.

The gale lasted for nearly five days, and though the vessel stood it very well, it was impossible to repair any of the damage, as the waves were continually sweeping her decks. At length the chief officer suggested the trial of throwing oil upon the water. Two canvas clothes-bags were obtained, and into each two gallons of fine oil were poured, the bags being punctured slightly, and flung one over each quarter in tow of the vessel. The effect was magical; the waves no longer broke over the poop and sides of the ship, but several yards away, where the oil had spread itself over the surface, and around the poop, in the wake of the vessel, was a large circuit of calm water. The crew were thus able to repair the damage with greater ease, and the ship was relieved from the tremendous shocks she had previously received from the heavy seas. The two bags lasted two days, after which—the worst fury of the gale having expended itself—no more oil was used.

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THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

THE tall house lowers grimly,
Deformed by smoke and rain;
And the bleared sunshine dimly
Blinks on the window-pane.

Though sore and numb her fingers,
And slowly fades the light,
The girl nor rests nor lingers,
But sews from morn till night.

Her bright young face is sunken,
And fails her gentle breath;
Her fair young form is shrunken,
To fit the robes of death.

And I think of the woodland shadows
That she has never seen;
Of the wonder of song in the meadows,
When all the world is green.

But now the close lips quiver,
The nimble hands are slow, —
The voice she dreams of ever
Rings in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing,
With only a crust to eat;
But a fountain of light is springing
Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow,
Or whether he sings in glee,
He hopes that the world to-morrow
Will list to his melody.

And I think though his heart were burning
With words no man e'er said,
The world would be turning and turning
If to-morrow he were dead.

Only, both late and early,
The girl, as maidens will,
Dreams when the voice comes clearly
Up to her window-sill.

A brave face has she found him,
A manner frank and gay,
And long ago has crowned him
With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,
A plume on waving hair,
A cloak that drapes him proudly,
Such as the players wear.

So whether in glee or sadness
He sings, he has won the prize,
When he brings the light of gladness
To a dying maiden's eyes.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. R. S.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

ALL love-adepts, all faithful hearts who wear
In love's sweet prime — his hour of blossoming —

The full, harmonious colours of his spring,
O think not when they fail ye shall go bare;

Take heart, his very mourning still is fair,
Ay, tho' the world its hail of pity fling,
Cutting as scorn, no meaner, earthlier thing,
Can match the royal robe of Love's despair!

Put on his weeds, then, ye who fear to sleep,
Because ye fear to wake to grief new-blown;
Rise, bear sweet spices to the grave, and weep
Love's balmy tears, there where by Love
o'erthrown,
Death leaves but empty cerements in a heap,
And Love for love still rolls away the stone.

II.

Fair friends of Love, who fear to take his pay,
Counting his service loss, his joys too brief,
Too much o'erweighted by his long-drawn
grief,
Try his conclusions, ere ye say him nay.

What though his servants walk at close of
day,
And hold sad commune o'er some vanished
chief,
Not for love's death, but birth of high be-
lief,
Their hearts still burn within them by the way.

They know their love is living, and take shame
That they one moment sought him with the
dead;

They feel their love immortal, by the flame
That burns the brighter as it burns unfed.
So weeping, sing Love's praise, who could re-
frame

The universe whence all but love had fled.
Spectator. EMILY PFEIFFER.
January, 1877.

AN ODE OF HORACE.

[Horace, Book I., last Ode, beginning, "*Persicos odi.*"]

To feast in high state
Like a Persian, I hate;
Wreaths of linden I care not to braid.
Then cease, boy, to look
Through each leafy nook
For the summer's last rose ere it fade.

The myrtle alone
Has a charm all its own;
I forbid thee aught else to entwine.
It is fairest for thee,
It is sweetest for me,
While I quaff 'neath the close-arching vine.

Saint Léonard, December 29, 1876. J. R.
Spectator.

From The Quarterly Review.
A FRENCH CRITIC ON MILTON.*

MR. TREVELYAN'S life of his uncle must have induced many people to read again Lord Macaulay's "Essay on Milton." With that essay began Macaulay's literary career, and, brilliant as the career was, it had few points more brilliant than its beginning. Mr. Trevelyan describes with animation that decisive first success. The "Essay on Milton" appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1825.

The effect on the author's reputation [says Mr. Trevelyan, and we believe truly] was instantaneous. Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. The beauties of the work were such as all men could recognize, and its very faults pleased. . . . The family breakfast table in Bloomsbury was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London. . . . A warm admirer of Robert Hall, Macaulay heard with pride how the great preacher, then well-nigh worn out with that long disease, his life, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning by aid of grammar and dictionary enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante. But the compliment that of all others came most nearly home, — the only commendation of his literary talent which even in the innermost domestic circle he was ever known to repeat, — was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript: "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

And already, in the "Essay on Milton," the style of Macaulay is, indeed, that which we know so well. A style to dazzle, to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude! A style brilliant, metallic, exterior; making strong points, alternating invective with eulogy, wrapping its object in a robe of rhetoric; not, with the soft play of life, following and rendering its object's very form and pressure. For, indeed, in rendering his object in this fashion, Macaulay's gift did not lie. Mr. Trevelyan reminds us that in the preface to his collected essays Lord Macaulay himself "unsparingly condemns the re-

dundance of youthful enthusiasm" of the "Essay on Milton." But the unsoundness of the essay does not spring from its "redundance of youthful enthusiasm." It springs from this: that the writer has not for his aim to see and to utter the real truth about his object. Whoever comes to the "Essay on Milton" with the desire to get at the real truth about Milton, whether as a man or as a poet, will feel that the essay in nowise helps him. A reader who only wants rhetoric, a reader who wants a panegyric on Milton, a panegyric on the Puritans, will find what he wants. A reader who wants criticism will be disappointed.

This would be palpable to all the world, and every one would feel, not pleased, but disappointed, by the "Essay on Milton," were it not that the readers who seek for criticism are extremely few, while the readers who seek for rhetoric, or who seek for praise and blame to suit their own already established likes and dislikes, are extremely many. A man who is fond of rhetoric may find pleasure in hearing that in "Paradise Lost" "Milton's conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside." He may glow at being told that "Milton's thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the virgin martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, and which were distinguished from the productions of other souls not only by superior bloom and sweetness, but by miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal." He may imagine that he has got something profound when he reads that if we compare Milton and Dante in their management of the agency of supernatural beings — "the exact details of Dante with the dim intimations of Milton" — the right conclusion of the whole matter is this: —

Milton wrote in an age of philosophers and theologians. It was necessary, therefore, for him to abstain from giving such a shock to their understandings as might break the charm which it was his object to throw over their imaginations. It was impossible for him to adopt altogether the material or the imma-

* *Macaulay's Essay on Milton; Addison's Essays on Paradise Lost; Johnson's Life of Milton; Milton et le Paradis Perdu in Etudes Critiques de Littérature.* Par Edmond Scherer. Paris, 1876.

rial system. He therefore took his stand on the debatable ground. He left the whole in ambiguity. He has doubtless, by so doing, laid himself open to the charge of inconsistency. But though philosophically in the wrong he was poetically in the right.

Poor Robert Hall, "wellnigh worn out with that long disease, his life," and, in the last precious days of it, "discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify" this ingenious criticism! Alas! even had his life been prolonged like Hezekiah's, he could not have verified it, for it is unverifiable. A poet who, writing "in an age of philosophers and theologians," finds it "impossible for him to adopt altogether the material or the immaterial system," who, therefore, "takes his stand on the debatable ground," who "leaves the whole in ambiguity," and who, in doing so, "though philosophically in the wrong, was poetically in the right"! Substantial meaning such lucubrations have none; they are rhetoric. And in like manner a distinct and substantial meaning can never be got out of the fine phrases about "Milton's conception of love uniting all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside;" or about "Milton's thoughts resembling those celestial fruits and flowers which the virgin martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth;" the phrases are mere rhetoric. Macaulay's writing passes for being admirably clear, and so externally it is; but it is really obscure, if one takes his deliverances seriously, and seeks to find in them a definite meaning. However, there is, no doubt, a multitude of readers for whom it is sufficient to have their ears tickled with fine rhetoric; but the tickling makes a serious reader impatient.

Many readers there are, again, who come to an essay on Milton with their minds full of zeal for the Puritan cause, and for Milton as one of the glories of Puritanism. Of such readers the great desire is to have the cause and the man, who are already established objects of en-

thusiasm for them, strongly praised. Certainly Macaulay will satisfy them. They will hear that the Civil War was "the great conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, liberty and despotism, reason and prejudice;" the Puritans being Oromasdes, and the Royalists Arimanes. They will be told that the great Puritan poet was worthy of the august cause which he served. "His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility." "There are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have proved pure, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. Of these was Milton." To descend a little to particulars. Milton's temper was especially admirable. "The gloom of Dante's character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise, and the glories of the eternal throne." But in our countryman, although "if ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton," nothing "had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience." All this is just what an ardent admirer of the Puritan cause and of Milton could most wish to hear, and when he hears it he is in ecstasies.

But a disinterested reader, whose object is not to hear Puritanism and Milton glorified, but to get at the truth about them, will surely be dissatisfied. With what a heavy brush, he will say to himself, does this man lay on his colors! The Puritans Oromasdes, and the royalists Arimanes? What a different strain from Chillingworth's, in his sermon at Oxford at the beginning of the Civil War! "Publicans and sinners on the one side," said Chillingworth, "scribes and Pharisees on the other." Not at all a conflict between Oromasdes and Arimanes, but a good deal of Arimanes on both sides. And as human affairs go, Chillingworth's version of the matter is likely to be nearer the truth than Macaulay's. Indeed, for any one who reads thoughtfully and without bias, Macau-

lay himself, with the inconsistency of a born rhetorician, presently confutes his own thesis. He says of the royalists, "They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful." Is being more "kindly affectioned" such an insignificant superiority? The royalists, too, then, in spite of their being insufficiently jealous for civil and ecclesiastical liberty, had in them something of Oromasdes, the principle of light.

And Milton's temper! His "sedate and majestic patience;" his freedom from "asperity"! If there is a defect which, above all others, is signal in Milton, which injures him even intellectually, which limits him as a poet, it is the defect common to him, with the whole Puritan party to which he belonged — the fatal defect of *temper*. He and they may have a thousand merits, but they are *unamiable*. Excuse them how one will, Milton's asperity and acerbity, his want of sweetness of temper, of Shakespearian largeness and indulgence, are undeniable. Lord Macaulay in his essay regrets that the prose writings of Milton should not be more read. "They abound," he says in his rhetorical way, "with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance." At any rate, they enable us to judge of Milton's temper, of his freedom from asperity. Let us open the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," and see how Milton treats an opponent. "How should he, a serving-man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding, and a solicitor by presumption, ever come to know or feel within himself what the meaning is of *gentle*?" What a gracious temper! "At last, and in good hour, we come to his farewell, which is to be a concluding taste of his jabberment, in law, the flashiest and the fustiest that ever corrupted in such an unswilled hogshead." How "sedate and majestic"!

Human progress consists in a continual increase in the number of those who, ceasing to live by the animal life alone and to feel the pleasures of sense only,

come to participate in the intellectual life also, and to find enjoyment in the things of the mind. The enjoyment is not at first very discriminating. Rhetoric, brilliant writing, gives to such persons pleasure for its own sake; but it gives them pleasure still more, when it is employed in commendation of a view of life which is on the whole theirs, and of men and causes with which they are naturally in sympathy. The immense popularity of Macaulay is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind. It is said that the traveller in Australia, visiting one settler's hut after another, finds again and again that the settler's third book, after the Bible and Shakespeare, is some work by Macaulay. Nothing can be more natural. The Bible and Shakespeare may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration; but as soon as the common Englishman, desiring culture, begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things is, on the whole, the view of them which he feels to be his own also; the persons and causes praised are those which he himself is disposed to admire; the persons and causes blamed are those with which he himself is out of sympathy; and the rhetoric employed to praise or to blame them is animating and excellent. Macaulay is thus a great civilizer. In hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it.

But with the increasing number of those who awake to the intellectual life, the number of those also increases, who, having awoke to it, go on with it, follow where it leads them. And it leads them to see that it is their business to learn the real truth about the important men, and things, and books which interest the human mind. For thus is gradually to be acquired a stock of sound ideas, in which their mind will habitually move, and which alone can give to their judgments security and solidity. To be satisfied with fine writing about the object of one's study, with having it praised or blamed in accordance

with one's own likes or dislikes, with any conventional treatment of it, is at this stage of growth seen to be futile. At this stage, rhetoric, even when it is as good as Macaulay's, dissatisfies. And the number of people who have reached this stage of mental growth is constantly, as things now are, increasing; increasing by the very same law of progress which plants the beginnings of mental life in more and more persons who until now, have never known it. So that while the number of those who are delighted with rhetoric such as Macaulay's is always increasing, the number of those who are dissatisfied with it is always increasing too.

And not only rhetoric dissatisfies persons at this stage, but conventionality of any kind. This is the fault of Addison's Miltonic criticism, once so celebrated; it rests almost entirely upon convention. Here is "Paradise Lost," "a work which does an honor to the English nation," a work claiming to be one of the great poems of the world, to be of the highest moment to us. "The 'Paradise Lost,' says Addison, "is looked upon by the best judges as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius, in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty." The right thing, surely, is for such a work to prove its own virtue by powerfully and delightfully affecting us as we read it, and by remaining a constant source of elevation and happiness to us forever. But the "Paradise Lost" has not this effect certainly and universally; therefore Addison proposes to "set before an English reader, in its full beauty," the great poem. To this end he has "taken a general view of it under these four heads: the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language." He has, moreover,

endeavored not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties and to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavored to show how some passages are beautified by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavored to show how the genius of the poet shines by a happy invention, or distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raises his own imagination by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso which our author has imitated; but as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex

my reader with such quotations as might do more honor to the Italian than the English poet.

This is the sort of criticism which held our grandfathers and great-grandfathers spell-bound in solemn reverence. But it is all based upon conventions, and on the positivism of the modern reader it is thrown away. Does the work which you praise, he asks, affect me with high pleasure and do me good, when I try it as fairly as I can? The critic who helps such a questioner is one who has sincerely asked himself, also, this same question; who has answered it in a way which agrees, in the main, with what the questioner finds to be his own honest experience in the matter, and who shows the reasons for this common experience. Where is the use of telling a man, who finds himself tired rather than delighted by "Paradise Lost," that the incidents in that poem "have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature;" that "though they are natural, they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing"? Where is the use of telling him that "Adam and Eve are drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration"? His own experience, on the other hand, is that the incidents in "Paradise Lost" are such as awaken in him but the most languid interest; and that the afflictions and sentiments of Adam and Eve never melt or move him passionately at all. How is he advanced by hearing that "it is not sufficient that the language of an epic poem be perspicuous, unless it be also sublime;" and that Milton's language is both? What avails it to assure him that "the first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or less so;" that "this action should have three qualifications, should be but one action, an entire action, and a great action;" and that if we "consider the action of the 'Iliad,' 'Æneid,' and 'Paradise Lost,' in these three several lights, we shall find that Milton's poem does not fall short in the beauties which are essential to that kind of writing"? The patient whom Addison thus doctors will reply, that he does not care two straws whether the action of "Paradise Lost" satisfies the proposed test or no, if the poem does not give him pleasure. The truth is, Addison's criticism goes on certain conventions: the

conventions, that incidents of a certain class *must* awaken keen interest; that sentiments of a certain kind *must* raise melting passions; that language of a certain strain, and an action with certain qualifications, *must* render a poem attractive and effective. Disregard the convention; ask solely whether the incidents *do* interest, whether the sentiments *do* move, whether the poem *is* attractive and effective, and Addison's criticism collapses.

Sometimes the convention is one which in theory ought, a man may perhaps admit, to be something more than a convention; but which yet practically is not. Milton's poem is of surpassing interest to us, says Addison, because in it "the principal actors are not only our progenitors but our representatives. We have an actual interest in everything they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake, in all their behavior." Of ten readers who may even admit that in theory this is so, barely one can be found whose practical experience tells him that Adam and Eve do really, as his representatives, excite his interest in this vivid manner. It is by a mere convention, then, that Addison supposes them to do so, and claims an advantage for Milton's poem from the supposition.

The theological speeches in the third book of "Paradise Lost" are not, in themselves, attractive poetry. But, says Addison,

the passions which they are designed to raise are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity. . . . He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than I ever met with in any other writer.

But nine readers out of ten feel that, as a matter of fact, their religious sentiments of "divine love and religious fear" are wholly ineffectual even to reconcile them to the poetical tiresomeness of the speeches in question; far less can they render them interesting. It is by a mere convention, then, that Addison pretends that they do.

The great merits of Johnson's criticism on Milton is that from rhetoric and convention it is free. Mr. Trevelyan says that the enthusiasm of Macaulay's "Essay on Milton" is, at any rate, "a relief from the perverted ability of that elaborate libel

on our great epic poet, which goes by the name of Dr. Johnson's 'Life of Milton.'" This is too much in Lord Macaulay's own style. In Johnson's "Life of Milton" we have the straightforward remarks, on Milton and his works, of a very acute and robust mind. Often they are thoroughly sound. "What we know of Milton's character in domestic relations is that he was severe and arbitrary. His family consisted of women; and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females as subordinate and inferior beings." Mr. Trevelyan will forgive our saying that the truth is here much better hit, than in Lord Macaulay's sentence telling us how Milton's "conception of love unites all the voluptuousness of the Oriental harem, and all the gallantry of the chivalric tournament, with all the pure and quiet affection of an English fireside." But Johnson's mind, acute and robust as it was, was at many points bounded, at many points warped. He was neither sufficiently disinterested nor sufficiently flexible, nor sufficiently receptive, to be a satisfying critic of a poet like Milton. "Surely no man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleasure, had he not known the author!" Terrible sentence for revealing the deficiencies of the critic who utters it!

A completely disinterested judgment about a man like Milton is easier to a foreign critic than to an Englishman. From conventional obligation to admire "our great epic poet" a foreigner is free. Nor has he any bias for or against Milton because he was a Puritan — in his political and ecclesiastical doctrines to one of our great English parties a delight, to the other an offence. But a critic must have the requisite knowledge of the man and the works he is to judge; and from a foreigner — particularly, perhaps, from a Frenchman — one hardly expects such knowledge. M. Edmond Scherer, however, whose "Essay on Milton" lies before us, is an exceptional Frenchman. He is a senator of France, and one of the directors of the *Temps* newspaper. But he comes originally from Geneva, that home of large instruction and lucid intelligence. He was in youth the friend and hearer of Alexandre Vinet, — one of the most salutary influences a man in our time can have experienced, whether he continue to think quite as Vinet thought or not. He knows thoroughly the language and literature of England, Italy, Germany, as well as of France. Well-informed, intelligent, disinterested, open-minded, sympathetic, M.

Scherer has much in common with the admirable critic whom France has lost — Sainte-Beuve. What he has not, as a critic, is Sainte-Beuve's elasticity and cheerfulness. He has not that gaiety, that radiancy, as of a man discharging with delight the very office for which he was born, which, in the "*Causeries*," make Sainte-Beuve's touch so felicitous, his sentences so crisp, his effect so charming. But M. Scherer has the same open-mindedness as Sainte-Beuve, the same firmness and sureness of judgment; and having a much more solid acquaintance with foreign languages than Sainte-Beuve, he can much better appreciate a work like "*Paradise Lost*" in the only form in which it can be appreciated properly — in the original.

We will commence, however, by disagreeing with M. Scherer. He sees very clearly how vain is Lord Macaulay's sheer laudation of Milton, or Voltaire's sheer disparagement of him. Such judgments, M. Scherer truly says, are not judgments at all. They merely express a personal sensation of like or dislike. And M. Scherer goes on to recommend, in the place of such "personal sensations," the method of historical criticism — that great and famous power in the present day. He sings the praises of "this method at once more conclusive and more equitable, which sets itself to understand things rather than to class them, to explain rather than to judge them; which seeks to account for a work from the genius of its author, and for the turn which this genius has taken from the circumstances amidst which it was developed;" the old story of the "man and the *milieu*," in short. "For thus," M. Scherer continues, "out of these two things, the analysis of the writer's character and the study of his age, there spontaneously issues the right understanding of his work. In place of an appreciation thrown off by some chance comer, we have the work passing judgment, so to speak, upon itself, and assuming the rank which belongs to it among the productions of the human mind."

The advice to study the character of an author and the circumstances in which he has lived, in order to account to one's self for his work, is excellent. But it is a perilous doctrine, that from such a study the right understanding of his work will "spontaneously issue." In a mind qualified in a certain manner it will, not in all minds. And it will be that mind's "personal sensation." It cannot be said that Macaulay had not studied the character of Milton, and the history of the times in which he

lived. But a right understanding of Milton did not "spontaneously issue" therefrom in the mind of Macaulay, because his mind was that of a rhetorician, not of a disinterested critic. Let us not confound the method with the result intended by the method — right judgments. The critic who rightly appreciates a great man or a great work, and who can tell us faithfully, life being long and art short and false information very plentiful, what we may expect from their study and what they can do for us, he is the critic we want, by whatever methods, intuitive or historical, he may have managed to get his knowledge.

M. Scherer begins with Milton's prose works, from which he translates many passages. Milton's sentences can hardly know themselves again in clear modern French, and with all their inversions and redundancies gone. M. Scherer does full justice to the glow and mighty eloquence with which Milton's prose, in its good moments, is instinct and alive; to the "magnificences of his style," as he calls them: —

The expression is not too strong. There are moments when, shaking from him the dust of his arguments, the poet bursts suddenly forth, and bears us away in a torrent of incomparable eloquence. We get, not the phrase of the orator, but the glow of the poet, a flood of images poured around his arid theme, a rushing flight carrying us above his paltry controversies. The polemical writings of Milton are filled with such beauties. The prayer which concludes the treatise on "Reformation in England," the praise of zeal in the "Apology for Smectymnus," the portrait of Cromwell in the "Second Defence of the English People," and, finally, the whole tract on the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" from beginning to end, are some of the most memorable pages in English literature and some of the most characteristic products of the genius of Milton.

Macaulay himself could hardly praise the eloquence of Milton's prose writings more warmly. But it is a very inadequate criticism which leaves the reader, as Macaulay's rhetoric would leave him, with the belief that the total impression to be got from Milton's prose writings is one of enjoyment and admiration. It is not; we are misled, and our time is wasted, if we are sent to Milton's prose works in the expectation of finding it so. Grand thoughts and beautiful language do not form the staple of Milton's controversial treatises, though they occur in them not unfrequently. But the total impression from those treatises is rightly given by M. Scherer: —

In all of them the manner is the same. The author brings into play the treasures of his learning, heaping together testimonies from Scripture, passages from the fathers, quotations from the poets; laying all antiquity sacred and profane, under contribution; entering into subtle discussions on the sense of this or that Greek or Hebrew word. But not only by his undigested erudition and by his absorption in religious controversy does Milton belong to his age; he belongs to it, too, by the personal tone of his polemics. Morus and Salmasius had attacked his morals, laughed at his low stature, made unfeeling allusions to his loss of sight; Milton replies by reproaching them with the wages they have taken and with the servant-girls they have debauched. All this mixed with coarse witticisms, with terms of the lowest abuse. Luther and Calvin, those virtuosos of insult, had not gone farther.

No doubt there is, as M. Scherer says, "something indescribably heroical and magnificent which overflows from Milton, even when he is engaged in the most miserable discussions." Still, for the mass of his prose treatises, *miserable discussions* is the final and right word. Nor, when Milton passed to his great epic, did he altogether leave the old man of these "miserable discussions" behind him:—

In his soul he is a polemist and a theologian; a Protestant schoolman. He takes delight in the favorite dogmas of Puritanism—original sin, predestination, free-will. Not that even here he does not display somewhat of that independence which was in his nature. But his theology is, nevertheless, that of his epoch, tied and bound to the letter of Holy Writ, without grandeur, without horizons, without philosophy. He never frees himself from the bondage of the letter. He settles the most important questions by the authority of an obscure text, or a text isolated from its context. In a word, Milton is a great poet with a Salmasius or a Grotius bound up along with him; a genius nourished on the marrow of lions, of Homer, Isaiah, Virgil, Dante, but also, like the serpent of Eden, eating dust, the dust of dismal polemics. He is a doctor, a preacher, a man of didactics; and when the day shall arrive when he can at last realize the dreams of his youth and bestow on his country an epic poem, he will compose it of two elements, gold and clay, sublimity and scholasticism, and will bequeath to us a poem which is at once the most wonderful and the most insupportable poem in existence.

From the first, two conflicting forces, two sources of inspiration, had contended with one another, says M. Scherer, for the possession of Milton—the Renaissance and Puritanism. Milton felt the power of both:—

Elegant poet and passionate disputant, accomplished humanist and narrow sectary, admirer of Petrarch, of Shakespeare, and hair-splitting interpreter of Bible-texts, smitten with pagan antiquity and smitten with the Hebrew genius; and all this at the same time, without effort, naturally; an historical problem, a literary enigma!

Milton's early poems, such as the "Allegro," the "Penseroso," are poems produced while a sort of equilibrium still prevailed in the poet's nature; hence their charm, and that of their youthful author:—

Nothing morose or repellent, purity without excess of rigor, gravity without fanaticism. Something wholesome and virginal, gracious and yet strong. A son of the north who has passed the way of Italy; a last fruit of the Renaissance, but a fruit filled with a savor new and strange!

Milton arrived at the latter years of his life, a life which in its outward fortunes darkened more and more, *alla s'assombrissant de plus en plus*, towards its close. He arrived at the time when "his friends had disappeared, his dreams had vanished, his eyesight was quenched, the hand of old age was upon him." It was then that, "isolated by the very force of his genius," but full of faith and fervor, he "turned his eyes towards the celestial light" and produced "Paradise Lost." In its form, M. Scherer observes, in its plan and distribution, the poem follows Greek and Roman models, particularly the "Æneid." "All in this respect is regular and classical; in this fidelity to the established models we recognise the literary superstitions of the Renaissance." So far as its form is concerned, "Paradise Lost" is, says M. Scherer, "the copy of a copy, a tertiary formation. It is to the Latin epics what these are to Homer."

The most important matter, however, is the contents of the poem, not the form. The contents are given by Puritanism. But let M. Scherer speak for himself:—

"Paradise Lost" is an epic, but a theological epic; and the theology of the poem is made up of the favorite dogmas of the Puritans—the fall, justification, God's sovereign decrees. Milton, for that matter, vows openly that he has a thesis to maintain; his object is, he tells us at the outset, to "assert eternal providence and justify the ways of God to man." "Paradise Lost," then, is two distinct things in one—an epic and a theodicy. Unfortunately, these two elements, which correspond to the two men of whom Milton was composed, and to the two tendencies which ruled his century, these two elements have not managed to get amalgamated. Far from doing so, they clash with one another, and from

their juxtaposition there results a suppressed contradiction which extends to the whole work, impairs its solidity, and compromises its value.

M. Scherer gives his reasons for thinking that the Christian theology is unmanageable in an epic poem, although the gods may come in very well in the "Iliad" and "Æneid." Few will differ from him here, so we pass on. A theological poem is a mistake, says M. Scherer; but to call "Paradise Lost" a theological poem is to call it by too large a name. It is really a commentary on a biblical text — the first two or three chapters of Genesis. Its subject is a story, taken literally, which many of even the most religious people nowadays hesitate to take literally; while yet, upon our being able to take it literally, the whole real interest of the poem for us depends. Merely as matter of poetry, the story of the fall has no special force or effectiveness; its effectiveness for us comes from our taking it all as the literal narrative of what positively happened.

Milton, M. Scherer thinks, was not strong in invention. The famous allegory of Sin and Death may be taken as a specimen of what he could do in this line, and the allegory of Sin and Death is uncouth and unpleasing. But invention is dangerous when one is dealing with a subject so grave, so strictly formulated by theology, as the subject of Milton's choice. Our poet felt this, and allowed little scope to free poetical invention. He adhered in general to data furnished by Scripture, and supplemented somewhat by Jewish legend. But this judicious self-limitation had, again, its drawbacks: —

If Milton has avoided factitious inventions, he has done so at the price of another disadvantage; the bareness of his story, the epic poverty of his poem. It is not merely that the reader is carried up into the sphere of religious abstractions, where man loses power to see or breathe. Independently of this, everything is here too simple, both actors and action. Strictly speaking, there is but one personage before us, God the Father; inasmuch as God cannot appear without effacing every one else, nor speak without the accomplishment of his will. The Son is but the Father's double. The angels and archangels are but his messengers, nay, they are less; they are but his decrees personified, the supernumeraries of a drama which would be transacted quite as well without them.

Milton has struggled against these conditions of the subject which he had chosen. He has tried to escape from them, and has only made the drawback more visible. The long speeches with which he fills up the gaps of the action are sermons, and serve but to reveal the

absence of action. Then, as, after all, some action, some struggle was necessary, the poet had recourse to the revolt of the angels. Unfortunately, such is the fundamental vice of the subject, that the poet's instrument has, one may say, turned against him. What his action has gained from it in movement it has lost in probability. We see a battle, indeed, but who can take either the combat or the combatants seriously? Belial shows his sense of this, when in the infernal council he rejects the idea of engaging in any conflict whatever, open or secret, with Him who is all-seeing and almighty; and really one cannot comprehend how his mates should have failed to acquiesce in a consideration so evident. But, I repeat, the poem was not possible save at the price of this impossibility. Milton, therefore, has courageously made the best of it. He has gone with it all lengths, he has accepted in all its extreme consequences the most inadmissible of fictions. He has exhibited to us Jehovah apprehensive for his omnipotence, in fear of seeing his position turned, his residence surprised, his throne usurped. He has drawn the angels hurling mountains at one another's heads, and firing cannon at one another. He has shown us the victory doubtful until the Son appears armed with lightnings, and standing on a car horsed by four cherubim.

The fault of Milton's poem is not, says M. Scherer, that with his Calvinism of the seventeenth century Milton was a man holding other beliefs than ours. Homer, Dante, held other beliefs than ours: —

But Milton's position is not the same as theirs. Milton has something he wants to prove, he supports a thesis. It was his intention, in his poem, to do duty as theologian as well as poet; at any rate, whether he meant it or not, "Paradise Lost" is a didactic work, and the form of it, therefore, cannot be separated from the substance. Now, it turns out that the idea of the poem will not bear examination; that its solution for the problem of evil is almost burlesque; that the character of its heroes, Jehovah and Satan, has no coherence; that what happens to Adam interests us but little; finally, that the action takes place in regions where the interests and passions of our common humanity can have no scope. I have already insisted on this contradiction in Milton's epic; the story on which it turns can have meaning and value only so long as it preserves its dogmatic weight, and, at the same time, it cannot preserve this without falling into theology — that is to say, into a domain foreign to that of art. The subject of the poem is nothing if it is not real, and if it does not touch us as the turning-point of our destinies; and the more the poet seeks to grasp this reality, the more it escapes from him.

In short the whole poem of "Paradise Lost" is vitiated, says M. Scherer, "by a kind of antinomy, by the conjoint neces-

sity and impossibility of taking its contents literally."

M. Scherer then proceeds to sum up. And in ending, after having once more marked his objections and accentuated them, he at last finds again that note of praise, which our readers will imagine him to have quite lost:—

To sum up: "Paradise Lost" is a false poem, a grotesque poem, a tiresome poem; there is not one reader out of a hundred who can read the ninth and tenth books without smiling, or the eleventh and twelfth without yawning. The whole thing is without solidity; it is a pyramid resting on its apex, the most solemn of problems resolved by the most puerile of means. And, notwithstanding, "Paradise Lost" is immortal. It lives by a certain number of episodes which are forever famous. Unlike Dante, who must be read as a whole if we want really to seize his beauties, Milton ought to be read only by passages. But these passages form part of the poetical patrimony of the human race.

And not only in things like the address to light, or the speeches of Satan, is Milton admirable, but in single lines and images everywhere:—

"Paradise Lost" is studded with incomparable lines. Milton's poetry is, as it were, the very essence of poetry. The author seems to think always in images, and these images are grand and proud like his soul, a wonderful mixture of the sublime and the picturesque. For rendering things he has the unique word, the word which is a discovery. Every one knows his *darkness visible*.

M. Scherer cites other famous expressions and lines, so familiar that we need not quote them here. Expressions of the kind, he says, not only beautiful, but always, in addition to their beauty, striking one as the absolutely right thing (*toujours justes dans leur beauté*), are in "Paradise Lost" innumerable. And he concludes:—

Moreover, we have not said all when we have cited particular lines of Milton. He has not only the image and the word, he has the period also, the large musical phrase, somewhat long, somewhat laden with ornaments and intricate with inversions, but bearing all along with it in its superb undulation. Lastly, and above all, he has a something indescribably serene and victorious, an unfailing level of style, power indomitable. He seems to wrap us in a fold of his robe, and to carry us away with him into the eternal regions where is his home.

With this fine image M. Scherer takes leave of Milton. Yet the simple description of the man in Johnson's "Life" of him touches us more than any image; the

description of the old poet "seen in a small house, neatly enough dressed in black clothes, sitting in a room hung with rusty green, pale but not cadaverous, with chalk stones in his hand. He said that, if it were not for the gout, his blindness would be tolerable."

But in his last sentences M. Scherer comes upon what is undoubtedly Milton's true distinction as a poet, his "unfailing level of style." Milton has always the sure, strong touch of the master. His power both of diction and of rhythm is unsurpassable, and it is characterized by being always present, not depending on an access of emotion, not intermittent; but, like the grace of Raphael, working in its possessor as a constant gift of nature. Milton's style has the same propriety and soundness in presenting plain matters, as in the comparatively smooth task for a poet of presenting grand ones. His rhythm is as admirable where, as in the line,—

And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old,
it is unusual, as in such lines as

With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery
arms,

where it is simplest. And what high praise this is, we may best appreciate by considering the ever-recurring failure, both in rhythm and in diction, which we find in the so-called Miltonic blank verse of Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth. What leagues of lumbering movement! what desperate endeavors, as in Wordsworth's

And at the "Hoop" alighted, famous inn,

to render a platitude endurable by making it pompous! Shakespeare himself, divine as are his gifts, has not, of the marks of the master, this one: perfect sureness of hand in his style. Alone of English poets, alone in English art, Milton has it; he is our great artist in style, our one first-rate master in the grand style. He is as truly a master in this style as the great Greeks are, or Virgil, or Dante. The number of such masters is so limited, that a man acquires a world-rank in poetry and art, instead of a mere local rank, by being counted to them. But Milton's importance to us Englishmen, by virtue of this distinction of his, is incalculable. The charm of a master's unfailing touch in diction and in rhythm, no one, after all, can feel so intimately, so profoundly, as his own countrymen. Invention, plan, wit, pathos, thought, all of them are in great measure capable of being detached

from the original work itself, and of being exported for admiration abroad. Diction and rhythm are not. Even when a foreigner can read the work in its own language, they are not perhaps easily appreciable by him. It shows M. Scherer's thorough knowledge of English, and his critical sagacity also, that he has felt the force of them in Milton. We natives must naturally feel it yet more powerfully. Be it remembered, too, that English literature, full of vigor and genius as it is, is peculiarly impaired by gropings and inadequacies in form. For the English artist in any branch, if he is a true artist, the study of Milton may well have an indescribable attraction. It gives him lessons which nowhere else from an Englishman's work can he obtain, and feeds a sense which English literature, in general, seems too much bent on disappointing and baffling. And this sense is yet so deep-seated in human nature — this sense of style — that probably not for artists alone, but for all intelligent Englishmen who read him, its gratification by Milton's poetry is a large though often not fully recognized part of his charm, and a very wholesome and fruitful one.

As a man, too, not less than a poet Milton has a side of unsurpassable grandeur. A master's touch is the gift of nature. Moral qualities, it is commonly thought, are in our own power. Perhaps the germs of such qualities are in their greater or less strength as much a part of our natural constitution as the sense for style. The range open to our own will and power, however, in developing and establishing them, is evidently much larger. Some moral qualities are certainly connected in a man with his power of style. Milton's power of style, for instance, has for its great character elevation; and Milton's elevation clearly comes, in the main, from a moral quality in him — his pureness. "By pureness, by kindness!" says St. Paul. These two, pureness and kindness, are, in very truth, the two signal Christian virtues, the two mighty wings of Christianity, with which it winnowed and renewed, and still winnows and renews, the world. In kindness, and in all which that word conveys or suggests, Milton does not shine. He had the temper of his Puritan party. We often hear the boast, on behalf of the Puritans, that they produced "our great epic poet." Alas! one might not unjustly retort that they spoiled him. However, let Milton bear his own burden; in his temper he had natural affinities with the Puritans. He has paid for

it by limitations as a poet. But, on the other hand, how high, clear, and splendid is his pureness; and how intimately does its might enter into the voice of his poetry! We have quoted some ill-conditioned passages from his prose, let us quote from it a passage of another stamp: —

And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he, who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy. These reasonings, together with a certain niceness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-esteem, either of what I was or what I might be (which let envy call pride), and lastly that modesty whereof here I may be excused to make some beseeching profession; all these uniting the supply of their natural aid together kept me still above low descents of mind. Next (for hear me out now, readers), that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered; I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life if it so befell him, the honor and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learnt what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies by such a dear adventure of themselves had sworn. Only this my mind gave me, that every free und gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be born a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up both by his counsel and his arm to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity.

Mere fine professions are in this department of morals more common and more worthless than in any other. What gives to Milton's professions such a stamp of their own is their accent of absolute sincerity. In this elevated strain of moral pureness his life was really pitched; its strong, immortal beauty passed into the diction and rhythm of his poetry.

But we did not propose to write a criticism of our own upon Milton. We proposed to recite and compare the criticisms on him by others. Only we have been tempted, after our many extracts from M. Scherer, in whose criticism of Milton the note of blame fills so much more place than the note of praise, to accentuate this note of praise, which M. Scherer

touches, indeed, with justness, but hardly, we think, draws out fully enough or presses firmly enough. As a poet and as a man, Milton has a side of grandeur so high and rare, as to give him rank along with the half-dozen greatest poets who have ever lived, although to their masterpieces his "Paradise Lost" is, in the fulfilment of the complete range of conditions which a great poem ought to satisfy, indubitably inferior. Nothing is gained by huddling on "our great epic poet," in a promiscuous heap, every sort of praise. Sooner or later the question, How does Milton's masterpiece really stand to us moderns, what are we to think of it, what can we get from it? must inevitably be asked and answered. We have marked that side of the answer which is and will always remain favorable to Milton. The unfavorable side of the answer is supplied by M. Scherer. "'Paradise Lost'" lives; but none the less is it true that its fundamental conceptions have become foreign to us, and that if the work subsists it is in spite of the subject treated by it."

The verdict seems to us to be just, and to be supported by M. Scherer with considerations natural, lucid, and forcible. He, too, has his conventions when he comes to speak of Racine and Lamartine. But his judgments on foreign poets, on Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, as well as on Milton, seem to us to be singularly uninfluenced by the conventional estimates of these poets, and singularly rational. Leaning to the side of severity, as is natural when one has been wearied by choruses of ecstatic and exaggerated praise, he yet well and fairly reports, we think, the real impression made by these great men and their works on a modern mind disinterested, intelligent, and sincere. Our readers, we hope, have been interested in seeing how Milton and his "Paradise Lost" stand such a survey. And those who are dissatisfied with what we have given them may always revenge themselves by falling back upon their Addison, and by observing sarcastically that "a few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic."

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CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXV.

A N I D E A L I S T.

WHEN Agnes Burchell encountered Oswald Meredith, as has been recorded, she had but recently taken up her abode at the "house." She had gone there much against the will of her family, actuated by that discontent which many generations may have felt, but only the present generation has confessed and justified. Agnes was the eldest daughter of a very prosaic pair, born in a very prosaic household, and how it was that the ideal had caught her in its tenacious grip nobody knew. In the rectory at the foot of the hill, noisy with children, greasy with bread and butter, between a fat father who prosed and a stout mother who grumbled, the girl had set her heart, from the very beginning of conscious sentiment in her, upon some more excellent way. How this was to be reached she had not been able to divine for years, and many pious struggles had poor Agnes against her own better desires, many attempts to subdue herself and to represent to herself that the things she had to do were her duty and the best things for her. Between exhortations to the service of God in its most spiritual sense, and exhortations to be contented "in that condition of life to which God had called her," her heart was rent and her life distracted. Was there, indeed, nothing better in the world than to cut the bread and butter like Werther's Charlotte, to darn the stockings, to listen to parish gossip and her mother's standing grievance, which was that Cherry Beresford, an old maid, should be well off and drive about in her carriage, while she, the rector's wife, went painfully afoot—and her father's twaddle about the plague of Dissenters and the wickedness of curates? Agnes tried very hard to accommodate herself to these circumstances of her lot. She tried to change the tone of the family talk, making herself extremely disagreeable to everybody in so doing. She tried to reduce the children to obedience and to bring order into the unruly house, and in so doing got herself soundly rated by everybody. Who was she that she should take upon her to be superior to her neighbors—to set them all right? The rest of the Burchells were very comfortable in their state of hugger-mugger, and that she should pretend a dislike to it aggravated

them all deeply, while all the time she was informed, both in sermons and in good books, that to do the duty nearest to your hand was the most heroic Christian duty. Poor Agnes could not see her way to do any duty at all. There were three sisters over sixteen, more than could be employed upon the stockings and the bread and butter. Then she tried the parish, but found with humiliation that with neither soup, nor puddings, nor little bottles of wine, nor even tracts to carry about, her visits were but little prized. Louisa, her next sister, answered better in every way than she did: when Louisa was scolded she scolded back again in a filial manner, having the last word always. She boxed the children's ears, and pushed them about, and read a novel — when she could get one — in an untidy room, with unkempt brothers and sisters round, and took no notice; neither the disobedience, nor the untidiness, nor even unjust reproof when it came her way having any particular effect upon her. Louisa did what she was obliged to do, and knew nothing about the ideal. But Agnes did not know what to make of herself. She was called by absurd nicknames of mock respect by the others — the “princess” and “your royal highness,” and so forth; and Mrs. Burchell seldom lost an opportunity of saying, “Agnes thinks she knows better, of course; but my old-fashioned ways are good enough for the rest of us.” Thus year after year went over her young head, each one increasing her inappropriateness — the want of any fit place for her where she was. It was against the pride of the family that she should go out as a governess, and, indeed, she was not sufficiently educated herself to teach any one else. She was at the very height of discomfort when there dawned upon her the prospect of doing something better in the “house,” serving the poor, teaching the untaught. The rectory was very full at the time, and her room was much wanted for an uncle who was coming to pay a visit; but yet, notwithstanding this great immediate convenience, there was much resistance made.

Mr. Burchell's Church politics were undecided. He was only entering upon the path of ritualism, starting mildly under the guidance of a curate, with saint's-day services, and the beginning of a choir; and the name of a sisterhood frightened him. As for Mrs. Burchell, her indignation knew no bounds. “Your duty is at home, you ungrateful girl, where your father and I have stinted ourselves to let you have everything that is comfortable.

And now you go and leave me to work night and day among the children. I, who have no strength for it!” “There is Louisa, mamma,” said Agnes; upon which Louisa cried with indignation, and asked if *everything* was to be left upon her, and all the little boys and girls looked on from the corners with demure delight to watch the progress of the “shindy” between Agnes and mamma. At last, however, after many scenes of this kind, Agnes was allowed to go free. She went to London, and set herself up with a modified uniform, and was as glad and triumphant as if it was the noblest vocation in the world which she had thus struggled into. Alas, it was not very long before the bonds of the prosaic earth again galled her, and the ideal seemed as far off as ever. Ignoble breakfasts and dinners and teas are as ignoble in a charitable “house” as in an overcrowded rectory; and here, too, there was gossip and unruliness, and want of discipline, and very poor success in the elevation of life out of its beggarly elements. To teach children their A B C is not an inspiring occupation, even when the children are destitute and orphans. It was so hard to realize that they were so. The poor little wretches were just as tiresome and insubordinate as if they had been her own brothers and sisters: nothing of the sentiment of their position hung about them. And the sisters were extremely business-like, and did their duty without a tinge of romance, as if they had been hired to do it. The awakening had been sharp for Agnes, but she had already got beyond the first stage, and was now fighting with her disappointment and arguing herself back into satisfaction. It is impossible to tell what a help to her was the breaking of little Emmy's leg. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. She would have liked to nurse her altogether, but at least to go to her to the hospital, to cheer her, and whisper consolation — that was something; and when the child's face brightened at her coming, Agnes, with a sudden throb of her heart, felt that at least for the moment here was the ideal for which she had sighed. Here was some real good of her. But for her nobody would have visited little Emmy: they would have been content to hear that she was doing well: that smile of half-celestial happiness upon the poor little sick face would never have reflected heaven but for Agnes. It was the first approach to contentment in her own occupation which she had ever felt. And she had to work all the harder to get herself this pleasure,

which made her satisfaction still more warm.

But—whether it was right to talk to the stranger who was so very much interested in poor little Emmy afterwards! Was that a part of the ideal, too? To be sure he had a right to inquire—he had been present at the accident, and had carried the child in his arms to the hospital—how very kindly!—and talked, with what understanding! and an enthusiasm which was balm to Agnes, and partially rekindled her own. That he should ask was quite natural; that he should walk with her back to the “house” had seemed very natural, too. Quite natural—he did not look as if he thought it a thing even to apologize about, but went on with quiet simplicity, going the same way as she did. Agnes felt that, as a young lady at home, it would have appeared perhaps a little odd that a stranger should have done this; but she reflected with a thrill, half of pleasure, half of annoyance, that the uniform of a sister had its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and that while it protected her from all rudeness, it at the same time broke the ceremonial bonds of politeness, and left her open to be addressed with frank simplicity by all classes of people. She had thought it right to let him know that she was not a sister, but only a teacher, but it had made no difference in him. Perhaps (she explained to herself) it was the fact that there were nothing but women at the “house,” which gave a certain piquancy to this conversation with a man; for the clergy, in their cassocks, were but a kind of half and half, and talked just in the same tone as Sister Mary Jane about the business of the “house,” and subscriptions, and the balance-sheet, and what the vicar thought, which was the final test of everything. Why did she like this stranger so much better than the clergy? It was because his tone and his looks and what he said were a little variety, and breathed of the outside world and the wider horizon. To be sure, it had seemed to her a little while ago that everything noblest and highest was to be had within the “house,” where so many consecrated souls were giving themselves up to the service of God and the poor. But being inside had modified the views with which she had contemplated the “house” from without. The world itself, the wicked and foolish world, though no less foolish and wicked, had gained a certain interest. There was variety in it; it was perhaps more amusing than the “house.” These thoughts filled the

mind of Agnes as the door, which was always kept locked, was closed upon her. The horizon grew narrower as she came in—that was a natural effect, for of course four straight walls must cut out a great deal of sky—but the effect seemed greater than usual that day. She felt shut in; nothing could be easier than to unlock the door, though it looked so heavy—but there was a feeling of confinement somehow in the air. Agnes had to go into the severe Gothic room, with windows high in the wall, where the children were coming in to tea, while Mr. Oswald Meredith walked away in the free air as he pleased, holding his head high. She breathed a soft sigh unawares. Where was the ideal now? There came upon her a vision of the woods and the Hill, and the winding paths that led to it, and of the four winds that were always blowing there, and the leaves that answered to every breath. What a thing it would be to thread through the woods, as she had done so often, with the wind fresh in her face, chill but vigorous, breathing life and exhilaration! How one’s ideal shifts and changes about when one is twenty! The “house” looked poor indeed in the weariful afternoon about the darkening, full of the odor of weak tea.

Things grew very serious, however, next week, when, exactly as it happened before, just as she came out of the hospital from her visit to Emmy, Mr. Oswald Meredith once more appeared. He was both sorry and glad in a breath—sorry to be too late for personal inquiries, glad to have been so fortunate as just to find her—the best authority about the child.

“I felt sure you would be going to see her,” he said. “Little Emmy is a lucky little girl. May I hear how she is getting on? though I scarcely deserve it for being so late.”

He turned as he spoke to walk with her, and what could Agnes do? She could not refuse to answer him, or show any prudery. He evidently (she said to herself) thought nothing of it; why should she appear to demur to anything so simple? Give a report about a suffering child? any one might do that—to any one. And she told him that Emmy was making satisfactory progress, though she had been feverish and ill. “I was a little frightened, though the nurse said it was nothing. She wandered, and spoke so strangely for a little while. Poor little Emmy! She had a beautiful dream, and thought herself in heaven.”

“While you were there?” said Oswald,

with a significance in the simple question which covered her face with a sudden blush. Then she blushed deeper still to think what foolish, unpardonable vanity this was — vanity the most extraordinary, the most silly! What he meant, *of course*, was a simple question, most natural — an inquiry about a fact, not any wicked compliment. How Agnes hated and despised herself for the warm suffusion of shy pleasure which she had felt in her heart and on her face!

"Yes," she said, demurely; "but she soon roused up and came quite to herself. She had been in great pain, and they had given her something to deaden it, that was all."

"I quite understand," he said, with again that appearance of meaning more than he said. No doubt it was merely his way; and it was embarrassing, but not so disagreeable as perhaps it ought to have been. Agnes kept her head down, and slightly turned away, so that this stranger could not see the inappropriate blushes which came and went under the bonnet of the sisterhood. Then there was a pause; and she wondered within herself whether it would be best to turn down a cross street, and feign an errand, which would take her out of the straight road to the "house" — evidently that was *his* way, and by this means she might escape his close attendance. But then to invent a fictitious errand would be unquestionably wrong; whereas to allow a gentleman whom she did not know, to walk along the public pavement, to which everybody had an equal right, by her side, was only problematically wrong. Thus Agnes hesitated, in a flutter, between two courses. So long as they were not talking it seemed more simple that he should be walking the same way.

"What a strange world a hospital must be," he said. "I have been watching the people coming out" ("Then he was not late, after all," Agnes remarked to herself), "some of them pleased, some anxious, but the most part indifferent. Indifference always carries the day. Is that why the world goes on so steadily, whatever happens? Here and there is one who shows some feeling —"

"It is because the greater part of the patients are not very ill," said Agnes, responding instantly to this challenge. "Oh, no, people are not indifferent. I know that is what is said — that we eat our dinners in spite of everything —"

"And don't we? or, rather, don't they?"

Ourselves are always excepted, I suppose," said Oswald, delighted to have set afloat one of those abstract discussions which young talkers, aware of a pleasant faculty of turning sentences, love.

"Why should ourselves be excepted?" said Agnes, forgetting her shyness. "Why should it always be supposed that we who speak are better than our neighbors? Oh, I have seen so much of that! people who know only a little, little circle setting down all the rest of the world as wicked. Why? If I am unhappy when any one I love is in trouble, that is a reason for believing that others are so too; not that others are indifferent —"

"Ah," said Oswald, "to judge the world by yourself would be well for the world, but disappointing for you, I fear. I am an optimist, too; but I would not go so far as that."

She gave him a sudden look, half-inquiring, half-impatient. "One knows more harm of one's self than one can know of any one else," she said, with the dogmatism of youth.

He laughed. "I see now why you judge people more leniently than I do. What quantities of harm *I* must know that *you* could not believe possible! What is life like, I wonder, up on those snowy heights so near the sky? — a beautiful soft psalm, with just a half tone wrong here and there to show that it is outside heaven —"

"Indeed, indeed, you are mistaken! I — I am not a sister — you mistake me," said Agnes, in agitation. "It is only the dress —"

"You are doing just what you condemn," he said; "setting me down as a superficial person able to judge only by the outside; I have superior pretensions. Is my friend Sister Mary Jane the superior of the convent? but I suppose you don't call it a convent? I have only known them in France."

"We call it only 'the house;' but I have never been in France, — never out of England at all. Is it not like going into a different world?" Agnes took up this subject eagerly, to escape the embarrassment of the other; and fortunately the house itself was already in sight.

"The very same world, only differently dressed. I suppose there is something harmonious in a uniform. All the nuns have a kind of beauty, not the pensive kind one expects; or perhaps it is the white head-dress and the calm life that give the sisters such pretty complexions,

and such clear eyes. Sister Mary Jane, for instance—you will allow that the sisters are calm——”

“But not indifferent!” said Agnes, moved to an answering smile as they reached the safe door of the house. She threw that smile at him as a farewell defiance as she went up to the locked door which opened to her with an alarming sound of keys turning, like the door of a true convent of romance, though it was in a London street. He lingered, but she did not look back. She was very thankful to reach that safe shelter, and find herself delivered from the doubtful privilege of his attendance. And yet somehow the afternoon darkened suddenly, the sky clouded over as she went in, and her heart sank she could not tell how. Why should her heart sink? She had scarcely got indoors before she was met by Sister Mary Jane, who asked for little Emmy with business-like brevity; then, just pausing for a reply, went on to talk of work, the subject which filled all her thoughts.

“Go, please, and take care of the middle girls at relaxation: they are in St. Cecilia; and keep your eye on Marian Smith, who has already lost five marks for untidiness, and Araminta Blunt, who is in punishment for talking. And see that relaxation is ended, and they all begin learning their lessons at 6.30. I must take the elder girls myself for an hour before evensong. Have you had tea?” said Sister Mary Jane. “No? then go quickly, please, my dear, and have some. It is not cleared away yet. The infants have been rather unruly, and I mean to speak to the vicar about it this evening. We want some one else to help with the infants. In St. Cecilia, yes. Make haste, my dear.”

Agnes went into the large room which was called the refectory—the banqueting-hall of the establishment—where the air was heavy with tea and bread and butter, and the long tables, partially cleared, still bore traces of the repast. It was a large room; the walls enlivened with scriptural pictures, and rich with lines of colored bricks unplastered. The servants of the house were not of a very superior class, as may be supposed, and to see them pushing about the cups and saucers, rattling down the heavy trays full of fragments, and hustling each other about the tables, was not exhilarating. How closed in and confined everything looked, how dreary the atmosphere, the evening so much more advanced than out of doors! Agnes

tried to drink with contentment her lukewarm cup of tea, and to think with satisfaction of the middle girls who awaited her in St. Cecilia. But it was astonishing how difficult she felt it to do this. The summer afternoon skies, the soft breathing of the spring air, the long distances—though they were but lines of streets—and wide atmosphere—though it was tinged with London smoke—which lay outside these walls, had suggested sentiments so different. The sentiments which they would have suggested to Sister Mary Jane would have been quite unlike those that filled the mind of Agnes. She would have said it was a sweet evening, and hurried in to work. The smell of the tea did not sicken her, nor the sight of the used cups and the stains here and there on the cloth, where an unruly child (doomed to lose her marks for neatness) had pulled over her cup. She thought that to superintend the middle girls at relaxation was as pleasant an occupation as could be found—and that a walk through the streets was a weariness to the flesh. As for Mr. Oswald Meredith, except that it was very nice of him to have given such a good subscription to the house, she would not have considered him worthy a glance—her mind was busy about other things. She had to take the girls for an hour before evensong, and afterwards had to look over their exercises and inspect the books, and hear the reports of the teachers. Araminta Blunt, who was in punishment for talking, and Marian Smith, who had lost five marks for untidiness, were of more interest to her than all the ideals in the world. She was very kind to fanciful Agnes, as well as to everybody else, but she had no time to indulge in fancies for her own part. She gave her directions to one and another as she went along the passage. There was not a minute of her valuable time which she could afford to lose. Agnes thought of all this with a sigh as she went to St. Cecilia, where the middle girls awaited her. Would she ever be as satisfied with her work, as pleased with her surroundings, as Sister Mary Jane? and was it not her duty to endeavor to make herself so? For she could not say to herself as she had done at home that this was mere carelessness and apathetic resignation to the common course of events. Here, on the contrary, it was self-sacrifice that was the rule, and consecration to the service of the helpless. The poor girl was young; perhaps that was the chief drawback in her way. The softness of the skies, the spec-

ulative delights of conversation, the look of Oswald Meredith as he spoke of "the snowy heights so near the sky," what had these mere chance circumstances, which she had encountered unawares, to do with the serious life which she had herself selected as the best? And, alas! was St. Cecilia, with the girls at relaxation, anything like those "snowy heights"? The little squabbles, the little fibs, the little jealousies which the children indulged in none the less for being in the interesting position of orphans, helpless and friendless children, with no father but God, jarred upon her more and more as this poetical imagination of her life came back to her mind. Surely he must be a poet. This was her concluding thought.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE "HOUSE."

ROGER had not renewed his visit to Cara for some weeks. He had been too much cast down and discouraged by that first Sunday for which he had prepared so elaborately, and looked forward to with so much eagerness. But discouragement like everything else wears out, and when he had gone round the circle from anger to disapproval, from disapproval to contempt, from contempt to pity, Roger found himself with some surprise back at his original point, longing to see Cara, and ready to believe that anything that had come between them had been accidental. The two Merediths would not be there forever, and Cara no doubt, poor girl, must be pining for some one from her old home, and would be glad to see him, and hear all that everybody was doing. He was sorry he had said a word to his mother about what happened in the square; indeed he had done nothing but regret ever since the indiscretion which tempted him to complain; for Mrs. Burchell was one of those inconvenient persons who never forget the indignant criticisms of injured feeling, but continue to repeat and harp upon it long after that feeling has sunk into oblivion or changed into contempt. Very soon the softening influences of his early love, and the longing he had after the object of it, made Roger forgive Cara all her imagined sins against him; but his mother could not forget that he had been slighted, and punished his betrayal of his wound by incessant reference to the evils in the square. This of itself helped on his recovery, since to find fault yourself with those to whom you are attached is a very different thing from hearing them assailed by others.

The process ended by a serious quarrel with Mrs. Burchell, who would not give up this favorite subject, and taunted her son with his want of proper pride, and inclination to put up with anything, when she heard of his intention to go back. "If I had been so treated anywhere, I would never go near them again. I would not invite people to trample upon me," cried the rector's wife. "I might forgive, but I should never forget." "My dear," the rector had said, "Roger has himself to look to: we are not able to do very much for him; and Cara will be a kind of heirless. I should not mind any trifle of that sort, if he has serious views." "What do you call serious views?" cried Roger, ashamed and wretched, and he plunged out of the house without waiting for an answer, and betook himself to those wintry woods of which Agnes was thinking at the "house," and which even in winter were sweet. Roger had no sordid intentions, which was what his father meant by "serious" views, and though he was well enough satisfied with his daily work, and not, like Agnes, troubled by any ideal, yet he felt like his sister, the wretched downfall of existence into misery and meanness, between his mother's prolonged and exaggerated resentment and his father's serious worldliness. That boyish love of his was the highest thing in the young man's mind. If nothing else that was visionary existed in his nature, his semi-adoration of Cara, which had lasted as long as he could recollect, was visionary, a touch of poetry amid his prose, and to hear it opposed or to hear it sordidly encouraged alike shocked and revolted him. He resolved never to mention Cara's name again, nor to make any reference to the square, to shut up his sentiments about her in his own bosom, whether these were sentiments of admiration or of offence. Supposing she was cold to him — and it would be very natural that she should be cold, as he had never gone back to her, nor visited her but once — he would bear it and make no sign; never again would he subject her name to comments such as these. Fathers and mothers do badly by their children when they force them to such a resolution. Roger kept his word all through the weary Sunday, and did not say even that he would not return home for the next; but he made his arrangements all the same.

When the next Sunday came, the heart of the aunt at Notting Hill was once more gladdened by the sight of him; and in the afternoon he duly set out for the square. Perhaps his dress was not so elaborate

nor his necktie so remarkable as when he first went there. He had sworn to himself that he would form no special expectations and make no grand preparations, and on the whole he was happier on his second visit. Miss Cherry, whom he found at the square, was very glad to see him, and Mr. Beresford spoke to him kindly enough, and Cara was sweet and friendly. But they treated his visit as a call only; they did not ask him to dinner, which was a disappointment. They offered him a cup of tea, which Roger did not care for, being scarcely fashionable enough to like five-o'clock tea, and let him go when they went to dinner, forlorn enough, turning him out as it were upon the streets full of people. To be sure Roger had his aunt at Notting Hill, who was very glad to see him, who would give him supper and make him very comfortable. Still as he had hoped perhaps to be asked to stay, to spend the evening with Cara, it gave him a very forlorn sensation, when they bade him cheerfully good-by at the sound of the dinner-bell. He went out into the evening streets, where many people were going to church, and many coming back from their afternoon walk, going home to their families in twos and threes. Scarcely any one seemed to be alone but himself. Still he said to himself he had no right to grumble, for they had been kind—and next Sunday he would go again; and with this melancholy yet courageous resolution he made a little pause at the corner of the street asking himself where he should go now? His aunt would have taken tea, and gone to evening church before he could get to Notting Hill. So he changed his direction and went manfully the other way, to the "house," to visit his sister, arguing his disappointment down. Why should they have asked him to dinner? besides, he did not go for dinner, which would have been mercenary, but for Cara—and he had seen Cara, without those Merediths thrusting themselves into his way; and she had been very kind, and Miss Cherry had been kind, and there was no reason why he should not go again next Sunday afternoon. So why should he be discouraged? There was Agnes, whom he had not seen since she had gone into this "house," as they called it. It was only right that a man should go and look after his own sister, even if he did not approve of her. So Roger employed his undesired hour of leisure in the way of duty, and went to see Agnes, gradually

calming himself down out of his disappointment on the way.

The Burchells were not what is called a family devoted to each other. They were good enough friends, and took a proper brotherly and sisterly interest in what happened to each other, especially as every new piece of family news brought a certain amount of enlivenment and variety and a new subject for conversation into the monotonous family life; but they were prosaic, and Agnes was the one among them whom the others did not understand much, and not understanding, set down bluntly as fantastic and incomprehensible. Had she fallen in love with somebody, or had a "disappointment," they would have entered to a certain degree into her feelings, and even now Roger could not quite divest himself of the thought, that, though he knew nothing of it, something of this kind must be at the root of her withdrawal from home. An ideal life, what was that? Neither Roger nor any of the rest understood what she could mean, or really believed that there was any sincerity in such a pretext; and he indeed was one of those who had been most opposed to her purpose; asking scornfully what advantage she supposed she was to get by going among strangers? Was she better than the other girls, that she could not make herself comfortable at home? Was there not plenty to do there, if that was what she wanted? Was there not the parish, if she wanted more work? Roger had been alike indignant and astonished. But the thing was done, and he was in town not very far off from where she was, with an hour or two to spare. He went with a secret antagonism against everything he was likely to see. The very name of the place nettled him. The "house!" as if it was a penitentiary or shelter for the destitute, which *his* sister had been obliged to find refuge in. He was admitted on giving full particulars as to who he was, and ushered into the bare little room, covered with dusty matting, with religious prints of the severest character on the walls, and bookshelves full of school-books. St. Monica was emblazoned on the door of it, which name offended him too. Could not the foolish people call it the brown room, or the matted room, or by any common appellation instead of by the name of a saint, whom nobody had ever heard of? Agnes came to him, not in the dress which she wore out of doors, but in a simple black gown, fortunately

for her, for what avalanche of objections would have tumbled upon her head had she come in to him in her cape and poke bonnet! He was pleased to see his sister and pleased by her delight at the sight of him, but yet he could not smooth his brow out of displeasure. It gave him an outlet for the subdued irritation with which he had received his dismissal from the square.

"Well, Agnes," he said, "so here you are in this papistical place. I had an hour to spare and I thought I would come and see you."

"I am so glad to see you, Roger. I was just thinking of them all at home."

"At home! You were anxious enough to get away from home. I wish any one knew why. I can't fancy anything so unnatural as a girl wishing to leave home, except on a visit, or if she is going to be married, or that sort of thing—but to come to a place like this! Agnes, I am sure there is no one belonging to you who knows why."

"Yes," said Agnes, quietly, "because I wanted to do something more, to do some duty in the world, not to be like a vegetable in the garden."

"That is just the slang of the period," said wise Roger. "You can't say there is not plenty to do with all the children to look after; and one never can get a button sewed on now."

"Louisa and Liddy were quite able to do all and more than all—why should there be three of us sewing on buttons? and what were we to come to—nothing but buttons all our lives?"

"Why, I suppose," said Roger, doubtfully—"what do girls ever come to? You would have been married some time."

"And that is such a delightful prospect!" cried Agnes, moved to sarcasm. "Oh, Roger, is it such an elevated life to jog along as papa—as we have seen people do, thinking of nothing but how to get through the day, and pay the bills, and have a good dinner when we can, and grumble at our neighbors, the children running wild, and the house getting shabby," said Agnes, unconsciously falling into portraiture, "and talking about the service of God? What is the service of God? Is it just to be comfortable and do what you are obliged to do?"

"Well, I suppose it is not to make yourself uncomfortable," cried Roger, shirking the more serious question. "Though, as for that, if you wished, you could be quite uncomfortable enough at home. What

do they mean by calling a room after a woman, St. Monica? and all these crucifixes and things, and that ridiculous dress—I am glad to see you have the sense not to wear it here at least."

"I wear it when I go out; it is not ridiculous; one can go where one pleases, that is, wherever one is wanted, in a sister's dress, and the roughest people always respect it," said Agnes, warmly. "Oh, Roger, why should you be so prejudiced? do you know what kind of people are here? Poor helpless, friendless children, that have got no home, and the sisters are like mothers to them. Is that no good? What does it matter about the name of the room, if a poor destitute baby is fed and warmed, and made happy in it? Children that would starve and beg and rob in the streets, or die—that would be the alternative, if these sisters with their absurd dresses and their ridiculous ways, that make you so angry, did not step in."

"Well, I suppose they may do some good," said Roger, unwillingly. "You need not get so hot about it; but you might do just as much good with less fuss. And why should you shut yourself up in a penitentiary as if you had done something you were ashamed of? Why should you slave and teach for your living? We are not so poor as that. If the brothers all work," said Roger, with a not unbecoming glow of pride, "there ought always to be plenty for the sisters at home."

"But I must live my life too, as well as my brothers; and do what I can before the night comes," said Agnes, with a little solemnity, "when no man can work."

Roger was subdued by the quotation more than by all her reasons. He could not, as he said to himself, go against Scripture, which certainly did exhort every man to work before the night cometh. Did that mean every woman too?

"The short and the long of it is," he said, half sulkily, half melted, "that you were never content at home, Agnes. Are you contented here?"

That was a home question. Agnes shrank a little and faltered, avoiding a direct reply.

"You do not look very contented yourself; have you been to see Cara?" she said. "How is she? I have not heard a word of her since I came here."

"Oh, Cara is well enough. She is not like you, setting up for eccentric work. She is quite happy at home. Miss Cherry is there at present, looking after her. It is a handsome house, choke full of china and things. And I suppose, from all I

hear, she has a very jolly life," said Roger, with a certain shade of moroseness creeping over his face, "parties and lots of friends."

"I daresay she does not forget the people she used to like, for all that," said Agnes, more kind than he was, and divining the discontent in his face.

"Oh, I don't know. There are some people who never leave her alone, who pretend to be old friends too," said Roger, ruefully. "And they live next door, worse luck; they are always there. Other old friends have no chance beside these Merediths."

"Oh!—is their name Meredith?"

"Yes; do you know them? there is one, a palavering fellow, talks twenty to the dozen, and thinks no end of himself—a sneering beggar. I don't mind the other so much; but that Oswald fellow——"

"Oh!—is his name Oswald?"

"I believe you know him. Do swells like that come a-visiting here?"

"Oh, no," said Agnes, anxiously smoothing down suspicion, "there is a name—much the same—in Sister Mary Jane's list of subscriptions. Oh, yes; and the gentleman carried a poor child to the hospital so very kindly. I noticed the name, because,—because there is a poet called Oswald, or Owen, or something, Meredith. I wondered," said Agnes, faltering, telling the truth but meaning a fib, "whether it could be the same."

"Quite likely," said Roger; "the very kind of fellow that would write poetry and stuff—a sentimental duffer. To tell the truth," he added, with immense seriousness, "I don't like to have little Cara exposed to all his rubbishing talk. She is as simple as a little angel, and believes all that's said to her; and when a fellow like that gets a girl into a corner, and whispers and talks stuff," Roger continued, growing red and wroth——

Agnes did not make any reply. She turned round to examine the school-books with a sudden start—and, oh me, what curious sudden pang was that, as if an arrow had been suddenly shot at her, which struck right through her heart?

"Cara should not let any one whisper to her in corners," she said at last with a little sharpness, after her first shock. "She is too young for anything of that sort; and she is old enough to know better," she added, more sharply still. But Roger did not notice this contradiction. He was too much interested to notice exactly what was said.

"She is too young to be exposed to all

that," he said, mournfully; "how is she to find out at seventeen which is false and which is true? There now, Agnes, see what you might have done, had not you shut yourself up here. Nothing so likely as that Cara would have asked you to go and pay her a visit, and you could have taken care of her. But you know how romantic poor dear Miss Cherry is, and I should not be a bit surprised if that child allowed herself to be taken in, and threw herself away."

And would this be the fault of Agnes, who had shut herself up in the "house," and thus precluded all possibility of being chosen as the guardian and companion of Cara? She smiled a little to herself, not without a touch of bitterness; though, indeed, after all, if help to one's neighbor is the chief thing to be considered in life, it was as worthy a work to take care of Cara as to teach the orphans their A, B, C. This news of Roger's, however, introduced, he did not well know how, a discord in the talk. He fell musing upon the risk to which his little lady was exposed, and she got distracted with other thoughts. She sat beside him, in her plain, long black gown, every ornament of her girlhood put away from her; her hands, which had been very pretty white hands, loosely clasped on the table before her, and showing some signs of injury. It is only in romances that the hands of women engaged in various household labors retain their beauty all the same. Agnes had now a little of everything thrown in her way to do, and was required not to be squeamish about the uses she put these pretty hands to; and it could not be denied that they were a little less pretty already. She looked down upon them in her sudden rush of thought and perceived this. What did it matter to the young handmaid of the poor whether or not her hands were as pretty as usual? but yet, with an instantaneous comparison, her mind rushed to Cara, who had no necessity to soil her pretty fingers, and to the contrast which might be made between them. What did it matter that it was wicked and wrong of Agnes, self-devoted and aspiring to be God's servant, to feel like this? The wave of nature was too strong for her, and carried her away.

"Well, I must be going," said Roger, with a sigh. "I am glad that I have seen you, and found you—comfortable. There does not seem much here to tempt any one; but still if you like it—I am coming back next Sunday. Aunt Mary is pleased to have me, and they don't seem to care

at home whether one goes or stays. I shall probably look in at the square. Shall I tell Cara about you? She knows you have gone away from home, but not where you are. She might come to see you."

"I don't want any visitors," said Agnes, with a little irritation of feeling, which, with all the rest of her misdeeds, was laid up in her mind to be repented of. "We have no time for them, for one thing; and half measures are of little use. If I do not mean to give myself altogether to my work, I had better not have come at all. Do not mention my name to Cara. I don't want to see any one here."

"Well, I suppose you are right," said Roger; "if one does go in for this sort of thing, it is best to do it thoroughly. What is that fearful little cracked kettle of a bell? You that used to be so particular, and disliked the row of the children, and the loud talking, and the bad music, how can you put up with all this? You must be changed somehow since you came here."

"I ought to be changed," said Agnes, with a pang in her heart. Alas, how little changed she was! how the sharp little bell wore her nerves out, and the rustle of the children preparing for chapel, and the clanging of all the doors! She went with Roger to the gate, which had to be unlocked, to his suppressed derision.

"Have you to be locked in?" the irreverent youth said. "Do they think you would all run away if you had the chance?"

Agnes took no notice of this unkind question. She herself, when she first arrived, had been a little appalled by the big mediæval key, emblem, apparently, of a very tremendous separation from the world; and she would not acknowledge that it meant no more than any innocent latch. When Roger was gone, she had to hasten up stairs to get her poke bonnet, and rush down again to take her place among her orphans for the evening service in the chapel, which the house took pleasure in calling evensong. She knelt down among the rustling, restless children, while the cracked bell jangled, and a funny little procession of priests and choristers came from the vestry door. They were all the most excellent people in the world, and worthy of reverence in their way; but no procession of theatrical *supers* was ever more quaintly comic than that which solemnly marched half way round the homely little chapel of the house, chanting a hymn very much out of tune, and ending in the best of curates, a good man, worthy of any crowning, civic or sacred, who loved

the poor, and whom the poor loved, but who loved the ceremonial of these comic-solemn processions almost more than the poor. With a simple complaisant sense of what he was doing for the Church, this good man paced slowly past the kneeling figure of the young teacher, motionless in her black drapery, with her head bent down upon her hands. No mediæval pope, in full certainty of conducting the most impressive ceremonial in the world, could have been more sincerely convinced of the solemnizing effect of his progress, or more simply impressed by its spiritual grandeur; and no mediæval nun, in passionate penitence over a broken vow, could have been more utterly bowed down and prostrate than poor Agnes Burchell, guilty of having been beguiled by the pleasant voice and pleasant looks of Oswald Meredith into the dawn of innocent interest in that mundane person: she, who had so short time since offered herself to God's service — she, who had made up her mind that to live an ideal life of high duty and self-sacrifice was better than the poor thing which vulgar minds called happiness. The cracked bell tinkled, and the rude choristers chanted, and all the restless children rustled about her, distracting her nerves and her attention. All this outside of devotion, she said to herself, and a heart distracted with vulgar vanities within! Was this the ideal to which she had vowed herself — the dream of a higher life? The children pulled at her black cloak in consternation, and whispered, "Teacher, teacher!" when the service began, and she had to stumble up to her feet, and try to keep them somewhere near the time in their singing. But her mind was too disturbed to follow the hymn, which was a very ecstatic one about the joys of paradise. Oh, wicked, wicked Agnes! what was she doing, she asked herself — a wolf in sheep's clothing amid this angelic band?

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THIS was a time of great agitation for the two houses so close to each other, with only a wall dividing the troubles of the one from the excitement of the other, and a kind of strange union between them, linking them more closely in the very attempt at disjunction. The greater part of the private commotion which was going on, as it were, underground, was concealed from Cara as not a proper subject of discussion before her; but it was

not necessary to take any steps of the kind with Oswald, who, in his light-hearted indifference, ignored it comfortably, and followed his own devices through the whole without giving the other affairs a thought. After all, the idea of any one exciting him or her self over the question whether a respectable old fogey, like Mr. Beresford, should go on paying perpetual visits to a respectable matron like his mother, touched Oswald's mind with a sense of the ludicrous which surmounted all seriousness. If they liked it, what possible harm could there be? He had not the uneasy prick of wounded feeling, the sense of profanation which moved Edward at the idea of his mother's conduct being questioned in any way. Oswald was fond of his mother, and proud of her, though he was disposed to smile at her absurd popularity and the admiration she excited among her friends. He would have thought it a great deal more natural that he himself should be the object of attraction; but, granting the curious taste of society, at which he felt disposed to laugh, it rather pleased him that *his* mother should be so popular, still admired and followed at her age. He thought, like Mr. Sommerville, that she was something of a humbug, getting up that pretence of sympathy with everybody, which it was impossible any one in her senses could feel. But so long as it brought its reward, in the shape of so much friendliness from everybody, and gratitude for the words and smiles, which cost nothing, Oswald, at least, saw no reason to complain. And as for scandal arising about Mr. Beresford! he could not but laugh; at their age! So he pursued his easy way as usual, serenely light-hearted, and too much occupied with his own affairs to care much for other people's. In addition to this, it must be added that Oswald was falling very deep in love. These interviews between the hospital and the house were but meagre fare to feed a passion upon; but the very slightness of the link, the oddity of the circumstances, everything about it delighted the young man, who had already gone through a great many drawing-room flirtations, and required the help of something more piquant. He was very happy while they were all so agitated and uncomfortable. Twice a week were hospital days, at which he might hope to see her; and almost every morning now he managed to cross the path of the little school procession, and, at least see her, if he did not always catch the eye of the demure little teacher in her

long black cloak. Sometimes she would look at him sternly, sometimes she gave him a semi-indignant, sometimes a wholly friendly glance, sometimes he feared, did not perceive him at all. But that was not Oswald's fault. He made a point of taking off his hat, and indeed holding it in his hand a moment longer than was necessary, by way of showing his respect, whether she showed any signs of perceiving him or not. She went softly along the vulgar pavement, with steps which he thought he could distinguish among all the others, ringing upon the stones with a little rhythm of her own, about which he immediately wrote some verses. All this he would tell to Cara, coming to her in the morning before he set out to watch the children defiling out of the house. And all the world thought, as was natural, that the subject of these talks was his love for Cara, not his love, confided to Cara, for some one else.

As for Agnes, she not only saw Oswald every time he made his appearance, whether she allowed him to know it or not, but she felt his presence in every nerve and vein, with anger for the first day or two after Roger's visit, then with a softening of all her heart towards him as she caught his reverential glance, his eager appeal to her attention. After all, whispers to Cara, whom he had known all her life — little Cara, who even to Agnes herself seemed a child — could not mean half so much as this daily haunting of her own walks, this perpetual appearance wherever she was. That was a totally different question from her own struggle not to notice him, not to think of him. The fact that it was shocking and terrible on her part to allow her mind to dwell on any man, or any man's attentions, while occupied in the work to which she had devoted herself, and filling almost the position of a consecrated sister, was quite a different thing from the question whether he was a false and untrustworthy person, following her with the devices of vulgar pursuit, a thing too impious to think of, too humiliating. Agnes was anxious to acquit the man who admired and sought her, as well as determined to reject his admiration; and, for the moment, the first was actually the more important matter of the two. Herself she could be sure of. She had not put her hand to the plough merely to turn back. She was not going to abandon her ideal at the call of the first lover who held out his hand to her. Surely not; there could be no doubt on that subject; but that this generous, gentle

young man, with those poetic sentiments which had charmed yet abashed her mind, that he should be false to his fair exterior, and mean something unlovely and untrue, instead of a real devotion, that was too terrible to believe. Therefore, she did not altogether refuse to reply to Oswald's inquiries when the next hospital day brought about another meeting. This time he did not even pretend that the meeting was accidental, that he had been too late for making the proper inquiries in his own person, but went up to her, eagerly asking for "our little patient," with all the openness of a recognized acquaintance.

"Emmy is better — if you mean Emmy," said Agnes, with great state. "The fever is gone, and I hope she will soon be well."

"Poor little Emmy," said Oswald; "but I don't want her to be well too soon — that is, it would not do to hurry her recovery. She must want a great deal of care still."

He hoped she would smile at this, or else take it literally and reply seriously; but Agnes did neither. She walked on, with a stately air, quickening her pace slightly, but not so as to look as if she were trying to escape.

"I suppose, as the fever is gone, she has ceased to imagine herself in heaven," said Oswald. "Happy child! when sickness has such illusions, it is a pity to be well. We are not so well off in our commonplace life."

He thought she would have responded to the temptation and turned upon him to ask what he meant by calling life commonplace; and indeed the wish stirred Agnes so that she had to quicken her pace in order to resist the bait thus offered. She said nothing, however, to Oswald's great discomfiture, who felt that nothing was so bad as silence, and did not know how to overcome the blank, which had more effect on his lively temperament than any amount of disapproval and opposition. But he made another valorous effort before he would complain.

"Yours, however, is not a commonplace life," he said. "We worldlings pay for our ease by the sense that we are living more or less ignobly, but it must be very different with you who are doing good always. Only, forgive me, is there not a want of a little pleasure, a little color, a little brightness? The world is so beautiful," said Oswald, his voice slightly faltering, not so much from feeling, as from fear that he might be venturing on dubious ground. "And *we* are so young."

That pronoun, so softly said, with such

a tender emphasis and meaning, so much more than was ever put into two letters before, went to the heart of Agnes. She was trying so hard to be angry with him, trying to shut herself against the insinuating tone of his voice, and those attempts to beguile her into conversation. All the theoretical fervor that was in her mind had been boiling up to reply, and perhaps her resolution would not have been strong enough to restrain her, had not that *we* come in, taking the words from her lips and the strength from her mind. She could neither protest against the wickedness and weakness of consenting to live an ignoble life, nor indignantly declare that there was already more than pleasure, happiness, and delight in the path of self-sacrifice, when all the force was stolen out of her by that tiny monosyllable — *we*! How dared he identify himself with her? draw her into union with him by that little melting yet binding word? She went on faster than ever in the agitation of her thoughts, and was scarcely conscious that she made him no answer; though surely what he had said called for some reply.

Oswald was at his wit's end. He did not know what to say more. He made a little pause for some answer, and then getting none, suddenly changed his tone into one of pathetic appeal. "Are you angry with me?" he said. "What have I done? Don't you mean to speak to me any more?"

"Yes," she said, turning suddenly round, so that he could not tell which of his questions she was answering. "I am vexed that you will come with me. Gentlemen do not insist on walking with ladies to whom they have not been introduced — whom they have met only by chance —"

He stopped short suddenly, moved by the accusation: but unfortunately Agnes too, startled by his start, stopped also, and gave him a curious, half-defiant, half-appealing look, as if asking what he was going to do; and this look took away all the irritation which her words had produced. He proceeded to excuse himself, walking on, but at a slower pace, compelling her to wait for him — for it did not occur to Agnes, though she had protested against his company, to take the remedy into her own hands, and be so rude as to break away.

"What could I do?" he said piteously. "You would not tell me even your name — you know mine. I don't know how to address you, nor how to seek acquaintance in all the proper forms. It is no fault of mine."

This confused Agnes by a dialectic artifice for which she was not prepared. He gave a very plausible reason, not for the direct accusation against him, but for a lesser collateral fault. She had to pause for a moment before she could see her way out of the maze. "I did not mean that. I meant you should not come at all," she said.

"Ah! you cannot surely be so hard upon me," cried Oswald, in real terror, for it had not occurred to him that she would, in cold blood, send him away. "Don't banish me!" he cried. "Tell me what I am to do for the introduction — where am I to go? I will do anything. Is it my fault that I did not know you till that day? — till that good child, bless her, broke her leg. I shall always be grateful to poor little Emmy. She shall have a crutch of gold if she likes. She shall never want anything I can give her. Do you think I don't feel the want of that formula of an introduction? With that I should be happy. I should be able to see you at other times than hospital days, in other places than the streets. The streets are beautiful ever since I knew you," cried the young man, warming with his own words, which made him feel the whole situation much more forcibly than before, and moved him at least, whether they moved her or not.

"Oh!" cried Agnes, in distress, "you must not talk to me so. You must not come with me, Mr. Meredith; is not my dress enough —"

"There now!" he said, "see what a disadvantage I am under. I dare not call you Agnes, which is the only sweet name I know. And your dress! You told me yourself you were not a sister."

"It is quite true," she said, looking at him, trying another experiment. "I am a poor teacher, quite out of your sphere."

"But then, fortunately, I am not poor," said Oswald, almost gaily, in sudden triumph. "Only tell me where your people are, where I am to go for that introduction. I thank thee, Lady Agnes, Princess Agnes, for teaching me that word. I will get my introduction or die."

"Oh, here we are at the house!" she cried suddenly, in a low tone of horror, and darted away from him up the steps to the open door. Sister Mary Jane was standing there unsuspecting, but visibly surprised. She had just parted with some one, whom poor Agnes, in her terror, ran against; for in the warmth of the discussion they had come up to the very gate of

the house, the entrance to that sanctuary where lovers were unknown. Sister Mary Jane opened a pair of large blue eyes, which Oswald (being full of admiration for all things that were admirable) had already noted, and gazed at him, bewildered, letting Agnes pass without comment. He took off his hat with his most winning look of admiring respectfulness as he went on — no harm in winning over Sister Mary Jane, who was a fair and comely sister, though no longer young. Would Agnes, he wondered, have the worldly wisdom to make out that he was an old acquaintance, or would she confess the truth? Would Sister Mary Jane prove a dragon, or, softened by her own beauty and the recollection of past homages, excuse the culprit? Oswald knew very well that anyhow, while he walked off unblamed and unblamable, the girl who had been only passive, and guilty of no more than the mildest indiscretion, would have to suffer more or less. This, however, did not move him to any regret for having compromised her. It rather amused him, and seemed to give him a hold over her. She could not take such high ground now and order him away. She was in the same boat, so to speak. Next time they met, she would have something to tell which he would almost have a right to know. It was the establishing of confidence between them. Oswald did not reckon at a very serious rate the suffering that might arise from Sister Mary Jane's rebuke. "They have no thumbscrews in those new convents, and they don't build girls up in holes in the walls nowadays," he said to himself, and, on the whole, the incident was less likely to end in harm than in good.

Agnes did not think so, who rushed in — not to her room, which would have been a little comfort, but to the curtained corner of the dormitory, from which she superintended night and day "the middle girls," who were her charge, and where she was always afraid of some small pair of peeping eyes prying upon her seclusion. She threw off her bonnet, and flung herself on her knees by the side of her little bed. "Oh, what a farce it was," she thought, to cover such feelings as surged in her heart under the demure drapery of that black cloak, or to tie the conventual bonnet over cheeks that burned with blushes, called there by such words as she had been hearing! She bent down her face upon the coverlet and cried as if her heart would break, praying for forgiveness, though these same foolish words

would run in and out of her prayers, mixing with her heart-broken expressions of penitence in the most bewildering medley. After all, there was no such dreadful harm done. She was not a sister, nor had she ever intended to be a sister, but that very simple reflection afforded the fanciful girl no comfort. She had come here to seek a higher life, and lo, at once, at the first temptation, had fallen—fallen, into what? Into the foolishness of the foolishlest girl without an ideal—she whose whole soul had longed to lay hold on the ideal, to get into some higher atmosphere, on some loftier level of existence. It was not Sister Mary Jane she was afraid of, it was herself whom she had so offended; for already, could it be possible? insidious traitors in her heart had begun to ply her with suggestions of other kinds of perfection; wicked lines of poetry stole into her head, foolish stories came to her recollection. Oh! even praying, even penitence were not enough to keep out this strife. She sprang to her feet, and rushed to St. Cecilia, the room which was her battle-ground, and where the noise of the girls putting away their books and work, and preparing to go to tea, promised her exemption, for a little while at least, from any possibility of thought. But Agnes was not to be let off so easily. In the passage she met Sister Mary Jane. "I was just going to send for you," said the sister, benign but serious. "Come to my room, Agnes. Sister Sarah Ann will take the children to tea."

Agnes followed, with her heart, she thought, standing still. But it would be a relief to be scolded, to be delivered from the demon of self-reproach in her own bosom. Sister Mary Jane seated herself at a table covered with school-books and account-books, in the little bare room, laid with matting, which was all the house afforded for the comfort of its rulers. She pointed to a low seat which all the elder girls knew well, which was the stool of repentance for the community. "My dear," said Sister Mary Jane, "did you know that gentleman in the world? Tell me truly, Agnes. You are only an associate: you are not under our rule, and there is no harm in speaking to an acquaintance. But so long as any one wears our dress, there must be a certain amount of care. Did you know him, my dear, tell me, in the world?"

Agnes could not meet those serious eyes. Her head drooped upon her breast. She began to cry. "I do not think it was

my fault. Oh, I have been wrong, but I did not mean it. It was not my fault."

"That is not an answer, my dear," said Sister Mary Jane.

And then the whole story came rushing forth with sobs and excuses and self-accusations all in one. "It is the badness in my heart. I want to be above the world, but I cannot. Things come into my mind that I don't want to think. I would rather, far rather, be devoted to my work, and think of nothing else, like you, Sister Mary Jane. And then I get tempted to talk, to give my opinion. I was always fond of conversation. Tell me what to do to keep my course straight, to be like you. Oh, if I could keep steady and think of one thing. It is my thoughts that run off in every direction: it is not this gentleman. Oh, what can one do when one's heart is so wrong!"

Sister Mary Jane listened with a smile. Oswald's confidence in her beautiful eyes was perhaps not misplaced. And probably she was conscious now and then of thinking of something else as much as her penitent. She said, "My dear, I don't think you have a vocation. I never thought it. A girl may be a very good girl and not have a vocation. So you need not be very unhappy if your thoughts wander; all of us have not the same gifts. But, Agnes, even if you were in the world, instead of being in this house, which should make you more careful, you would not let a gentleman talk to you whom you did not know. You must not do it again."

"It was not meant badly," said Agnes, veering to self-defence. "He wanted to know how little Emmy was. It was the gentleman who carried her to the hospital. It was kindness, it was not meant for —"

"Yes, I saw who it was. And I can understand how it came about. But it is so easy to let an acquaintance spring up, and so difficult to end it when it has taken root. Perhaps, my dear, you had better not go to little Emmy again."

"Oh!" Agnes gave a cry of remonstrance and protest. It did not hurt her to be told not to speak to him any more—but not to go to little Emmy! She was not sure herself that it was all for little Emmy's sake, and this made her still more unhappy, but not willing to relinquish the expedition. Sister Mary Jane, however, took no notice of the cry. She put a heap of exercises into Agnes's hands to be corrected. "They must all be done to-night," she said, calculating with benevolent severity that this would occupy all the avail-

able time until bed-time. "One nail drives out another," she said to herself, being an accomplished person, with strange tongues at her command. And thus she sent the culprit away, exhausted with tears and supplied with work. "I will send you some tea to St. Monica, where you can be quiet," she said. And there Agnes toiled all the evening over her exercises, and had not a moment to spare. "Occupation, occupation," said the sister to herself; "that is the only thing. She will do very well if she has no time to think."

But was that the ideal life? I doubt if Sister Mary Jane thought so; but she was old enough to understand the need of such props, which Agnes was still young enough to have indignantly repudiated. For her part, Agnes felt that a little more thought would save her. If she could get vain imaginations out of her head, and those scraps of poetry, and bits of foolish novels, and replace them with real thought—thought upon serious subjects, something worthy the name—how soon would all those confusing, tantalizing shadows flee away! But, in the mean time, it is undeniable that the girl left this interview with a sense of relief, such as, it is to be supposed, is one of the chief reasons why confession continues to hold its place, named or nameless, in all religious communions more or less. Sister Mary Jane was not the spiritual director of the community, though I think the place would have very well become her; but it was undeniable that the mind of Agnes was lightened after she had poured forth her burdens; also that her sin did not look quite so heinous as it had done before; also, that the despair which had enveloped her, and of which the consciousness that she must never so sin again formed no inconsiderable part, was imperceptibly dispelled, and the future as well as the past made less gloomy. Perhaps, if any very searching inspection had been made into those recesses of her soul which were but imperfectly known to Agnes herself, it might have been read that there was no longer any crushing weight of certainty as to the absolute cessation of the sin; but that was beyond the reach of investigation. Anyhow, she had no time to think any more. Never had exercises so bad come under the young teacher's inspection; her brain reeled over the misspellings, the misunderstandings. Healthy human ignorance, indifference, opacity, desire to get done anyhow, could not have shown to greater advantage. They entirely carried out the intentions of Sister Mary Jane, and left

her not a moment for thought, until she got to her recess in the dormitory. And then, after the whisperings were all hushed, and the lights extinguished, Agnes was too tired for anything but sleep—a result of occupation which the wise sister was well aware of too. Indeed, everything turned out so well in the case of this young penitent, that Sister Mary Jane deemed it advisable not to interfere with the visits to the hospital. If she surmounted temptation, why then she was safe; if not, other steps must be taken. Anyhow, it was well that her highly wrought feelings and desire of excellence should be put to the test; and as Agnes was not even a postulant, but still in "the world," an unwise backsliding of this kind was less important. No real harm could come to her. Nevertheless, Sister Mary Jane watched her slim figure disappear along the street from her window with unusual interest. Was it mere interest in little Emmy that had made the girl so anxious to go, or was she eager to encounter the test and try her own strength? Or was there still another reason, a wish more weak, more human, more girlish? Agnes walked on very quickly, pleased to find herself at liberty. She was proud of the little patient, whose small face brightened with delight at the sight of her. And she did not like the sensation of being shut up out of danger, and saved arbitrarily from temptation. Her heart rose with determination to keep her own pure ideal path, whatever solicitations or blandishments might assail her. And indeed, to Agnes, as to a knight of romance, it is not to be denied that "the danger's self was lure alone."

From The Contemporary Review.
HENRIETTA MARIA.

HENRIETTA MARIA, queen of Charles I., was the daughter of Henry of Navarre and Marie de Medicis. She inherited qualities of mind and temperament from both parents. Her courage, energy, promptitude, we may trace to the victor of Ivry, though the masculine strength of Henry was in her dashed with feminine vehemence; and there are passages in her history, interpreted on principles of poetry and Platonism by Miss Strickland, viewed more prosaically by Hallam, which recall the passion and impulsiveness of the lover of the fair Gabrielle. From her Medicean mother she had an organization exquisitely

sensitive to beauty in painting, a capacity of attaining consummate excellence in music, and an intense fervor of devotion to the Roman Catholic Church. She was born in Paris in 1609, a few months before her father was murdered by Ravaillac. Her mother committed her religious training to a Carmelite nun of the highest enthusiasm.

In her sixteenth year she was married to Charles. The marriage articles provided that she and her retinue should practise the ordinances of their religion with fitting dignity, and that her children should be educated by her until their thirteenth year. There appears to have been a kind of understanding between the courts of London and of Paris that this last engagement was a mere form. The French court played fast and loose with the Vatican, the English negotiators with the Parliament and people of England. Marie de Medicis, however, looked on the stipulation as a reality, and the success of Henrietta Maria in giving it effect cost her children the crown of these realms. When she left France for England, she received a letter from her mother, enjoining her with the utmost solemnity to act in her new sphere as the missionary and protectress of Catholicism. "The descendant of St. Louis," she was exhorted to strive, like him, "for the good of the faith and the exaltation of the Church," and to follow his example in being faithful unto death "among the infidels."

The king met her at Dover. At the moment of his arrival she was at breakfast, but rose from table, ran down a pair of stairs, and on seeing him offered to kneel and kiss his hand. He "wrapped her up in his arms with many kisses." She had got ready a little French speech. "*Sire, je suis venue en ce pays de votre majesté pour être commandée de vous*" — here she broke down and burst into tears, but Charles came to her relief with more kisses and tender protestations. She was tiny in person, with features of large form but delicately shaped, brown hair, dark eyes now touchingly soft, now sparkling like stars, air *spirituelle*, complexion "perfectly beautiful," and something in her face which "made all the world love her." Not an unpleasant thing for a bridegroom to "wrap her up in his arms with many kisses!"

Presently they started for Canterbury. On Barham Downs a pavilion was erected and a banquet prepared. The king, who had winning ways with those he loved, was tenderly gallant, carving with his own

royal hand for Henrietta, and serving her both with pheasant and venison. Under the June sky, in the bracing air of the upland near the sea, her spirits rose, and her joyful sympathy with the men and manners of her new home passed all bounds. Father Sancy, her confessor, comes sidling up to her elbow, and whispers that it is the vigil of St. John the Baptist, when no good Catholic would give scandal by eating flesh. Henrietta sticks to the savory meat, and lets the austere shaveling sidle back again. Her English subjects, watching these symptoms with eager Protestant eyes, are in ecstasies of delight. "Can your Majesty," ventures one bold inquirer to ask, "tolerate a Huguenot?" "Why not?" answers Henrietta; "was not my father one?" They entered London by the river, where hundreds of glittering barges, with streamers flying, joined the royal procession.

This brilliant dawn of married life was soon overcast, nor did the gay ecclesiastical contumacies of Barham Downs herald the emancipation of the queen from the rule of Father Sancy. On the first day of her holding court at Whitehall, she showed that her eyes could flash the dark lightnings of anger, as well as beam with the piquant sweetness of coy surrender. Finding a room inconveniently hot and crowded, she cleared it "with one scowl." Charles soon became aware that she was to be Catholic first and English second. Neither her pride as a wife nor her ambition as a queen could prevail with her to take part in the coronation. Not even from a latticed box in the Abbey would she witness the ceremony, or countenance the schismatic Church of England. On no point could Charles be more keenly sensitive; but Henrietta was inexorable. She atoned to Father Sancy for the freakish peccadilloes of Barham Downs by ostentatious and abject submission to her spiritual advisers. While the latter rode in a carriage, she trudged through the mud on foot in penitential pilgrimage; and Charles always believed, nor has the statement, though denied by Henrietta and mythically colored by her enemies, been ever conclusively disproved, that she once went to Tyburn and paid reverend homage to those questionable martyrs who had died for the Gunpowder Plot.

These things soon made her unpopular in England, but her conduct is not surprising. She must have felt, on establishing herself in London, that something very like a fraud had been practised upon her.

Her marriage articles conceded all that was required for the free and stately practice of her religion, and both King James and King Charles had made large promises as to the toleration of Catholics in general. She found herself in the midst of a nation fanatically Protestant, convinced that the toleration of Popery was a heinous sin, and shuddering at the "idolatry of the mass." The strongest instincts of her nature, devotion to her Church, pride in her father and in France, sense of what was due to her as a wife who had given her hand under special conditions, and compassion for the persecuted Catholics of England, combined to make her shake the torch of her faith in the faces of her English subjects.

Not the less is it true that a more prudent woman might have done more for the English Catholics than was done by the impulsive and vehement Henrietta. She took the part of her priests and her French attendants with blind and passionate fervor. Poor Charles had a dreadful time of it between her priests, her women, and her own poutings and petulancies. There were upwards of four hundred foreigners in her train, mostly priests and women, and they seem to have addressed themselves, with the ingenuity of experts, to the task of making mischief between husband and wife. He complained that when he "had anything to say" to Henrietta, he "must manage her servants first." At last he plucked up courage to order the whole crew to Somerset House, as a preliminary step to their quitting England. The scene which followed was tragicomical in a high degree: women howling, men gesticulating and vociferating, the queen, led away by Charles from the immediate scene of conflict, breaking windows in frenzied attempts to express sympathy with her departing household. He remained master, and soon followed up his triumph by giving the emphatic order to Buckingham to drive the French out of England, "like so many wild beasts." A body of yeomen had to be called in before the foreigners would budge. At sight of the armed men they yielded, and proceeded to the place of embarkation.

These summary proceedings with persons for whose attendance on the queen in England provision had been made in the marriage treaty were viewed with more interest than satisfaction in the court of France. Charles forwarded to his confidential agent in Paris a letter on the subject, to be submitted to the mother of Henrietta Maria. He details with *naïve*

simplicity the petulancies of his girl-wife, his tenderness for whom is all the while unmistakable. On one occasion, when certain lands had been assigned her, she resolved to have her own servants put into their management, and "one night," writes Charles, "when I was in bed, she put a paper into my hand" with the names of those whom she intended to be thus favored. He told her that her French attendants could not serve her as proposed. Sharp words ensued, and at last "she bade me plainly take my lands to myself;" if she could not put her servants into the places, she would rather have cash down. "I bade her then remember to whom she spake, and told her that she ought not to use me so. Then she fell into a passionate discourse, how she was miserable," etc. etc. She refused even to hear him, crying out that she was not "of that base quality to be used so ill." He conquered, so at least he says — "I made her both hear me and end that discourse." He does not describe the means used.

The queen-mother sent over Marshal Bassompierre to see whether the course of this true love could not be got to run a little more smoothly. The marshal, a judicious, long-winded gentleman, was experienced in love troubles. He had once, poor soul, "burned more than six thousand love-letters, with which different ladies had from time to time been so good as to honor him." He discharged his delicate task in London with fair success. Firmly defending the queen when he believed her to have been misrepresented, and stoutly maintaining, for one thing, that the offensive pilgrimage to the shrine of the Gunpowder Plot martyrs was a legend founded on an innocent evening walk, taken after a day spent in religious exercises, he saw that she had been a good deal in the wrong, and that Charles was, on the whole, an affectionate husband. Bassompierre returned to France to tell Marie de Medicis that there was not a little to be said in favor of the dismissal of the French retinue, and that Henrietta had been wayward. He took Father Sancy back with him to Paris, — an excellent riddance.

In the absence of the Frenchwomen, and with a sensible man installed as confessor in the place of Sancy, Henrietta learned to love her husband, and to exchange the fitful humors of married girlhood for the deeper joys of the attached wife. The death of Buckingham, in 1628, secured her the empire of Charles's heart, and she was henceforward dearer to him than all the world. It is a noteworthy

circumstance that Bossuet imputes to her influence the abandonment of the Huguenots, after the death of Buckingham, by the English court. The great duke, whose fundamental objects were success and popularity, may have been bent upon reconciling king and Parliament, and making himself the best-loved man in the kingdom, by strenuously adopting the cause of French Protestantism, and of Continental Protestantism in general. The strife between him and Henrietta had waxed so violent that he told her queens had lost their heads in England. Mere girl as she was, with none to help her but priests and women, Henrietta must have possessed unlimited courage to provoke the hostility of Buckingham. Possibly, indeed, she hardly knew what she was doing. Homer and Mr. Ruskin pronounce a fly the bravest of living creatures. But I think the courage of Henrietta was of steadier temper. Having never quailed before Buckingham, and having arrived at an understanding with Laud, she won and maintained ascendancy over the weak and uxorious Charles. He wrote to her mother that the only dispute between him and Henrietta now was which should "vanquish the other by affection, each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discerned and followed."

At length, when she had been married five years, on the edge of summer, 1630 — May 29 — she had a son that lived. Dr. Laud christened the little one Charles. Henrietta was immensely delighted with him, writing to a French friend that he was a big, ugly fellow, and looked wiser than his mother. For the next ten years she was the happiest of women. In her nursery with her boys and girls, or filling the galleries of Whitehall with her incomparable voice while she sang to the child in her arms, she had all the felicity, as she herself told Madame de Motteville, which she could possess as queen, as mother, and as wife. Not forgetting her mission as protectress of the English Catholics, zealously shielding recusants, and securing for her co-religionists the services of three successive nuncios of the Holy See, she nevertheless took at this time comparatively small interest in politics. In the court circle she was eminently popular, and she had already at least one personal adherent — her page Harry Jermyn — who was prepared to go through fire and water in her service. Letters of the time speak of her as "nimble and quick, black-eyed,

brown-haired, and a brave lady." Her eyes were celebrated by Waller: —

Such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies !

Her wit is attested by De Motteville, "*infiniment de l'esprit*." She was fond of gardening, and imported fruit-trees from France. Better still, there was her pet colony to be looked after, Maryland, as Charles fondly called it; whither fifteen hundred "homeless children," the gleanings of London streets in that pious time, had been sent. Dances, masques, and revels sped the rosy hours.

Under these circumstances, her Majesty would probably have smiled in magnanimous good-nature, qualified by contempt, at the disrespectful language applied to queens who patronized plays and dances, by Mr. William Prynne, if Dr. Laud had not seen fit to make an example of that noticeable person. William Prynne is as characteristic a figure of the Puritan revolution of the seventeenth century as Jean Paul Marat of the Jacobin revolution of the eighteenth, though the balance of superiority, in respect both of solid ability and moral healthfulness, is greatly in favor of Prynne. It will be worth our while to take a careful look at him.

He had received a good education at the Bath Grammar School and Oriel College, Oxford, had become an "utter barrister" of Lincoln's Inn, and had begun, about 1630, to publish writings of a vehemently Puritan character. In 1633 appeared his "*Histrio-Mastix, the Players' Scourge*." Its title-page is so vivid a bit, not so much of the history of the seventeenth century as of the seventeenth century itself, that I shall quote it *verbatim et literatim*, suppressing only an imposing array of sentences from Cyprian, Lactantius, Chrysostom, and Augustine, printed as mottoes: —

Histrio-Mastix, the Players Scourge, or Actors Tragædie, Divided into two parts. Wherein it is largely evidenced, by divers Arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell; of 55 Synodes and Councils; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestant and Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republicques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonick, Imperiall Constitutions; and of our owne English

Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers, That popular Stage-plays (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we beleve the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-plays, are unlawfull, infamous and misbeseeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulness of acting, of beholding Academical Enterludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, &c., of which the Table will informe you. By William Prynne, an Utter-Barrister of Lincolnes Inne.

(Then follow the mottoes).

London.

Printed by E. A. and W. I. for Michael Sparke, and are to be sold at the Blue Bible, in Greene Arbour, in little Old Bayly. 1633.

The promises, or threats, of this title-page, are conscientiously fulfilled in the book. There are a thousand pages closely printed, and the margins are crowded to the very edge with illustrative extracts, generally in Latin. The labor of collecting the enormous mass of materials must have been stupendous. Prynne was a rigid Anglican of the Edward VI. type, austere, zealous for the purification of the Church from Popery, Arminianism, ritualism, and of the land from vice. An intense fervor, gloomy but sincere, pervades his book, a genuine passion to sweep wickedness into the kennels, and do scavenger work for God. The gloom of Puritanism lies in deep shadow on the thousand pages. Men are to have "the day of death and judgment always fixed in their most serious meditations." Dancing, unless it were "grave, single, chaste, and sober measures, men with men" — in short, the kind of dancing approved of by Mr. Spurgeon, and delectably illustrated in a woodcut by *Punch* — was not for a world hanging between heaven and hell. "Not dancers" go to heaven, "but mourners: not laughers, but weepers; whose tune is Lachrymæ, whose music sighs for sin; who know no other cinquepace but this to heaven, to go mourning all the day long for their iniquities; to mourn in secret like doves, to chatter like cranes for their own and others' sins. Fasting, prayers, mourning, teares, tribulations, martyrdom, were the only rounds

that led all the saints to heaven." The very soul of Puritanism is in these words.

It was in connection with dancing that Prynne laid himself open to the attack of Laud. Prynne expresses himself as horror-struck at the idea of "Queenes themselves and the very greatest persons" dancing. That Henrietta, brilliant and spirited, instinct with light and fire, should be a beautiful dancer, was no palliation of her offence in the eyes of Prynne. "*Regina saltat*" he quotes from Theophylact, "*et quanto pulchrius saltavit, tanto pejus, turpe enim est Reginae aliquid indecorum dextre facere.*" This is insolent; but one cannot help feeling some surprise at finding Henrietta Maria libelled in the Latin of Theophylact; and I have not been able to detect in Prynne — my search has not extended over every one of the thousand pages, but it has embraced every passage I could think of as likely to afford an opening for the assault — anything more directly aimed at the queen than these words. I am persuaded that it was something else besides the liberties taken with her Majesty that infuriated Laud against the book. It burns with fierce hostility to the Arminianism and ritualism which the archbishop was introducing into the Church. There is a scornful reference to "our late crouching and ducking unto new-erected altars" — a shaft that must have gone straight to Laud's heart. The Puritans, whose name was used by Laud as the true contradictory of orthodox, are praised to the skies; declared to be "the holiest, meekest, and most zealous Christians," who are hated and reviled only "for their goodness." These were, I fancy, Prynne's true offences, and his disrespect to the queen was but seized upon by Laud as the handiest weapon wherewith to smite him.

Prynne's punishment was inhumanly severe, and whether he deserved his treatment or did not, it was a transcendent blunder to make a martyr of him. His passion for moral reform, his fierce anger on account of Laud's patronage of Anglo-Catholics and persecution of Puritans, were regarded with sympathy too deep for words by an immense multitude of Englishmen. One of those, who was vividly alive to the injustice of Prynne's mutilation and imprisonment, was Oliver Cromwell. This is no mere inference from our general knowledge of Cromwell. He was one of those who took a most active part in subsequently redressing the wrongs of Prynne; and we have it on the evidence of his own words to the Parliament which

met in September, 1656, that his conception of the Puritan cause, in some of its essential elements, was identical with that of Prynne. There were "a company of poor men," he told the members, who were "ready to spend their blood" rather than give in to that "compliance" with Popery which had been promoted by the "Bishop of Canterbury;" and in accurate harmony with the spirit and procedure of Prynne in "*Histrio-Mastix*," he threw together "Popery and the profane nobility and gentry of this nation," as having the "badge and character of countenancing profaneness, disorder, and wickedness in all places." His expressions about the contumely heaped on the saints almost literally recall those of Prynne. "In my conscience," said the Protector, "it was a shame to be a Christian, within these fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years, in this nation! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of 'Puritan' was put upon it."

The Puritanism of Prynne, however, was not in all points the Puritanism of Cromwell. It was more of a formula, less of an inspiration; but this circumstance does not preclude its representing even a wider phase of Puritanism than that of the great Protector. Prynne was a lawyer, a learned lawyer, a legal and historical antiquarian; and he inexorably conformed his Puritanism to the precedents and traditions of English history. Never deviating from his sturdy loyalty to the crown, he opposed a king who was innovating on the English constitution and a primate who was innovating on the English reformation; but when the monarchy was in danger, when Parliament was invaded by the sword, Prynne faced round, amid peril and obloquy, and defied the victorious army. A Church not only Protestant but treating the pope as Antichrist, Calvinistic in theology, and subject to the estates of the realm; a common law, and law of Parliament, which king and subject alike should obey; a House of Commons holding the money-bag; a sovereign of the blood-royal: such was Prynne's formula. Be it a narrow formula, or be it a broad, he maintained it invincibly. As the revolution diverged from its iron line on this hand and on that, he doggedly kept the path, and was loud in his remonstrances and protests. His sarcastic home-thrusts were directed as much against a Presbytery or an Independent congregation claiming divine right, as against bishops resting on apostolical succession. On all occasions, when alarmed by heterodoxies and back-

slidings, he was ready with his "important questions," sixteen or so, wherewith to perplex innovators, and to detect the "spawn of Romish Frogs, Jesuits, and Franciscan Friars." Harder head, set on more inflexible backbone, than William Prynne's, was never seen in England. He confronted Cromwell as boldly as he had confronted Charles, and defended Dr. Hewitt when Oliver singled out him and one or two others to die for insurrectionary royalism. It required a thoroughly brave man to do that. He of course agitated for the recall of the dynasty, and there was no inconsistency in his accepting at the Restoration the office of keeper of the records of the Tower. Miss Strickland says that in the last period of his life he made the remark that King Charles ought to have taken off his head when he took off his ears. The words may have been spoken by Prynne in jest, but more probably they were the invention of some one whose ideas of the actors in the Puritan revolution were as confused and superficial as Miss Strickland's own. Prynne recanted nothing; he was from first to last a constitutional Low-Church Puritan, holding that it might be right to make war upon the king, but only in his own name, in order to save him from evil councillors, and to enlighten him as to his own true interests and those of the country.

In all this Prynne represented an immense multitude of Englishmen. The fixed ideas which could not be eradicated from his mind could not be dislodged from the heart of the English people, and Charles II. was placed by acclamation on a throne which Cromwell had not dared to ascend. It is hard to say whether dread and detestation of Popery on the one hand, or love of legitimate royalty on the other, was the stronger instinct of the English nation. When the two came into direct collision, the concession made by the one to the other was the least that the circumstances rendered possible. In their fear of Popery the nation resisted the crown, and by a great majority approved of such constraint being laid upon the sovereign as seemed indispensable to secure the Protestantism of England; but they did not sanction his death, or assent to a change of dynasty. Prynne's inflexible legalism proved more characteristically English than the sublime aspiration of Milton; and the energy, capacity, and patriotism of Cromwell were not such words to conjure with as the name of Stuart. This fact is eminently instructive. The Whig revolution of 1688 exhibited

the forces of Protestantism and legalism again in conflict, and once more the concession made by the one to the other was the least possible in the circumstances. A Popish monarch, frantic in his devotion to his Church, set about the re-establishment of Popery in England; he was expelled; but no further dynastic change was made than to substitute the Protestant branch for the Popish branch. A Protestant wears the crown of these realms in the Stuart right; the Protectorate flitted like a brief meteoric splendor across the political firmament.

Prynne's punishment greatly intensified the unpopularity of the queen. She was, however, more interested in her children than in politics, and might well feel that, so long as her influence shielded Popish delinquents from persecution, and papal envoys looked after the faithful in England, and Dr. Laud was considered a not unfit person to be offered a cardinal's hat, her best course was to let well alone. We have an account of her views on these matters from her own lips, reported to us by Madame de Motteville. There was no motive to induce Henrietta Maria to give, in 1645 or 1646, a false account of what had seemed to her to be the position of ecclesiastical affairs in England during the period when Laud was dominant; and her hopes will serve as a measure, practically useful, of the natural and reasonable fears of the Puritans. She informed De Motteville that James I., in defending the reformed religion against Cardinal Du Perron, had "conceived a love for the truth" and a desire to escape from error. Thenceforward he wished to reconcile the two religions, but he died before executing "*ce louable dessein*." James's conversion by Du Perron may be absurdly mythical, as well as the additional statement of the queen that Charles, at the time when he ascended the throne, was of pretty much the same way of thinking as his converted father; but it is an interesting historical item that Henrietta Maria, on coming to England, believed the Protestantism of the Stuarts to be a thing of surface and of show, their Popery to be honest and fundamental. Laud, she told Madame de Motteville, was at heart "*très bon Catholique*." If this was the estimate of the Protestantism of Charles and of Laud formed by Henrietta Maria, its endorsement by the Puritans cannot be called unreasonable. They feared what she hoped; and she hoped that Charles and Laud would carry into effect the "praiseworthy

design" of James to reconcile the Church of England to the Church of Rome.

If her Majesty, between 1630 and 1640, was shy of showing her hand, she had ample reason to be satisfied that things were progressing favorably for her Church. The Jesuits sapped the Protestantism of the aristocracy. High functionaries, treasurers, secretaries of state, Weston, Windebank, many others, were known to be Papists. Puritanism was proscribed. The laws against Catholics were rendered, to a great extent, a dead letter. Strafford secured toleration for Papists in Ireland. Had Henrietta been a woman of consummate sagacity and discernment, she might have seen that, under the smooth surface of English society, there slumbered forces capable of throwing Laud and his system into the air, and might have made it her grand object to procure toleration for Puritan and Papist alike; but she judged by appearances, and was deceived.

She was suddenly startled from her pleasant dreams. To reveal the stupendous strength of Protestant feeling in England and the inability of Laud to restrain it, one thing had been necessary, and but one—the meeting of Parliament. Nothing in the list of their grievances, not the renewal and extension of the monopolies, not ship-money, not the violations of the Petition of Right, not the suspension of Parliaments for eleven years, agitated the Commons of 1649 so intensely as the anti-Protestantism of Laud and the connivance of the court at the infraction of the laws against Popish recusants. It was entirely honorable to Henrietta Maria that she should exert herself to shield her co-religionists from the fury of the great body of their countrymen. Hallam says of the English Catholics that they are "by no means naturally less attached to their country and its liberties than other Englishmen," but that the patriotism of the seventeenth century, which poured warmth and radiance on the Protestant, "was to them as a devouring fire." It was part of the religion of the Puritans to treat Popery as fire treats stubble. The Papists were driven into the camp of the Stuarts by those imperious instincts which urge men to fight for freedom, property, honor, life. Henrietta felt herself to be their protectress against overwhelming odds. She had never pretended to put her duty to her adopted country in competition with her duty to her Church. She now exerted herself with a valor that outran discretion, and an impetuous energy that overshot

the mark. She intrigued with foreign powers. She canvassed the patriots, winning over recruits like Digby, who, whatever their insignificance in respect of political capacity or personal character, were at least faithful to her. The gentlemen of her retinue, Harry Jermyn first of all, ardently adopted her cause, and a conclave of thorough-going queen's-men held meetings with her in the palace, at which the most desperate and daring schemes were discussed.

While Strafford's life hung in the balance, no day, Henrietta Maria told Madame de Motteville, passed without her having an interview with "the most wicked" of his enemies to plead on his behalf. They were brought, she said, by the back-stairs into the room of one of her ladies, who was absent in the country. Alone, with a torch in her hand, she met them every night, and offered them anything they liked to ask, but in vain. The fine stage effect — "*seule, avec un flambeau à la main*" — befits an interview with such hare-brained people as Digby and Goring, but we must be on our guard against supposing that any of the leading men came to talk with the queen under such circumstances about the death of Strafford. In point of fact, it was not by negotiation with Hampden or Pym that Henrietta hoped, or seriously wished, to save Strafford. The sole possible basis of an agreement between the court and the Parliamentary majority respecting the life of the earl was the *bonâ fide* adoption by Charles of a patriot policy. But this would have implied abandonment of the Catholics, and Henrietta would have listened to no such proposal. It is inconceivable, besides, that, if the interview was held with men who could speak for the patriots, the king should have been absent. If, therefore, the solitary flambeau is historical at all, it must have flared at midnight meetings of Henrietta Maria and other conspirators in the Army Plot of the spring of 1641, for the deliverance of Strafford. To have torn him from the Parliament, and set him at the head of an irresistible military force, would indeed have secured her objects; and to this end she intrigued with Digby, Goring, Wilmot, and others. Charles was privy to their schemes, but may have held it wise to refrain from appearing in person at their midnight consultations. It is no disgrace to Henrietta Maria that the Catholics interested her supremely; but if her fundamental aim was to secure ascendancy, or even toleration, for the Catholics she was naturally forced upon darker projects

than could have been mentioned to the Parliamentary leaders. The credit which she takes in her narrative to De Motteville for zeal on behalf of Strafford is certainly not her due. It is nearer the truth to say that his blood is on her hands. Had she urged Charles to exert his prerogative, he would have refused to sign Strafford's death-warrant; but in that case, the indignation of the Commons against the queen would have known no bounds, and her participation in the Army Plot would, with other charges, have formed the basis of her impeachment for high treason. Charles always said afterwards that the sin which turned God against him had been committed to save the queen, and it has generally been believed that he referred to his consent to the death of Strafford. If this is correct, a strong additional argument is furnished for believing that the interviews which she describes to De Motteville as having been held with "*les plus méchants*" of the earl's enemies, were held really with "*les plus méchants*" of his friends, those, to wit, who were prepared to have recourse to any expedients, however desperate, for his rescue.

The Army Plot has been but slightly referred to by modern English historians, but it had a most important influence on the course of events. It was part of a vast network of schemes and conspiracies, by which the queen, and with more of reserve and caution the king, hoped to overawe or to get rid of the detested Parliament. So early as February, 1641, Henrietta had publicly boasted that a truce had been concluded between France and Spain, in order that they might combine their forces, and advance to the succor of the menaced Catholics of England. The English army that had been levied in the preceding summer to fight the Scots had not yet been disbanded, and its inglorious career and scanty pay, both of which it was easy for emissaries of the court to impute to the Parliament, disposed it to listen to wild proposals. Honorable members were for some time in the utmost alarm, dreading a forcible dissolution, dreading massacres and repetitions of the Gunpowder Plot. At one time the Commons rushed panic-stricken from their building. At another they took to vowing and signing protestations *en masse*, in the style of Scotch Covenanters or members of a French National Assembly, rather than in that of the solid Commons of England. It was in the trepidation inspired by the tampering of the court with the army that the Houses insisted not only on

the death of Strafford but on the assent by Charles to the bill forbidding the dissolution of Parliament except with its own consent. To modern writers, not nicely observant of the dates of events, and the relations of parties at successive stages of the Revolution, this bill seems an outrageous encroachment upon the rights of the crown; but it was approved of by the constitutional royalists, Colepepper, Falkland, and Clarendon. This demonstrates that it was not thought an extreme step. All sensible men in the House of Commons felt that it was necessary to provide against the forcible undoing of all that had been done by putting it beyond the power of Charles to treat the Long Parliament as he had treated the Short. The privilege of Parliament alone defended the patriots from his vengeance. After every dissolution in his reign he had severely punished those who had opposed him in the House. "The king's ready acquiescence in this bill," says Hallam, "far more dangerous than any of those at which he demurred, can only be ascribed to his own shame and the queen's consternation at the discovery of the late plot." Henrietta, in her feminine vehemence, had omitted to count the cost of failure, and the difficulty of execution, in so ticklish a matter as getting rid of an English Parliament by an army plot. If you are to shoot a man through the head, and he is a very strong and very vigilant man, you had better be sure of your pistol and of your nerve. The weapon, in this instance, burst in the discharge. The fragments, so to speak, of the shattered piece, flew in all directions. Jermyn, Percy, Digby, Sucklyn, Davenant, Goring, and Wilmot took themselves out of the way. The king, who had been their accomplice, disavowed connection with them, and issued a proclamation commanding them "to render themselves within ten days." The queen had the unpleasant consciousness of having rendered herself liable to impeachment for high treason, and began to express the opinion that her health would greatly benefit by a sojourn on the Continent. Some have gone the length of believing that, where Jermyn was, there her heart already was also, but Miss Strickland discounts such scandal.

The Parliamentary leaders were as anxious that her Majesty should stay at home as she was to go abroad. The men who had risked their lives in the plot were her personal friends and allies, and it was evident to Hampden and Pym that, if she went to France or Holland, those others

would gather round her, and begin organizing mischief. Accordingly they strongly resisted the proposal that she should quit England. On the 15th of July, 1641, Pym brought up to the Lords, and next day Lord Bankes presented to the king in presence of both Houses, a series of reasons "to stay the queen's going into Holland." They set forth that the doings of the Papists were exceedingly alarming to honorable members, and seemed to be connected with the departure of her Majesty. The Papists had been selling their lands, gathering "great quantities of gold," and in many instances going abroad, as if to co-operate with disaffected persons who had previously taken flight. The Commons had heard that a great treasure in jewels, plate, and ready money, was packed to accompany the queen. Her illness had been admitted by Sir Theodore Mayerne, the king's own physician, to be connected with the mind rather than with the body.

Henrietta saw good to comply with the request of the Houses, graciously affecting to be glad to remain. In August, however, though the Parliament strongly remonstrated against the trip, Charles insisted upon going to Scotland. The Commons could not prevent his departure, but they appointed a committee to follow him to Edinburgh, ostensibly to surround him with a dignity worthy of his station, really to watch his proceedings and to try to penetrate that new system of plots in which he was believed to be engaged. Hampden was in this committee of observation, and it is to be noted that from the time of this journey to Scotland, Hampden's distrust of Charles, and Charles's resolution to crush Hampden, were alike fixed and immutable.

It was during this visit of Charles to Scotland that the Irish rebellion flared up like a frightful portent, clothing half the sky in blood-red flame. To what extent, and in what precise way and manner, it was connected with the projects of Henrietta Maria or Charles, will long furnish ground for speculation; but in order to realize its effect upon the Parliament, and upon the Protestant and Puritan people of England in general, we must take with us two facts which made life in the seventeenth century a very different thing from life in the nineteenth.

The first is the non-existence in those days of a free press. We are apt to think and speak of our daily newspapers with careless contempt, half assenting to Mr. Ruskin's description of them as "a thou-

sand square miles of dirtily printed falsehood." But the plain truth is that they have done us a service which it is not easy to over-estimate. The light of the gas-lamps in the streets of London is not so clear as that of a cloudless morning, but it suffices to spoil the game of the street brigand and footpad, and to destroy the belief in ghosts; the information diffused by newspapers is often inaccurate, but it has saved us from the tyranny of rumors, the distracting influence of hallucinations begotten of suspicion and ignorance. In the seventeenth century men lived in a perpetual twilight of surmise and conjecture, unable, in the dim atmosphere, to distinguish between facts and imaginations. Modern statistics have proved that the guesses of popular credulity and incredulity are, as a rule, absurdly wrong. The prevailing obscurity acted both upon the plotter and upon him who believed himself the victim aimed at in plots. In the former it fostered impracticable hopes, in the latter visionary fears. Popish fanatics attached wild expectations to projects as insane as the Gunpowder Plot; Protestants of ordinary sagacity were driven to their wits' end by reports of imaginary fleets, to land imaginary armies on our shores, which, in concert with the native Catholics, were to cut the throats of all English Protestants. Our adult education by the daily press renders the existence of such hopes and fears in our day impossible; but in the seventeenth century all was guess-work, imagination, fitful hope, and vague alarm. Much of the alarm was doubtless more reasonable than it would now be, but it was in part chimerical, and the line between the reasonable and the chimerical could not be drawn. Accurately described, the Irish rebellion would have been alarming in England; announced by rumor, and exaggerated by phantasy, it was maddening. One month of the *Times* newspaper would have averted the Civil War.

The other fact we have to take into consideration in forming an opinion on seventeenth-century questions is the part then played by the Society of Jesus. Every one has learned from Macaulay that the "quintessence of the Catholic spirit," in that great reactionary movement which rolled back the flood of the Reformation from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, was concentrated in the Jesuits; but there is much in our common idea of a Jesuit fitted to obscure rather than elucidate the action of the great society upon affairs in the seventeenth century. We think of the

Jesuit as subtle, crafty, lying, a feline creature treading softly in the dark; but the main impression derived by me from acquaintance with Jesuitism as exhibited in the literature of the seventeenth century, is that of reckless courage and impetuous aggression. Jesuitism represents for us the prudential and casuistical element in Catholicism; in the seventeenth century it was an element of fire. The Jesuit might sometimes fall short in sagacity and in caution, in intrepidity never. The Jesuits were too pugnacious for the sober-minded leaders of the Church, and there was frequent uneasiness in the relations between the society and Rome. Like a standing army, enlisted to do the fighting against Protestants, they were always eager for the fray. The subtlety attributed to the order is not incompatible with audacity. Balzac says that all the passions are Jesuitic, meaning, I suppose, that they go direct to their object, regardless of means, trampling down truthfulness, honor, and modesty as well as fear. Even in the practice of lying and dissimulation, the Jesuits displayed an impassioned ardor which took them out of the category of common liars. The Jesuit who, for the sake of his Church, took his life in his hand and lectured as professor in a Swedish university, or preached to a trembling flock in a London upper room, or administered the host to a noble or a king who had found it convenient to live a Protestant but wished to die a Papist, cast something of the splendor of passion and self-sacrifice even over his lying.

These considerations, important in their general bearing on the history of the period, have special relation to the position and influence of Henrietta Maria. The Jesuits were emphatically the servants and soldiers of the queen. They had most intimate relations with the palace, and when any decisive step was contemplated by her Majesty and friends there were whispers of it among the Jesuits in the prisons. In estimating the danger of her influence upon Charles, the Parliamentary leaders could not be blind to the fact that she had at her command a number of desperate zealots, in whose eyes war to the knife with Protestantism was virtue, and who were perfectly certain that death for their faith would earn them the crown of martyrdom. The dominance of the Puritans in the Long Parliament would naturally make her lean still more decisively on the Jesuits. While it was safer to be a Papist than a Puritan, she might have been content to leave her co-

religionists in the hands of Laud; but when the Puritan Parliament arose to consume them "like devouring fire," she could scarce fail to seek her allies among those truculent warriors of the Papacy who met the Puritans with a hatred as fierce, a courage as proud, an enthusiasm as fervent, as their own.

Henrietta Maria can be specifically named as the author of the Civil War. At her bidding it was that Charles drew the sword. It is therefore not surprising that she should have been bitterly hated by English Protestants of her own time, and should be severely handled by modern Protestant authors. But reason bids us recognize that it is just as noble in Papists to fight for all that makes life valuable as it is for Protestants. In vehemently exerting herself for the Catholics, Henrietta Maria deserves our sympathy and admiration. If armed resistance on the part of an oppressed minority was ever justifiable upon earth, it was justifiable on the part of the Catholics of England and Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century. The cry of the Puritan Parliament for Catholic blood was as the cry of the horse-leech's daughter. True, the Puritans were not so bad as they seemed. Their words were drawn swords, but when told to kill, they put them back into the scabbard. They had not emancipated themselves from the theory of persecution, but they had begun to outgrow its practice. The Parliament demanded that six or eight Jesuits, reprieved by Charles, should be ordered by him to execution. He deftly told honorable members to do with the prisoners what they chose, and not a hair of their heads fell to the ground. The Jesuit Goodman heroically offered to die rather than be a cause of offence between king and Parliament; they could not kill him. Henrietta Maria, however, and the Roman Catholics of England and Ireland cannot be blamed for taking the Puritans, in the capacity of persecutors, at their own estimate. And if the life of the Catholics who did not take up arms might be pronounced safe, the proscription of their religion was absolute. "If these men are to carry everything before them," Henrietta might have said, as she marked the proceedings of the Parliament, "the few English faithful to the Church, and the millions of Irish who devotedly cling to their ancestral faith, which faith is also mine and was my father's, will commit a criminal act, probably a capital criminal act, every time they partake in rites essen-

tial to salvation." If she had not bestirred herself on their behalf, she would have been despicable; and can we severely blame her because, when standing up against fearful odds in defence of the oppressed Catholics, she did not confine herself to constitutional methods? English Protestants had never paid much respect to her marriage articles, and she may be pardoned for setting small store by English law, when, as all the world now acknowledges, it sanctioned cruel injustice.

To say that Henrietta Maria sympathized with the Irish rebels — to hold it to be all but demonstrable that she countenanced the projected rising — is one thing; to say that she directly or indirectly promoted the atrocities which soon covered the whole transaction with infamy would be quite another. The Irish rebellion as planned, and the Irish rebellion as executed, were as different as light and darkness. The Celtic races are peculiarly liable to the blood-thirst, or blood-fever, which in times of revolutionary excitement turns human beings into fiends. The contrast between the professions of Celts before they go mad, and their doings when the delirium is at its height, is so astounding that a strenuous effort of thought is required in order to realize the sincerity of the former. Universal philanthropy was without question the motive of the French Jacobins. We all know what the Jacobins became when maddened by fear of aristocratic plots and Prussian bayonets, and when they had tasted blood. The manifestoes issued by the chiefs of the Irish rebellion at the outset of the enterprise were reasonable and just; and if we honestly restrict our attention to their situation at the moment, we shall be constrained to admit, first, that their plea was sound, and secondly, that it was impossible for Henrietta Maria not to wish them success.

Consider the position of the Irish Catholics in the summer of 1641. Their religion had long been proscribed by law. Their property had been at the mercy of their conquerors. Their country had been governed by a numerical minority, consisting of strangers and of Protestants. Nevertheless, under the civil rule of Strafford and the ecclesiastical rule of Laud, their life had been endurable, and they had, on the whole, been content to submit. But Strafford had been struck down, and Laud was in the Tower. The Irish Parliament, which had crouched at the heels of Strafford in the day of his power, no sooner

saw the Commons of England attacking him than they joined in the cry, full yell, like the hounds of Actæon when they turned on their master. This fact is the key to the Irish rebellion. It is not of their old and standing grievances that the rebels speak in the proclamation on which I ground these observations. It is of the prospect opened up to them by the predominance of a Parliament of Puritans, a Parliament which regarded it as a religious duty to extirpate their faith. They could expect nothing better than such tyrannical repression as would render life intolerable. Which of us would not have rebelled, if we had then been Irish Catholics? When they tasted blood, they went mad *more Gallico*; but in the proclamation to which I refer there is no more hint or adumbration of massacre and outrage than there is in the National Covenant of Scotland. The objects of the rising, as therein indicated, will continue just so long as it is just for men to fight for the altar and the hearth. They called themselves the soldiers of the queen, and I believe that what they said was substantially true. She had been their protectress. Their enemies were her enemies. The Parliament, whose ascendancy they believed to be incompatible with the existence of Catholicism in Ireland, was detested by her as cordially as by them. During the summer of 1641, when Henrietta Maria was industriously engaged in army plots and in negotiations with Catholic powers for military assistance to protect the Catholics of England and of Ireland, "an unspeakable number" of Irish churchmen, and "some good old soldiers" who had served in Spain, passed through London on their way to Ireland. These, whose movements were well known to the Jesuits, who again were perfectly in the confidence of the queen, were not likely to be misinformed as to the light in which her Majesty was likely to view any attempt on the part of the Irish Catholics to defend their cause and hers in arms. The rebels alleged that the queen and the king signed commissions warranting the enterprise. This has been commonly regarded as incredible; but the allegation of the insurgents was not a mere fiction, an impudent lie. To write on a bill the name of a commercial partner with whom you are on confidential terms, and whose mind and will have been amply signified to you, is lax morality; but it is a different thing from unsanctioned forgery. The king's dark plottings with Montrose in Edinburgh at the very time when the train was about to be ignited in Ireland; the convic-

tion of Argyle and Hamilton that their arrest, if not death, had been schemed by Charles, and the presumption, almost amounting to certainty, that he intended to make a clutch at the military force in Scotland; the circumstance that the nucleus of the little army with which Montrose afterwards did such wonders consisted of Irish Catholics; the reluctance of his Majesty to apply to the Irish Catholics the name of rebels; all these items of evidence, taken along with the express statement of the rebels that they acted under his directions, justify the grave suspicion of the patriots that he had a hand in the business.

As for Henrietta Maria, there is no conceivable reason why she should have had more scruple in counting upon the aid of Irish Papists to rescue herself and her co-religionists from thralldom and from deadly peril, than in invoking help from French Papists or Spanish Papists; and though Charles did not adhere consistently and resolutely to the views of the queen, but wavered between party and party like a wave of the sea, it was to the queen, and not to the constitutional Protestants of England, that he gave ear at the critical juncture when it had become a matter of life or death for him to disabuse his Parliament of the idea that he had leagued himself with Papists, both Irish and English, against the religion and the liberties of the country.

We can hardly blame the queen for distrusting so cautious and half-hearted an auxiliary as Clarendon, or for pressing on the king the dangerous and daring policy of a direct attack, in the first days of 1642, upon the patriot leaders. The course she advised proved ruinous; but a cordial alliance with the High-Church royalists could not have been relied upon by her to ensure tolerable terms for the Catholics, and would not improbably have issued, at an early date, in the application of the whole power of England to the suppression of the Irish rebellion and the taking of a terrible revenge upon the rebels. Can we blame her for not yet throwing up the game? Under her influence, Charles played false to Clarendon and Falkland, and irretrievably lost the confidence of the Protestant Cavaliers. They fought for him because he insisted upon it, but he never had their trust. Henrietta Maria made no secret to Madame de Motteville that she had advised the king to attempt the arrest of the five members. Her Majesty's Jesuit friends in the prisons had their agitated

whisperings of that event several days before it took place. It was debated in a secret conclave of whose existence the outwitted Clarendon and the ingenuous Falkland appear to have had no surmise. Charles failed in the prompt audacity which alone could have given the desperate expedient a chance; and there is a trace of evidence that, when he returned to Whitehall without the prisoners, Henrietta called him a poltroon.

Henrietta Maria's fundamental principle was, that force alone could save the Catholics and herself. The proposed arrest of the patriot leaders was but part of a project which comprised an appeal to arms. Without this, indeed, its folly would have been not only supreme, but inexplicable. Lunsford, Digby, and a few other headstrong adherents of the court, appeared in arms at Kingston. The attitude of the capital and the tramp of the Buckingham riders on march into London to defend Hampden made them vanish quick enough, but neither Henrietta Maria nor Charles abandoned the warlike part of the plan. An ostensible occasion for her departure was found in the conveyance of the Princess Mary, a child of ten, affianced to the Prince of Orange, to Holland; but her Majesty went with the express purpose of preparing war, and carried with her the crown jewels, to be sold or pawned for arms. Charles conducted her to Dover, and rode some leagues along the shore, watching the ship on its course.

Landed in Holland, relieved from the vexation of Charles's moaning incompetence, and the everlasting fret and worry of Parliamentary intrigue, with the faithful Jermyn and the fiery Digby at her side, Henrietta showed herself her father's daughter. Her activity and address were irresistible. Heavy-sterned Dutch Mightinesses became buoyant in her presence, their Puritan and republican sympathies melting like wax in the electric current of her glances and her words. She raised in a few months no less than two millions sterling, an enormous sum for that period. In the early spring of 1643 she sailed from Scheveling in a first-rate English ship, accompanied by eleven transports filled with ammunition and stores. All Holland seems to have cheered her on, and Van Tromp himself gave her convoy. Having surmounted every difficulty on land, she was encountered by perils of the sea. For nine days the squadron tossed and struggled in the

teeth of a tremendous gale. Two vessels were lost, but her heart never failed her, and her perfect courage and irrepressible vivacity supported her retinue in the darkest hour. There was nothing for it but to seek refuge once more in a Dutch port. In a few days she re-embarked, and now at last fortune favored the brave. A fair wind carried her to Bridlington Bay, on the Yorkshire coast. On the 22nd of February she set foot in England, having been absent almost exactly a year. Next morning she was awakened by the sound of great guns. Batten, the Parliamentary admiral, favored by the tide, was cannonading the town, and aiming his shot at the very house in which she lay. Two balls came crashing through the roof, and penetrated from top to bottom. Henrietta started up, threw herself into what clothes she could snatch, and, "bare-foot and bare-leg," ran for her life. On the street of Bridlington she perceives that her pet dog, Mitte, ugly and old, has been left behind. She runs back, goes up-stairs, takes Mitte from the bed in her arms, and effects her retreat. We next find her crouching with her women under a bank; a ball, ploughing up the ground overhead, covers the party with earth and stones. The ebb tide enabling Van Tromp to try conclusions with Batten, the latter sheers off, and the queen takes up her quarters in Boynton Hall, the seat of Sir Walter Strickland. Here she received a letter from Charles, full of affection, admiration, and "impatient passion of gratitude." He might well thank her; had his other friends served him as effectively as she, the war might have had a very different issue.

Her Majesty was equal to all occasions, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. Meeting a rough sea-captain, one of Batten's men who had fired upon her, on the way to execution, she pardons him on the spot, converting him, by the gift of his life and the witchery of her smile, from a Roundhead into a Cavalier; but while being entertained at the table of Sir Walter Strickland, who, though on the Parliamentary side, was hospitably polite to his sovereign lady, she took note of the plate with which the room was adorned, and mentioned to Sir Walter that it would be of service to the king. The plate was appropriated accordingly, the gallant host consoling himself as he best might with a portrait of Henrietta, which she presented to him. Alive to more serious business, she received Scarborough Castle, from Sir

Hugh Cholmondely, and intrigued vehemently with the Hothams for the surrender of Hull.

Need it be said that the presence of the queen was an inspiration for all Catholic hearts in England? In particular it blew into white heat the loyalty of those Papists of the midland and northern counties who formed the bone and sinew of Newcastle's army. The marquis detached two thousand horsemen to conduct her and her train across the wolds to Malton, on the way to York. The centres of the king's interest in those parts were at this time York and Newark. In the south-east lay the counties leagued together in what is known to all readers of the pamphlets and newspapers of the period as the Eastern Association. At first six, and subsequently seven counties, lying between the Thames and the Humber, were united offensively and defensively in maintenance of the Parliament's cause, and had the advantage to possess, by way of soul to their body, that "very fiery particle," Oliver Cromwell. Her march from York to Newark required skill and wariness; but she effected it in fine style. From Newark, when about to start on her way to join Charles, she wrote with a *naïve* and feminine exultation highly characteristic but not unpleasant: "I carry with me three thousand foot, thirty companies of horse and dragoons, six pieces of cannon, and two mortars. Harry Jermyn commands the forces which go with me, as colonel of my guard, Sir Alexander Lesley the foot under him, Gerard the horse, and Robin Legge the artillery, and her she-Majesty generalissima over all; and extremely diligent am I, with one hundred and fifty wagons of baggage to govern in case of battle." The joy and enthusiasm of Henrietta could not fail to reflect themselves in every face in her little army, and he must have been the basest of churls who would have grumbled at hardships, which she shared with the meanest soldier. She wrote rebuking the king for not sharing her confidence, and for vacillating in his resolves. On the 2nd of July she was at Stratford-on-Avon, occupying Shakespeare's house. On the 13th of the month, in the vale of Keinton, she and Charles met. Eighteen months had elapsed since she undertook the dangerous and difficult task of bringing succor from Holland. Her performance thereof, one of the most brilliant episodes known to me in English history, has not received from English authors the attention it deserves. Not one half-page in the fag-end of an essay does our pic-

torial and copious Macaulay, whose spirited verses in celebration of the victor of Ivry might have disposed him to do justice to Henry's daughter, devote to this bright woman, a Catholic among a nation of raging Protestants, unsupported by any man approaching her in strength of character or brain, who electrified Dutch Mightinesses by her pathetic zeal, defied the dangers of the sea, ran the gauntlet of exasperated foes, gave the slip to Cromwell himself, and finally marched a gallant little army into the camp of her husband in his extreme need.

For a time it might have been thought that her coming had conclusively turned the tide of success in the royal favor. This summer was for Charles the most promising period of the whole war. In spite of prodigious exertions by Cromwell in the Eastern Association, and sturdy work in Yorkshire by the Fairfaxes and Manchester, the allied counties found their troops pushed steadily backward, and were unable to make good their grasp upon Lincolnshire. Hopton defeated the Parliamentary Earl of Stamford in the far south-west in May. Hampden fell in June. Waller was broken on Landsdown Heath in July. Bristol surrendered to Prince Rupert in August. Had Charles then advanced on London, he might, in the opinion of many then, and since, have carried everything before him. The voice of the queen was still for war. Conquest, predominance, dismissal of the abhorred Parliament, were the objects on which she was peremptorily intent. Charles was willing enough to take her advice; he "saw," Clarendon says, "with her eyes, and determined by her judgment;" but he could not have her heart in his breast or her brains in his skull, and that was the thing wanted. Henrietta had touched the highest point of all her greatness, crossing the meridian line at that proud hour when she rode with Jermyn at her side, generalissima of her own tight little army. More depressing to her spirit than nine days of tossing on the waves, more trying to her courage and enthusiasm than the cannon shots of Batten shattering the floor on which she slept, were the grumbling, the caballing, the malignant spites and jealousies, the interminable factious babblement of Charles's quarters. She soon had occasion to blame herself, as De Motteville says she did with unsparing severity, for dissuading the king from a pacific policy when the prosperous state of his affairs, in the summer of 1643, made it likely that he might obtain favorable terms.

When the excitement of her arrival subsided, the invincible repugnance with which the Anglican Cavaliers regarded her influence upon Charles became apparent; and it was gradually made manifest that the new argument, which her presence in England afforded those who affirmed that the royal cause was the cause of the Papists, more than counterbalanced her three thousand soldiers, and one hundred and fifty wagon-loads of arms and ammunition. What a weapon, for example, did this whole business of her Majesty put into the hand of Henry Vane when he went, in the course of this summer, to Edinburgh, to ask the Covenanters of Scotland to come to the help of the Parliament! About the same time, our friend Prynne, still staunch on the patriot side, fighting the king in his own name and for his own sake, published one of his innumerable books, warning his countrymen against the appalling dangers in the wind from Popish plots and personages, and dwelling lamentably upon the subject of the queen. I do not know whether she had landed when the book appeared, but the picture it presents of her influence with the king would be rendered all the more impressive by that event. Of "Queen Mary," said Prynne, they "might really affirm in reference to his Majesty, what some of their Popish doctors have most blasphemously written of the Virgin Mary in relation to God and Christ, that all things are subject to the *command of Mary, even God Himself*: that she is the *Empresse and Queen of heaven*, and of greatest authority in the kingdom of heaven, where she may not only impetrate but command whatsoever she pleaseth," etc., etc. The flush of loyal excitement produced by her Majesty's landing was a poor compensation for the advantage it lent the enemy in giving edge to the taunt that the king's men were fighting the battle of the Papists.

In April, 1644, the glowing prospects of July, 1643, had so completely clouded over, that it was thought well the queen should retreat into the west. She bade farewell to Charles on the 3rd of the month, never to see his face again. In the following June, at Exeter, under circumstances of great wretchedness, she gave birth to a daughter, the short-lived Henrietta of Orleans. A fortnight later, in dread of being arrested and taken to London for trial, she left her infant and sailed for France. The ship was chased by a Parliament cruiser of overwhelming superiority, and seemed likely to be taken.

Henrietta Maria summoned the captain into her presence, and ordered him, if he found escape hopeless, to blow up the ship. Her women and domestics uttered, not inexcusably, "*des cris horribles*." To perish, one and all, because their mistress preferred certain death at sea to possible or probable death on shore, was too great a demand upon their devotion. Henrietta alone maintained a "courageous silence." Her conscience, she told De Motteville — for this notable incident we have from the lips of the queen — smote her, but she could not break her pride, and accordingly "*demeura indécise sur la gloire éternelle et la mondaine*." The captain, however, contrived to make off, and she landed in Bretagne. The gentlemen of the district, hearing of her arrival, came forward and escorted her to Bourbon. She looked very ill and much changed, and was almost always weeping. Having remained at Bourbon until her health was restored, she proceeded to Paris.

At this point we may leave her, the details of her life in Paris having no essential bearing on the part she played in English history. She continued to exert herself with the old assiduity for Charles, intriguing with this potentate and with that, carting home rich harvests of promise, finding them yield a mere nothing of wheat when threshed out. She once told Charles that letters from the Duke of Lorraine announced that ten thousand men were to be sent to his rescue; and the sanguine folly of the man was perhaps egregious enough to make him capable of being lifted from the ground in a balloon like that; but no one else was deceived. Her power with the king continued absolute. She scolded him when he evinced any disposition to surrender the militia, sneered at his superstitious fondness for bishops, and specifically gave the order in obedience to which he rejected the demands of the Parliament at Newcastle. Some of her expressions to him were harsh, and it must be admitted that the balance of affection was much on his side. But it was not in the nature of things that the clearest and most determinate of women should sympathize with or passionately love the most fitful, irresolute, and casuistical of men. It is fair to recollect, also, that there are traces of tenderness in her letters. "Be kind to me, or you kill me," she once says. Clarendon casts on her the suspicion of having discouraged plans for the escape of Charles from the Isle of Wight, but the sleek chancellor, having

vainly cringed to her and fawned upon her, hated her mortally. When the king was in the gripe of the regicides, she exerted herself to the utmost in his behalf.

Hallam seems of opinion that the fortitude with which she bore separation from her husband was due in part to the solace derived from Harry Jermyn. He had been her page from an early period in her married life, had put his life in jeopardy as an agent in her plots, had ridden at the head of her guard when leading her to the camp of Charles, and had again shared her exile. In short, he had been as true to her as any of his old mariners to Ulysses, "and ever with a frolic welcome took the thunder and the sunshine" of her fortunes. He was not of a romantic disposition, a circumstance which might not be fundamentally adverse to his success with a mercurial woman. What I have seen of his writing gives me the idea of a shrewd, cool, sarcastic man, of limited enthusiasm, capable of disregarding the prismatic and vaporous adornments of rumor and taking his own measure of things. He remarks to Digby, *à propos* of help to be sent to Montrose, that the marquis, if he obtained it, "might make his victories profitable as well as miraculous." In Jermyn's portrait there is a saucy kind of look, as if he had experienced a good deal of scorn in his day, and was competent to return it in kind. Miss Strickland is indignantly certain that there was nothing wrong in his relations with the queen—all delicately resplendent Platonism. Hallam is not so confident, being probably less versed in the finer sensibilities of the heart. After Charles's death, Henrietta married Jermyn and bore him children, without which, Miss Strickland thinks, the Platonism would have been still more delicately resplendent.

In her devotion to her Church Henrietta never failed or flinched. For the poor Catholics she risked her life in England, and in her letters from France she strictly enjoined Charles never to forget or forsake them. She thought more of the spiritual interests of her children than of their sitting upon the throne of England, compassed heaven and earth to make proselytes of them, and was piously tyrannical in her attempts to force the boy Duke of Gloucester into Popery. In the gloomiest times her vivacity and her wit could brighten up her circle. If in some sad story, while her cheek was wet with tears, a humorous incident or trait of character occurred to her, she would flash suddenly into brilliant mimetic representation, and

set every one near her laughing. She checked herself in an account of the fall of Strafford to say that he was an ugly man, but had the finest hands in the world. Having, as she knew or fancied, lost her youthful beauty at twenty-two, she held a theory that the bloom of womanhood always faded at that age. She had all a woman's pride of rank, and, after the Restoration, took a leading part in the disgraceful intrigue to undermine the reputation of the Duchess of York. In her closing years, she founded a religious house, and lived much among nuns and priests.

It is interesting to observe how, under the artistic touch of Bossuet, Henrietta Maria beams into a heroine and saint. The enamel of eloquence flows over the bust, covering all cracks and blemishes, throwing about the whole the witchery of color. When the blemish is eminent, the coloring is proportionately bold. So just, says Bossuet, so severe to herself, was this saint; "a persecutor irreconcilable of her own passions." Rather strong of the woman who proposed to send a captain, a crew, and a bevy of attendants sky-high, because she preferred death at sea to death on shore; who acted as Henrietta acted in the affair of Anne Hyde; and whose Platonism with Jermyn is more clear to Miss Strickland than to Hallam! But he does no more than justice to the Catholic zeal of Henrietta. The children of God in England, says Bossuet, when Henrietta appeared as their protectress, had neither altar nor sanctuary; and the tribunals which ought to have been their places of refuge denied them justice and pity. But when the "worthy daughter of St. Louis" landed in England, things began to wear a different aspect. A chapel, fitted up with becoming magnificence in Somerset House, restored to the Church her ancient forms. The prayers, the devotions, the *retraites* of the queen supported the reputation of "the thrice-Christian house of France." There the priests of the Oratory could preach, undaunted by the scowl of heresy. There the Capuchin fathers dared to lift up their voices in a strange land, and the afflicted faithful of England joined with them in singing the songs of Zion. Henrietta Maria was indeed faithful to her Church; and her championship of the Roman Catholic cause in England brought her husband to the block and her descendants to beggary.

PETER BAYNE.

From The Examiner.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ALMA MATER.

It was a singular change for this busy, hard-headed man to leave the whirl of London life — with its late nights at the House, its conversational breakfasts, its Wednesday and Saturday dinner parties and official receptions, and so forth, and so forth — to spend a quiet Sunday with his old friends of Exeter. The very room in which he now sat, waiting for Mr. Jewsbury to hunt him out a gown, had once been his own. It overlooked the Fellows' Garden; that secret haunt of peace, and twilight, and green leaves. Once upon a time, and that not very long ago, it was pretty well known that Balfour of Exeter might have had a fellowship presented to him had he not happened to be too rich a man. No one, of course, could have imagined for a moment this ambitious, eager, active young fellow suddenly giving up his wealth, and his chances of marrying, and his political prospects, in order that he might lead a quiet student life within the shadow of these grey walls. Nevertheless, that dream had crossed his mind more than once: most commonly when he had got home from the House about two in the morning, tired out, vexed with the failure of some pet project, unnerved by the apathy of the time, the government he supported being merely a government of sufferance, holding office only because the rival party was too weak to relieve it from the burden.

And indeed there was something of the home-returning feeling in his mind as he now slipped on the academical gown and hurried across to the great yellow-white hall, in which the undergraduates were already busy with their modest beef and ale. There were unknown faces, it is true, ranged by the long tables; but up here on the cross table, on the platform, he was among old friends; and there were old friends, too, looking over at him from the dusty frames on the walls. He was something of a lion now. He had been a marked man at Oxford; for, although he had never made the gallery of the Union tremble with resonant eloquence — he was, in fact, anything but a fluent speaker — he had abundant self-possession, and a tolerably keen instinct of detecting the

weak points in his opponent's line of argument. Besides — and this goes for something — there was an impress of power in the mere appearance of the man, in his square forehead, his firm lips, and deep-set, keen grey eyes. He had an iron frame, too — lean, bony, capable of enduring any fatigue. Of course the destination of such a man was politics. Could any one imagine him letting his life slip away from him in these quiet halls, mumbling out a lecture to a dozen ignorant young men in the morning, pacing up and down Addison's Walk in the afternoon, and glad to see the twilight come over as he sat in the common room of an evening, with claret and cherries, and a cool wind blowing in from the Fellows' Garden?

It was to this quiet little low-roofed common room they now adjourned when dinner in the hall was over, and undergraduates had gone noiselessly off, like so many rabbits, to their respective burrows. There were not more than a dozen round the polished mahogany table. The candles were not lit; there was still a pale light shining over the still garden outside, its beautiful green foliage enclosed on one side by the ivied wall of the Bodleian, and just giving one a glimpse of the Radcliffe dome beyond. It was fresh, and cool, and sweet in here; it was a time for wine and fruit; there were no raised voices in the talk, for there was scarcely a whisper among the leaves of the laburnums outside, and the great acacia spread its feathery branches into a cloudless and lambent sky.

"Well, Mr. Balfour," said an amiable old gentleman, "and what do the government mean to do with us now?"

"I should think, sir," said Mr. Balfour, modestly, "that if the government had their wish they would like to be drinking wine with you at this moment. It would be charitable to ask them to spend an evening like this with you. They have had sore times of it of late; and their unpopularity is growing greater every day — why I don't know. I suppose they have been too much in earnest. The English public likes a joke now and again in the conduct of its affairs. No English cabinet should be made up without its buffoon — unless, indeed, the prime minister can assume the part occasionally. Insincerity, impertinence, maladministration — anything will be forgiven you, if you can make the House laugh. On the other hand, if you happen to be a very earnest person, if you are foolish enough to believe that there are great wrongs to be righted, and

if you worry and bother the country with your sincerity, the country will take the first chance — no matter what service you have rendered it — of kicking you out of office. It is natural enough. No one likes to be bothered by serious people. As we are all quite content, why should we be badgered with new projects? May I ask you to hand me those strawberries?"

The old gentleman was rather mystified; but Mr. Jewsbury was not — he was listening with some impatience.

"They tell me, Mr. Balfour," said the old gentleman, "that if there should be a general election, your seat may be in danger."

"Oh, I shall be turned out, I know," said Balfour, with great simplicity. "My constituents don't lose many opportunities of letting me know that. They burnt me in effigy the other night. I have had letters warning me that I had better give Ballinascreen a wide berth if I happened to be in that part of Ireland. But I dare say I shall get in for some other place; I might say that, according to modern notions, the money left me by my father entitles me to a seat. You know how things go together. If you open a system of drainage-works, you become a knight. If you give a big dinner to a foreign prince, you become a baronet. If you could only buy Arundel Castle, you would be an earl. And as I see all round me in Parliament men who have no possible claim to be there except the possession of a big fortune — men who go into Parliament not to help in governing the country at all, but merely to acquire a social distinction to which their money entitles them — I suppose I have that right too? Unfortunately I have not a local habitation and a name anywhere. I must begin and cultivate some place — buy a brewery, or something like that. Regattas are good things — you can spend a good deal of money safely on regattas —"

"Balfour," cried Jewsbury, with a laugh, "don't go on talking like that."

"I tell you," said the young man, seriously, "there was not half as much mischief done by the old pocket-borough system as there is by this money qualification. For my part, I am Tory enough to prefer the old pocket-borough system, with all its abuses. The patrons were men of good birth, who had therefore leisure to attend to public affairs — in fact, they had the tradition that they were responsible for the proper government of the country. They had some measure of education — experience of other countries — an acquaintance

with the political experiments of former times, and so forth. So long as they could present to a living — to a seat in the House, I mean — a young fellow of ability had a chance, though he had not a penny in his pocket. What chance has he now? Is it for the benefit of the country that men like — and — should be running about from one constituency to another, getting beaten every time; while such brainless and voiceless nonentities as — and — are carried triumphantly into Parliament on the shoulders of a crowd of publicans? What is the result? You are degrading Parliament in public estimation. The average member has become a byword. The men who by education and experience are best fitted to look after the government of a nation are becoming less and less anxious to demean themselves by courting the suffrages of a mob; while the h-less men who are getting into Parliament on the strength of their having grown rich are bringing the House of Commons down to the level of a vestry. Might I trouble you for those strawberries?"

The old gentleman had quite forgotten about the strawberries. He had been listening intently to this scornful protest. When Balfour spoke earnestly — whether advancing a mere paradox or not — there was a certain glow in the deep-set eyes that exercised a singular fascination over some people. It held them. They had to listen, whether they went away convinced or no.

"What an extraordinary fellow you are, Balfour," said his friend to him, as they were on their way from the common room to Mr. Jewsbury's easy-chairs and tobacco. "Here you have been inveighing against the money qualification of members of Parliament, and you yourself propose to get into the House simply on the strength of your money!"

"Why not?" said the young man. "If my constituents are satisfied, so am I. If that is their theory, I accept it. You called me no end of names because I took the seat those people at Ballinascreen offered me. I was reaping the harvest sown by bribery and I don't know what. But that was their business, not mine. I merely made use of them, as I told a deputation from them this very forenoon. I have not given them a penny. What I might have given — if there was a chance of my getting in again, and I could do it safely — I don't know."

"Always the same!" exclaimed his friend, as they were going up the narrow

wooden stairs. "When you are a little older, Balfour, you will learn the imprudence of always attributing to yourself the meanest motives for your conduct. The world takes men at their own valuation of themselves. How would you like other people to say of you what you say yourself?"

There was no answer to this remark, for now the two friends had entered the larger of Mr. Jewsbury's two rooms—a sufficiently spacious apartment, decorated in the severe modern style, but still offering some compromise to human weakness in the presence of several low, long, and lounging easy-chairs. Moreover, there were pipes and a stone canister of tobacco on a small table. Mr. Jewsbury lit a couple of candles.

"Now," said he, dropping into one of the easy-chairs, and taking up a pipe, "I won't listen for a moment to your Judicature Bill or any other bill; and I won't bore you for a moment with any gigantic scheme for reforming the college revenues and endowing scientific research. I want to know more about what you said at the station. Who is it?"

The young man almost started up in his chair—he leaned forward—there was an eager, bright light in his face.

"Jewsbury, if you only knew this girl—not to look at her merely, but to know her nature—if you could only imagine——" Then he sank back again in his chair, and put his hands in his pockets. "What is the use of my talking about her? You see, it will be a very advantageous thing for me if I can persuade this girl to marry me—very advantageous. Her father is a poor man; but then he is an earl—I may as well tell you his name, it is Lord Willowby—and he has got valuable connections. Willowby is not much in the Lords. To tell you the truth, I dislike him. He is tricky, and meddles with companies—perhaps that is to be forgiven him, for he hasn't a penny. But he could be of use to me. And his daughter could be of greater use, if she were my wife. Lady Sylvia Balfour could get a better grip of certain people than plain Mr. Hugh——"

His companion had risen from his chair, and was impatiently pacing up and down the floor.

"Balfour," he cried out, "I am getting tired of this. You know you are only shamming. You are the last man in the world to marry for those miserable motives you are now talking about——"

"I am not shamming at all," said Bal-

four, calmly. "I am only looking at the business side of this question. What other would you like to hear about? I don't choose to talk about the girl herself—until you have known her; and then I may tell you what I think about her. Sit down, like a good fellow. Is it my fault that I am ambitious?—that I want to do something in politics?"

His friend sat down resignedly.

"She has accepted you?" he said.

"Not openly—not confessedly," said the young man; and then his breath began to come and go a little more rapidly. "But—but she could not mistake what I have said to her—if she had been angry, she would have sent me off—on the contrary, it is only because I don't wish to annoy her by undue precipitancy—but I think we both understand."

"And her father?"

"Oh, I suppose her father understands too," said Balfour, carelessly. "I suppose I shall have to ask him formally. I wish to heaven he would not have his name mixed up with those companies."

"The Lady Sylvia—it is a pretty name," said his friend, absently.

"And she is as sweet, and pure, and noble as her name is beautiful," said Balfour, with a sudden proud light in his eyes—forgetting, indeed, in this one outburst all his schooled reticence. "You have no idea, Jewsbury, what a woman can be until you have known this one. I can tell you it will be something for a man that has to muddle about in the hypocrisies of politics, and to mix among the cynicisms, and affectations, and mean estimates of society, to find at home—always by him—one clear burning lamp of faith—faith in human nature, and a future worth striving for. You don't suppose that this girl is any of the painted fripperies you meet at every woman's house in London. Good God! before I would marry one of those bedizened and microcephalous play-things——"

He sank back in his easy-chair again, with a shrug and a laugh. The laugh was against himself; he had been betrayed into a useless vehemence.

"The fact is," said he, "Jewsbury, I am not fair to London women—or rather, I mean to those London girls who have been out a few seasons and know a good deal more than their mothers ever knew before them. Fortunately, the young men they are likely to marry are fit matches for them. They are animated by the same desire—the chief desire of their lives—

and that is to escape the curse imposed on the human race at the gates of Paradise."

"The curse was double," said his clerical friend, with a laugh.

"I know," said Balfour, coolly, "and I maintain what I say. There is no use beating about the bush."

Indeed, he had never been in the habit of beating about the bush. For him, what was, was; and he had never tried to escape the recognition of it in a haze of words. Hence the reputation he enjoyed of being something more than blunt-spoken — of being, in fact, a pretty good specimen of the perverid Scotchman, arrogant, opinionated, supercilious, and a trifle too anxious to tread on people's corns.

"Do you see," he said, suddenly, after a second or two of quiet, "what Lady — has done for her husband? She fairly carried him into office on the strength of her dinners and parties; and now she has *badinaged* him into a peerage. She is a wonderfully clever woman. She can make a newspaper editor fancy himself a duke. By the way, I see the prince has taken to the newspapers lately; they are all represented at his garden parties. If you have a clever wife, it is wonderful what she can do for you."

"And if you have a stupid wife, can you do anything for her?" inquired Mr. Jewsbury, to whom all this business — this theatrical "business" of public life — was rather unintelligible.

Balfour burst out laughing.

"What would you think of a cabinet minister being led by the nose — what would you think of his resigning the whole of his authority into the hands of the permanent secretary under him — simply because that secretary undertakes the duty of getting the minister's wife, who is not very presentable, included in invitations, and passed into houses where she would never otherwise be seen? She is a wonderful woman, that woman. They call her Mrs. Malaprop. But Tommy Bingham gets her taken about somehow."

The two friends smoked in silence for some time; the Irish Universities, the High Court of Judicature, the Endowment of Research may perhaps have been occupying their attention. But when Balfour spoke next, he said, slowly, —

"It must be a good thing for a man to have a woman beside him whose very presence will make the world sweet and wholesome to him. If it were not for a woman here or there — and it is only by

accident they reveal themselves to you — what *could* one think of human nature?"

"And when are you to see this wonderful rose, that is able to sweeten all the winds of the world?" his friend asked, with a smile.

"I am going down with Lord Willowby on Monday for a few days. I should not wonder if something happened during that time."

CHAPTER V.

POLITICS AND NIGHTINGALES.

THE Lady Sylvia was seated before a mirror, and her maid was dressing her hair. The maid was a shrewd, kindly, elderly person, who exercised a good deal of control over her young mistress, and at this moment she was gently remonstrating with her for her impatience.

"I am sure, my lady, they cannot be here for half an hour yet," said she.

"And if I am too soon?" said the young lady, with just a trifle of petulance. "I wish to be too soon."

The maid received this admonition with much composure, and was not driven by it into scamping her work. In truth, it was not she who was responsible for the hurry, if hurry there had to be. There was a book lying on the table. It was a description of the three khanates of Turkistan, when as yet these were existing and independent States. That was not the sort of book that ordinarily keeps a young lady late for dressing; but then there was a considerable talk at this time about the advance of General Kaufmann on Khiva; and as there was a member of the House of Commons coming to dine that evening with a member of the House of Lords, they might very probably refer to the matter; and in that case ought not a certain young lady to be able to follow the conversation with something of intelligent interest, when even her schoolboy cousin, Johnny Blythe, could prattle away about foreign politics for half an hour at a stretch?

"Thank you, Anne," said she, meekly, when the finishing touch was put to her dress; and a couple of minutes afterwards she was standing out of doors, on the grey stone steps, in the warm sunset glow.

She made a pretty picture, as she stood there, listening and expectant. She was dressed in a tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of cream-white silk, and there was not a scrap of color, or ribbon, or orna-

ment about it. She wore no jewellery; there was not even a soft, thin line of gold round her neck. But there was a white rose in her brown hair.

Suddenly she heard a sound of wheels in the distance; her heart began to throb a bit, and there was a faint flush of color in the pale, and calm, and serious face. But the next minute that flush had died away, and only one who knew her well could have told that the girl was somewhat excited, by the fact that the dark pupils of the grey eyes seemed a trifle larger than usual, and full of a warm, anxious, glad light.

She caught sight of the wagonette as it came rolling along the avenue between the elms. A quick look of pleasure flashed across her face. Then the small, white, trembling fingers were nervously closed, and a great fear possessed her lest she might too openly betray the gladness that wholly filled her heart.

"How do you do, Lady Sylvia?" cried Hugh Balfour, with more brightness than was usual with him, as he came up the stone steps, and shook hands with her.

He was surprised and chagrined by the coldness of her manner. She caught his eyes but for a moment, and then averted hers, and she seemed to withdraw her hand quickly from his hearty and friendly grasp. Then why should she so quickly turn to her father, and hope he was not tired by his stay in London? That was but scant courtesy to a guest; she had scarcely said a word to him; and her manners seemed either extremely nervous or studiously distant.

Lord Willowby—a tall, thin, sallow-faced man, who stooped a little and was slightly lame—kissed her, and bestowed upon her a ferocious smile. That smile of his lordship's, once seen, was not to be forgotten. If Johnny Blythe had had an eye for the similitudes in things; if he had himself poured out a glass of the mysterious and frothy fluid he had bought at the Fox and Hounds; if he had observed how the froth hissed up suddenly in the glass, and how it instantly disappeared again, leaving only a blank dulness of liquid; then he might have been able to say what his uncle's smile was like. It was a prodigious grin rather than a smile. It flamed and shot all over his contorted visage, wrinkling up his eyes and revealing his teeth; then it instantaneously disappeared, leaving behind it the normal gloom and depression of distinctly melancholy features.

"I hope you enjoyed the drive over from

the station," said Lady Sylvia, in a timid voice, to Mr. Balfour; but her eyes were still cast down.

He dared not tell her that he had not consciously seen a single natural object all the way over; so full was his heart of the end and aim of the journey.

"Oh, beautiful—beautiful," said he. "It is a charming country. I am more and more delighted with it each time I see it. Is not that—surely that is Windsor?"

All over the western sky there was a dusky blaze of red; and at the far horizon line, above the dark-blue woods, there was a tiny line of transparent brown—apparently about an inch in length—with a small projection just visible at each end. It was Windsor Castle; but he did not look long at Windsor Castle. The girl had now turned her eyes in that direction too; he had a glimpse of those wonderful clear depths under the soft dark eyelashes; the pale, serious, beautiful face caught a touch of color from the glow in the west. But why should she be so cold, so distant, so afraid? When they went into the hall, he followed mechanically the man who had been told off to wait on him. He said nothing in reply when he heard that dinner was at seven. He could not understand in what way he had offended her.

Mechanically, too, he dressed. Surely it was nothing he had said in the House? That was too absurd: how could Lady Sylvia, brought up as she had been, care about what was said or done in Parliament? And then he grew to wonder at himself. He was more disturbed by a slight change of manner in this girl than by anything that had happened to him for years. He was a man of good nerve and fair self-confidence. He was not much depressed by the hard things his constituents said of him. If a minister snubbed him in answer to a question, he took the snub with much composure; and his knowledge that it would appear in all the papers next morning did not at all interfere with his dinner of that evening. But now, had it come to this already, that he should become anxious, disturbed, restless, merely because a girl had turned away her eyes when she spoke to him?

The dinner-gong was sounding as he went down-stairs. He found Lord Willowby and his daughter in the drawing-room—a spacious, poorly-furnished chamber that was kept pretty much in shadow by a large chestnut-tree just outside the windows. Then a servant threw open the great doors, and they went into the dining-

room. This, too, was a large, airy, poorly-furnished room; but what did that matter when the red light from the west was painting great squares of beautiful color on the walls, and when one could look from the windows away over the level country that was now becoming blue and misty under the dying glow of the sunset? They had not lit the candles yet; the fading sunlight was enough.

"My dear fellow," remonstrated Lord Willowby, when the servant had offered Balfour two or three sorts of wine, he refusing them all, "what can I get for you?"

"Nothing, thank you. I rarely drink wine," he said carelessly; "I think, Lady Sylvia, you said the archery meeting was on Wednesday?"

Now here occurred a strange thing, which was continued all through dinner. Lady Sylvia had apparently abandoned her reserve. She was talking freely, sometimes eagerly, and doing what she could to entertain her guest. But why was it that she resolutely refused to hear Balfour's praises of the quiet and beautiful influences of a country life; and would have nothing to do with archery-meetings, and croquet-parties, and such trivialities; but on the contrary was anxious to know all about the chances of the government — whether it was really unpopular — why the Conservatives had refused to take office — when the dissolution was expected — what the appeal to the country on the part of ministers would probably be.

So much for her. Her desire to be instructed in these matters was almost pathetic. If her heart could not be said to beat with the great heart of the people, that was not her fault; for to her the mass of her fellow-countrymen was but an abstract expression that she saw in the newspapers. But surely she could feel and give utterance to a warm interest in public affairs and a warm sympathy with those who were giving up day and night to the thankless duties of legislation?

Now, as for him. He was all for the country and green fields — for peace and grateful silence — for quiet days, and books, and the singing of birds. What was the good of that turmoil they called public life? What effect could be produced on the character by regarding constantly that clamorous whirl of eager self-interest, of mean ambitions, of hypocrisy, and brazen impudence, and ingratitude? Far better, surely, the independence and self-respect of a private life; the purer social and physical atmosphere of the

still country ways; the simple pleasures, the freedom from care, the content and rest.

It was not a discussion; it was a series of suggestions, of half-declared preferences. Lord Willowby did not speak much. He was a melancholy-faced man; and apathetic until there occurred the chance of his getting a few pounds out of you. Lady Sylvia and Mr. Balfour had most of the conversation to themselves; and the manner of it has just been indicated.

Mr. Balfour would know all about the church to which this young lady went. Was it High or Low, ancient or modern? Had she tried her hand at altar-screens? Did she help in the Christmas decorations? Lady Sylvia replied to these questions briefly. She appeared far more interested in the free fight then going on between Cardinal Cullen, and Mr. O'Keefe. What was Mr. Balfour's opinion as to the jurisdiction of the pope in Ireland?

Mr. Balfour was greatly charmed by the look of the old-fashioned inn they had passed — was it the Fox and Hounds? It was so picturesquely situated on the high bank at the top of the hill. Of course, Lady Sylvia had noticed the curious painting on the signboard. Lady Sylvia, looking very wise, and profound, and serious, seemed rather anxious to know, what were the chances of the Permissive Bill ever being passed; and what effect did Mr. Balfour think that would have on the country. She was quite convinced — this person of large experience of gaols, reformatories, police-stations and the like — that by far the greater proportion of the crimes committed in this country were the result of drinking. On the other hand, she complained that so many conflicting statements were made. How was one to get to know how the Permissive Bill principle had worked in Maine?

Lord Willowby only stared at first: then he began to be amused. Where the devil (this was what he thought) had his daughter picked up these notions? They were not, so far as he knew, contained in any schoolroom "Treasury of Knowledge."

As the red light faded out in the west, and a clear twilight filled the sky, it seemed to Balfour that there was something strange and mystical in the face of the girl sitting opposite to him. With those earnest and beautiful eyes, and those proud and sensitive lips, she might have been an inspired poetess or prophetess, he imagined; leading her disciples and

worshippers by the earnestness of her look, and the grave, sweet melody of her voice. As the twilight grew grayer within the room, this magnetic influence seemed to grow stronger and stronger. He could have believed there was a subtle light shining in that pale face. He was, indeed, in something like a trance when the servants brought in the candles; and then, when he saw the warmer light touch this magical and mystic face, and when he discovered that Lady Sylvia was now less inclined to let her eyes meet his, it was with a great regret he bade good-by to the lingering and solemn twilight and the vision it had contained.

Lady Sylvia rose to withdraw from the table.

"Do you know," said she to Mr. Balfour, "this is the most beautiful time of the day with us. Papa and I always have a walk through the trees after dinner in the evening. Don't let him sit long."

"As for myself," said Balfour, promptly — he was standing at the time — "I never drink wine after dinner —"

"And you never drink wine during dinner," said his host, with a sudden and fierce smile, that instantly vanished. "Sit down, Balfour. You must at least try a glass of that Madeira."

"Thank you, I am not thirsty," said the younger man, with great simplicity. "Really, I would just as soon go out now —"

"Oh, by all means," said his host good-naturedly. "But don't hurry any other man's cattle. Sylvia will take you for a stroll to the lake and back — perhaps you may hear a nightingale. I shall join you presently."

Of course it was with the deepest chagrin that the young man found himself compelled to accept of this fair escort; and of course it was with the greatest reluctance that Lady Sylvia threw a light scarf over her head and led the way out into the cool clear evening. The birds were silent now. There was a pale glow in the north-western skies; and that again was reflected on the still bosom of the lake. As they walked along the high stone terrace, they caught sight of the first trembling star, far over the great dark masses of the elms.

But in her innocent and eager desire to prove herself a woman of the world, she would not have it that there was any special beauty about this still night. The silence must be oppressive to him; he would weary of this loneliness in a week. Was there any sight in the world to be

compared to Piccadilly in the evening, with its twin rows of gas lamps falling and rising with the hollow and hill — and the whirl of carriages — the lighted windows — and the consciousness that you were in the very heart of the life and thinking and excitement of a great nation?

"We are going up the week after next," said Lady Sylvia, "to see the Academy. That is Wednesday the 21st; and we dine with my uncle in the evening." Then she added timidly, "Johnny told me they had sent you a card."

He did not answer the implied question for a second or two. His heart was filled with rage and indignation. Was it fair — was it honorable — to let this innocent girl, who knew no more of London life or reputations than a child, go to dine at that house? Must not her father know very well that the conduct of Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe, in regard to a betting transaction, was at that very time under the consideration of the committee of the C—— Club?

There was a good deal of fierce virtue about this young man; but it may be doubted if he would have been so indignant had any other girl told him merely that she was going to dine with her uncle — that uncle, moreover, being heir-presumptive to an earldom, and not as yet convicted of having done anything unusually disreputable. But somehow the notion got into Balfour's head that this poor girl was not half well enough looked after. She was left here all by herself, when her father was enjoying himself in London. She needed more careful, and tender, and loving guidance. And so forth, and so forth. The anxiety young men show to undertake the protection of innocent maidens is quite touching.

"Yes," said he suddenly. "I shall dine with Major Blythe on the 21st."

He had that very day written to say he would not. But a shilling telegram would put that right; and would also enable Major Blythe to borrow a five-pound note from him on the first possible occasion.

And so these two walked together, on the high stone terrace, in the fading twilight, and under the gathering stars. And as they came near to one dark patch of shrubbery, lo! the strange silence was burst asunder by the rich, full, song of a nightingale; and they stood still to hear. It was a song of love he sang — of love, and youth, and the delight of summer nights: how could they but stand still to hear?

From The Edinburgh Review.

WOOD'S DISCOVERIES AT EPHEBUS.*

MORE than twenty-two centuries ago, in the year 356 before the Christian era, two remarkable events are recorded to have taken place on the same night. The queen of Philip of Macedon gave birth to a son destined to be the conqueror of the East, and the Temple of the Ephesian Artemis was burnt by Herostratus. The Ephesian people were not long in repairing this great calamity, and the new temple which they erected far surpassed its predecessor in magnificence. It is this temple which, when St. Paul visited Ephesus, ranked among the seven wonders of the ancient world, and of which the site, long sought for by travellers, was found by Mr. Wood in 1873.

Before noticing the series of remarkable discoveries narrated in his book, it may be well to give some account of the earlier temples of the Ephesian Artemis, and of the city with which her world-famous worship was associated through so many centuries. The first event in the history of Ephesus which has any claim to be historical is the establishment there of a colony from Greece, under the leadership of Androklos, son of the Attic king Kodros. This event, which is said to have taken place B.C. 1044, is presented to us in that legendary garb in which the naked facts of Greek tradition were so constantly clothed before the beginning of regular history. Androklos, says the local legend as Pausanias gives it, landed with his band of adventurers at a particular spot on the Ionian coast, to which they were directed by an oracle. Here some fishermen, having lit a fire to broil some fish near a fountain, startled a boar out of the brushwood, which was chased over the rocky ground near the shore, and killed by Androklos. This incident is commemorated on the coins of Ephesus, as late as the second century of our era, on which Androklos, with the title of *Ktistes*, "Founder," is represented slaying the boar. In the time of the Antonines, the tomb of this hero was still to be seen at Ephesus, on the road leading from the Magnesian Gate to the Temple of Artemis.

Notwithstanding the legendary charac-

ter of this story, there seems to be no just ground for rejecting the main fact which it embodies, that a band of settlers from Attica established themselves at Ephesus, somewhere about the middle of the eleventh century B.C., when the Ionic immigration took place along the west coast of Asia Minor. But even at this very remote period, if we are to believe Pausanias, the worship of Artemis had been established at Ephesus from time immemorial, and this tradition is mixed up with the story of that mysterious product of Asiatic myth, the Amazons, who are said to have been the first attendants of the goddess, and whose reputed descendants in after times dwelt round her temple, blended with a population of Lydians and Leleges. These aboriginal races Androklos gradually drove before him, so as to secure for his colony a strong mountainous position called Coressus, and the command of a harbor communicating with the sea through the channel of the Cayster. Then, by an arrangement very common in the early Greek colonies, there grew up side by side two communities, one composed of natives, who dwelt round the Temple of Artemis, the other of Greek new comers; and at Ephesus, as at Halicarnassus and elsewhere on the Ionian coast, a friendly understanding was after a time established between these two populations.

On reference to Mr. Wood's map we can easily recognize the site which must have been occupied by Androklos. It must have extended over the mountain formerly called Peion or Prion, but which Mr. Wood, for reasons which we shall have to explain, calls Coressus. The sacred harbor and the fountain Hypelaos, both of which figure in the legend of Androklos, must have been somewhere on the lower ground, at the foot of the mountain ridge which bounds Ephesus to the south, and which is called Prion by Mr. Wood. The native population must have dwelt in the plain round the Temple of Artemis, and probably fortified the hill on which the Byzantine castle of Ayasoluk now stands.

The goddess whose worship Androklos found so long established at Ephesus received the name of Artemis from the Greeks, from the resemblance which they discovered between her attributes and rites and those of the huntress-daughter of Latona, whom they themselves worshipped. But the distinction between the Asiatic and Hellenic deity was never lost sight of in Greek art and literature. The

* 1. *Discoveries at Ephesus*. By J. T. WOOD, F.S.A. London: 1877.

2. *Beiträge zur Geschichte u. Topographie Kleinasiens*. Von E. CURTIUS. Berlin: 1872.

3. *Ephesos*. Von E. CURTIUS. Berlin: 1874.

4. *Ephesos im ersten Christlichen Jahrhundert*. Von G. A. ZIMMERMANN. Leipzig: 1874.

Ephesian Artemis, whose original name is said to have been Upis, was one of several deities in Asia Minor, whose worship the Greek settlers found much too firmly established to be rooted out, and whom they therefore adopted into their own system of mythology. Such were the Hera of Samos, the Zeus of Labranda, the Artemis Leukophryne of Magnesia, and the Artemis of Perga. The types of these primitive deities are barbaric and un-Hellenic. Most of them we know only from representations on coins struck by Asiatic cities under the Roman Empire; but the type of the Ephesian Artemis, from the world-wide celebrity of her worship, has come down to us in several statues of the Roman period, all probably derived from the idol so long and profoundly venerated at Ephesus.* The goddess in these Roman replicas is represented as a female figure, the body a mere trunk lessening to the base with feet placed close together, as if copied from a mummy. On her chest are several parallel rows of pendulous breasts, whence she was called Polymammia; below are various symbols, such as bees, flowers, fruit, rows of projecting heads of bulls and gryphons and other animals; on her arms, which are supported on each side by an oblique strut or stick, are lions crawling upwards. How far these strange symbols are part of the original type, or which of them may have been additions due to the pantheistic tendency of paganism under the Roman Empire, we have no means of determining; nor do we know much as to the import of these symbols, though volumes of erudition have been written in the hope of explaining them ever since the revival of learning. The statement of St. Jerome that the Artemis of Ephesus, whom he carefully distinguishes from the Greek huntress, is the mother of all animal life, and therefore her type was Polymammia, is probably well founded. The *modius*, or corn-measure, which she wears on her head, is certainly an attribute of Chthonian or telluric deities, and so perhaps may be the flowers, fruit, and bees; the disk or *polos* round the head, the signs of the zodiac on the breast, the gryphons, and the lions seem rather to embody a lunar myth. The symbol of the bees must be viewed in connection with the fact that the priestesses of the Ephesian Artemis were called *Melissæ*, and certain of her priests *Essenes*; the name given by the

Greeks to what, in ignorance of natural history, they called the king-bee.* Herr Curtius thinks that the worship of Artemis may have been founded at Ephesus by the Carians and the Phœnicians, to whom the abundance of springs here may have suggested the dedication of a shrine to the great goddess of nature, who makes the earth fertile by humidity.

After the death of the founder Androklos, his sons were expelled from power by an antimonarchical movement, and the Ionian colony was strengthened by the importation of new settlers from Teos and Karene. The original division into three tribes was enlarged, and the boundaries of the city extended, spreading from Coressus to Peion.† Some time in the seventh century B.C. a great host of Cimmerian invaders swept like locusts over Asia Minor, advancing as far as the west coast. The Ephesian Kallinoë, one of the earliest elegiac poets of Ionia, tried in vain at this crisis to awaken by his verse the martial ardor of his fellow-citizens. The Cimmerians encamped in the plain traversed by the Cayster, and partially burnt the Temple of Artemis, the plunder of which, however, is said to have been averted by the special intervention of the goddess. It is about this time that the history of Ephesus begins to be connected with the neighboring kingdom of Lydia, then ruled by the dynasty of whom Gyges was the founder about B.C. 715-690. The tendency of this dynasty in the successive reigns of Ardys, Sadyattes, and Alyattes was to advance westward so as to menace the independence of the flourishing Ionic settlements. Sadyattes and Alyattes several times invaded the territory of Miletus, and the final subjugation of the Ionian cities was accomplished by their successor Cræsus, whose wealth, derived from the gold of the Pactolus, has become a proverb for all time. Ephesus contrived to make better terms with the conqueror than any other Ionian city. Its position on the coast made it the natural port of Sardes, and it was probably to strengthen commercial relations that Alyattes married his daughter to the Ephesian Melas, a descendant of the royal house of Androklos, and of high repute among his fellow-citizens. The issue of this marriage was a son called Pindarus, who, in the reign of Cræsus, became the principal citizen in Ephesus.

* For the types of the Ephesian Artemis and other similar Greco-Asiatic deities, see Gerhard, *Antike Bildwerke*, Pl. 305, 307, 308.

* Curtius, *Beiträge*, p. 7. Compare Zimmermann, pp. 87-105.

† For the orthography of this name, sometimes written Prion in ancient texts, see the coin of Ephesus cited by Curtius, *Beiträge*, p. 2, note 2.

In the course of his invasion of Ionia, Cræsus laid siege to Ephesus, and then it was that Pindarus is said to have saved the city by a singular device. He attached a rope from the Temple of Artemis to the city wall, from which it was distant nearly a mile. After this Cræsus allowed the Ephesians to capitulate on honorable terms. The meaning of this curious story probably is that this was a solemn form of dedication by which the Ionian colony was placed under the protection of the Asiatic goddess, and such an act seems to have brought about a closer amalgamation between the Greek city in Coressus and the native community dwelling round the temple. More than one reason may have combined to induce Cræsus to grant such favorable terms to the Ephesians. He is said to have raised money in the time of his father by means of a rich Ephesian merchant, and he may have thought that his commercial relations would be most securely developed by favoring one Ionian city at the expense of the rest. Again, the Ephesian Artemis, as an Asiatic deity, was to him an object of special reverence, and hence the protection of the goddess which Pindarus invoked for the city by the solemn act of dedication would not be without its influence on the conqueror. Herodotus states that some time during his reign, Cræsus dedicated most of the columns in the Temple of Artemis, and also some golden bulls. We know therefore that it must have been in course of construction between B.C. 560 and 546. The date of its commencement is approximately fixed by the fact that it was Theodorus, the celebrated architect and sculptor of Samos, who recommended the laying the foundations on fleeces of wool and charcoal, because the site was marshy. The date of Theodorus is a matter of dispute, but he probably lived not earlier than B.C. 600.

The sixth century before the Christian era was a teeming age when Greek commerce and navigation were being largely developed, and much of the wealth thus suddenly accumulated was employed in building temples and in costly dedications. It was then that solid and sumptuous edifices built of marble and stone were substituted for the wooden structures of the earlier generations, or for the rude altar and time-hallowed idol, sometimes preserved in a hollow tree. The Heræum at Samos, the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, and the Artemision at Ephesus were all begun between B.C. 600 and 500; and it was in the latter part of the same century,

according to Pliny, that marble was first employed in sculpture by two Cretan artists. The first architect of the Ephesian temple was Chersiphron, and it was continued by his son Metagenes, who is said by Vitruvius to have made an ingenious contrivance for transporting the huge architrave stones from the quarry to the temple. After these great blocks had been rough-hewn into beams, a wheel was so fixed to either end that the whole mass with each revolution of the wheels moved forward clear of the ground. The architrave stones were then lowered into their place on the building by means of panniers of sand placed under them. As the sand ran out, the gradual collapse of the panniers gently lowered the stones on their beds. One block, however, which formed the architrave over the principal doorway, was too unwieldy for the mechanical ingenuity of the architect. In the vexation and perplexity of his spirit he had an illness, in the course of which the goddess appeared to him in a nightly vision, and said, "Be of good cheer, for I myself will see to the placing of the architrave;" and in the morning, behold, the great refractory mass had, *proprio motu*, subsided with the utmost nicety into its appointed place. This temple, according to Pliny, took one hundred and twenty years to build, and was finished on an enlarged plan by Pæonius, the architect of the Temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, and Demetrius. All the Ionian cities are said to have contributed to the building of the Artemision, which Brunn supposes to have been completed about 460 B.C.* The long delay in finishing it is accounted for when we consider the momentous revolutions which troubled Asia Minor in the space of time between its founding and completion. In that interval took place the destruction of the Lydian monarchy and the subjugation of Ionia by Cyrus, the revolt of the Ionians under Darius Hystaspes, the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and the maritime ascendancy of Athens, which was its result, and through which most of the cities of Ionia were finally reduced to a state of vassalage. On reference to the record of tribute-lists in Attic inscriptions, we find the Ephesians paying tribute to Athens about the time when their temple was completed. This dependence lasted till the great Athenian disaster in Sicily, after which Ephesus sided with the enemies of Athens. The sympathies of the city had

* H. Brunn, *Geschichte d. Griech. Künstler*, ii., p. 383.

been more with Persia than with Greece ever since the time of Darius Hystaspes. It was the aim of Mardonius to make Ephesus the chief port of Persia on the west coast of Asia Minor; it was to the Ephesians that Xerxes entrusted his children during his expedition to Greece; and the Artemision was the only temple in Ionia which he did not plunder and destroy, probably because it was dedicated to an Asiatic goddess. Thus again, when the Athenians invaded Ephesus in the latter part of the Peloponnesian War, the Persian satrap Tissaphernes made a sumptuous sacrifice at the Temple of Artemis, and levied an army in her defence against the Greek invaders.

Ephesus continued to yield more and more to Asiatic influence till Lysander, and afterwards Agesilaus, made it the headquarters of their armies, and revived Hellenic spirit in the city. After this the struggle was not between Persian and Greek influence, but between the oligarchical party ruling by the aid of Sparta, and the democratic party who invited the interference of Philip of Macedon. These parties contended with varying fortune till the invasion of Alexander put an end to the struggle.

We have now brought the history of Ephesus down to the period of the burning of the temple by Herostratus, B.C. 356. The building of the new temple was probably commenced immediately after this catastrophe. Some money was raised by the sale of the columns of the old temple and by the voluntary contributions of Ephesian ladies, who even sold their jewels for this holy purpose. Many of the columns of the new temple were the gift of kings. When Alexander the Great passed through Ephesus after his victory at the Granicus, he re-established the democracy, and after assigning to Artemis the tribute previously paid to the Persian king, tried to conciliate the goddess with a great sacrifice, which was accompanied by a procession of his whole army in battle array.

It was probably on this occasion that he offered to defray the entire expenses of rebuilding the temple, provided the Ephesians would allow him to inscribe his name on it as dedicator. The priests, who probably still secretly favored the cause of the Persian king, declined this munificent offer, replying with an adroit cunning, that it was not meet for a god to make dedications to the gods. No such scruples occurred to the priests of Athene Polias at Priene. On the walls of that temple Alex-

ander set his name as dedicator, probably immediately after his visit to Ephesus. The block of marble on which this is engraved may be seen in the Mausoleum Room at the British Museum. The bold, clear letters are fresh as the day they were cut.

Deinokrates, to whom Alexander entrusted the building of his new city Alexandria, was also the architect of the new temple at Ephesus, and one of the columns was sculptured by Scopas, one of the four artists employed on the Mausoleum.

How long the new Artemision took to build is not recorded, but, if Pliny's statement that the roof, which was of cedar, was four hundred years old when he wrote his "*Historia Naturalis*," about A.D. 77, is to be taken literally, the temple must have been finished about B.C. 323. It was probably on its completion that the celebrated picture was dedicated, in which Apelles painted Alexander the Great holding a thunderbolt in his hand. The sum which the painter is said to have received from the king for this picture is of fabulous amount.

After the death of Alexander the Greek cities in Asia Minor were the bone of contention among his successors. Above all they coveted the possession of Ephesus; the security of its harbor, only to be approached from the sea by a long narrow canal full of shoals at the entrance; its central position on the west coast of Asia Minor, so convenient either for fitting out naval expeditions, or for the defence of Ionia; its great trade and accumulated wealth ill-guarded by a population too prone to luxury to be formidable in war; all marked out Ephesus as the prize of successive victors in the great contest for the possession of the Macedonian empire. Already, before the battle of Ipsus, B.C. 301, it had passed from Antigonos to Lysimachus, and then back to Antigonos and Demetrius. We find it again in the possession of Lysimachus, B.C. 295. His short occupation of Ephesus forms an epoch in the history of the city. He forced the inhabitants to abandon the plain round the temple, where they had gathered ever since the time of Croesus, and concentrated them on the original site of the colony of Androklos. The hill which former topographers call Prion, but to which Mr. Wood gives the name Coresus, was probably the acropolis of the city which Lysimachus rebuilt, and to which he gave the name of his wife Arsinoe. To him may with probability be

attributed the line of walls which may still be traced on the summit of this hill, and the magnificent fortification, which, following the heights of the higher mountain ridge on the south (Mr. Wood's Prion and the Coressus of former topographers), completely enclosed the Lysimachian city. It was thus that the peculiar connection between the Hellenic city and the temple which had existed ever since the time of Cræsus was finally severed. The sword of the Macedonian conqueror cut through the tie of dependency by which priestcraft had attached the city to the temple of the Asiatic goddess; and it is a significant fact in reference to this political change, that about the time of Lysimachus the silver coins of Ephesus have for the first time the type of the Greek huntress-goddess, instead of the bee of her Asiatic namesake.

We will not here attempt to follow the chequered fortunes of Ephesus as it passed like a shuttlecock, backwards and forwards, from the Seleucidæ to the Ptolemies, then back to the Seleucidæ. After the fall of Antiochus the Great, it was added by the Romans to the dominions of Eumenes, king of Pergamus, and it was in the reign of his successor, Attalus II., that we first hear of that silting up at the mouth of the Cayster which, though very slow and gradual in its operation, ultimately destroyed the harbor of Ephesus. The mole by which Attalus tried to correct this tendency to silt up and which only aggravated the mischief, has been recognized by Mr. Wood in a massive stone embankment on the north bank of the Cayster, of which he traced the remains to a distance of within four hundred yards of the present seaboard.

In the war between Mithridates and the Romans, B.C. 88, the Ephesians actively sided with the king of Pontus, not so much, according to Appian, through fear of that formidable monarch, who for the time being was master of nearly all Asia Minor, as through hatred of the Romans, whom they ruthlessly massacred, even when they had invoked the protection of their own goddess. Soon, with the political inconstancy which characterizes their history from the beginning, they changed sides and became adherents of the Romans. It is curious to turn from Appian's statements to the plea put forth by the Ephesians themselves in an inscription now at Oxford, which once probably formed a part of the *cella* walls of the Artemision. In this manifesto, in which the Ephesian people declare war against

Mithridates, they state that they sided with him only by compulsion, having always secretly cherished in their hearts their preference for the Roman alliance.*

This decree must have been passed after the great defeat of Mithridates at Chæronea, and its date is probably about B.C. 86. The conqueror of Mithridates was not to be cajoled by the elaborate rhetoric of such documents, and Sylla made the Ephesians atone for the massacre of so many Roman citizens by a heavy fine.

Here the history of Ephesus as an autonomous Greek state may be said to end. In the Roman civil war which followed they unluckily again chose the losing side, and, having too zealously supported Brutus and Cassius, were heavily mulcted by Mark Antony, who did not, however, omit to propitiate the goddess with a great sacrifice.

Looking back through the history of the Ephesians from Augustus to Cræsus, we find abundant evidence of their commercial prosperity and of their adroitness in conciliating powerful neighbors, and choosing allies on the winning side; but no heroic self-sacrifice, no daring spirit of maritime adventure, such as distinguished their ancient rivals the Milesians and the Phocæans. Their policy throughout is marked by selfishness and cunning; "The lions from Hellas have become foxes at Ephesus," was a familiar Greek proverb.

But if their policy was thus ignoble, it was at any rate successful. The commerce of Ephesus, great even in the time of the Lydian kings, when the gold of the Pactolus was already flowing into the plain of the Cayster, grew with each century, in spite of all the wars and revolutions which harassed the west coast of Asia Minor, and destroyed many of its most flourishing cities. And thus it came to pass that in the reign of Augustus when the former greatness of Miletus had become a byword; when Lebedus, as Horace tells us, was more deserted than Gabii and Fidenæ, and the other cities which once formed the league of the Panionium had mostly dwindled into obscurity, Ephesus not only maintained its ancient commercial supremacy, but was exalted above all the other cities of Asia Minor by the privileges and titles bestowed on it by imperial favor. It was allowed to style itself first city of Asia and *Neokoros* or minister of the great goddess Artemis, whose worship

* Lebas, *Voyage Archéologique : Ionia*, p. 56, No. 136 a.

was thenceforth associated with that of the emperor; for as we know from Mr. Wood's discoveries, the Augusteum was dedicated within the same *peribolos* as the Artemision as early as B.C. 6.

These titles and privileges represented substantial political advantages. We learn from Ulpian* that, when a pro-consul proceeded to his post in Asia Minor, he was by law obliged to select Ephesus as the port where he first landed, and it was the seat of *conventus juridicus* or general assize, to which many neighboring cities of Lydia had to refer their causes.

When we take into account the concourse of strangers which must have been drawn to Ephesus, not only by commercial or legal business, but by the fame of the worship of their great goddess, and the splendor of the festivals celebrated in her honor, we can understand why the Great Theatre was constructed on so large a scale, being capable, according to Mr. Wood's calculation, of holding upwards of twenty-four thousand persons.

All through the imperial period the wealth of the Artemision must have been steadily accumulating. The fisheries of the Selinousian lakes, which the kings who successively occupied Ephesus appropriated for their needs, were restored to the temple by the Romans. We know not the extent of the domain belonging to the goddess, but it was probably very large; and from Xenophon's description of the temple which he dedicated in Laconia, in humble imitation of the Ephesian Artemision, it seems likely that a large park full of sacred deer and other beasts of chase was one of the appanages of the temple.

Moreover, the great goddess had from time immemorial kept in her temple a bank of deposit; her credit was so good that for centuries the treasures of kings and of private persons were confided to her care.† The re-investment of this money in loans, either on the security of real property or goods, must have enabled the goddess to do a very good business at all times, especially if she often had to deal with deposits on such easy terms as in the case of that made by Xenophon. In an interesting passage in the "Anabasis" (v. iii. 13) he tells us that, when about to join a warlike expedition, he deposited with the *neokoros* ‡ or chief minister of the

Ephesian Artemis, a sum of money, the proceeds of spoils of war. In the event of his being killed in battle this money was to be employed in any manner most pleasing and acceptable to the goddess; if he returned safe he was to have the right of reclaiming his deposit, which he accordingly did, when he met this same *neokoros* at Olympia some years afterwards. To these sources of wealth must be added the fines and confiscations imposed by the State on those who violated its laws, and the gifts and bequests, by which, from motives of gratitude or fear, devotees were forever seeking to propitiate the goddess. Mr. Wood's exploration of the Great Theatre brought to light a memorable specimen of such dedications.

The inscription which records it, though unfortunately incomplete, is one of the longest ever found in Asia Minor. It tells us how one Vibius Salutaris,* a Roman of equestrian rank, who had filled very high offices in the state, dedicated to Artemis a number of gold and silver statues, of which the weight is given, and a sum of money to be held in trust, and the yearly interest of which is to be applied to certain specified uses. On the 6th of the first decad of the month Thargelion (May 25), on which day the mighty goddess Artemis was born, largess is to be distributed to various public functionaries in the *pronaos* of the temple. The members of the Ephesian *boulê*, or senate, are to receive one *drachma* each. The six tribes of the city, the high priest and the priestess of Artemis, the two *neopoiai*, or surveyors of the temple, the *paidonomi* who had the charge of the education of the boys, and other fortunate personages, come in for a share of this munificent dole. The heirs of Salutaris were made liable for the due payment of the bequests in case he should die before paying over the principal or making an assignment of the rent of certain lands for the payment of the interest. The trust is guarded by stringent enactments. By a letter of Afranius Flavianus, proprætor, which is appended to the deed of trust, a fine of fifty thousand *drachmæ* (rather less than 2,000*l.*) is inflicted on any one, whether magistrate or private person, who attempts to set aside any of the provisions of the trust; one half of this fine is to go to the adornment of the goddess, the other half to the Imperial *fiscus*. The silver and gold figures dedicated by Salutaris are called both *εἰκόνες*,

* Cited by Guhl, *Ephesiaca*, p. 69. The ship and legend *κατάπλους* on certain coins of Ephesus refer to this. See Eckhel, *Doct. Num. Vet.*, vol. iii., p. 518.

† Cited by Guhl, *Ephesiaca*, pp. 111, 112.

‡ This term in imperial times became an honorary

title of the city of Ephesus itself. Mr. Grote translates it "superintendent," ix., p. 243.

* In the Greek text this name is written Salutaris.

statues, and ἀπεικονίσματα, by which is probably meant replicas or copies of extant statues, and their weight ranges from two to seven Roman pounds. In the list we find a golden Artemis with silver stags, two silver figures of Artemis bearing a torch, a silver figure of the Roman people, a silver figure of the equestrian order, to which Salutaris himself belonged, a silver figure of the *boulè*, or senate of Ephesus, a silver figure of the Ephesian *gerousia*, a council which seems to have had to do with the management of sacred property. The greatest care is to be taken of these figures. When they require cleaning, it is to be done with a particular earth called *arguromatikè*, by the custodian of the sacred deposits for the time being, in the presence of the two surveyors of the temple. At every meeting of the public assemblage, and at all the gymnastic contests, and on every other occasion to be fixed by the *boulè* and *demoi*, these figures are to be carried from the *pronaos* of the temple to the theatre duly guarded, and then back to the temple. During their transit through the city itself they are to be escorted by the *Ephebi*, who are to receive them at the Magnesian Gate and accompany them after the assembly to the Coressian Gate. It is impossible to read these provisions in the inscription without being reminded of that memorable scene in the Great Theatre at Ephesus when St. Paul had to encounter an uproarious multitude, whose fanaticism, in behalf of their goddess, had been stirred up by Demetrius, the maker of portable silver shrines of Diana, by whose guild probably the very statues enumerated in the inscription were manufactured. Indeed, had St. Paul preached half a century later at Ephesus, he would have seen the splendid gifts dedicated by Salutaris on their way to and from the theatre, or, if he attended the public games, in the theatre itself. But his visit to Ephesus took place about A.D. 54-7, and the inscription relating to Salutaris is at least as late as A.D. 102, when probably a great reaction had taken place against the new doctrines, and devout men like Salutaris did all in their power to foster and cherish old local superstition.

It should be here remarked that it was this mention of the Magnesian and Coressian Gates in the inscription which gave Mr. Wood his first clue to the site of the temple. Having found the Magnesian Gate, he proceeded to look for the portico built by the Sophist Damianus in the second century A.D., which led from that gate

to the temple, and of which the purpose was to protect from bad weather those who took part in the procession. Mr. Wood succeeded in tracing the line of this portico for some distance outside the city. It followed the line of an ancient road, and pointed in the direction of the plain at the foot of Ayasoluk. Another road tended in the same direction, starting from a gate near the Stadium, which Mr. Wood rightly assumed to be the Coressian Gate mentioned in the Salutaris inscription. Advancing northward towards the point where these two roads tended to converge, he came upon an ancient wall, an inscription on which showed that it was the *periobolos* of the Artemision; * after which, to find the site of the temple itself was only a matter of time.

It is interesting to compare the enactments in the Salutaris inscription which direct how the sacred statutes are to be carried in procession through the city, under the escort of the *ephebi*, with the description of a procession in honor of Artemis in that curious Greek romance the "Ephesiaca" of Xenophon. He tells us in very graphic language how at a certain festival at Ephesus the virgins of the city richly dressed, and all the youths, took a part in the procession, and how it was the custom in that festival to choose out of the ranks of the *ephebi* bridegrooms for the maidens who appeared in public in the festival. The order of the procession was thus: first came the sacred objects, torches, baskets, incense; then horses, dogs, and hunting weapons and gear. Each of the maidens was arrayed as if to meet her lover. Setting aside the sentimental details with which this florid description is associated in the romance, we may accept it as a poetical version of an actual procession, in which a beautiful maiden seems to have been selected to personate Diana as a huntress. We do not know the particular festival which the writer had in view, but it was probably one in the month Artemision, which corresponded in the Ephesian calendar to the latter half of our March and the first half of April. This entire month was consecrated to the goddess after whom it was named, and was one continuous festival in her honor. No more appropriate season could have been chosen for the wooings

* This inscription is in Latin and Greek. The Latin text is as follows:—"Imp. Caesar divi f. Aug. Cos. XII., tr. pot. XVIII. pontifex maximus ex reditu Dianæ fanum et Augusteum muro muniendum curavit, C. Asinio (Gallo pro cos.) curatore Sex. Lartidio leg." See Waddington, *Fastes des Provinces Asiatiques*, p. 94.

which the procession seems so greatly to have promoted. It is probable that there was also a great feast on the birthday of the goddess, which, as we have already stated, fell on the 8th of Thargelion (the 25th of our May), and this may have corresponded in character with the Thargelia held originally at Delos, and afterwards transferred to Athens on the breaking up of the Delian Confederacy. It may have been in this month that *theori* from all the Ionian cities, anciently members of the Panionium, met in solemn festival at Ephesus.

The supremacy of the chief priest of the Ephesian Artemis had probably in the earlier times that theocratic and quasi-regal character which is characteristic of certain priesthoods in Asia Minor, such as those of Comana and Zela as described by Strabo.* For the priestesses of the Ephesian Artemis virginity was as necessary a condition as with the Vestals at Rome; and if we are to believe two late writers,† a law was once in force which forbade to married women or hetæræ all access to the temple under pain of death, unless in the case of a female slave persecuted by her master.‡ The celibacy of the male priests was secured by the same irrevocable conditions which were imposed on the priesthoods of Cybele and of several other Asiatic goddesses. Strabo says that the priests of the Ephesian Artemis were obtained from all manner of countries; and the name Megabyzus, sometimes given to the high priest, seems to indicate Persia as the country which supplied this emasculate herd. The number of sacred ministers of both sexes employed in taking care of the temple and its dedicated treasures, and in conducting the festivals, sacrifices, processions, and other ritual, must have been very great, as we see by the variety of titles indicating special offices which have been handed down to us either in ancient authors or in Ephesian inscriptions. That relating to Salutaris has added to the list several titles not known to us through any other source; such as the *theologi*, who probably expounded sacred legends; the *hymnodi*, who composed hymns in honor of the goddess; the *thesmodi*, who may have been utterers of oracular responses or interpreters of the traditional rubric of the ritual.

The female ministers of the goddess were divided into three classes, the *mellieræ* or novices, the *hieræ* or priestesses,

the *parieræ*, who, having passed the terms of active service, had to instruct the novices. We do not know whether all these grades were included under the general term *hierodulæ*, or whether this name was limited to those who discharged lower menial duties and whose ranks were recruited from fugitive female slaves, as we see by the curious story told in the romance of Achilles Tatius.*

When we gather together the scattered facts which have been ascertained respecting the Artemision and certain other temples in Asia Minor, we see in their internal organization not a few things which remind us of the monasteries of medieval Christendom. The great landed estates, the treasures and precious works of art accumulated through many generations of pious dedicators, the time-honored privileges of the sacred ministers, their social isolation and perpetual celibacy, are features common to both, though the result of very different influences and circumstances. But there is one institution which was probably handed on directly from expiring Paganism to newborn Christianity: that is the right of sanctuary.

The *asylum* at Ephesus is the prototype of our Whitefriars and of the sanctuary at Westminster. This privilege of protecting fugitives was very generally allowed by usage to Greek temples, but that which distinguished the Artemision and several other great temples in Asia Minor was the extension of this privilege beyond the walls of the fane itself to a precinct round it which varied in extent in different places and in different ages. The abuse of the privilege of sanctuary was so great under the empire, that in the reign of Tiberius the Roman Senate examined the claims of various temples in Asia Minor to the right of asylum and disallowed several of them. But Ephesus pleaded that the right of their goddess had existed from time immemorial; indeed that it was Dionysos himself who, after conquering the Amazons at Ephesus, had spared those who seated themselves as suppliants on the altar of Artemis. The Ephesians might further have alleged, though Tacitus does not record the plea, that the potentates who had in turn prevailed at Ephesus, had all respected the *asylum*; that Alexander the Great had increased its area to the distance of a *stadium* from the temple; that, though Augustus reduced its limits after their undue extension by Mithridates

* Guhl, p. 106; Achilles Tatius, vii. 12.

† Guhl, p. 111.

‡ Achilles Tatius, vii. 16; Guhl, p. 108.

* Achilles Tat., *loc. cit.*

and Mark Antony, he recognized the right of *asylum*, and fixed its boundary afresh by rebuilding the *peribolos* wall round the temple and marking off a certain distance outside it. This last fact we owe to the remarkable inscription already alluded to, which Mr. Wood found in duplicate inserted in the angle of the *peribolos*, and the discovery of which enabled him, after another year of weary digging in the deep alluvial plain below Ayasoluk, at length to find there the remains of the Artemision under twenty-two feet of soil. The particulars of this discovery have been so fully and frequently published in various forms that it is hardly necessary to repeat them here in detail, or to follow Mr. Wood step by step and year by year in his painful and difficult exploration of the site. Our business is rather to state the tangible results of this examination of remains of the temple, which, for reasons which those who read Mr. Wood's book will readily understand, took more than four years, during which 132,221 cubic yards of earth were excavated.

The restoration of the Artemision which Mr. Wood gives in his work as the result of measurement and study of the architectural remains *in situ* may be thus stated. The temple was an Ionic edifice, consisting of the usual *cella*, surrounded by a double row of columns. The length of this peristyle from east to west was 342 ft. 6½ in., and its width 163 ft. 9½ in. The temple was octastyle, having eight columns in the front. The diameter of the columns was 6 ft. ½ in. at the base, and their height is calculated by Mr. Wood as eight and one-half diameters, which, if the base is included, would amount to 55 ft. 8¾ in. The intercolumniation on the flanks was 17 ft. 1½ in., except at each extremity of the temple, where the intercolumniation was increased to 19 ft. 4 in. The reason assigned by Mr. Wood for this increased intercolumniation is that these end columns were sculptured in relief, which in some cases projected as much as thirteen inches. The central intercolumniation in the fronts was much wider than the rest, which Vitruvius states to have been usual in Greek temples, in order that the statue of the deity might be well seen through the open door. Mr. Wood assigns 28 ft. 8½ in. for this central intercolumniation; certainly a great length to be spanned by a single block of marble, which must have been strong enough to carry the chief weight of the superincumbent pediment. If the central intercolumniation was equally wide in the earlier temple built by Chersiphron,

we can well understand why it was necessary for Artemis herself to contrive the adjustment of the vast architrave stone. Mr. Wood spaces off the remaining columns in the fronts with a gradual diminution of intercolumniation from the centre to the angles, so as to reconcile the eye more readily to the great width of the middle space. This arrangement is also followed in the great temple at Sardes. The eighteen columns at either end of the Artemision, which are severally marked with a dot on Mr. Wood's plan, are ornamented on part of their shafts with sculptures in relief, shown in the elevation. The *cella* Mr. Wood states to be nearly seventy feet wide. The temple was raised on a platform formed by fourteen steps; the length of this platform measured on the lowest step was 418 ft. 1 in. by 239 ft. 4¼ in. Thus far Mr. Wood. Let us now compare what the ancients say as to the plan and structure of the Artemision. Vitruvius notices it as an octastyle, dipteral temple of the Ionic order. The Byzantine writer Philo states that it stood on ten steps. Pliny gives as the length of the *universum templum* 425 feet by 225 feet.* These dimensions are irreconcilable with those of the peristyle, 342 ft. 6½ in. by 163 ft. 9½ in., as measured *in situ* by Mr. Wood; but his dimensions for the base of the platform, 418 ft. 1 in. English, is not very far off Pliny's 425 ft. for the length of his *universum templum*, if we suppose that measurement is in Roman feet. His dimension, 225 ft. for the width of the same *templum*, is however hopelessly irreconcilable with the actual width of the platform, 239 ft. 4¼ in., as given by Mr. Wood. Here, as constantly happens in texts of ancient authors when numerals are given, a clerical error in the MS. has probably been repeated by successive scribes. In the same passage Pliny states the height of the columns to have been 60 ft. Roman, which is not far off Mr. Wood's calculation of 55 ft. 8¾ in. English. Pliny states that thirty-six of the columns were *calatae*, sculptured in relief, and Mr. Wood found portions of five drums so sculptured. In the same passage Pliny gives the whole number of columns as one hundred and twenty-seven, each the gift of a king. Mr. Wood, being unable to arrange so large a number of columns within his peristyle, by inserting a comma in the original text, makes Pliny say that the number of columns in the peristyle was one hundred, of which twenty-seven were the gifts of

* This is Sillig's reading. Some MSS. have *ccxx*.

kings. But by no ingenuity can such an interpretation be extracted out of the passage in Pliny.* Here again, if the passage is not corrupt, we must suppose that Pliny, writing from memory or from ill-digested notes, has given as one total the columns dedicated through all time in the successive temples. We have already noticed that Cræsus dedicated many of the columns of the temple which was building in his time. Between his date and that of the completion of the latest temple by Deinokrates, an interval which we may reckon as at least two hundred and fifty years, there would have been time for many successive dedications by kings. The general fact that the columns of the temple were dedicated is proved by the fragments of votive inscriptions found by Mr. Wood, and given in his appendix, No. 17.† These inscriptions were deeply incised on the *torus* at the foot of the fluted columns of the peristyle. One of them is a dedication by some lady of Sardes; a confirmation of Strabo's statement that, after the temple had been burnt by Herostratus, the Ephesian women contributed their ornaments to the fund for rebuilding it.‡

In the explanatory remarks which accompany Mr. Wood's restoration of the temple, he would have done well if he had given a clear statement, once for all, of the data on which his restoration is based, and which we only know by gathering up scattered incidental notices. Thus we find, p. 178 and p. 217, that his intercolumniation for the flanks was obtained by observing the buttresses which united the steps of the platform with the foundation piers of the columns of the peristyle, and which recurred at regular intervals, corresponding, as Mr. Wood concludes, with the position of the columns of the peristyle. Again, the width of the *cella*, a very important dimension, is proved, p. 190, by the evidence of a portion of the *cella* wall still *in situ*, combined with the traces it had left on the foundation piers of a building composed of rubble masonry which had been built within the *cella* walls in Byzantine times. On these piers could be clearly traced the impression of the

stones of the *cella* walls at the height of four courses. Mr. Wood places Pliny's thirty-six *calatae columnæ* at the two ends of the temple; an arrangement which, independently of other reasons, is fully borne out by the Ephesian copper coins of the imperial period (engraved p. 266), which give a view of the temple. On this and several other Ephesian coins of the same period sculptured reliefs on the lower part of the columns are clearly distinguishable. On these coins the temple, as in Mr. Wood's restoration, is octastyle, and the great width of the doorway showing the statue inside is also roughly indicated. Mr. Wood found at Ephesus several fragments of blocks six feet high, on which are sculptured in very high relief life-size figures in violent action (see the plates, p. 188 and p. 214); five of these fragments are corner stones, because the sculpture is on two adjacent faces of the block. Mr. Wood considers that these blocks belong to the frieze of the temple, and so applies them in his restoration; he thus obtains a frieze six feet deep in combination with an architrave four feet deep, fragments of which were found *in situ*. But these blocks appear to be too thick for a frieze. Moreover, on the upper surface of several of them there are marks which clearly show that a base column of six feet six inches in diameter rested upon them. We are inclined therefore to adopt Mr. Ferguson's suggestion that they may have formed part of square pedestals on which the *calatae columnæ* stood. We should thus have the combination of a richly sculptured shaft resting on a richly sculptured square pedestal, a combination which may have been the prototype of Trajan's and other triumphal columns. Of the cornice Mr. Wood seems only to have found the *cymatium*. The slope of his pediment is determined by two fragments of the *tympanum* found among the ruins (see p. 246).

We have now noticed the principal points in Mr. Wood's restoration which rest on sure or probable evidence. We have no intention of criticising his arrangement of the interior of the *cella*, for which the remains he discovered gave him hardly any data except the position of the altar, behind which he places the statue of the goddess. It would have been well if Mr. Wood had described more fully the foundations which he discovered in the part of the *cella* where he places this altar, and which he states (p. 271) to have been large enough both for the altar

* The passage stands thus in the original text: — "*Columnæ centum viginti septem a singulis regibus factæ LX. pedum altitudine, ex iis xxxvi calatae una a scopæ.*" (Plin. Hist. Nat., xxxvi., 14, § 21.)

† First published by Röhl, *Schedæ Epigraphicæ*. Berlin, 1876, p. 1.

‡ At Iakly (Euromos) in Caria still remain standing the columns of a temple of the Roman period, on each of which the name of the dedicant is inscribed in the shaft. See "Ionian Antiquities," part i. p. 57.

and the statue of the goddess.* Many fragments of the marble tiles with which the roof was covered were found lying on the pavement. Mr. Wood conjectures that the flat tiles were about four feet wide; the curved tiles, *imbrices*, which covered the joints were ten inches wide.

After the earth had been entirely cleared away from the site of the temple, and a plan made of it, Mr. Wood took to pieces the Byzantine piers within the *cella* already referred to, and found in the rubble masonry about one hundred small fragments of archaic frieze, on some of which red and blue color still remained. He also found remains of two marble pavements, the lowest of which was nearly seven feet six inches below the pavement of the peristyle (p. 262), and the intermediate pavement about half way between the two.† It is evident that these three pavements belong to three different temples. The lowest must be the pavement of the temple which Chersiphron was building in the time of Cræsus, with which it was identified by the discovery below it of a layer of charcoal three inches thick placed between two strata four inches thick of a substance of the consistency of putty, which was found on analysis to be a kind of mortar (p. 259). This is evidently the layer of charcoal which was laid in fleeces of wool under the foundation of Chersiphron's temple by the advice of Theodoros of Samos. If the pavement under which this layer was found is that of Chersiphron's temple, it follows that the pavement next above it was that of a subsequent temple, which can be no other than that burned by Herostratus, and thus we have a confirmation of Strabo's words, "The first architect of the Temple of Artemis was Chersiphron, then *another* enlarged it." It seems probable that by *another* Strabo referred to Demetrius and Pæonius.

At a very low level in the excavations were found a number of remains of sculpture, which from their archaic character and their semblance to the statues from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ, and those recently found by MM. Rayet and Thomas at Miletus, evidently belong to the first of the three temples, that built by Chersiphron. Among these sculptures are a female head, on which are still traces of color, fragments of two other female heads, and portions of the bodies of sev-

eral draped female figures under life size. All these sculptures are in high relief, and attached to a curved background, with a moulding at the foot, from the curve of which was obtained a circle six feet eight inches in diameter. It seems more than probable, therefore, that these fragments have been broken from the *columnæ calatæ* belonging to the first temple, and that we may possess in them a relic of the very columns which Cræsus dedicated. Among the fragments of inscribed *torus* are several which, from the archaic character of the writing, must belong to the same early period.* Mr. Wood also found a number of lions' heads from a cornice which probably belong to Chersiphron's temple. They are several inches smaller than the lions' heads of the latest temple, which measure nearly two feet across the forehead (p. 272).

Such are the scanty and mutilated remains of that once famous temple of the great Ephesian goddess. And here perhaps the question will occur to the reader, why should this temple more than any other have ranked among the seven wonders of the ancient world? Not certainly from its great size, for the Temple of Apollo at Branchidæ, and several other temples, we know to have been larger. We can scarcely yet judge of the merits of the Artemision as an architectural design, because we cannot be sure that Mr. Wood's restoration presents it in its true proportions, but we know that the ornaments exhibit the same rich combination of force of general effect with exquisite delicacy of finish which is the characteristic of the Mausoleum and the contemporary temple of Athene Polias at Priene. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the enriched cornice of the Mausoleum, the Priene temple, and the Artemision, as they are exhibited in juxtaposition at the British Museum, will see that the lions' heads and the floral ornaments of the *cymatium* in all three examples must have issued from the same school of architecture. With regard to the sculptured decorations of the Ephesian temple our knowledge is at present confined to the fragments of sculptured columns and the reliefs which Mr. Wood applies as a frieze, and our power of appreciating these remains is greatly impaired by the mutilated condition which makes it almost impossible for us to ascertain their subjects or to understand the particular action represented in each group. The

* See p. 258, where he states that the great altar was nearly 20 ft. square.

† See the plates which give the longitudinal and transverse sections of the temple.

* See Röhl, *Schedæ Epigraphicæ*, p. 1.

most perfect of all these sculptures is the base drum, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Wood's work. On one side of this drum, six figures, one of whom is certainly Hermes, are represented with a skilful contrast of drapery and nude forms, of seated and standing positions, and consummate ingenuity is shown in obtaining the requisite variety of planes without disturbing the general outline of the shaft by undue projection. The sculpture, in short, is quite worthy of the age of Scopas, to whom Pliny attributes one of these *calata columnæ*. But whether these sculptured shafts of the Artemision, which we find nowhere else in Greek architecture, were an improvement on the more chaste and severe forms to which our eye is accustomed in the Ionic order, or whether this peculiar mode of embellishment was not rather an Asiatic tradition, derived perhaps originally from Lydia, than the genuine offspring of Greek art, may be at present fairly considered an open question.

Mr. Wood places three tiers of these sculptured drums one over another in one of his fronts, while in the other façade the base drum only is sculptured, and he invites his readers to choose which they like best. We confess that sculptured drums piled on one another as they are drawn in his restoration are repugnant to our idea of Greek architecture, and seem more suitable to Herod's Beautiful Gate of the Temple at Jerusalem than to an edifice which Vitruvius cites as the standard example of perfect Ionic architecture. It is to be presumed that the pediments of the Artemision contained compositions in the round on a very large scale, but hardly a vestige was found *in situ* which could be referred to such figures. But it was not merely on account of the beauty of its architecture that the temple of the Ephesian Diana ranked among the seven wonders of the world. Like other ancient temples whose worship had attained a certain celebrity during many centuries, the Artemision had in Roman times become a museum, so great was the number of precious works of art which had been dedicated in the temple itself and its surrounding *hieron*. We have no such detailed description of these as Pausanias has given us of the treasures which he saw in the temples at Olympia, but we know that there were sculptures by Praxiteles and Scopas, and pictures by Apelles and other celebrated painters of the Ephesian school.

The exceeding choiceness and variety

of these works is attested by Vitruvius, and Pliny says that it would require volumes to describe all the wonders of the temple. With this vague and general impression we must rest content. The statue of the goddess herself was probably made of wood plated with gold, and many precious offerings may have been attached to such an idol as personal ornaments. There was in the temple a priestess of high rank, the Kosmeteira, whom we must suppose to have been a kind of mistress of the robes to Artemis; and, as we know from the Salutaris inscription, fines were devoted to the adornment of the goddess. From what we read of the great wealth of the temple and the magnificent luxury of the Ephesian people, we may be sure that gold was lavishly used in the ornaments not only of the goddess herself, but of the stately dwelling-place in which she was enshrined. We have a proof of this in the fragment of moulding described by Mr. Wood, p. 245, in which a narrow fillet of gold inserted between two *astragali* still remained. This discovery confirms the truth of Pliny's statement that at Cyzicus was a temple in which in every joint of the masonry there was a narrow thread (*filum*) of gold. That gilding was used in the decoration of the Erechtheum we know from an Attic inscription.

This external splendor, which suggested to the worshipper how great were the treasures within, ultimately drew down upon the Artemision the hand of the spoiler. About the year A.D. 262, when the Goths ravaged Asia Minor, they burnt and plundered the famous shrine which Artemis herself was said to have defended from the Cimmerians, which Cræsus and Xerxes had spared, which Alexander had treated with special honor, and which all-conquering Rome had associated with the worship of her own emperors. With its destruction by the Goths the Artemision disappears from history. But what became of the enormous mass of marble which we know to have been employed in its structure and which the Goths had no motive for destroying? After the roof was burnt successive earthquakes probably threw down the columns, and the ruins must have been piled up in enormous masses, as the ruins of the temple at Branchidæ are to this day. Then came a new set of spoilers quarrying out building materials for the great Byzantine edifices, of which the remains still exist at Ephesus. We know from Mr. Wood's discoveries that inscribed blocks from the walls of the *cella* were used in repairing

the *proscenium* of the Great Theatre, and fragments of the temple may still be seen in the piers of the aqueduct, which was certainly built in the Byzantine times.

As soon as Christianity got a permanent ascendancy at Ephesus, the destruction of the sculptures with the sledge-hammer and the limekiln would be carried on continuously as a labor of love; and as soon as the site was sufficiently cleared of ruins to admit of a church being built on it, this was done, by following, as we have shown, the lines of the *cella* walls. This church in its turn was destroyed by the barbarous invaders of Christian Ephesus. At length when the mighty mass of ruins of the temple had been reduced to the scanty remnants found by Mr. Wood, the Cayster and its tributaries, which once, flowing in well-embanked channels, skirted the sacred precinct of Diana, covered up the wreck of the temple with a thick mantle of alluvial deposit. Here, as at Olympia, the ancient river god has done good service to archæology by concealing what the spoiler has spared till a fitting time for its resurrection.

And now we take our leave of Mr. Wood and his discoveries, commending his book, and above all his plan of Ephesus, to the study of all future travellers. If, transporting ourselves in thought to the jagged ridge of Peion, we look down on the ancient city with the key to its topography which we have now obtained, what a host of historical associations crowd upon our memories! In that harbor at our feet, now a reedy swamp, rode the victorious triremes of Lysander; in that *agora* hard by Agesilaus exposed the white effeminate bodies of his Persian captives to the scornful gaze of his hardy, much-enduring veterans. In that theatre, now so silent, once resounded the shouts of the tumultuous multitude who condemned St. Paul, and half a century later the acclamations of the popular assembly who rewarded the piety of Salutaris with the highest honors the city could bestow. And now let us pass out of the theatre and follow the solemn procession on its return from the assembly to the temple; and, passing through the Coressian Gate along the paved road, lined on each side with the tombs of Ephesian dignitaries, we approach that sacred precinct where the Amazons dwelt in the pre-historic age, where the army of Alexander, fresh from its first victory over the Persians, marched in battle array past the temple of the great goddess of Asia, and where from time immemorial fugitives

sought shelter in the hospitable sanctuary of Artemis.

When we think how much history has gained by the exploration, partial and inadequate as it has been, of the ruins of Ephesus; when we review the marvellous discoveries which have recently taken place in Cyprus and the Troad, and which are actually now going on at Olympia and Mycenæ, we feel bound to ask the question, why, in a generation distinguished beyond all previous generations for historical research, for wealth, leisure, and facilities for travelling, so little has been done for the investigation of the sites of ancient cities? The explorers of Greece and Turkey half a century ago had neither steam to convey them to distant coasts, nor the practical knowledge of archæology which we now possess to guide their researches, nor photographers to record their discoveries, nor an electric telegraph wherewith to maintain communication with a distant base of operations. We, with all these appliances, and with boundless wealth at the command of individuals, if not of governments, grudge to these great enterprises the money which is daily wasted on trivial and ignoble objects. Why has England no Schliemanns?

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

DRESS IN FRANCE.

IN the last article written by M. Chapus before his death the fashionable chronicler of *Le Sport* traces the changes which have taken place in French costume since the last of the Valois, of whom M. Chapus says: "He (Henri III.) corrupted the morals of his period, as his sister Marguerite de Valois did the fashions." M. Chapus says that, though she had an abundance of beautiful black hair, she had a great fondness, like ladies of a more modern time, for golden locks, and wore wigs of her favorite color. She selected as pages only those lads who had hair of this color, and did not scruple to have it cut off when she wanted a new perruque. She wore a number of gold chains twisted into the hair and several more around her neck; and in this, as in other fashions, her example was generally followed by the ladies of the nobility and of the *bourgeoisie*. Among these customs, most of them involving considerable expense, were those of wearing perfumed gloves

bordered with fringe, which were not taken off even at night; masks of black velvet or satin, which were attached to the face by means of a piece of string, with a pearl at the end of it, the pearl being placed in the mouth; and belts, from which were suspended a mirror and a folding fan made of vellum with a trimming of lace. M. Chapus might have added that the Hôtel de Sens, in which Marguerite de Valois resided at Paris, is about to be demolished. During the League there was a marked diminution in the luxury of dress, but when Henri IV. had established his authority in Paris the former fashions reasserted themselves; and D'Aubigné speaks of no fewer than sixty-four new shades of color, among them being the "dying ape," the "seven capital sins," the "dead man come to life again," and the "sick Spaniard." The length of the sleeves was so great that it was deemed necessary to invent spoons with very long handles, in order that ladies might be able to eat their soup without soiling their dress.

For a hundred years France had shared the empire of fashion with Italy and Spain, but in the reign of Louis XIII. she had it almost entirely to herself. For the first time after the lapse of several centuries, ladies wore dresses which did not spoil their figures. The ladies of the old school still retained masks, but the younger ones merely wore veils of black crape, "which served as a relief to the whiteness of their skin." Young and old alike made a plentiful use of perfumes, powder, rouge, and patches cut to imitate stars, flowers, and animals. The perfumed gloves, red, green, and sky-blue stockings, and morocco shoes of different colors, also continued to be the fashion. The male dress comprised a short mantle draped round the bust, a *pourpoint* with long basques attached to it, short top-boots, a belt for the rapier, a flat hat with broad brim and feathers, a flat collar turned down upon the *pourpoint*, and the hair was worn long with the moustache curled. There was but little change in the general character of the fashions under Louis XIV., and the ladies continued to wear such low dresses that one of the priests in Paris wrote a book denouncing the practice, being followed by Abbé Boileau, a brother of the poet, who published a work on the "Abuses of Nudity." These efforts were made to no purpose; but Mme. de Maintenon was more successful, and her habit of wearing black lace upon her shoulders was generally followed. In the sixteenth century, the public baths, which had been opened fifty

years before, gave rise to such scandals that the police had been compelled to close them, and the only baths then existing were those in the hotels of wealthy persons and the river baths used in the summer. The result was that at the beginning of Louis XIV.'s reign the use of baths had gone entirely out of fashion; water was replaced by perfumes, and even the great ladies of the court went a week without washing their hands. The king, who had himself felt the inconvenience arising from the absence of baths, had measures taken to reopen them with a due regard for propriety, and all Paris washed and was clean. Up to this time ladies had always had their hair dressed by their own maids, but henceforward they employed the professional barbers who managed the public baths. One Sieur Champagne was sent for by all the courts of Europe, and, to use his own expression, "worked upon all the royal and princely heads." The wig-makers had their share in this success, and the mania for false hair was so great that a learned theologian, one Jean Baptiste Thiers, wrote a long essay to show that "artificial hair was an outrage to God, because it distorted the person whom he had made in his own image."

In the eighteenth century France began to copy from other nations, and in 1716 "English ladies appeared in Paris with pannier dresses, the hoops having a circumference of twelve feet. This fashion gave rise to an incident which created a great commotion both at court and among the nobility, as well as in government circles. According to etiquette, the queen, when she went to the play, was accompanied by two of the royal princesses, who were seated right and left of her. It was found, however, that the hoop-dresses of the two princesses, spread out like fans, concealed the queen from the view of her liege subjects; so Cardinal Fleury decided that for the future the chairs should remain unoccupied. The princesses would only acquiesce in this arrangement upon condition that there should be a row of unoccupied chairs between them and the duchesses, who sat in their rear. The husbands of the latter protested against this as an insult to their wives, and published an anonymous pamphlet, which, after being condemned by the Parliament, was burned by the public executioner. During the minority of Louis XV. the ancient mode of dress remained in vogue, but Montesquieu introduced English fashions, and the *redingote* (riding-coat) made its appearance

in 1730. Adversaries of what was termed Anglomania met the *redingote* with the *habit à la française*, and, to show that they were no Puritans, they covered it with gold and silver lace. At this period the ladies dressed in imitation of stage shepherdesses, but, as a concession to nature, wore straw hats *à la Bastienne* (with broad brims). There were as many as forty-five varieties of wigs, and Dugué, the chief of the hairdressers, went his rounds in a carriage and pair. Legros published treatises upon his art, founded an academy of hairdressing, and exhibited upon the Cours la Reine and the Boulevards young women who had "lent their heads," as the saying was, for him to experiment upon. Powder was used in such quantities that the Parliament of Paris declared the practice of employing flour for its preparation to be one of the causes which brought about the scarcity of food, while patches and rouge were as fashionable as ever. From this epoch, too, dates the introduction of the umbrella, the original form of which was the Oriental parasol held by pages over the heads of the great ladies when they went out on foot. The parasol could not be closed, but in 1768 it was modified into its present form.

The first years of Louis XVI's reign witnessed a great change in the mode of dress, which became much more simple, that of men in particular. Ladies wore ears of corn in their hair as symbolic of the plenty which was about to prevail; but Queen Marie Antoinette was soon led away by her fondness for ornament, and it became the fashion to deck the hair with diamonds, emeralds, etc., and ostrich feathers a yard long. The circumference of the hoops increased to seventeen feet, and in one year as many as two hundred and fifty different kinds of trimming for dresses were invented. Husbands found it impossible to pay their wives' dressmaking bills, and Mme. de Campan, in her "Memoirs," speaks of "several disputes in families and painful scenes; everybody said that the queen would be the ruin of the French ladies." Men's dress was more staid, and they wore knee-breeches, long silk waistcoat, shoes with silver buckles, and cocked hat. This was the general mode of dress at the outbreak of the Revolution, and from what M. Chapus says of false hair, powder, and other artificial aids to beauty, it is clear that, in the toilet, as in most other things, there is nothing new under the sun.

THE COMET OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY. — There can now remain very little doubt that the grand comet which astonished Europe in the year of the Norman Conquest leading to a multitude of records in the annals of the time, and forming, with its astonished beholders, the subject of embroidery on the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, was the famous body which now bears universally the name of our countryman Halley. Allowing for the peculiar character of Chinese observations of comets, the account they have left us of its track amongst the stars from the beginning of April to the end of the first week in June, 1066, is well represented by elements not differing more from the actual elements of Halley's comet than accumulated effect of perturbation in eight centuries may well explain. If it is assumed that Halley's comet arrived at its least distance from the sun on March 18, its position when discovered by the Chinese in the morning sky on April 2, would be as they

record in their sidereal division "Shih," two degrees south of the equator, and distant from the earth rather less than eight-tenths of the earth's mean distance from the sun. Between this date and June 8, or sixty-seven days after discovery, which is the duration of visibility assigned, the comet would make a grand sweep across the sky from the constellation Pegasus into Sextans between Leo and Hydra, or as the Chinese express it, "through fourteen sidereal divisions from Shih to Chang." The imposing aspect of the comet described in European chronicles and confirmed by the Chinese annals, wherein it is compared in brilliancy to Venus, and by exaggeration, no doubt, even to the moon, is fully explained by the circumstances under which Halley's comet must have been observed if in perihelion on March 18. When last seen in China it had receded to one and three-fourths times the earth's distance from the sun.

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THE TURNED LESSON.

"I THOUGHT I knew it!" she said;
 "I thought I had learnt it quite!"
 But the gentle teacher shook her head,
 With a grave, yet loving light
 In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
 As she gave the book
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

"I thought I knew it!" she said;
 And a heavy tear fell down
 As she turned away with bending head;
 Yet not for reproof or frown,
 And not for the lesson to learn again,
 Or the play-hour lost;
 It was something else that gave the pain.

She could not have put it in words,
 But her teacher understood,
 As God understands the chirp of the birds
 In the depth of an autumn wood;
 And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
 Was quite enough;
 No need to question, no need to speak.

Then the gentle voice was heard,
 "Now I will try you again,"
 And the lesson was mastered, every word;
 Was it not worth the pain?
 Was it not kinder the task to turn
 Than to let it pass
 As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?

Is it not often so,
 That we only learn in part,
 And the Master's testing-time may show
 That it was not quite "by heart?"
 Then he gives, in his wise and patient grace
 The lesson again,
 With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only stay by his side
 Till the page is really known;
 It may be we failed because we tried
 To learn it all alone.
 And now that he would not let us lose
 One lesson of love
 (For he knows the loss), can we refuse?

But oh! how could we dream
 That we knew it all so well,
 Reading so fluently, as we deem,
 What we could not even spell?
 And oh! how could we grieve once more
 That patient One
 Who has turned so many a task before!

That waiting One, who now
 Is letting us try again;
 Watching us with the patient brow
 That bore the wreath of pain;
 Thoroughly teaching what he would teach
 Line upon line,
 Thoroughly doing his work in each.

Then let our hearts be still,
 Though our task be turned to-day.
 Oh! let him teach us what he will,
 In his own most gracious way,
 Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
 As we learn each line,
 The hardest is found all clear and sweet.
 FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
 Good Words.

ON A PICTURE BY GIORGIONE.

IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL
 ACADEMY, NO. 114.

BLUE sky, white cloud, sweet depth of southern
 air,
 What shaded, pansy-sprinkled grove is this?
 What lovers trembling on the verge of bliss,
 She passion-warm,—he pale and drooping
 with despair?

Her throbbing brows, with yellow hair up-
 bound,
 She leans upon her sister's cooler breast;
 There soothes her soft cheek, flush'd with
 sweet unrest,
 And from her parted lips breaths fragrance all
 around.

With him 'tis ebb-tide of the golden flood;
 His hand rests idly on the cittern-wires,
 And as the beating of his heart inspires,
 He strikes sad chords, and sings in melancholy
 mood,

Bowing his face,—“Dear love, this heart
 forlorn,
 A crazed tenement on a river's brink,
 Haunted by shapes of care, save, ere it sink,
 And be in death's chill waters whelm'd and
 overborne.”

Fair lady seated with the enthralled twain,
 Thy beaming eyes with no wild passion
 glow.
 No touch of the sweet sorrow clouds thy
 brow;
 Smiling, thou feel'st her joy, and smiling see'st
 his pain.

Then rise, nor longer the fond lovers sever;
 Bid her to fill his heart, give passion sway,
 And flush his cheek with kisses. Ah, no,
 stay,
 Nor break the spell that holds the poet's dream
 forever!

Spectator.

HERBERT NEW.

From The Quarterly Review.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC RESULTS OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.*

"JACK," said a seaman to his comrade, when they first fell in with ice in one of M'Clintock's Arctic voyages, "you look as pale as if you had seen a ghost." "I haven't seen him yet," answered Jack in hollow tones, "but the captain has. From what I heard him say to the first lieutenant, there's a old beggar called Zero a-prowling about the ship. 'Down to zero' was the captain's very words, and in my opinion, shipmate, that is where this ship is going."

The expedition which has just returned to England with Nares and Stephenson probably know more about "old Zero" than any other living men, for they have seen the thermometer register a lower temperature for a longer time together than has ever before been experienced. They started on the 29th of May, 1875, with orders to reach the pole, if possible, and perform certain other duties which were duly set forth for their guidance. They returned in October 1876, and though they did not reach the pole, they achieved many of the scientific results that those most able to judge think possible or neces-

sary, and, what is far better, have exhibited to the world a model of quiet heroism under privations the extreme nature of which are by no means as yet generally known. A great number of expeditions have been at various times sent out for the purpose of Arctic exploration; but this is the first, the avowed object of which was to get to the pole; none has ever been so well equipped, and, it must in truth be added, none has ever broken down in health so completely in so short a time.

The explanation of this apparent paradox is to be found in the frightful nature of the toil which they underwent. It may safely be asserted that in no former journeys has the attempt been made to travel for any distance over ice so formidable as that of the polar ocean, on whose desolate shores the "Alert" passed the winter of 1875. Every newspaper has given its account in more or less detail of the route taken by the expedition, and an amusing paper in *Fraser's Magazine* for December last, written by the chaplain of the "Discovery," has acquainted us with what may be called the gossip of the voyage. We do not think it necessary to recapitulate their adventures. These are to be found in the reports of Sir George Nares to the Admiralty, and of Captain Stephenson to his chief; and also in the journals of the sledging parties under Captain Markham, Commander Beaumont, Commander Aldrich and Lieutenant Rawson. Some of these are already published, and the rest, if not formally given to the world, are already well known, and are easily procurable.

The instructions under which the expedition sailed are given at length in the "Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting-out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875," presented to both Houses of Parliament.

It will be only possible for us within the limits of space at our disposal to give a short account of some of the more prominent geographical and scientific questions upon which the expedition was instructed to report.

We have often heard the question asked, what was the use of despatching such an expedition, and we have even heard it dis-

* 1. *Papers and Correspondence relating to the Equipment and Fitting-out of the Arctic Expedition of 1875; including the Report of the Admiralty Arctic Committee.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1875.

2. *Further Papers*, 1876.

3. *Arctic Expedition of 1875-6. Reports of Sir George Nares, K.C.B., Captain Stephenson, C.B., and the Sledging Journals of Captain Markham, Commander Beaumont, and Commander Aldrich.*

4. *Report of Captain Allen Young, R.Y.S., Arctic Yacht, "Pandora."*

5. *Arctic Manual and Instructions; suggested by the Arctic Committee of the Royal Society.* London, 1875.

6. *Arctic Geography and Ethnology.* By the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society. London, 1875.

7. *Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol-Expedition in den Jahren 1872-1874.* Von Julius Payer. Wien, 1876. (*The same, translated into English.* London, 1876.)

8. *Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clements Markham, C.B. London, 1876. Fourth edition.

9. *Report to the President of the United States in the matter of the Disaster to the United States Exploring Expedition towards the North Pole; accompanied by a Report of the Examination of the Rescued Party.* Submitted by the Secretary of the Navy. Washington, 1873.

puted whether any object likely to be attained by it was worth the expenditure of money, labor, hardship, and perhaps life involved in the undertaking. The following pages contain such an answer as we are able to give to such inquiries. It must be understood at the outset that the reports before us deal only, or at least mainly, with the outside of things. Facts have been amassed by careful observers, but they have not yet been classified and arranged. All we can do is to deal with such details as are before us up to the present time. The deeds actually accomplished remind us somewhat of the American gentleman who could "dive deeper and come up drier" than any other man. The expedition has contrived just to surpass all previous explorers at all points. The "Alert" has been further north than any other vessel in the world. Captain Markham and Mr. Parr have been nearer the pole than any other men. The crews have passed through the longest period of darkness without seeing the sun that has ever been faced by human beings, and they have endured the most intense cold that has ever been registered. All this is very satisfactory, though some disappointment has been expressed that they did not actually attain the pole. Nevertheless, on all hands, full justice has been done to the gallantry of officers and men, and every one gives a willing tribute of admiration to the personal bravery and self-devotion with which hardships and privations have been borne. It need hardly be said to those who are acquainted with the real objects to be attained that failure to reach the actual pole is not of itself a matter of regret. No doubt the national vanity would have been flattered if the English flag had actually waved from a staff planted over the axis of rotation of the earth; but it would have been but an empty boast, and one for which the English people would not wish any officer to sacrifice the lives of his people or the safety of his ship.

It is only by very slow degrees and by continual steady perseverance that any reliable lines can be traced on the great blank tract which in polar charts betrays the extent of our ignorance; and it would

be as easy to fall into the mistake of undervaluing the achievements of our explorers as to err in the opposite extreme. It is true that the sledging parties of Nares and Stephenson have only laid down a few miles of coast, have corrected, within a limited area, some geographical errors committed by their predecessors, have exploded at least one theory to which some geographers fondly clung, have confirmed the results previously arrived at by other observers of polar magnetic phenomena, and have made some interesting collections of Arctic fauna and flora. This is all. But it is as much as they could reasonably be expected to do. The extent of exploration which can be accomplished by a single expedition can be but small when a mile a day is the utmost that the strenuous exertions of a party of picked men can achieve; and even that insignificant result is gained by toil so incredibly severe as to prostrate, in the space of a few days' journey, one party after another of the finest men in our navy with fatigue and disease.

It is, indeed, a matter for inquiry whether, as the pole is approached, some climatic influences do not exist detrimental to health and life which are not in operation in lower latitudes. In M'Clure's expedition, more than three years occurred before the first death from scurvy took place. In Kane's expedition, two men only died in two years. The "Enterprise" was four winters out; the "Investigator," five; the "Assistance," "Resolute," and "North Star," three each. In Sir John Ross's expedition, the "Victory" was out three years, during which she was two years beset by ice in the Gulf of Boothia, and in all that time only made seven miles in advance. But in each of these instances it was not till the third year that despondency and its concomitant, scurvy, attacked them. Most of these were government expeditions; and in all, the general health of the crews was excellent. Indeed, Dr. Donnet, deputy inspector-general of hospitals, who was surgeon on board the "Assistance" in the Arctic expedition of 1850-51, declares that, of all the seas that are visited by ships of the British navy, the Arctic is the most healthy. In the

face of these facts, thus vouched by the most reliable authority, we have the startling result that one season was sufficient to break down the picked crews of the "Alert" and the "Discovery."

Like noble fellows as they are, they would not have hesitated to remain if any good purpose could be served by doing so; but under the circumstances it was a matter of the commonest prudence to bring them home. It is due to Sir George Nares to say that he had no option in the matter. "You should use your best endeavors to rejoin your consort in the navigable season of 1876, and, in company with her, return to England, provided the spring exploration has been reasonably successful." Such were the positive instructions given to him by the Admiralty on his departure; but that is not the present point. The question is whether the picked crews of the Arctic ships were physically fit to remain out a second year; and, in point of fact, they were not. It is true that they had a winter of unprecedented length; but neither that, nor the absence of certain precautions, of which we have heard a great deal in the newspapers, are enough to account for the break-down of so fine a body of men in so short a time, unless we suppose the climate to have been in some manner, not as yet explained, injurious to health.

But to our point. Why should any Arctic expedition be undertaken at all? It is not sufficient to say that England has always taken the lead in maritime adventure, and been the pioneer in many wild lands and dangerous seas. If that were all, we might leave polar expeditions to private enterprise, which has always been sufficient to spur our countrymen on. Love of excitement has been quite inducement enough when danger was to be faced or honor to be won; but in this instance ships have been fitted out at the expense of the State, officered by the pick of our commanders, and the step met with the cordial approbation of the English people. It must be confessed, that fear of seeing our laurels wrested from us by the generous enthusiasm of our neighbors had at least something to do with the decision arrived at by the English government.

The Austrians had sent out a most adventurous expedition, which reached a very high latitude north-west of Novaya Zemlya; but they were unable to follow up their good fortune. Germany had done good work in east Greenland. Sweden had sent an expedition to the north of Spitzbergen, which nearly attained to the same latitude reached by Parry six-and-thirty years before. The Americans, also, despatched a number of expeditions between the years 1859 and 1873; the last, under the brave but ill-fated Hall, attained, through Smith Sound, to the highest latitude ever reached by a ship till then, and even laid claim to establish positions in the direction of the pole far above the eighty-third parallel of latitude.

The partial success of these turned the scale in favor of the equipment of an English expedition. The government were already more than half inclined to the scheme, which had the support of the most distinguished Arctic explorers and men of science in England. The news of Hall's discoveries, with very inadequate means, finally determined them to proceed. Popular sentiment is a factor not to be despised in such matters, and the light in which the expedition was regarded by the navy was shown by the fact that half the navy list applied to be employed, and men volunteered in such crowds for the ships that the officers fortunate enough to be ultimately selected for the command were able to select the very flower of our sailors. But although the "Alert" and "Discovery" left our shores in the midst of a chorus of popular enthusiasm, the time of national excitement had been preceded by ten years of hesitation. The tragic fate of Franklin and his brave companions, and the hardships endured by successive parties sent to relieve him or find traces of his fate, for many years stayed the hand of those with whom rested the responsibility of ordering new expeditions. It was natural that, while that supreme tragedy was still fresh in the minds of men, they should remember rather the responsibility incurred than the glory to be won, and though many experienced officers who had taken part in the various relief expeditions were ready to venture

again to the scenes of their former perils, the signal was still withheld.

It is a notable fact in the history of Arctic exploration that those who have once engaged in it seem to find a strange fascination in the pursuit. No one who has once ventured into the mysterious region can resist the longing that impels him to go there again; in vain the ice king parades his terrors, in vain the dreary monotony of a five months' night casts its warning shadows over the path. An "old Arctic" is always ready to sally forth afresh in pursuit of the phantom pole which has always eluded his pursuit. As regards the present expedition, it may be truly said that the time was ripe for a further attempt on the part of England. Public opinion, both popular and scientific, was in favor of it; and it was generally felt that, unless our country was content to abandon the leading place she has always held in maritime discovery, it was time for her to bestir herself.

The conditions of Arctic exploration are vastly different now from what they were when Franklin and his gallant companions set forth. Steam has made it easy to advance under circumstances which would have stopped the ships of earlier mariners. Accumulated experience has mapped out practicable highways through wilds where in Franklin's time each step in advance was the result rather of fortunate experiment than of certain knowledge. Sledge travelling has been brought almost to a science, and the equipment of an Arctic ship is as well understood as that of an ordinary surveying vessel. It was said by those who were most active in promoting the expedition that the two great risks of former voyages, starvation and scurvy, might be absolutely eliminated from the list of probable casualties. Unfortunately in the case of the latter malady the assertion has not been fulfilled, but it is undoubtedly true that, when once a proper system of relief and communication between the ships was arranged, the contingency of death by hunger did not assume any formidable proportions.

The problems presented by science for solution, which an Arctic expedition might be reasonably expected to solve, are not very numerous or very important. They might set a few doubts at rest, and put a few theories to the test of actual experiment; but they were not likely to break ground in any field of knowledge hitherto unworked; and though our explorers have done good honest work in several ways, none, probably, would be more ready than

themselves to acknowledge that the part of their duty which has been performed with the greatest satisfaction, has been that of planting the English flag several miles nearer the pole than the foot of man has ever trod before. We may assign high-sounding reasons, and keep up our dignity about the matter, but the adventurers may be well assured that their pluck and daring, far more than their scientific achievements, have gained for them the applause of their countrymen. The most valuable lesson they have taught us relates to the *morale* of our sailors; and without undervaluing, as the following pages will prove, their scientific achievements, we confess that the part of their stirring record on which we dwell with most satisfaction is that which describes the cheery good-humor kept up through the long night, when, for five long months, as in Byron's dream,

Morn came, and went, and came, and brought
no day.

We read with such unmixed satisfaction of the truly heroic endurance exhibited by the sledge parties under Markham and Beaumont that we hardly care to inquire whether any minor objects of scientific interest have been left unattained. That which was really of most value was the strict discipline kept up under conditions which seem almost fitted to disintegrate society, and reduce those who are exposed to them to a mass of selfish human beings struggling each for himself. Experience shows that English sailors can endure such tests, but it is none the less important that we should be occasionally reminded that the old stuff is still available. We are too apt to look upon that instinct of discipline which characterizes the English race as a mere matter of course; that it is not so may be seen by the records of the "Polaris" expedition after the death of Hall. Let those who doubt either the reality of the danger to be feared or the just cause we have for national pride and thankfulness at the completeness with which it has been avoided, read the significant words of Mr. Robeson, secretary of the American navy, in his letter to the president of the United States. "Experience has confirmed me," he writes, "in the conviction that there is little of either success or safety in any trying, distant, and dangerous expedition, which is not organized, prosecuted, and controlled under the sanctions of military discipline." Mr. Robeson had before him as he wrote the recent fate of an expedition in which,

after the leader's death, the subordination of the survivors broke down, and showed utter weakness in the essentials of discipline and cohesion. Under infinitely greater hardships, our own men came out nobly.

When once the despatch of an expedition was resolved upon, the next consideration was to decide on the route which it was to pursue. On that point a great variety of information had gradually been amassed. A special committee appointed by the Royal Geographical Society were unanimous in favor of the route by Smith Sound. No less than five admirals, all of them distinguished in Arctic navigation, were members of this committee. Sir George Back, Collinson, Ommanney, Richards, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn, sat upon it, as well as some distinguished non-professional persons. It is not a little curious that a society entirely unconnected with government should be able to obtain the service of a body of men whose names add such weight to their expression of opinion on an extremely technical subject. They were, indeed, of high authority. Sir George Back was the Nestor of English explorers; he served in the first Arctic expedition of this century; he had himself explored a larger portion of the Arctic region than any other living man; and one of the finest exploits of recent times was his winter passed in the pack, and subsequent safely-accomplished return across the Atlantic with the sinking "Terror." Collinson and M'Clure both commanded exploring ships, and one made the north-west passage. Ommanney, Osborn, and Richards, had all served in or commanded expeditions. M'Clintock, of all searchers, alone brought home authentic relics and records of Franklin.

The committee recommended the route by Smith Sound for three principal reasons: that of all the ways in which the pole has been attacked it alone gives a certainty of exploring a previously unknown area of considerable extent; that it yields the best prospect of valuable discoveries in various branches of science, and that, from the continuity of the land from the eighty-second parallel to the open sea, it promises reasonable security for the retreat of the crews, in case of disaster to the ships. These opinions were much fortified by the report of the crew of the "Polaris," who were the only persons acquainted with the upper waters of the sound. Admiral Inglefield did not pass the entrance; Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes

wintered only a few miles inside of it; but the "Polaris," a mere river steamer, not by any means too well fitted for the work of Arctic exploration, was able, in one working season, to pass up the strait for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles without any hindrance whatever to the highest latitude ever attained by a vessel. The committee laid great stress on the fact reported by the "Polaris," that there was navigable water still to the north of the highest point she reached. It now appears that this was a mistake, and that the sea to the shores of which this little vessel with its crew of twenty-five men was carried, is impassable. It will never be sailed by mortal keel till the distant day when Time shall turn his hourglass once more and sweep away the paleocrystic ice into the limbo which already holds the relics of bygone glacial ages. The brave leader of that expedition lay down to die on the shores of the icy ocean. A monument, erected by British sailors, marks his grave. The survivors, deprived of his firm hand, and abandoned to distracted councils, found their way home through frightful difficulties; yet in doing so they unconsciously added another to the many reasons which already pointed out the road they pioneered as the best to follow. On their return voyage a large portion of the crew became detached from the ship and floated away helplessly on a great field of drift ice. For one hundred and eighty-seven days — from the 15th of October to the 21st of April — they remained on their dreary prison, and during that time were drifted by the current right down Davis Strait from the entrance of Whale Sound to the coast of Labrador. This added another proof to those which already existed of a southern current always setting from the pole. In the same manner the ship "Resolute" was driven from the north; so was the "Fox" in the first year of M'Clintock's search for Franklin; so too was the ship "Advance;" while on the opposite side of Greenland the German expedition of 1870, after the wreck of the "Hansa," drifted down from latitude of 72° to Cape Farewell. To these we may add the experience of Parry in his sledge journey from Spitzbergen northward across the polar pack. The experience thus gained by so many concurrent observations went far to prove that those who advanced towards the pole by way of Smith Sound need not be under the apprehension of being permanently beset, as had too often been the case with expeditions in other parts of the polar regions.

Another reason which weighed in favor of the route by Smith Sound was the large quantity of animal life which was observed in the high latitudes where the "Polaris" passed the winter. In the official report to the president of the United States, it is said that musk-oxen were shot at intervals all the winter, during which season they were able to obtain food by scraping off the snow with their hoofs from the scanty Arctic mosses that grew upon the rocks. Wolves, bears, foxes, lemmings, and other mammals were repeatedly observed. Geese, ducks, waterfowl, plovers, and wading birds were comparatively few; there were, however, as might be expected, large numbers of ptarmigan or snow-partridge.

There are three other routes by which attempts have been made to reach the pole, but they were only discussed in order to be immediately abandoned; one was by Behring Strait; this was the one pursued by Collinson in the "Enterprise," and M'Clure in the "Investigator;" but they were able only to go directly northwards a very short distance. In 70° north latitude Collinson found himself compelled to turn to the east along the edge of that impassable barrier which stopped Nares' path last year, and to which that officer has given the name of paleocrystic ice. Sir Robert M'Clure made no attempt to go directly to the north; after leaving Cape Lisburne, he kept straight away to the east. He is the only man who, having entered the icy ocean by Behring Strait, has brought out his crew by Baffin's Bay; but it was barren honor, for though he and his men passed safely through, after three years' detention in the impenetrable Gulf of Boothia, he was obliged to abandon his ship and make his way on sledges to the relief expedition which met him from the west.

The Behring Strait route was not, therefore, available. If the attempt was not to be made by Smith Sound, it must be made either by the east coast of Greenland or by the Spitzbergen seas; and it so happened that the Germans and Austro-Hungarians had, by expeditions undertaken in 1869-70 and 1872-74 respectively, set that question at rest. The North German expedition, promoted mainly by the exertions of Dr. Augustus Petermann, undertook the exploration of the central Arctic region with the east coast of Greenland as their basis of operations. Two ships, the "Germania" and the "Hansa," were despatched under Captain Koldewey and a scientific staff;

but their utmost exertions were insufficient to enable them to cope with the formidable ice of the Greenland coast. The "Hansa" got separated from her consort, and on the 22nd of October was wrecked. The homeless crew built up a house on the ice-floe with patent fuel from their ship. They drifted from the Greenland coast halfway to Iceland; on the 3rd of January they were again close to Greenland, but without the possibility of reaching it. Spring advanced, and early summer found them still on the floe; by May they had drifted eleven hundred miles. It was not till the middle of June that they finally took to their boats and arrived in safety at the Moravian mission station near Cape Farewell. One of the scientific staff went mad (he afterwards recovered), but none died in spite of all their hardships. The "Hansa's" consort, the "Germania," was more successful. After wintering on Pendulum Island, a sledge party started to the north; they reached a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from the ship, to which want of provisions then obliged them to return. The headland which forms the northern boundary of their discoveries, Cape Bismarck, is only in latitude 77°. In September they returned to Bremen. The experience, then, of the German expedition did not encourage the despatch of the expedition by way of east Greenland. Nor was the report of the Austro-Hungarian expedition, as to the route they followed, more inviting.

In a preliminary voyage commanded by Captain Weyprecht and Lieutenant Julius Payer, the latter of whom had served with Koldewey on the east coast of Greenland, an attempt was made to follow the Gulf Stream into the supposed polar basin by keeping to the eastward of Spitzbergen. After beating about in the latitude of 78° N., in very thick fogs and stiff contrary gales, they were driven back. They saw, however, several signs of being in the proximity of the land which they discovered in their subsequent voyage. In the following year, the steamer "Tegethoff" was fitted out in the Elbe for more extended operations. Leaving Tromsø Harbor on July 14, 1872, they reached the coast of Novaya Zemlya on the 29th. After battling bravely for nearly a month, the ship was beset in floating ice on the 23rd of August, near the northern coast of Novaya Zemla. She was never afterwards extricated; and for *two years* the intrepid navigators remained imbedded in the ice-floe, and were drifted on it to the shores of a hitherto

undiscovered land, thereby making a great geographical discovery under circumstances absolutely unprecedented. The result of their voyage is given by Lieutenant Payer in a magnificent work, which we greatly regret not being able to notice in greater detail.* No more stirring chronicle of adventure was ever penned than that of the gallant Hungarian and his companions. They gave to the land they discovered the name of Franz Joseph Land; but the sledge journeys which they organized from the basis of the ice-imbedded "Tegethoff," while they added largely to geographical and scientific knowledge, proved also beyond a doubt that Franz Joseph Land offered no practicable route to the north. We have no space to follow their adventures; the only circumstance with which we are concerned being the fact, that the route selected by them was not available for polar discoveries. It is impossible, however, to avoid recording our tribute of admiration to the heroic endurance with which, after abandoning their ship, they struggled for months across a treacherous floating desert of ice, in their return home. Dragging their boats with them to the edge of the pack, they finally embarked in them for the island of Novaya Zemlya, where they were picked up by a Russian schooner and landed in Norway. The passage in which Payer describes the sad necessity that compelled them to kill the dogs, their faithful companions and willing slaves throughout the adventurous journey, when they were unable to take them into the over-crowded boats, is one of the most touching that can be conceived. An English translation of Lieutenant Payer's delightful work has been recently published, and a *résumé* of their adventures, given by Payer himself to the Royal Geographical Society, is to be found in Mr. Clements Markham's "Threshold of the Unknown Region."

The reader will have no difficulty in seeing that, supposing the primary object of the expedition to be the attainment of the highest possible latitude, and assuming the information of the "Polaris" respecting land that stretched up from Cape Union, in the direction of the pole, to be correct, there could be no hesitation as to the route which it was necessary for the expedition to pursue. But it is worthy of remark that the attainment of the pole was now for the first time put forward as the first

object of an expedition. The instructions to Sir John Franklin assigned as the main object the exploration of the Arctic regions and the advantages which would accrue to navigation from the discovery of a north-west passage. The sailing orders for the "Alert" and "Discovery" point to a different goal. "Her Majesty's government have determined that an expedition of Arctic exploration and discovery should be undertaken, . . . the scope and primary object of which should be, to attain the highest northern latitude, and, if possible, to reach the north pole; and from winter quarters to explore the adjacent coasts within reach of travelling parties," etc. Our sketch would be by no means complete without a word as to the reason of this change of front.

The fact is now acknowledged that the north-west passage as a question of practical utility must definitively be abandoned. It may be possible for a single ship, under exceptional circumstances and in some peculiarly favorable season, to pass through. The journey has been made by the crew of Sir Robert M'Clure's ship, but the "Investigator" herself left her bones on the further side of the impassable barrier. No ship has hitherto sailed from ocean to ocean. Some enthusiastic navigators still think that the north-west passage can be made. Captain Allen Young, who certainly has a claim founded upon past exploits to speak with great authority on the subject, holds to the opinion that the achievement is not beyond the limits of possibility. This mysterious region has enthralled him, more, perhaps, than any other man, with its inexplicable enchantment; and it is believed by his friends that he intends again to fit out his Arctic yacht to solve the problem. It is perhaps no wonder that he should entertain this belief; he stood with M'Clintock looking eastward from a cliff at the end of Bellot Strait, when only a few miles of ice separated them from open water, which his own extraordinary sledge journey afterwards proved to be connected by navigable water with the Pacific. Sir Leopold himself shared the opinion of his friend. He thought, from what he had seen of the ice in Franklin Strait, that, provided the ice block at the mouth of Bellot Strait was overcome, the chances were greatly in favor of his reaching Cape Herschel on the south side of King William Land. "From Bellot Strait to Cape Victoria we found a mixture of old and new ice showing the exact proportion of pack and of clear water at the setting in

* *Die Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol-Expedition in den Jahren 1872-1874.* Von Julius Payer. Wien, 1876.

of winter. South of Cape Victoria I doubt whether any future obstruction would have been experienced, as but little, if any, ice remained. The natives told us the ice went away and left a clear sea every year."*

It is hard to believe that a feat so nearly accomplished cannot be completely achieved. But as far as the despatch of government exploring expeditions is concerned, the loss of Sir John Franklin put a final end to further attempts in that direction. Every one, at least every one who belongs to the generation now in middle age, remembers that Sir John Franklin was last seen by some whalers near the entrance of Lancaster Sound, but was never heard of alive again. It was not till after the lapse of years, and the despatch of many search expeditions, that news was received of his fate. Dr. Rae, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, was the first to give any definite information. He stated that, while engaged on a survey of the Gulf of Boothia, he had fallen in with Esquimaux who told him that a party subsequently identified with the survivors of the Franklin expedition had died of hunger near the mouth of the Great Fish River. Sir Leopold M'Clintock in the "Fox," afterwards cleared up the details. We now know that Sir John himself died in the second year of his absence, after being driven down, enclosed in the ice, from Barrow Strait to a point near the magnetic pole. M'Clure and Collinson sought him from the west, many sought him from the waters of Baffin's Bay, but although the tracks of the explorers from the east and west overlapped each other repeatedly in point of longitude, no one has ever yet been able to join together the two ends of the thread. The ice, piled up in land-locked channels, effectually prevents the passage of a ship.

Less enthusiastic explorers than Captain Allen Young have long looked upon the great tract which goes by the name of the Arctic Archipelago (in our sketch map it is called by its other name, the Parry Islands) as a vast trap into which no ship can venture far with a reasonable chance of escape. There the "Hecla" and "Fury" were lost; there the "Erebus" and "Terror" were abandoned; there lies the wreck of the "Investigator;" there, too, at one swoop, the ice closed in forever round the five ships of Sir Richard Belcher's squadron, the "Assistance," the "Resolute," the "Intrepid," the "Pio-

neer," and the "North Star." The reason of the formation of this icy *cul-de-sac* is the meeting of the eastern tide through the Spitzbergen seas with the tide from the west through Behring Strait; a dead water, or rather ice block, is thus formed, which never opens.

But the self-same drift, which, travelling southward and westward from the Polar Sea, blocks up the north-west passage, gives to ships going up Smith Sound, and consequently keeping to the east of the block, a sure prospect of return; for even if they were so unfortunate as to be beset, they would assuredly be drifted down enclosed in the floe by the south-going current to the open sea.

For all these reasons, the route by Smith Sound was ultimately selected. The scientific committee of the Geographical Society, aided by a similar committee appointed by the Royal Society, drew up a series of detailed remarks, which were afterwards embodied in official instructions to Sir George Nares, and gave the final shape to his plans and proceedings. Our readers are probably well acquainted with their scheme, so far at least as it has been carried out by the actual proceedings of the expedition. It is sufficient to say, in general terms, that the committee recommended the equipment of two moderate-sized screw steamers, one to be stationed at a point within the entrance to Smith Sound, the other to advance as far as possible to the northward, preserving communication with the depot vessel. They proposed that sledge parties should start in the early spring, and explore the unknown region in various directions, while the scientific staff on board the respective ships would be able to prosecute researches both on shore and on the ice. They thought that in the improbable event of accidents, the expeditions could retreat to the Danish settlements in Greenland. The memorandum in which the Arctic committee embodied their views of the advantages which would accrue to various branches of science by the renewal of Arctic exploration is, as might be expected from the eminence of the persons who composed it, of very great value. Not only did they collect within the space of a short memorandum a compendium of all the results they anticipated, but both the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society undertook a larger work. They appointed editorial committees to gather together all the scattered memoranda which could be gleaned from periodicals, or from books, respecting Arctic explora-

* M'Clintock's "Fate of Franklin."

tion. The Royal Society, in its publication, dealt with physical matters — astronomy, terrestrial magnetism, meteorology, zoology, and botany; while the Geographical Society's publication was devoted principally to geography, hydrography, and ethnology. In fact, a whole Arctic library, more comprehensive than has ever before been compressed into so small a compass, is to be found in these two valuable, though they can scarcely be called readable, volumes. The Admiralty selected two vessels, H.M.S. "Alert" and the whaling-vessel "Bloodhound," which was forthwith bought into the navy and renamed the "Discovery." The hydrographer of the Admiralty was directed to furnish an estimate of the probable expenses. The purchase of two suitable vessels, their fitting and equipment, their stores, scientific gear, victualling, and coal, he set down for the first year at 56,000*l*. The total cost for two years and a half, including wages and salaries, he put down at 100,000*l*; adding that, should the expedition return in less than two years and a half, the expense would be proportionately diminished. The stores sent by the United States government for the relief of the "Polaris" were placed at the disposal of the English; the only condition being that, in the event of the stores being used, a proper inventory and appraisalment should be made by order of the commander; and that, if the pendulum should be found in its *cache* at Lifeboat Cove, it should, after use by the British expedition, be returned, together with any other instruments, and such arms, implements, and books, as might be recovered, to the United States.

The expedition was ready for sea at the end of May 1875. The "Alert," "Discovery," and "Valorous," which latter vessel was to accompany them to Disco with stores, left Bantry Bay on the 2nd of June, and, after meeting heavy weather during the whole of that month, arrived at Upernivik on the 22nd of July. The governor of north Greenland supplied them with dogs, and when they started from Upernivik the two ships had sixty of these animals on board.

Upernivik may be considered the furthest limit of well-explored and accurately known waters. Thenceforth their voyage was one of discovery as well as of adventure. Although the voyage up Smith Sound presented only the ordinary difficulties and dangers of Arctic navigation, both ships encountered their full amount of exciting adventure. One such scene,

mentioned by Sir George Nares, affords an illustration of the manner in which icebergs, floating with their bases deep down in under currents, sometimes crash their way through floe ice drifting in an exactly opposite direction under the influence of wind or surface current. On the night of the 5th of August both the ships were beset in the pack opposite Cape Albert, at the mouth of Hayes Sound. They were secured in the floe about a hundred yards apart, and found themselves drifting rapidly towards an iceberg. Both ships were at once prepared for a severe nip, with rudders and screws unshipped. "At first the 'Discovery' was apparently in the most dangerous position; but the floe in which they were sealed up, by wheeling round, while it relieved Captain Stephenson from any immediate apprehension, brought the 'Alert' directly in the path of the advancing mass, which was steadily tearing its way through the intermediate surface ice. The 'Alert' was saved in the nick of time by the splitting up of the floe."

On the morning of the 25th of August, after fighting their way through the ice for many days with constant labor, they discovered a large and well-protected harbor inside an island immediately west of Cape Bellot, on the northern shore of Lady Franklin Sound. Finding that this harbor was suitable in every way for winter quarters, and the abundance of the spare Arctic vegetation in the neighborhood giving every promise of game being procurable, Sir George Nares determined to leave the "Discovery" here for the winter, and to push forward with the "Alert" alone. On the morning of the 1st September the "Alert" passed up Robeson Strait, running before a strong gale nine knots and a half an hour. At noon, having carried her Majesty's ship into latitude 82° 24*m*. N., a higher latitude than any vessel had ever before attained, the ensign was hoisted at the peak. Sir George Nares was now fairly embarked on the polar ocean; but he at once found himself confronted with that stupendous ice which had stopped Collinson, M'Clure, Parry, Franklin, and, in fact, every voyager that ever embarked upon its waters. In another hour he was standing to the westward, between the pack and the land, and before nightfall the "Alert" had reached the extreme point of her journey.

Henceforth, whatever had to be done was to be done by the scientific men and sledging parties of the expedition.

The space into which the "Alert" and

"Discovery" had so far forced their way is that which on an ordinary terrestrial globe is covered by the brass hour circle; on the actual earth it is absolutely unknown. Taking the pole as the centre of this inhospitable waste, there are only three points in the surrounding circle where the foot of man has approached it within eight degrees or four hundred and eighty geographical miles. These three points are in 60° longitude east from Greenwich, where the Austrians under Weyprecht and Payer made their remarkable discoveries; in longitude 20° E., where, as far back as 1827, Sir Edward Parry got up to latitude $82^{\circ} 40\text{m.}$; and in longitude 60° W., where both the Americans under Hall and our latest expedition have fought their way within the magic circle. But this is the limit; no human foot has ever yet got up to the parallel of 84° . Following the circumference of the 80th parallel westward from the scene of Nares' researches, we find that it passes far to the north of the vast cluster of islands among which Sir John Franklin's expedition was lost. But neither there, nor to the north of Russian America, nor of Behring Strait, nor of the long coast-line of Siberia, do we know of any land that stretches upwards towards the pole. A glance at the map will show that within the basin of the polar sea, there is no indication of anything like a continent, or even a large island, in the whole space between the Siberian and American shores and the pole. At one time it was a favorite idea with geographical theorists that the space around the pole was an open sea. Dr. Augustus Petermann, the German geographer, was indefatigable in his attempts to uphold this belief. It was only finally set at rest by Captain Markham's adventurous sledge journey in the spring of the present year. The polar sea, as far as we know it, is studded with islands; and, reasoning from analogy, there are grounds for the conclusion that the remaining, or unknown portion, is similar in character to that which has been already surveyed. One of the points which it was hoped the English expedition would decide was whether there was a water communication, on the north coast of Greenland, between the Atlantic and the Polar Sea, or whether, as some supposed, Greenland is part of a polar continent. But though accumulating evidence points to the conclusion that it is an island, the matter still lies outside the limits of positive proof.

The whole of the polar basin westward and northward of the Parry Islands ap-

pears to be occupied by a huge field of ice, different in character from anything found elsewhere in the Arctic regions. Sir Robert M'Clure traced it from Behring Strait to the north-west of Banks Land, round a great curve of more than a thousand miles. Sir George Nares found it to the north of Smith Sound, and gave it the distinctive name of paleocrystic ice. Admiral Sherard Osborn describes it as "a vast, floating, glacier-like mass, surging to and fro in an enclosed area of the Arctic sea." Admiral Osborn concludes that there must be land, or at least islands, between Spitzbergen and Behring Strait, because the paleocrystic ice never, even in the most furious gales, moves far away from the American shore. If there had been space for it to move north, he says, the furious south storms which sweep over the North American continent would blow it far in that direction, and bring its masses down into the Atlantic by way of Spitzbergen: whereas, as a matter of fact, it never goes more than a few miles off the American coast, leaving a narrow belt of water, and directly the gale abates, it surges back again, with its edge grounding in twelve fathoms of water.

The same phenomenon occurred along its eastern edge, where the great ice-field impinged on the archipelago at Banks Island; and Sir George Nares made a similar observation as regards the north shore of Grinnell Land, where the "Alert" passed the winter. We quote isolated lines from a passage spread over two or three pages, remarking that the evidence thus given by Sir George is quite unconscious, as the passage under consideration relates primarily to the safety of his ship, and not to the nature of the ice. He says, "On leaving Robeson Channel, immediately the land trends to the westward, the coast-line loses its steep character, and the heavy ice is stranded at a distance of one hundred to two hundred yards from the shore, forming a fringe of detached masses of ice from twenty feet to upwards of sixty feet in height above water, and lying aground in from eight to twelve fathoms."

Sir George secured his ship inside this protecting barrier, and, two days later, during a squall from the south-west, "the pack slowly retreated towards the north-east. . . . The gale continued all night, and drove the pack two miles off shore. . . . On the morning of the 2nd September the wind suddenly shifted to north-west, bringing the pack rapidly in towards the land."

These extracts strikingly confirms Sheppard Osborn's description of the "glacier-like mass surging to and fro in an enclosed area," which we gave above.

The paleocrystic ice is of most tremendous character. Sir George Nares tells us that its motion is entirely different from that produced by the meeting of ordinary floes. "In the latter case the broken edges of the two pieces of ice, each striving for the mastery, are readily upheaved, and continually fall over with a noisy crash. In the former, the enormous pressure, raising pieces frequently thirty thousand tons in weight in comparative silence, displays itself with becoming solemnity and grandeur." It may be imagined what obstacles such ice presents to the advance of loaded sledges; yet over it the advance of Captain Markham towards the pole had to be made.

The geographical question whether Greenland is or is not an island, which was presented for solution to the exploring parties of Sir George Nares, is not one of idle or even of merely scientific curiosity. It is one which practically affects the lives and well-being of all inhabitants of the temperate regions of the earth. As it can be shown that our temperate climate depends upon the nature and direction of ocean currents, any alteration in these phenomena would produce most startling effects upon our well-being. The climate of Europe itself in no small degree depends upon the atmospheric condition of the pole: the development there of extremely low temperature necessarily leads to corresponding changes of pressure and other atmospheric disturbances, the effects of which are felt far into the temperate zone. To such an extent, indeed, is the temperature of the equatorial regions lowered, and that of the temperate and polar regions raised, by means of ocean currents, that, if these were to cease, and each latitude were to depend exclusively on the heat received directly from the sun, only a small portion of the globe would be habitable for the present order of human beings.

In the northern hemisphere two immense oceans extend from the equator to the north, and between them lie two great continents, which contain by far the larger part of the inhabitants of the earth. Owing to the earth's spherical form, too much sun heat is received at the equator, and too little in high latitudes, to make the earth a suitable habitation for the human race, unless there existed some compensating influences. The ocean alone

can afford compensation; it alone can convey heat in its bosom to distant shores. To the winds belongs the task of distributing it. They charge themselves with warmth and moisture by contact with the sea, and convey them in the form of mist and rain over the surface of the land. Upon this two-fold arrangement depends the thermal condition of the earth.

There is a difference of about 80° between the mean temperature of the equator and the poles. The mean temperature of the equator is about 80° , and that of the pole a little more than 2° Fahrenheit. But, were each part of the globe's surface to depend only upon the direct heat which it receives from the sun, there ought to be a difference of more than 200° . The annual quantity of heat received at the equator is to that received at the pole as twelve to five. It is the office of the ocean to reduce this great discrepancy within limits compatible with human existence. If no warm water were conveyed from the equator to the pole, the temperature of the equator would rise, and that of the pole would sink. Taking the temperature of stellar space as the standard of comparison, the equator would be 135° above and the pole 83° below zero of Fahrenheit.* The equator would therefore be 55° warmer than at present, and the pole 83° colder, a condition of affairs under which, it is obvious, no human beings could live. Assuming for a moment that the warm water which produces this equalizing effect is the Gulf Stream, it would follow that the stoppage of that stream would reduce the temperature of London to something very little higher than that which now exists at the pole, and that about 40° represents the actual rise at London due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. If this be true, it is evident that to us in England the Gulf Stream makes all the difference between a moderate and an absolutely uninhabitable abode. But is it the Gulf Stream which passes into the polar regions? Are the seas round Greenland and Spitzbergen heated by its warmth? A glance at the map will show that the polar ice-sea, enormous in extent though it be, is land-locked, and communicates with the other oceans of the globe only through three openings, two of which hardly exceed the size of large rivers, while even the third is of no

* The temperature of stellar space is 239° ; when therefore the proportion twelve to five between the equator and the pole is reached, the equator will be 374° and the pole 156° above that of stellar space; that is, the equator would be plus 135° Fahrenheit, and the pole minus 83° .

very great extent; these three openings are Behring Strait, Smith Sound, and the Greenland Sea. A strong current sets from the pole to the southward through each of these channels. It is plain that the water of these currents is not composed of melting ice, for, if it were, the pole would soon be free from obstruction. Whence then does it come? So large a quantity of cold water constantly flowing from the polar regions into the Atlantic makes it certain that an equal mass flows in from south to north; and if we look at the map, it is hard to resist the conviction that this must be the Gulf Stream. Behring Strait, the only opening from the polar region to the Pacific, is too shallow to admit of the passage of any considerable warm stream as under current. It is nowhere more than thirty fathoms in depth, and the greater part of that depth is occupied by a cold southerly current which runs through it from the pole. But the possibility of the Gulf Stream finding its way into the Polar Sea must depend on Greenland being an island. If, as Dr. Petermann, the German geographer, who bore the principal part in fitting out the last German expedition, still asserts, Greenland stretches away across the pole in the direction of Behring Strait, some other theory must be devised to account for the unknown facts, and this is why it was hoped that Sir George Nares' expedition would have set this question at rest.

As soon as the ships were fairly frozen in, they began to prepare for the long winter. A few preliminary trials were made with the sledges, and some depots of provisions were placed in readiness for the spring operations, but the travelling parties were soon recalled, and all hands set to work to organize the routine of work and amusements which were to keep up the spirits and consequently the health of the men during one hundred and forty-two days of darkness.

It was during this time that the scientific officers devoted their attention to the work of their observatories. Those of the "Alert" were a large and lofty series of snow houses, connected together by a snow gallery. Here magnetic observations were taken, the general result of which is understood to confirm those of which the scientific world are already possessed; but as they are not yet published, we can only speak of them in very general terms. The same remark applies to the meteorological, astronomical, and polar-

iscope observations, and to those made with the spectroscope and electrometer.

A similar observatory was constructed at Discovery Bay, and there the same scientific routine was pursued as in the northern ship. Captain Stephenson, moreover, had an opportunity which Nares had not, of making a series of very valuable tidal observations. On one point only was there any notable failure; and that was one to which we look with considerable regret, though it was caused by meteorological and other physical difficulties with which it was impossible to cope. It was found impossible to use the pendulum for determining the exact value of gravitation at the pole, and the consequent perfecting of our knowledge of the shape of the earth. There are two reasons why the pole should be selected as the scene of such experiments, viz., that there gravitation is at its maximum, and the counter-acting centrifugal force at its minimum. Gravitation is greatest at the pole because the equatorial diameter of the earth is somewhat in excess of the polar diameter, and the compressed portion of a spheroid attracts a body on its surface more powerfully than the more convex portion, being more compact in mass, and the active forces collectively nearer the surface. Centrifugal force is insensible, because, as one may easily see by whirling a weight at the end of a string, centrifugal force is proportionate to rapidity of rotation; and as there is no rotation whatever at the poles of the earth, gravitation is there entirely unopposed by centrifugal force.

At the equator the rotation is very rapid; and gravitation, violently opposed by centrifugal force, is at its minimum. It follows that gravitation increases from the equator to the pole in a certain definite proportion; a body which weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds at the equator weighs one hundred and ninety-four pounds at the pole; this proportion finds mathematical expression in the statement, that the element of gravity, due to centrifugal force, varies everywhere as the square of the cosine of the latitude. Now, a pendulum swinging freely backwards and forwards is impelled by gravity alone, and as the time which a weight would take to fall through a space equal to the length of the pendulum bears a certain known proportion to its time of oscillation, we are enabled, by observing the rate of the oscillations of a pendulum of known length, to deduce from it what length of pendulum would in that place beat exact seconds,

and consequently how far a body would fall in a second—in other words, the force of gravitation at that place.*

A pendulum which beats seconds in London is too slow at the equator, and requires to be shortened. This is easy to understand when we know that gravity decreases towards the equator. Experiments have been made with the pendulum in all parts of the world. Sir Edward Sabine carried it from the equator to Spitzbergen, and it was hoped that the present expedition would give us the results of observations taken at the pole itself. All preparations were made for that purpose, but the severity of the climate proved too much for the clockwork. It was not till after several attempts that the idea was finally abandoned. Captain Stephenson writes in March 1876:—

Commander Beaumont had everything ready for observations with the pendulum at the beginning of this month, being in hopes a milder temperature would have allowed the clock to go, but the very severe weather frustrated his expectations. This being the last month the clock can be rated by the transit of the stars, having now perpetual daylight, he was prepared to make a great effort. It remains to be proved whether the observations can be carried out with sufficient accuracy by means of the sun alone. If this is not successful, the only other opportunity would be in the autumn, during the few days between the re-appearance of the stars, and the advent of a temperature that would stop the clock, stars of the first magnitude being visible at night during the first week in October.†

But it was not to be. The machinery of the clocks employed would not stand the severe cold; the oil froze in the works, and they would not go at all. It will easily be understood that observations on the length of a second must be conducted with minute accuracy to be of any value, and under the circumstances this was not attainable.

The collective indications of observations already made clearly show the general accuracy of the law deduced from theory as to the increase of gravity as the pole is approached; but there are so many disturbing causes, owing to irregularities in the shape of the earth's surface that it is impossible to project from observations

made in different parts of the earth such a curve as will harmonize them all. It is tolerably certain that the general result already arrived at will not be disturbed by any future operations. The earth is known to be a slightly oblate spheroid, and any correction of its form as now assumed will probably be very minute, and will be useful only in mathematical calculation of the highest refinement. We may therefore easily console ourselves for the failure of Commander Beaumont's attempt.

While we are on the subject of clocks, we may remark a curious circumstance, which was not expected. It was supposed that chronometers would not, in the severe cold of the Arctic circle, keep their rates with sufficient accuracy to enable the longitude to be determined by their means alone. We pointed out in a recent number of this review* that the difficulty of trusting to chronometers for longitude in our Arctic expedition would arise from the circumstance that, in all probability, the expedition would arrive at its extreme point, where it would be locked fast for a time, some months after leaving the last known point of well-defined longitude, and therefore it was impossible to predict how the rates of the chronometers might be affected during those months.

This result would arise not only from the lapse of time, but from a chronometrical fact which has not yet been brought under control, namely, that when the temperature is at or about freezing-point, the rates of chronometers become unmanageable. No form of compensation hitherto tried has been able to correct this defect. The object of "compensation" is to produce uniformity of rate in spite of difference of temperature. This is partially, but only partially, effected by the application of weights to the balance; it is a process slow and costly, and moreover, cannot be applied in such a manner as to meet all circumstances. The difference of force in a spring proceeds uniformly in proportion to the increase of heat, and may be graphically represented by a straight line inclined, at some angle, to another straight line, which is divided to represent degrees of temperature. But the inertia of a compound balance cannot be made to decrease quite so rapidly as the heat increases; and therefore its rate of variation can only be represented by a curve, which will only coincide with the straight line representing the variation of force in the spring at two points. In other words,

* (1.) The oscillations of a pendulum in small arcs are all made in equal times.

(2.) The time of oscillation is proportionate to the length of the pendulum.

(3.) The time of oscillation is to the time in which a body would fall from a state of rest down the length of the pendulum as the periphery of a circle to its diameter.

† Report, p. 9, sect. 110.

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 281, p. 164.

the compensation can only be exact for some two temperatures for which you may choose to adjust it. But this anticipated wildness in the rates of the chronometers did not take place to the extent expected in the case of the recent expedition. Owing to care and skill, they were able to keep their chronometers at a temperature so nearly even that, although by no means free from variation, they did not become unreliable. Captain Stephenson tells us * that during the winter fifty sets of lunars were observed, sixteen of which, up to the date of March 1876, were calculated. The mean of all gave a longitude which accorded with the longitude deduced from the chronometers within thirty seconds of time. Commander Beaumont ascertained the rates of the chronometers from time to time by means of the transit instruments. A variation in their rates was observed, following the changes of temperature during the winter; but notwithstanding this, and the frequent concussion experienced by the ship in working through the ice, Captain Stephenson remarked with some surprise how nearly the results deduced from the lunars accorded with those of the accumulated rates.

The sun re-appeared on the 1st of March, and the explorers were almost immediately on foot. By the end of the month all the pioneer expeditions had done their work, and on the 3rd of April the long journey sledges took their departure. Three weeks later, when Stephenson, after despatching his own parties, went up to the "Alert" to confer with Nares, none but a few officers, who had returned from pioneer sledging journeys, and some invalids, were left on board the ships. The northern division under Markham and Parr were off in the direction of the pole; Aldrich was surveying Grinnell Land to the west; Rawson and Egerton were away laying a depot on the north shore of Greenland; Beaumont had started with heavier sledges in their track; surveying parties were away from the "Discovery" laying down Lady Franklin Sound and Petermann Fiord; the naturalists, hunters, explorers, and photographers, were busy in their several avocations. Every one was taking advantage with feverish eagerness of the short interval of summer.

Nearly opposite to the spot where the "Discovery" passed the winter were the winter quarters of the American exploring expedition, commanded by Hall in the year

1872. Polaris Bay, as it is called, lay just across Robeson Channl, and a considerable quantity of stores had been left there by the Americans, and were now at the disposal of Beaumont for his Greenland exploration. The "Polaris" expedition had found that, in 1872, the ice broke up in Robeson Channel in the month of May, Beaumont was not to return till June 15; it was, therefore, necessary to provide some means for him to cross the strait in case he should arrive on its shores after the ice had begun to move. Captain Stephenson determined to have a boat conveyed across the ice to the "Polaris" depot, there to await the return of the explorers, and a party started with that end in view. Captain Stephenson followed with light sledges, and overtook them at Hall's Rest.

The object of Captain Stephenson's personal presence on that occasion may be gathered from the following extract:—

On the following day, the American flag being hoisted, a brass tablet prepared in England was erected at the foot of Captain Hall's grave with due solemnity. It bore the following inscription:—

Sacred
to the Memory of
CAPTAIN C. F. HALL,
of the U.S. Ship "Polaris,"
who sacrificed his Life
in the advancement of Science,
on the 8th November, 1871.

This Tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience.

Captain Hall, of the "Polaris," was a man of iron frame and great personal courage. He had prepared himself for the work before him by long residence among the Esquimaux. He learned their language and adopted their habits in a way that might, perhaps, have been found impossible by a man of more delicate nurture. As his friend and biographer says, "He learned to like the repulsive food the Esquimaux lived on; fasting when it was scarce, with the *sang-froid* of one 'to the manner born,' and relishing the blubber, when it came, with the best of them." He was stoutly and very powerfully built, and, according to the portraits we have seen of him, his features were as rugged as his heart was kindly. He had not the advantage of a liberal education, but he was, though not a seaman by profession, an expert navigator, and was remarkable for the neatness and precision of his astronomical observations. The

* Report, sect. 112.

main fault in his character, and, in fact, the one which at last endangered the safety of his expedition, is thus dealt with by no unfriendly hand:—

The extent to which he was able to overlook the insolence and impertinence of those who owed him duty and allegiance is something marvellous to consider. Indeed, he carried this too far. Had he dealt more sternly with the beginnings of insubordination, we might have had a far different story to tell; but every other feeling and sentiment were swallowed up in the absorbing desire to get north.

It is, indeed, impossible now to know what would have been the result if Hall had been able to impress his own strong hopes and belief on those who composed his expedition. Immediately after his death they broke up into parties without union or cohesion, animated, as it would seem, by an overmastering desire to return home. Upon the details of the disintegration of the expedition, and the miserable accusations and recriminations which followed it, we have no intention of dwelling; the whole matter has been subjected to searching examination in America, and we only allude to it in order to record the deliberate opinion of the naval court which examined the survivors of the expedition. The worst accusation, and one which, it would seem, poor Hall himself believed in, was that he died by poison administered by his own people. This the court emphatically rejected as untrue.

There can be no doubt that the English expedition was sent to Smith Sound partly in reliance on alleged discoveries of land reaching far above 83° in the direction of the pole; and it will hardly be wrong to assume that, if the land laid down on the American chart had really existed, Sir George Nares' expedition would have had a more successful result. But it is worth while to inquire to what extent the discoveries inserted in American charts, on the alleged authority of the "Polaris" expedition, are really founded on claims made by them. No such claims, certainly, were ever made by poor Hall himself. The geographical determinations made by him are singularly truthful and accurate; and it is but an act of duty to acquit one who is no longer here to speak for himself, of misleading us in a matter for which, as leader of the party, he is naturally held responsible. The reader will see by reference to the map what were the claims made on behalf of the American expedition, and what has now been found to be the actual state of the case. In one, the

land is made to trend upwards on the west side of Robeson Channel, nearly up to the eighty-fourth parallel. Due north, running east and west across the entrance to the sound, lies land in a still higher latitude, to which the name of President's Land has been given; and away to the north-east, and forming the supposed continuation of the eastern shore of Robeson Channel, are marked capes and headlands to which American names have been assigned. All these fiords, bays, capes, and sounds have appeared in the official charts of the American Admiralty, and were thence transferred to our own; but it now seems that they must be altogether erased. A note appears on the American chart, saying that, the original documents having been lost, the coast-line has been laid down according to the recollection of the officers and men composing the expedition. It may be so; but the information was not given by any of the recognized leaders. Hall, as we see on the face of the chart, had nothing to do with the matter. With regard to the officers composing the expedition, we find that they say almost as little as their commander. Their evidence is contained in the official report to the president of the United States, by the secretary of the navy, on the loss of the "Polaris," which is now before us.

The scientific officer of the expedition, who was sent out by the American authorities to be responsible for such like matters, was Dr. Meyer. That officer's draft chart is prefixed to the official report, and contains no names, nor anything north of Cape Union (which cape, though placed too far to the north on the American chart, was seen by the "Polaris" expedition), but a dotted line alone indicates what, in his opinion, was the probable direction of the coast. At the close of his evidence, Dr. Meyer said, in answer to a question, "I believe I surveyed the coast a little above 84° on the west coast; on the east coast, about $82^{\circ} 30m$." This is the sole remark, so far as we can learn from the official report, on which the American hydrographers can have founded their work. The leader is silent. The scientific officer sends in a sketch, truly representing what he thought he saw. Who then invented the elaborate series of bays, sounds, and headlands, eighteen or twenty in number? and who gave to these imaginary localities the names by which they are marked on the official chart? It is as great a crime against the unwritten law of nations to publish false charts as it is to exhibit false lights to lure vessels to de-

struction. We know what was the claim put forth in the modest American chart when it left the hands of those who did the work and reported the results. To whose credulity, or imagination, does it owe its subsequent completed form?

The chart requires other corrections, different however both in degree and kind. It is only natural that the early surveys of Hayes and Kane should require considerable correction; but they were certainly both to blame in altering surveys originally made by Admiral Inglefield without sufficient cause. For instance, to quote Captain Nares:—

The two islands marked on the chart on the authority of Dr. Hayes as existing in the entrance of Hayes Sound are, as originally represented by Admiral Inglefield, in reality joined. The three capes named by the latter, north of Cape Sabine, are very prominent headlands, and readily sighted from a ship's deck from any position north of Littleton Island. There is no sign of an inlet along the very slightly indented coast line between his Cape Camperdown and Cape Albert. His Princess Marie Bay is the inlet north of the land in the middle of the sound, but whether that be an island or a peninsula remains to be determined; and his Cape Victoria is evidently one of the headlands on the present Grinnell Land. It is necessarily an unthankful office to find fault with our predecessors; but navigators cannot be too careful how they remove from the chart names given by the original discoverers, merely because during a gale of wind a bearing or an estimated distance is a trifle wrong; and when the corrector or improver is also himself considerably wrong, and in fact produces a more unreliable chart than the first one, he deserves blame. The names given to the headlands undoubtedly discovered by Admiral Inglefield should not have been altered by Drs. Kane and Hayes, each of whom published very misleading delineations of the same coast.

The whole body of the land on the west side of Robeson Channel also requires to be rectified. It can be no pleasure to find fault with explorers so intrepid and conscientious as Hayes and Kane, both of whom have done much to cement that good feeling between England and America which community of object and enterprise has so great a tendency to secure. Moreover, when mistakes arise, the circumstances of Arctic surveying, with its inevitable concomitants of freezing fingers, and object-glasses clouded with rapidly congealing mist, must always be taken into account. The approach of the eye to an eye-piece is sufficient to cloud it; and he must be almost more than human who does not jump somewhat hastily at an an-

gle or an altitude when a mitten removed means frost-bitten fingers, and it is almost as difficult to read off the arc on a sextant as to work out the observation when the data are secured. There was on the part of Nares no anxiety to upset the allegations of the American chart. As an officer of the expedition naïvely remarked to us, "we did not go to pick holes in the results of our predecessors, but to establish accurate positions ourselves." A keen observer of the corrected English chart will often find evidences of the kindly care with which former mistakes have been shielded. Wherever an erroneous determination has been made by a predecessor, the name already given has, if possible, been attached to the latitude and longitude appropriated to it, while the point which was the original recipient of the name receives along with its correct definition in latitude and longitude another designation. These little courtesies are pleasing to observe, especially as they are not universal. But although it is a thankless task to correct the venial mistakes of gallant men like Kane and Hayes, who risked their lives to obtain the positions they set down, it is difficult to look with equal equanimity on the claims put forth by office men comfortably seated at home, especially when the inevitable result must be to damage, and not to increase, the reputations of those whose explorations they pretend to embody. We are more distinctly conscious of such a feeling when, as we have shown to be the case with reference to the capes and bays north of Cape Union, the surveyors make no such claim for themselves as is made in their name.

While the sledging parties were away, Mr. Hart, naturalist of the "Discovery," found coal near the winter quarters of his ship. To our minds this is one of the most interesting results of the expedition. It opens out a whole range of speculations as to cosmical phenomena of the most primary importance. Coal is but the accumulated decay of a luxuriant vegetation, which demanded a long period of warmth and moisture, differing in the widest degree from the climatic condition of the pole at the present time. It has been long known that the northern part of the Parry Islands abounded with carboniferous rocks, and coal has been found and worked to a considerable extent in Greenland, but now we know that it extends almost to the pole itself. It is, therefore, no matter of conjecture, but of certainty, that a luxuriant vegetation and consider-

able heat existed where we now find only the accumulated ice of ages.

It is the generally received opinion both among geologists and botanists that the flora of the coal period does not indicate the existence of a tropical, but of a moist and equable, climate. Tree ferns range as far south as New Zealand, and araucanian pines occur in Norfolk Island. A great preponderance of ferns and lycopodiums, says Sir Charles Lyell, indicates moisture, equability of temperature, and freedom from frost, rather than intense heat. The atmosphere during the coal period probably resembled the climate which we endeavor artificially to represent in our hot-houses. But it is not sufficient for the production of coal that there should be a climate suitable to the growth of a luxuriant vegetation. It is almost equally essential that immediately after the decay of such vegetation it should be preserved by being covered over by a thick deposit of sand, mud, or clay. For this end it was necessary that the area on which the plants grew should be submerged, and that in a cold rather than in a warm sea.

The generally admitted theory of coal formation is this, that the coal trees grew near broad estuaries and on immense plains but little elevated above the sea-level; that after the growth of many generations of trees the plain was submerged under the sea, and in process of time covered over with sand, gravel, and sediments carried down by the streams from the adjoining land; that the submerged plain afterwards became again elevated above the sea-level, and formed the site of a second forest which after the lapse of long centuries was again submerged. The alternate process of submergence and emergence went on till we have a succession of buried forests with immense stratified deposits between, which ultimately become converted into beds of coal.

Oscillation of the land, so often repeated, has been the wonder and despair of geologists; for any theory which pretended to account for the presence of coal—in Greenland, for instance, or at the pole—was bound as a condition of success to account not only for alternations of climate in the icy region of the north, in itself a formidable problem, but for the oscillation of the land alternately below and above the sea-level as many times as there were thicknesses or seams in the coal, for evidently during the formation of each seam the land must have been alternately once submerged and once elevated. This, in fact, was one of the unsolved problems of

geology; it was long suspected that its final solution must be referred to the astronomer, but unluckily the great masters of that science at the beginning of the present century darkened counsel by rejecting, on what now appears to be insufficient grounds, the explanation that lay ready to their hands. There are only two astronomical causes which could be supposed to materially affect the climate of the earth. One was a change in the obliquity of the elliptic, and the other a change in the earth's orbit. Laplace calculated the possible variation of obliquity of the ecliptic, and pronounced it so insignificant as to cause little effect on climate in general, and, *a fortiori*, to have had no effect whatever on the climate of the pole. He also, after calculating the extreme limit of variation in the form of the earth's orbit, agreed with Herschel, Lagrange, and other celebrated men, that this must also be put aside. The question was thenceforth looked upon as settled; which was an error, for they decided, as lawyers are supposed to decide, not on the merits of the case, but on the case as submitted to them.

We lately showed in this review that physical causes now at work could have produced, and probable did produce, the alternate and repeated submersion and emergence of the earth. We will now try whether, by similar reasoning, it can be shown how alternate climates succeeded each other at the pole. It is only necessary to deal with one pole, for whatever happened at one pole, the same phenomena would occur in each instance ten or twelve thousand years later at the other. There is a slight annual change in what is called the longitude of the perihelion; that is, the earth is not exactly in the same part of her journey round the sun, at the time of the equinox, in successive years. The consequence follows, that in process of time the equinoctial point travels right round the orbit. As the path of the earth is an ellipse, and not a circle, and the sun occupies one of the foci, the earth at any given season is never exactly the same distance from the sun two years running. The position of the earth at the equinox, or at the solstice, for example, would shift right round the orbit in twenty thousand years; so that, whatever was the position of the earth in summer, say in the year one, by the year ten thousand the position of the earth in summer would have shifted half round the orbit, and would occupy the position which was occupied by it in winter in the year one.

If the north pole were subjected to any given combination of circumstances in the year one, the south pole would be subjected to similar conditions about ten thousand years later. If, therefore, we can discover any combination of circumstances which at a particular time would produce a condition of perpetual ice in the northern hemisphere, and perpetual summer in the southern, we may be sure that ten thousand years later there will be perpetual summer in the north and perpetual ice in the south. And this see-saw would continue until, in the course of ages, alteration of the degree of eccentricity of the earth's orbit would remove the inducing cause. Now, there was such a combination of circumstances; in fact there have been several such combinations. There was one about two hundred and forty thousand years ago, and it lasted about one hundred and fifty thousand years. During the whole of that time the changes from warm to cold climate every ten or twelve thousand years must have been of the most extreme character. During that period the climate of the pole probably changed from the extremity of heat to intensest cold, many times. During the cold periods, the weight of ice on the glaciated hemisphere would displace, were it but two or three hundred feet, the centre of gravity of the earth; the level of the ocean would change to accommodate itself to the new centre of gravity, and there would be a submergence of the land. By degrees, after thousands of years, the ice would begin to melt, and form on the other hemisphere. The sea would return to its former level, and there would be an emergence of the land. This is the simple explanation of that emergence and subsidence of the land, within comparatively moderate periods, which have appeared to geologists to demand for their accomplishment millions upon millions of ages.

But we have to show that a cause has actually existed which could produce, through many thousand years, perpetual ice in one hemisphere and contemporaneously perpetual summer in the other. Astronomers were perfectly right in saying that no change which is astronomically possible in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit could alone produce such a condition of things; but they omitted to take into consideration the fact, that, though change of eccentricity could not directly cause such a condition, it might bring into existence causes which, operating

through long periods of time, would indirectly produce it.

The earth's orbit approaches, more or less, nearly to a circle. The major axis never changes; but the minor axis varies so that, when the earth's orbit is at its highest eccentricity, the earth is roughly fourteen million miles further from the sun at aphelion than at perihelion. The earth moves more slowly at aphelion than it does when it is near the sun; and, therefore, if the northern winter occurred in aphelion, it would not only be fourteen millions of miles further from the sun than in summer, but, as it moved more slowly, its winter would be longer. The other hemisphere with its winter in perihelion would, at the same time, be nearer the sun in winter, and get its winter over more quickly.

Year by year the aphelion winter would get colder and colder; not enough to produce what is called glaciation, but enough to make a great and general lowering of temperature; then would come into operation certain causes affecting the direction of ocean currents, to complete the work which astronomical causes had begun.

A great deal of controversy has taken place respecting the physical cause of the circulation of ocean currents. Some have attributed it to differences of specific gravity between the polar and equatorial water; some to difference of thermal condition between the equator and the poles. But evidence, in our opinion almost irresistible, points to the conclusion that the ocean circulation is due to the winds. The globe may be said to have only one sea, just as the earth has only one atmosphere. We are so accustomed to think of the Atlantic and Pacific as separate oceans, and the currents of the ocean as independent of one another, that a confusion not unnaturally results from the idea that, supposing the currents to be due to the winds, their direction must follow the direction of the prevailing winds blowing over that particular sea. The currents are, however, only members of a grand system of circulation produced by the combined action of all the prevailing winds of the globe; and though it may happen that the general system of winds may in some places produce a current directly opposite to the direction of the winds blowing over that particular sea, in general terms it may be said that the direction of the main currents of the globe agrees with the direction of the prevailing winds. For example, in the North Atlan-

tic, the Gulf Stream bifurcates in mid-Atlantic; so does the wind. The left branch of the stream passes north-eastward into the Arctic regions, and the right branch south-eastward by the Azores; so does the wind. The south-eastern branch of the stream, after passing the Canaries, re-enters the equatorial current, and flows into the Gulf of Mexico; the same holds true of the wind. A like agreement exists in reference to all the leading currents of the ocean. This is particularly seen in the great Antarctic current, which, instead of turning to the left under the influence of the earth's rotation, turns to the right when it gets into the region of westerly winds between 40° and 50° south latitude. Mr. Croll goes so far as to say that "all the principal currents of the globe are in fact moving in the exact direction in which they ought to move, assuming the winds to be the sole impelling cause. So perfect is the agreement between the two systems that, given the system of winds, and the conformation of sea and land, the system of oceanic circulation might be determined *a priori*."*

Sir George Nares, in his address to the Royal-Geographical Society,† briefly but boldly expressed similar views. He said, "The sea is the great distributor of heat. The two well-known trade-winds, blowing across the warm tropical seas from the eastward, and, as they approach the equator, gradually changing their course more to the northward and southward, till they may almost be said to meet, by the never-ending pressure which they exert on the ocean surface, accumulate a head of water in front of any obstruction to their course, and this flows naturally away towards the point or points of least resistance." That is the whole case; but it must be understood that the currents are not all on the surface. The surface currents follow the direction of the prevailing winds; the under currents, by means of which equilibrium is restored, generally dive down beneath the surface current, and run in the opposite direction. Such is the case with the Gulf Stream, which passes under the polar stream on the west of Spitzbergen, the latter passing in turn under the Gulf Stream beyond Bear Island. The polar streams flow southward as surface currents as long as they remain under the influence of northerly winds. When they reach the region of south-westerly winds, they disappear under the warm waters of the Gulf

Stream. And this for the simple reason that in each instance the stream, as Sir George Nares says, will take the line of least resistance. In the case of a stream going before the wind, this will be on the surface; when going against the wind, the line of least resistance will be some distance below it.

Now, we have seen how great an influence the ocean circulation exerts on the climate of the earth; we have also seen that the direction of ocean currents is determined by that of the prevailing winds. If, therefore, it should appear that astronomical causes affect the general direction of the winds, it will be evident that indirectly the same astronomical causes influence the climate of the earth. The trade-winds are caused by a cold indraught from the poles continually rushing towards the equator, there to replace the rarefied air, which, ascending, forms an upper current north and south. If the earth were quiescent, the lower current would, in both hemispheres, blow nearly north and south respectively; but the globe revolves on its axis from west to east; its velocity, nothing at the poles, is about a thousand miles an hour at the equator. In passing from high latitudes to the equator, the cold currents of air arrive progressively at regions where the earth is revolving with more and more velocity. The air, flowing from the north and south, is unable to keep up with this continually increasing rate of rotation; it lags behind, and thus forms two currents, opposite in direction to the rotation of the earth. Thus, by the combined efforts of the rotation of the earth and the difference of temperature between the poles and equator, two permanent winds are formed, to which the names of the north-east and south-east trades are given. Whichever pole is the coldest, or differs most in temperature from the equator, has most disturbance of thermal equilibrium to adjust, and sends forth the strongest wind. At present, the south is the coldest pole, and the south-east trades deflect the Gulf Stream to the north. But suppose the reverse to be the case, and the northern winter at a period of high eccentricity to occur in aphelion: the northern winds, coming from what would then be the coldest pole, would overpower the feebler winds of the south, and would blow far over the equator to the southward, the warm equatorial ocean current would be deflected, and would go to swell the Brazilian stream flowing to the south, Europe would soon sink to a temperature unfit for human life, and a

* Croll, "Climate and Time," p. 214.

† See *Times*, December 13, 1876.

glacial epoch would occur at the north pole. At length, by the operation of the same causes, after thousands of weary years, the scene would begin to change. The precession of the equinoxes would cause the position of the earth in summer to shift; the northern lands would begin to emerge from the waters of the icy sea; the ice-floes to deposit their boulder on the lowlands; the winter to become less long and dreary; finally would come a complete reversal—the northern winter occurring at last in perihelion, the difference between its short mild winter and its long summer would almost cease to be appreciable; and while the other hemisphere was undergoing the greatest extremes of summer heat and winter cold, the northern would enjoy a climate like that of perpetual spring. Then, as in the former case, the action of the winds would begin, the south-east trades would again convey the heated equatorial water to the pole, and a climate suitable to the constitution of the coal-plants would ensue.

It is by cosmical phenomena such as we have thus briefly, and necessarily most imperfectly, described—phenomena grand in their simplicity, and mighty in their action—that, in the opinion of our most trustworthy modern physicists, the alternations of climate at the pole, and the formation of the Arctic coal measures, have been caused. But these views, though held by many able natural philosophers, have yet not been finally accepted by a portion of the scientific world. A short time ago a paper was read before a learned society, proving fully and ably that no appreciable displacement of the earth's axis of rotation could be due to any possible accumulation of ice at the pole. So far good. But in the discussion which followed, it seemed to be assumed that, if such were the case, there was an end of any possible explanation of the tropical flora proved to exist at the pole. Some went so far as to suggest that, if the inclination of the polar axis to the sun had not changed, the position of the pole on the earth must have changed, because, as was said, a polar night of five months implies a condition of things which must have been fatal to the life of the light-loving coal-trees, which could not live in the dark. This objection, however, is not considered a valid one by Dr. Hooker, the president of the Royal Society, who declares that the difficulty is much greater to his mind of conceiving plants enduring the excitement of an Arctic day than the torpor of an Arctic night. He adds, as an illustra-

tion of his view, that, when at St. Petersburg, he saw houses containing tropical plants—palms, ferns, and the like.—covered over during the winter with mats, and these again with snow, till the plants were, for months together, in almost total darkness. The temperature was much lower than the normal requirements of such vegetation, and yet, to his surprise, when summer returned, the plants awoke as if it were from long sleep, and were splendid specimens of health and growth. The difficulty arising from the length of the Arctic night was therefore not very formidable. We cannot resist the pleasure of adding that Dr. Hooker, who will universally be allowed to be the first living authority on such subjects, expressed this opinion in conversation with the writer of these pages, and kindly accompanied his remarks with permission to quote them. It may be as well to add—though we hope we have already made our meaning clear—that the alternate emergence and submersion of the land of the pole, due to the presence of the ice-cap, is not produced by altering the inclination of the axis of rotation of the earth, as a ship would be made to float lopsided by piling weights on one side of her deck. The ice operates by altering the position of the centre of gravity. In a billiard ball the centre of gravity is in the exact centre of the ball; melt a few drops of lead on to its surface, and the centre of gravity of the whole mass will shift in the direction of the lead. So on the earth: the weight of the ice will shift the centre of gravity a little in the direction of the glaciated pole; the land is rigid and cannot move; but the particles of water will group themselves round the new centre, and consequently rise upon the land.

The sledging parties of the expedition started with high hopes and in the best spirits. They were the picked men of the navy, and formed a command of which any officer might well be proud. But almost at a stroke all the fair appearance of things was changed. In one party after another the dreadful scourge of scurvy broke out, which used once to be the terror of our navy, but had gradually come to be regarded as one of those preventible maladies which had been made matter of past history by modern appliances and science. We need not dwell much on the terrible theme; it has been matter of discussion in public and in private, and the facts of the case are not in dispute. The sledges started without the rations of lime-juice, which by some is said to be an absolute

preventive, and the chief of the expedition has, with a chivalry and candor which do him honor, whether he has failed in judgment or not, declared that such was the fact, and that the omission was made by his orders and on his responsibility. In his speech at the Guildhall he gave his reasons.

I will preface any remarks I may make by stating that I, as commander, am alone responsible for all connected with the conduct and diet of the Arctic expedition. Speaking after the game has been played out, it is, of course, very easy for me and others to talk now of what we should and what we should not have done. But, acting on my lights and experience at the time, I followed the example of such men as M'Clintock, Richards, Mecham, and M'Clure of the "Investigator," and started off our sledges with as nearly as possible the same rations as had proved fairly successful on all previous occasions—that is, without lime-juice for issue as a ration, a small quantity for use as a medicine being carried by the sledges which were not expected to be able to obtain game. With a similar scale of diet former expeditions were more or less successful; former sledge parties returned to their ships, after an absence of more than one hundred days, without lime-juice; some of our party were stricken down after only ten days. No sledge party employed in the Arctic regions in the cold month of April has ever been able to issue a regular ration of lime-juice. Every commander has desired to continue the daily issue of lime-juice while travelling, as recommended by all the medical authorities, but all have failed in doing so during the cold weather. In addition to the extra weight to be dragged that its carriage would entail, there is the even more serious consideration of the time necessary in order to melt sufficient snow. At the present time the necessary cooking in the morning and evening occupies the cook for between five and six hours, in addition to his long day's work dragging the sledge. It is no easy matter to drag your house, provisions, and fuel for melting snow, and to rely solely upon the one load for about forty days. In the late expedition all the officers and men preferred tea for lunch instead of the former ration of rum, but this alteration necessitated a long halt of an hour and a half in the middle of the day's journey, the party dancing round the sledge in the mean time in order to keep themselves warm. When I state this fact, perhaps some can realize how totally unable we were to obtain even a draught of water, however thirsty we might be. After the middle of May, when the weather is warmer, lime-juice can be and was used as a ration. Of course hereafter lime-juice in some shape or other must be carried in all sledging journeys; and we earnestly trust that some means will be found to make it into a lozenge, for, as a fluid, there is, and will always be, extreme difficulty in using it in cold weather unless Arctic trav-

elling is considerably curtailed. Owing to the thaw which sets in before the return of the sledges, in its present state it must be carried in bottles; but up to the middle of May, it remains frozen as solid as a rock, and if the bottles have not already been broken by the jolting of the sledge or the freezing of the contents, they have to be broken on purpose before chipping off a piece of the frozen lime-juice, as if it were a piece of stone.

On a matter of this importance it is not necessary either to apologize for this long extract or to add anything to it. Controversy about facts must cease when the principal person concerned has admitted and justified what some hold to be the charge against him, and which he himself declares must be the subject of careful and exhaustive inquiry. We have every reason to believe that this inquiry will be held without delay, and we have no intention to anticipate it. There is only one remark that we should desire to make: a fault of judgment may be pardoned in a commander; want of moral strength, never. Even if it should be found that Sir George failed in judgment in this matter, he has in our opinion shown the finer form of fitness for command, in his readiness to assume the responsibility of his acts.

As soon as it was known that the land described in the American charts did not exist, it was a matter of foregone conclusion that Captain Markham should fail to reach the pole. The route over which he had to travel had already been surveyed in the spring, and it was known that, as soon as the land was left, it would be impossible to make much head over the paleocrystic ice. But he did all that mortal man could do, and, to say the truth, all that he was meant to do, in planting the British flag in the highest latitude ever reached by man. We can now say to our friendly rivals, "*C'est à vous, messieurs.*" It has taken nearly fifty years to beat Parry by twenty miles or so. We can rest on our oars now till another nation beats Markham and Parr. The heroism of the sledge crews was magnificent. Overworked, overtired, borne down by the weight of a dreadful and depressing malady, cold, hungry—for, in their state of sickness, it was impossible for them to eat the available rations—they struggled on; they had not even the excitement of hope, for they well knew that to reach the pole was the wildest of dreams. As one man after another fell a victim to the the dreadful malady, they put him on the sledges, and went on with the additional weight.

It was not till they were utterly exhausted that they turned their faces towards the ship. When within thirty miles of it, they could get no further, and Commander Parr volunteered to go off alone into the dreadful desert on the chance of reaching the ship and bringing back assistance to the sufferers. He arrived unable to articulate from exhaustion. We need hardly say that the whole of the officers on board volunteered for the relief sledges, and within an hour were on the road. Of seventeen of the finest men of the navy who composed the original party, but five were able to walk alongside. One was dead, and the remainder in the last extremity of illness.

The case of the Greenland explorers was even worse. Commander Beaumont quitted his ship, the "Discovery," on the 6th of April, and arrived at the "Alert" on the 16th, whence he made his final start, and had hardly advanced more than a few miles before his party were attacked with the same blight as had prostrated the northern division. Even on his outward journey, man after man fell sick, and had to be carried on the sledges. The 20th of May, more than a month from the time of his departure, he was still fighting his way along the coast of north Greenland.

We give almost at random a few lines from his journal. They will show what kind of trial he and his men were enduring, and under what circumstances discipline was maintained.

In the mean time the men had been struggling on as best they could, sometimes dragging the sledge on their hands and knees to relieve their aching legs, or hauling ahead with a long rope and standing pulls. . . . Nobody will ever believe what hard work this becomes, but this may give them some idea of it. When halted for lunch, two of the men crawled for two hundred yards on their hands and knees rather than walk unnecessarily through this awful snow. . . .

And this was an advancing exploring party!

A few days later :—

For two days previous they had been unable to change or even reach any of their foot gear, and now Paul was as bad ; and for the remainder of the time each man, as he arrived at that stage of disease, had to be dressed and prepared for the day's journey every morning and put to bed in the evening.

Still later :—

Next march, Dobing broke down altogether, and Jones felt so bad he did not think he could

last much longer. Poor fellows ! disappointment at the change of routes had much to do with it. This was our darkest day. We were forty miles off Polaris Bay at the very least, and only Gray and myself to drag the sledge and the sick. The thing did not seem possible. . . .

The work towards the end became excessively severe on account of the narrowness of the passes. The sledge had to be unloaded and the sick lowered separately in the sail. . . .

On the evening of the 24th we started for our last journey with the sledge, as I thought ; for finding that Jones and Gray were scarcely able to pull, I had determined to reach the shore at the plain, pitch the tent, and walk over by myself to Polaris Bay, to see if there were any one there to help us ; if not, come back, and, sending Jones and Gray, who could still walk, to the depot, remain with the sick and get them on as best I could. But I thank God it did not come to this, for as we were plodding along the now water-sodden floe towards the shore, I saw what turned out to be a dog-sledge and three men, and soon after had the pleasure of shaking hands with Lieutenant Rawson and Dr. Coppinger. Words cannot express the pleasure, relief, and gratitude we all felt at this timely meeting. It did the sick men all the good in the world.

To quote from the journal of Commander Aldrich, who led the western division, would be to repeat the same dreadful details. The party broke down, and, were supported by the same pluck, and brought back alive—that is all one can say—by the help of God and the same determined courage. Surely nothing finer was ever recorded than this advance of three sledges, one to the north, another to the east, a third to the west, laden down with sick and dying men, in obedience to an order to do their best, each in their separate direction. And nothing more touching was ever penned than the narratives, full of tenderness and simplicity, in which the sailor writers tell their story.

It is the old story—too common in English annals—the organization broke down, and individual heroism stepped in to save the honor of the day. But at what a cost !

There are some defeats which are more glorious than victories ; some failures which are grander than the most brilliant success. The charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava was a useless waste of life ; yet we doubt if any feat of arms in modern times ever had so fine a moral effect as that piece of heroic stupidity. In like manner, these gallant seamen have failed to reach the pole ; but they have won a proud place in their country's annals. They have done Englishmen good. Pity it is that we should have to say, as the

military critic did of that other deed we spoke of but now, "*C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

From The Examiner.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

FURTHER POLITICS AND NIGHTINGALES.

LORD WILLOWBY had fallen asleep. Through the white curtains of the window they could see him lying back in an easy chair, a newspaper dropped on his knee. Why should they go in to wake him?

The wan light was dying away from the bosom of the lake down there, and there was less of a glow in the northern skies; but the stars were burning more clearly now — white and throbbing over the black foliage of the elms. The nightingale sang from time to time; and the woods were silent to hear. Now and again a cool breeze came through the bushes, bringing with it a scent of lilacs and sweet-briar. They were in no hurry to re-enter the house.

Balfour was talking a little more honestly and earnestly now; for he had begun to speak of his work, his aims, his hopes, his difficulties. It was not a romantic tale he had to tell on this beautiful night; but his companion conferred romance upon it. He was talking as an eager, busy, practical politician; she believed she was listening to a great statesman — to a leader of the future — to her country's one and only saviour. It was of no use that he insisted on the prosaic and commonplace nature of the actual work he had to do.

"You see, Lady Sylvia," he said, "I am only an apprentice as yet. I am only learning how to use my tools. And the fact is, there is not one man in fifty in the House who fancies that any tools are necessary. Look how on the most familiar subjects — those nearest to their own doors — they are content to take all their information from the reporters in the newspapers. They never think of inquiring, of seeing, for themselves. They work out legislation as a mere theorem; they have no idea how it is practically applied. They pass Adulteration Acts, Sanitary Acts, Lodging-House Acts; they consider Gas Bills, Water Bills, and what not; but it is all done in the air. They don't know.

Now I have been trying to cram on some of these things; but I have avoided official reports. I know the pull it will give me to have actual and personal experience — this is in one direction only, you see — of the way the poorer people in a great town live: how taxation affects them, how the hospitals treat them, their relations with the police, and a hundred other things. Shall I tell you a secret?"

These were indeed pretty secrets to be told on this beautiful evening: secrets not of lovers' dreams and hopes, but secrets about Sanitary Acts and Municipal Bills.

"I lived for a week in a court in Seven Dials, as a French polisher. Next week I am going to spend in a worse den — a hunt of thieves, tramps, and hawkers — a very pretty den, indeed, to be the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey."

She uttered a slight exclamation — of deprecation and anxious fear. But he did not quite understand.

"This time, however," he continued, "I shall be not so badly off; for I am going to live at a common lodging-house, and there the beds are pretty clean. I have been down and through the whole neighborhood; and have laid my plans. I find that by paying eightpence a night — instead of fourpence — I shall have one of the married people's rooms to myself, instead of having to sleep in the common room. There will be little trouble about it. I shall be a hawker, my stock-in-trade, a basket; and if I disappear at three in the morning — going off to Covent Garden, you know — they won't expect to see me again till nine or ten in the evening, when they meet in the kitchen to smoke and drink beer. It is then I hope to get all the information I want. You see there will be no great hardship. I shall be able to slip home in the morning, get washed, and a sleep. The rooms in these common lodging-houses are very fairly clean; the police supervision is very strict."

"It is not the hardship," said Lady Sylvia to her companion, and her breath came and went somewhat more quickly, "it is the danger — you will be quite alone — among such people."

"Oh," said he, lightly, "there is no danger at all. Besides, I have an ally — the great and powerful Mrs. Grace. Shall I tell you about Mrs. Grace, the owner of pretty nearly half of Happiness Alley?"

The Lady Sylvia would hear something of this person with the pretty name, who lived in that favored alley.

"I was wandering through the courts and lanes down there one day," says Balfour, "and I was having a bad time of it; for I had a tall hat on, which the people regarded as ludicrous, and they poured scorn and contempt on me, and one or two of the women at the windows above threw things at my hat. However, as I was passing one door, I saw a very strong-built woman suddenly come out, and she threw a basket into the middle of the lane. Then she went back, and presently she appeared again, simply shoving before her—her hand on his collar—a man who was certainly as big as herself. 'You clear out,' she said; and then with one arm—it was bare and pretty muscular—she shot him straight after the basket. Well, the man was a meek man, and did not say a word. I said to her, 'Is that your husband you are treating so badly?' Of course I kept out of the reach of her arm, for women who are quarrelling with their husbands are pretty free with their hands. But this woman, although she had a firm, resolute face, and a grey moustache, was as cool and collected as a judge. 'Oh, dear, no,' she said, 'that is one of my tenants. He can't pay, so he's got to get out.' On the strength of this introduction I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Grace, who is really a most remarkable woman. I suppose she is a widow, for she hasn't a single relative in the world. She has gone on taking house after house, letting the rooms, collecting her rents, and her nightly fees for lodgers, and looking after her property generally with a decision and ability quite out of the ordinary. I don't suppose she loses a shilling in the month by bad debts. 'Pay, or out you go,' is her motto with her tenants; 'Pay first, or you can't come in,' she says to her lodgers. She has been an invaluable ally to me, that woman. I have gone through the most frightful dens with her, and there was scarcely a word said; she is not a woman to stand any nonsense. And then, of course, her having amassed this property, sixpence by sixpence, has made her anxious to know the conditions on which all the property around her is held, and she has a remarkably quick and shrewd eye for things. Once, I remember, we had been exploring a number of houses that were in an infamous condition. 'Well,' I said to her, 'how do the sanitary inspectors pass this over?' She answered that the sanitary inspectors were only the servants of the medical officer of health. 'Very well, then,' I said, 'why doesn't the

medical officer of health act?' You should have seen the cool frankness with which she looked at me. 'You see, sir,' she said, 'the medical officer of health is appointed by the vestry; and these houses are the property of Mr. —, who is a vestryman; and if he was made to put them to rights, he might as well pull them down altogether. So I suppose, sir, the inspectors don't say much; and the medical officer he doesn't say anything; and Mr. — is not put to any trouble.' There is nothing of that sort about Mrs. Grace's property. It is the cleanest bit of whitewash in Westminster. And the way she looks after the water-supply — But really, Lady Sylvia, I must apologize to you for talking to you about such uninteresting things —"

"Oh, I assure you," said the girl, earnestly and honestly, "that I am deeply interested—intensely interested; but it is all so strange and terrible. If—if I knew Mrs. Grace, I would like to—to send her a present."

It never occurred to Balfour to ask himself why Lady Sylvia Blythe should like to send a present to a woman living in one of the slums of Westminster. Had the girl a wild notion that by a gift she could bribe the virago of Happiness Alley to keep watch and ward over a certain audacious young man who wanted to become a Parliamentary Haroun al Raschid?

"Mr. Balfour," said Lady Sylvia, suddenly, "have you asked this Mrs. Grace about the prudence of your going into that lodging-house?"

"Oh, yes, I have got a lot of slang terms from her—hawker's slang, you know. And she is to get me my suit of clothes, and the basket."

"But surely they will recognize you as having been down there before."

"Not a bit. I shall have my face plentifully begrimed; and there is no better disguise for a man than his taking off his collar and tying a wisp of black ribbon round his neck instead. Then I can smoke pretty steadily; and I need not talk much in the kitchen of an evening. But why should I bother you with these things, Lady Sylvia? I only wanted to show you a very small bit of the training that I think a man should go through before he gets up in Parliament with some delightfully accurate scheme in his hand for the amelioration of millions of human beings—of whose condition he does not really know the smallest particular. It is not the picturesque side of legislation. It is not heroic. But then if you want a fine, bold, ambitious flight of statesmanship you have only to go to Ox-

ford or Cambridge; in every college you will find twenty young men ready to remodel the British Constitution in five minutes."

They walked once more up to the window; Lord Willowby was still asleep, in the hushed yellow-lit room. Had they been out a quarter of an hour—half an hour? It was impossible for them to say; their rapidly growing intimacy and friendly confidence took no heed of time.

"And it is very disheartening work," he added, with a sigh. "The degradation, physical and mental, you see on the faces you meet in these slums is terrible. You begin to despair of any legislation. Then the children—their white faces, their poor, stunted bodies, their weary eyes—thank God you have never seen that sight. I can stand most things—I am not a very soft-hearted person—but—but I can't stand the sight of those children."

She had never heard a man's sob before. She was terrified, overawed. But the next moment he had burst into a laugh, and was talking in rather a gay and excited fashion.

"Yes," said he, "I should like to have my try at heroic legislation too. I should like to be made absolute sovereign and autocrat of this country for one week. Do you know what I should do on day number one? I should go to the gentlemen who form the court of the great City guilds, and I would say to them, 'Gentlemen, I assure you you would be far better in health and morals if you would cease to spend your revenues on banquets at five guineas a head. You have had quite as much of that as is good for you. Now I propose to take over the whole of the property at present in your hands; and if I find any reasonable bequest in favor of fish-mongers, or skimmers, or any other poor tradesmen, that I will administer; but the rest of your wealth—it is only a trifle of twenty millions or so, capitalized—I mean to use for the benefit of yourselves and your fellow-citizens.' Then, what next? I issue my edict, 'There shall be no more slums. Every house of them must be razed to the ground, and the sites turned into gardens, to tempt currents of air into the heart of the city.' But what of the dispossessed people? Why, I have got in my hands this twenty millions to whip them off to Nebraska and make of them great stock-raising communities on the richest grass-lands in the world. Did I tell you, Lady Sylvia," he added, seriously, "that I mean to hang all the directors of the existing water and gas companies?"

"No, you did not say that," she answered, with a smile. But she would not treat this matter altogether as a joke. It might please him to make fun of himself; in her inmost heart she believed that, if the country only gave him these unlimited powers for a single year, the millennium would *ipso facto* have arrived.

"And so," said he, after a time, "you see how I am situated. It is a poor business, this Parliamentary life. There is a great deal of mean and shabby work connected with it."

"I think it is the noblest work a man could put his hand to," she said with a flush on her cheek that he could not see; "and the nobleness of it is that a man will go through the things you have described for the good of others. I don't call that mean or shabby work. I would call it mean or shabby if a man were building up a great fortune to spend on himself. If that was his object, what could be more mean? You go into slums and dens; you interest yourself in the poorest wretches that are alive; you give your days and your nights to studying what you can do for them; and you call all that care, and trouble, and self-sacrifice mean and shabby!"

"But you forget," said he, coldly, "what is my object. I am serving my apprenticeship. I want these facts for my own purposes. You pay a politician for his trouble by giving him a reputation, which is the object of his life——"

"Mr. Balfour," she said, proudly, "I don't know much about public men. You may say what you please about them. But I think I know a little about you. And it is useless your saying such things to me."

For a second he felt ashamed of his habit of self-depreciation; the courage of the girl was a rebuke—was an appeal to a higher candor.

"A man has need to beware," he said. "It is safest to put the lowest construction on your own conduct; it will not be much lower than that of the general opinion. But I did wrong, Lady Sylvia, in talking like that to you. You have a great faith in your friends. You could inspire any man with confidence in himself——"

He paused for a moment; but it was not to hear the nightingale sing, or to listen to the whispering of the wind in the dark elms. It was to gain courage for a further frankness.

"It would be a good thing for the public life of this country," said he, "if there were more women like you—ready to

give generous encouragement, ready to believe in the disinterestedness of a man, and with a full faith in the usefulness of his work. I can imagine the good fortune of a man who, after being harassed and buffeted about — perhaps by his own self-criticism as much as by the opinion of others — could always find in his own home consolation, and trust, and courage. Look at his independence; he would be able to satisfy, or he would try to satisfy, one opinion that would be of more value to him than that of all the world beside. What would he care about the ingratitude of others, so long as he had his reward in his own home? But it is a picture, a dream."

"Could a woman be all that to a man?" the girl asked, in a low voice.

"You could," said he, boldly, and he stopped and confronted her, and took both her trembling hands in his. "Lady Sylvia, when I have dreamed that dream, it was your face I saw in it. You are the noblest woman I have known. I — well, I must say it now — I love you, and have loved you almost since the first moment I saw you. That is the truth. If I have pained you — well, you will forgive me after I have gone — and this will be the last of it —"

She had withdrawn her hands and now stood before him, her eyes cast down, her heart beating so that she could not speak.

"If I have pained you," said he, after a moment or two of anxious silence, "my presumption will bring its own punishment. Lady Sylvia, shall I take you back to the hall?"

She put one hand lightly on his arm.

"I am afraid," she said, and he could but scarcely hear the low and trembling words. "How can I be to you — what you described? It is so much — I have never thought of it — and if I should fail to be all that you expect?"

He took her in his arms, and kissed her forehead.

"I have no fear. Will you try?"

"Yes," she answered — and now she looked up into his face, with her wet eyes full of love, and hope, and generous self-surrender. "I will try to be to you all that you could wish me to be."

"Sylvia, my wife!" was all he said in reply; and indeed there was not much need for further speech between these two. The silence of the beautiful night was eloquence enough. And then from time to time they had the clear, sweet

singing of the nightingale, and the stirring of the night wind among the trees.

By-and-by they went back to the hall — they walked arm-in-arm, with a great peace and joy in their hearts; and they re-entered the dining-room. Lord Willowby started up in his easy-chair, and rubbed his eyes.

"Bless me," said he, with one of his violent smiles, "I have been asleep."

His lordship was a peer of the realm, and his word must be taken. The fact was, however, that he had not been asleep at all.

From Temple Bar.

EDMUND KEAN.

BOTH the parentage and the date of the birth of Edmund Kean are doubtful. There is not only an uncertainty about the father, a by no means uncommon circumstance in this world, but, what is much more rare, there is a suspicion even concerning the mother. A Miss Tidswell, an actress, of whom we shall have occasion to speak immediately, has sometimes been accredited with bringing him into the world, and even Kean himself seems to have entertained this belief — "For why," he says, "did she take so much trouble over me?" — while to no less a personage than a Duke of Norfolk has been given the honor of his paternity. One day in the lobby of Drury Lane Theatre, Lord Essex openly accused his Grace of the fact, and asked him why he did not acknowledge his son. The duke protested his friend was mistaken, and added that if it were so he should be proud to own him. Edmund's reputed mother, however, was a strolling actress, named Nance Carey. Her father was a strolling player; her grandfather, Henry Carey, dramatist and song-writer, and author of the sweet old lyric, "Sally in our Alley," was the natural son of the great Lord Halifax. Edmund's reputed father was one Kean, who is variously represented as a tailor or a builder. Some say the child was born in Castle Street, Leicester Square, others in a miserable garret in Ewer Street, Southwark; and 1787-88-89 are variously assigned as the dates of that event.

We hear nothing about the father; whoever he might have been, he seems to have taken no heed of his son from the time the latter came into the world. Neither was the mother more natural in

her conduct; she abandoned him to the care of the before-named Miss Tidswell, who seems to have been the only person who attended on her in her miserable confinement. At three years old he is said to have been a Cupid in one of the ballets at the Opera House. At five he was certainly one of the imps that John Kemble introduced into the witches' scenes in "Macbeth." But wild, mischievous propensities were early developed in the boy, and he and his companions playing some tricks in the cavern scene one night, which were not in their parts, were all dismissed.

After this he seems to have been sent to school in Orange Court, Leicester Square, and Miss Tidswell taught him to recite, fettering his erratic propensities by tying him up to a bedpost, and by occasionally severely, though kindly, correcting him. He was a weakly, sickly child; with bent legs and grown-out ankles, which necessitated the use of irons; these fortunately strengthened and straightened his limbs and saved him from deformity. And so passed his infant years.

By-and-by his mother, discovering, we suppose, that he might be of use to her, turned up again, after a long disappearance, claimed him, and took him away from his protectress. A more disreputable vagabond than Nance Carey it would be difficult to conceive; when strolling failed she tramped the country with perfumes and face-powders, and such like commodities. Edmund carried the merchandise, and when the opportunity presented itself recited scenes and speeches from plays, as he had been taught by Miss Tidswell, at taverns and farms, and sometimes at gentlemen's houses, giving imitations of Garrick in "Richard," learned of course secondhand, but said to be very good.

Among Miss Carey's customers was Mr. Young, a surgeon, the father of the future great tragedian. And it is related in the life of the latter, how once after a dinner party in that gentleman's house the young vagrant was had in to recite, while his mother waited in the hall, and how beside his father's chair stood a handsome boy of ten, named Charles. And so, strangely, at the beginning of their lives met the two men who were thereafter to be the great rivals of the London stage. Mr. Young recommended Nance's wares to a Mrs. Clarke of Guildford Street. Wherever she went she talked about the talents of her son, which brought her in far more money than her perfume bottles and pomatum, and her crafty eulogies soon

excited the curiosity of Mrs. Clarke to see this prodigy. His first introduction to this lady is thus graphically described by Barry Cornwall in his "Life of Kean:"—

The door was thrown open, and a pale slim boy of about ten years old entered, very poorly clad, ragged, with dirty hands, face washed, delicate skin, brilliant eyes, superb head of curled and matted hair, and a piece of hat in his hand. With the bow and air of a prince he delivers his message: "My mother, madam, sends her duty, and begs you will be so good as to lend her a shilling to take her spangled, tiffany petticoat out of pawn, as she wants it to appear in at Richmond to-morrow." "Are you the little boy who can act so well?" inquires the lady. A bow of assent and a kindling cheek were the sole reply. "What can you act?" "'Richard the Third,' 'Speed the Plough,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Harlequin,'" was the quick answer. "I should like to see you act." "I should be proud to act to you."

And so it was arranged that he should give her a taste of his quality that evening. Several friends were invited to witness the performance. At a little after six there came

the same thundering rap which had preceded his advent in the morning. His face was now clean, the delicacy of his complexion was more obvious than before, and his beautiful hair had been combed, and shone like a raven's wing. His dress had indeed suffered no improvement, but a frilled handkerchief of his mother's was stuck inside his jacket, and was more than a substitute for a shirt-collar.

The lady takes him away to her dressing-room to make some improvement in his costume, puts him on a black riding-hat and feathers, which she turns up at one side with pins; a sword and belt are also found and buckled round his waist. These appendages to his every-day rags certainly give the boy a somewhat comical appearance, and would excite the risibility of the guests but for the intense earnestness with which he dashes to the further end of the room which has been fixed upon for the stage, and where there are curtains and a door for exit, and before the people have time to laugh begins his recitation.

It was no small task that lay before him [continues his biographer] to face the smiles of an audience sceptical of his talents, and to conquer them. Yet he did this, nay, more; for the expression in the countenances of his audience changed from contempt or distrust into attention, from attention to admiration—to silent wonder—to tears.

A shower of sixpences and shillings rewarded his efforts, but he refused to pick

them up, and they were with difficulty forced upon him: Such was the boy's pride when free from the baleful influence of his vagabond mother.

This acting led to important consequences: Mrs. Clarke, struck by the boy's talents and pitying his condition, prevailed upon her husband to allow her to take him under her protection. She placed him at school, had him taught riding, fencing, dancing, and treated him as though he had been her own child, and he in return continued to delight her and her friends by his recitations. This lasted nearly two years. One day a lady and gentleman and their daughters came on a visit to Guildford Street; it was arranged they were all to go to the theatre that night, and mention was made of young Edmund accompanying them. "What, does *he* sit in the box with us!" exclaimed the snob, whom we have called gentleman above. They were at dinner when these words were spoken; the boy, crimson with mortification, dashed down his knife and fork, rose from the table, left the room and the house, resolving never again to enter it. He walked to Bristol, and tried to get on board a ship as cabin-boy, but all the captains pronounced him too small. Then he trudged back to London, supporting himself on the way by reciting at public-houses. One morning he was found by a man who knew him, ragged and footsore, upon a dung-heap in a mews near Guildford Street, and was taken back to his former home. But such an escapade could not be pardoned; some money being collected at a performance he gave, a sort of farewell benefit, the kind lady dismissed her unruly *protégé*, in whom were so strangely combined the pride of an aristocrat and the tastes of a gipsy.

After this he went back to the old life, now with his mother, now with Miss Tidswell, sometimes running away from the latter when chastised for his delinquencies. Once he was dragged home by a rope through the streets; at another time she bound a brass collar round his neck, as though he had been a dog of erratic habits; upon the collar was inscribed, "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane," at which establishment he was sometimes engaged in a small capacity. Then we find him, together with his mother, one of the company of Richardson's Show. His acting at Windsor Fair excites so much attention that King George sent for him to the castle; his Majesty was so highly pleased with his talents that he made him a present of two guineas. When in London he recited at

various places of entertainment. A lady speaking to him one day, when he was the all-famous actor, of certain entertainments that used to be given in Leicester Place, remarked, —

"I used to be very much pleased with a person who spoke poetry at the Sans Souci." "Do you wish to know who it was that spouted poetry?" said Kean, turning head over heels in his drawing-room in Clarges Street, "Know then 'twas I."

By-and-by he succeeded in eluding the vigilance of his guardians, and the sea-fever coming upon him again, he made another attempt to get on board a ship. This time he was more successful, and went as cabin-boy on a voyage to Madeira. A life on the ocean, however, was evidently not to his taste; one trip was sufficient, and upon his return to England he went back to strolling.

In 1804 Jerrold informs us that Kean joined his father's company at Sheerness; he still dressed as a boy and still retained his mother's name of Carey. He opened in George Barnwell and Harlequin. He played the whole round of tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime, and sang comic songs, and all for fifteen shillings a week! Not being of provident habits, and already giving way to that dissipation which marked his whole life, such a stipend left little for times of enforced idleness. The want of the smallest coin frequently put him to terrible shifts. Once being at Rochester without a penny to pay the ferry toll, he, with his whole wardrobe tied up in a pocket handkerchief and slung round his neck, swam across the river. A few years afterwards, while proceeding to an engagement at Braintree in Essex, he found himself on the Kentish shore in the same impecunious condition. There was nothing for it but to swim across the Thames, which he accordingly did. He was to open that night in Rolla. All wet as he was, he set forward towards his destination, and arrived just in time, without being able to procure any refreshment, to get upon the stage. But exhausted nature gave way, he fainted in the middle of a scene. A fever and an ague were the results of that day's work.

He afterwards went to Belfast, where he had the honor of performing with Mrs. Siddons. The first part he played with her was Osmyn, in "Zara;" but he was grossly imperfect, and intoxicated as well, and excited the great lady's supreme disgust. Yet the next night he more than redeemed himself, at least as an actor, by

his performance of Young Norval. The star pronounced that he played "well, *very* well, but," she added with a lofty look, "it's a pity, there's too little of you to do anything." She little thought he was one day destined to snatch the sceptre from the Kemble grasp. In 1806 Miss Tidswell procured him an engagement at the Haymarket to play small parts — they were very small indeed, servants, alguazils, messengers — yet he worked hard to make the most of them. "Look at that little man," sneered an actor one night, "he is trying to make a part out of nothing!" But his restless ambition could not remain content in so subordinate a position, and the next year we find him back at Sheerness, playing everything for one guinea a week, which, however, was an advance of six shillings upon his former stipend. One night he was acting Alexander the Great, in Lee's tragedy, some officers in the stage-box annoyed him by laughing and calling out "Alexander the Little." At length, unable to endure this any longer, he advanced with folded arms, and a look that appalled the sneerers, close to the box and said, "Yes, but with a *great soul*!" Jerrold, writing of his versatility and ingenuity, says, "All the models for the tricks of the pantomime of 'Mother Goose,' as played at Sheerness, were made by him out of matches, pins, and paper."

At Gloucester, his next engagement, he met his future wife, Mary Chambers, a Waterford girl who had been a governess, and had then just entered the theatrical profession. Their first introduction did not at all promise such a catastrophe as matrimony. "Who is that shabby little man?" she enquired of the manager, as he stood at the wings. The piece they first played in together was "Laugh When You Can." The lady took the part of Mrs. Mortimer, Kean that of Sambo; he was very imperfect, and when they came off the stage, Miss Chambers, very angry and almost crying, objurgated him with, "It is very shameful, sir, that you should not know a word of your part." Kean made no reply, but went to the manager and asked, "Who the devil is that?" Master Betty, the "Young Roscius," came to Gloucester to "star," and Kean was cast Laertes to his Hamlet. On the day of performance he disappeared; for three days and three nights no tidings could be heard of him; men were sent out in all directions to seek him; he was found at last returning to the town. He went at once to the lodgings of Miss Chambers, to whom he was now now engaged.

"Where *have* you been, Mr. Kean?" was her anxious query.

"In the fields, in the woods: I am starved; I have eaten nothing but turnips and cabbages since I have been out. But I'll go again to-morrow, and again and again, and as often as I see myself put in for such a character. I'll play second to no man save John Kemble."

He and Miss Chambers were united in 1808, and the same year they accepted an engagement at Birmingham at £1 *rs.* each per week. This was afterwards increased ten shillings, in consideration of his acting harlequin. No contrast can be more striking than that between the past and present of theatrical salaries both in town and country; a leading actor in such a theatre as Birmingham would now command six or eight pounds a week. While fulfilling this engagement he played with Stephen Kemble, the man who acted Falstaff without padding, and was told by him that he had played Hotspur as well as the great John, his brother.

It is a received opinion that Kean's acting was wholly spontaneous and un-studied; this is a mistake. A contemporary writing of this period says, "He used to mope about for hours, walking miles and miles alone with his hands in his pockets, thinking intensely on his characters. No one could get a word from him; he studied and slaved beyond any actor I ever knew." Neither did he relax his labors, when he had reached the highest pinnacle of fame. It is related of him, that when studying Maturin's "Bertram," he shut himself for two days to study the one line, "Bertram has kissed the child!" It made one of these electric effects which from their vividness were supposed to be merely impulsive. Kean had great natural genius, but had he not bestowed upon it perfect cultivation, it would never have made him a great actor.

He seems never to have remained long in one engagement; his proud impetuous temper, which could endure neither reproof nor humiliation, and his irregular habits, brought about continual disagreements with his managers, and constant changes. Hence the miseries he endured; for even in those days of pitiful salaries the country actor, if provident, could contrive to live in respectability; but Kean suffered under a chronic destitution.

Birmingham did not long contain this erratic spirit; his next destination was Swansea. But ere he could leave the former town he had to borrow two pounds of his new manager to clear his liabilities,

and then walk the journey with a wife within a few weeks of her confinement. Barry Cornwall gives a sad but striking picture of this journey.

Kean, dressed in blue from head to foot, with his dark, sharp, resolute face, a black stock, and four swords over his shoulder suspending the family bundle of clothes, looked like a poor little navy lieutenant whom the wars had left on half-pay and penniless, trudging on with his wife to his native village.

They had started with only a few shillings, and upon arriving at Bristol, found themselves penniless and obliged to write to Swansea for another loan, which, when it came was nearly all swallowed up by the expenses they had incurred while waiting for it. A passage to Newport in a barge laden with hemp and tar followed: and thence to their destination on foot. Sometimes they encountered good Samaritans who would not take their money for the frugal meal they ordered; at others brutes who refused a drink of milk to the poor and footsore woman who scarcely knew an hour she might not be seized with premature pangs of maternity.

Not long enough, however, for the child to be born, did they remain at Swansea; that event took place at Waterford in September 1809. He was still under the same manager, Cherry, however. At Waterford he met the afterwards celebrated dramatist, Sheridan Knowles, then an obscure actor like himself, and for Kean was written his first play, never published, "Leo the Gipsy," in which he made a great success. Grattan gives the following description of his benefit performance in this town:—

The play was Hannah More's tragedy of "Percy," in which he, of course, played the hero. Edwina was played by Mrs. Kean, who was applauded to her heart's content. Kean was so popular, both as an actor and from the excellent character he bore, that the audience thought less of the actress's demerits than of the husband's feelings; and besides this the *débutante* had many personal friends in her native city and among the gentry of the neighborhood, for she had been governess to the children of a lady of good fortune, who used all her influence at this benefit. After the tragedy Kean gave a specimen of tight-rope dancing, and another of sparring with a professional pugilist. He then played the leading part in a musical interlude, and finished with Chimpanzee, the monkey, in the melodramatic pantomime of "*La Pérouse*," and in this character he showed agility scarcely since surpassed by Mazurier and Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death-scene, which made the audience shed tears.

He realized forty pounds by this benefit. But soon afterwards we find him strolling in the old misery, giving an entertainment at Dumfries to pay his lodging. One six-penny auditor alone came. This appears to have been a time of awful misery to the young couple. Leaving Scotland they trudged on to York, and there so desperate was Kean that he would have enlisted had not an officer dissuaded him. At York he met a kind friend in a Mrs. Nokes, the wife of a dancing-master, who hearing of their destitute condition brought them a five-pound note, and prevailed upon her husband to lend him the room in which he gave his lessons, for an entertainment. This entertainment consisted of scenes from plays, songs, and imitations of London actors. Nine pounds were the receipts, and with this the poor strollers started for London. The journey was done partly on foot, partly in wagons, Kean carrying the eldest boy much of the way. Soon after arriving in town he was engaged by Hughes of Sadler's Wells, who also had the Exeter Theatre, to go down to the old western city, to "play everything," for two pounds a week, the largest salary he had ever received. He and Hughes had acted together in Gloucester, where they announced a joint benefit; but the entire receipts of the house amounting to only eighteenpence they went hand in hand before the curtain and thanked and dismissed their patrons. Before leaving London he went to see Kemble in *Wolsey*. As soon as he got home he began to imitate him. "Shall I ever walk those boards?" he exclaimed. "I *will* and make a hit."

The good people of Exeter appreciated his harlequin more than his tragic heroes. His conduct here seems to have been very irregular. Once he absented himself from home for three days. To the question of where he had been, he replied grandiloquently, "I have been doing a noble action, I have been drinking these three days with a brother actor who is leaving Exeter, to keep up his spirits!" From Exeter he proceeded to Guernsey, where he became worse than ever. One night, from mere whim, he refused to act; the manager was obliged to go on and read the part; Kean walked into a private box, and, to add insult to injury, interrupted the performance repeatedly with cries of "Bravo, Hughes!" He returned to Exeter the next season. His benefit was patronized by a Mr. Buller, whose butler happened to say in his presence, "You will be sure to have a good house, as my master patronizes the play."

Kean's pride took fire, he vowed he would not sell a single ticket. "If the people won't come to see my acting," he said, "it shan't be said they come by Mr. Buller's desire." His conduct disgusted all his friends, and soon he found himself forsaken by everybody.

Now came what seemed to be a stroke of luck, but which afterwards proved a disaster that once threatened to mar his fortunes. He had been in correspondence with Elliston concerning an engagement at the new theatre in Drury Lane, now the Olympic; this he at last closed with for a salary of three pounds a week, but he could not get any definite time fixed for opening, and by-and-by Elliston seemed inclined to depart from the stipulations of the agreement, and so the business remained uncertain. In the mean time, while Kean was at Teignmouth, Doctor Drury, once head-master of Harrow, saw him act on his benefit night. When Mrs. Drury came next day to pay for her box, she said how highly gratified both herself and husband had been with his performance, and, better still, that the doctor would on the following day dine in company with Mr. Pascoe Greenfell, one of the committee of Drury Lane, and he would try to procure him an opening at that theatre. In due time arrived a letter requesting him to come up to London immediately. As usual he had no funds; all depended upon his benefit, and to obtain this he must play out his engagement. And so he had to journey from Teignmouth to Barnstaple, and thence to Dorchester, suffering all the tortures of hope deferred.

One night, in the autumn of the year 1814, while performing in the last-named town,—

The curtain drew up [to quote the actor's own words], I saw a wretched house; a few people in the pit and gallery, and three persons in the boxes showed the quality of the attraction we possessed. In the stage box, however, there was a gentleman who appeared to understand acting—he was very attentive to the performance. Seeing this, I was determined to play my best. [The part was Octavian in Colman's "Mountaineers."] The strange man did not applaud, but his looks told me he was pleased. After the play I went to my dressing-room to change my dress for the savage (a pantomime character) so that I could hear every word that was said overhead. I heard the gentleman ask Lee, the manager, the name of the performer who played Octavian. "Oh," replied Lee, "his name is Kean; a wonderful clever fellow." "He is certainly very clever, but he is very

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small," said the gentleman. "His mind is large, no matter for his height," answered Lee. By this time I was dressed; I therefore mounted to the stage. The gentleman bowed to me and complimented me slightly upon my playing. "Well," he said, "will you breakfast with me to-morrow? I shall be glad to have some conversation with you. My name is Arnold; I AM THE MANAGER OF DRURY LANE THEATRE." I staggered as if I had been shot.

As soon as the performance was over and he could tear off his dress, he rushed home. Agitation would scarcely allow him to speak. "My fortune's made, my fortune's made," he gasped at last. Then he told the good news. But as he finished, his eyes fell upon his poor sickly first-born, then very ill. "Let but Howard live, and we shall be happy yet," he exclaimed hopefully. Alas, the proceeds of his benefit in that very town had to be devoted to the poor boy's burial.

The result of the appointment with Arnold was a three-years' engagement at Drury Lane, at eight, nine, and ten pounds per week. A few days afterwards Howard died. "The joy I felt," he wrote to Arnold, "three days since at the flattering prospects of future prosperity is now obliterated by the unexpected loss of my child."

At last, on the sixth of November, he contrived to get to town. His salary was to commence at once, but when he went to the treasury he encountered a sudden and unexpected rebuff. Elliston had put in his prior claim, and Arnold very angrily asserted that he had engaged himself under false pretences. Kean wrote a letter detailing every point of his transactions with the manager of the Wych Street theatre, in which he endeavored to show that that gentleman had justly forfeited all claim to his services, by having been the first to violate the terms of agreement. We have not space to enter into the merits of the transaction; Elliston had evidently acted very shiftily towards the poor, unknown actor, taking advantage of his position, and Kean, upon the prospect of the better engagement opening to him, had done everything in his power to break the agreement. It may be said that neither party acted in strict honor. The new year came, and more than one actor had made his *début* at Drury Lane and failed. The fortunes of the theatre were in a desperate condition, the expenses far exceeding the receipts, and inevitable bankruptcy was looming in the no distant future. At length the dispute between Elliston and Kean was adjusted by an

actor named Bernard being handed over to the former as a substitute, the extra amount of his salary, two pounds a week, being deducted from Kean's. From the end of November to the end of the following January, Kean existed, heaven alone knows how, for the management of Drury Lane refused to pay him a shilling. All that he had ever suffered could not have equalled the misery of those two months of oscillation between hope and despair amidst hunger and wretchedness. Arnold now, as a *pis aller*, made up his mind to give him a trial. But the troubles were not yet over. Now rose a dispute as to the opening part; Arnold wanted Richard, but Kean knew the disadvantage his small figure would be at, when compared with the majestic Kemble, and answered, "Shylock or nothing."* There was marvellous resoluteness in this determination, considering all he had passed through, which was sufficient to crush the strongest spirit. But it succeeded, and the twenty-sixth of January, 1814, was decided for his appearance. One rehearsal only was vouchsafed him, and that was hurried and careless. The actors sneered at his figure, at his shabby coat with the capes, at his business, declared it would not do, and prophesied certain failure. He went home; "I must dine to-day," he said, and for the first time for many days indulged in the luxury of meat. Then all that he had to do was to wait as patiently as he could for the night. "My God!" he exclaimed, "if I succeed I shall go mad!" Terrible prophecy. Volumes could not better describe the agitation of his mind.

As the church clocks were striking six he sallied forth from his lodgings in Cecil Street. His parting words to his wife were, "I wish I was going to be shot!" In his hand he carried a small bundle, containing shoes, stockings, wig, and other trifles of costume. The night was very cold and foggy; there had been heavy snow, and a thaw had set in; the streets were almost impassable, with slush which penetrated through his worn boots and chilled him to the bone. He darted quickly through the stage door, wishing to escape all notice, and repaired to his dressing-room. There the feelings of the actors were shocked by another innovation; he was actually going to play Shylock in a

black wig instead of the traditional red one. They smiled among themselves, shrugged their shoulders, but made no remark; such a man was beyond remonstrance — besides, what did it matter? he would never be allowed to appear a second time. Jack Bannister and Oxberry were the only ones who offered him a friendly word. When the curtain rose the house was miserably bad, but by-and-by the overflow of Covent Garden, which was doing well at that time, began to drop in and make up a tolerable audience. His reception was encouraging. At his first words, "Three thousand ducats, well!" Dr. Drury, who was in front, pronounced him "safe." At "I *will* be assured I may," there was a burst of applause, and at the great speech ending with "And for these courtesies I'll lend you this much monies," the sounds of approbation were very strong. Even as the curtain fell upon the first act success was almost ensured, and already the actors who had treated him so superciliously began to gather round with congratulations. But he shrank from them, and wandered about in the darkness at the back of the stage. The promise of the first act was well sustained in the second. But the great triumph was reserved for his scene with Salanio and Salarino in the third, where the flight of his daughter Jessica with a Christian is told him; there so terrible was his energy, so magnificent his acting, that a whirlwind of applause shook the house. Then came the trial scene, grander still in its complex emotions and its larger scope for great powers, and all was so novel, so strange, so opposed to old traditions. When the curtain finally fell upon the wild enthusiasm of the audience, the stage-manager who had snubbed him offered him oranges, Arnold, who had bullied and "young man'd" him brought him negus.

Drunk with delight he rushed home and with half frenzied incoherency poured forth the story of his triumph. "The pit rose at me!" he cried. "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet!" "Charles," lifting the child from his bed, "shall go to Eton." Then his voice faltered, and he murmured, "If Howard had but lived to see it."

"The Merchant of Venice" was played several nights in succession, and the receipts rose from one hundred to six hundred. His next part was Richard — the *second* part is always the touchstone of an actor's success; he here entered the lists with Cooke and Kemble, and memories of Garrick's splendid performance had not

* His desire, however, when he first came to town had been to open in Knowles' play of "Leo the Gipsy," which has been mentioned a page or two back. And he certainly would have used every effort to have done so, but, fortunately for him, the MS. was lost and no copy was extant.

yet died out among old playgoers. In Shylock his small stature mattered little, but in Richard that disadvantage would be glaringly perceptible; he approached the part with fear and trembling. "I am so frightened," he said before the curtain rose, "that my acting will be almost dumb show to-night." But nevertheless he took both audience and critics by storm. Cooke, the great Richard of the day, was said to be left behind at an immeasurable distance; no such performance had been seen since the days of Garrick. Electricity itself was never more instantaneous in its operation. Such were a few of the eulogies showered upon him. But the terrible excitement he had undergone laid him up for a week. Actors now boast of playing this arduous part nearly a hundred successive nights; as *they* play it there is nothing wonderful in the feat, and then they have no inconvenient modesty to exhaust their energies. On the day of the second performance of this character, the doors were besieged soon after noon, and at night hundreds were unable to gain admission. He made Ciber's melodramatic hero his own, but it died with him, for the wretched attempts of his successors cannot galvanise that desecration of Shakespeare into life again. The beauties of this performance are said to have been so marvellous that a glance, the pronouncing of such common phrases as "Good-night, my lords," brought down thunders of applause. His next character was Hamlet, which although full of fine points, and the one, he said, to which he had devoted the deepest study, did not equal his previous successes. Othello and Iago, played alternately, were his next triumphs.

In the tender scene of Othello [says Dr. Doran] (where love for Desdemona was above all other passion, even when for love he jealously slew her), he had as much power over his "bad voice," as his adversaries called it, as John Kemble over his asthmatic cough, and attuned it to the tenderness to which he had to give expression. In the fiercer scenes he was unsurpassable, and in the great third act, none who remember him, will, I think, be prepared to allow that he ever had, or is likely to have, an equal.

His Iago was quite original; he entirely discarded the old conventional villain of the stage, and played him lightly and naturally.

When the season closed he had performed Shylock fifteen times, Richard twenty-five, Hamlet eight, Othello ten, Iago eight, and Luke ("Riches," Massin-

ger's "City Madam" altered) four. Of those seventy nights the profits were £17,000. Previously there had been one hundred and thirty-nine nights of continuous loss. In the second season he played "Macbeth," another grand performance; Romeo, which was said to revive the glories of "silver-tongued Barry." But the triumph of this season was Zanga, in Young's "Revenge." As one, who stood among the crowd in the pit-passage, heard a shout and clamor of approbation within, he asked if Zanga had just previously said, "Then lose her!" for that phrase, when uttered by Kean in the country, used to make the walls shake; and he was answered that it was so. Southey and a friend went to see him in this play. When Zanga, having consummated his vengeance and uttered the words, "Know then, 'twas I!" raised his arms over the fainting Alonzo, his attitude, the expression of his features were so terrible, so appalling, that Southey exclaimed, "He looks like Michael Angelo's rebellious archangel!" — "He looks like the arch-fiend himself," said the other.

But among all his new personations, Sir Giles Overreach [says Doran, whose opinion, as one who has seen Kean act, is invaluable] stands pre-eminent for its perfectness from the first words, "Still cloistered up," to the last convulsive breath drawn by him in that famous *one* scene of the fifth act, in which, through his terrible intensity, he once made so experienced an actress as Mrs. Glover faint away, not at all out of flattery, but from emotion. . . . In this last character all the qualities of Kean's voice came out to wonderful purpose, especially in the scene where Lovel asks him: —

Are you not moved with the sad imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices!

To which Sir Giles replies: —

Yes! as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.

I seem still to hear the words and the voice as I pen this passage; now composed, now grand as the foamy billows; so flute-like on the word "moon," creating a scene with the sound, and anon sharp, harsh, fierce in the last line, with a look upward from those matchless eyes, that rendered the troop visible, and their howl perceptible to the ear; the whole serenity of the man, and the solidity of his temper, being less illustrated by the assurance in the succeeding words than by the exquisite music in the tone with which he uttered the word "brightness."

Maturin's "Bertram," a gloomy but powerful play, and Sir Edward Mortimer, in

"The Iron Chest," may be added to his list of great triumphs.

He was now the lion of the day; all the greatest men of the time, poets, statesmen, nobles, crowded his dressing-room and invited him to be their guest. Lord Byron sent him presents and invited him to dinner. At the close of the Drury Lane season he went "starring" into the country. At Edinburgh he was paid one hundred guineas a night for six nights. Fortune poured down upon him her Danae showers, and we have pictures of young Charles playing with heaps of guineas, and bank-notes littering the room.

In succeeding seasons he appeared in many new parts, but made only one great success, *King Lear*. In 1820 he paid his first visit to America. Upon his return he appeared in a great variety of characters, tragic and comic, far too many for his fame, which began to be injured by such injudicious displays of versatility.

It is sad to turn from these records of splendid genius to those of the actor's private life. Success did drive him mad, for only a madman could have so trampled upon the glorious gifts of fortune as he did; dissipation, in its worst form, frequently too obvious to the eyes of the audience, marring his acting, and degrading him as a man, and a preference for low company, were rapidly preparing his downfall. He would quit the society of Lord Byron for that of pugilists! But probably this was more a manifestation of intense pride and sensitiveness than the result of preference. He was painfully conscious of the defects of his education* and of his ignorance of the manners of good society; to commit a solecism in good breeding was exquisite pain to him; thus the apprehension of doing so kept him in a state of extreme discomfort. Among his companions of the tavern he had no such fears, and was, besides, what he liked to be — a king. At length occurred that terrible scandal (in connection with the wife of a certain alderman) which blighted his whole future life and wrecked his home happiness forever; the audience, that once hung so breathlessly upon his lips and hailed him with such shouts of acclamation, now howled and hissed and almost drove him from the stage. Dauntless as ever, he

* During his strolling days he bought a Latin dictionary and learned a number of words and phrases by heart, which he was very fond of quoting on every possible occasion, sometimes correctly, sometimes incorrectly. It was probably this love for and use of quotations which first gave rise to the assertion, repeated by some of his biographers, that he had been educated at Eton.

gave them scorn for scorn, insult for insult, as daringly as ever he did the poor yokels who offended him in his strolling days. But such a contest could not but terminate in his own discomfiture; his friends and patrons fell from him, his wife and child left him, the latter taking to the stage to support his mother. This last was perhaps the heaviest blow of all to Kean, who was bitterly opposed to Charles becoming an actor, and there was estrangement for years between father and son. They were reconciled only when the former was upon the brink of the grave. Deserted by friends and fortune, England was no longer a home for him, and so he paid a second visit to America.

I shall not soon forget [to again quote the doctor] that January night of 1827, on which he reappeared at Drury Lane in *Shylock*. A rush so fearful, an audience so packed, and a reconciliation so complete, acting so faultless, and a dramatic enjoyment so exquisite, I never experienced. Nothing was heeded, indeed, the scenes were passed over until *Shylock* was to appear; and I have heard no such shout since as that which greeted him. Fire, strength, beauty, every quality of the actor seemed to have acquired fresh life. It was all deceptive, however. The actor was all but extinguished after this convulsive, but seemingly natural effect. He lay in bed at the Hummum's hotel all day, amusing himself melancholily with his Indian gewgaws, and trying to find a healthy tonic in cognac.

Grattan's description of his appearance soon afterwards in his play of "*Ben Nazir*," is a dark picture of failing powers. After describing his entrance, his splendid dress, and the thunders of applause that greeted him, he goes on to say: —

He spoke, but what a speech! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines; *his* was of two or three *sentences*, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were to *me* quite appalling; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. He stood fixed, drawled out his incoherent words, and gave the notion of a man who had been half hanged and then dragged through a horse-pond. . . . Kean went through it like a man in the last stage of exhaustion and decay. The act closed, a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain.

Yet still at times transient gleams of his old powers would burst forth with all the old electric fire, and audiences still crushed to suffocation to see him.

To those [says Doran] who saw him from the front, there was not a trace of weakening power in him. But oh, ye few who stood between the wings, where a chair was placed for

him, do you not remember the saddening spectacle of that wrecked genius? a man in his very prime, with not merely the attributes of age about him, but with some of the infirmities of it, which are wont to try the heart of love itself. Have you forgotten that helpless, speechless, fainting mass bent up in that chair; or the very unsavory odor of the very brown, very hot, and very strong brandy and water, which alone kept alive the once noble Moor? Aye, and still noble Moor; for when his time came, he looked about as from a dream, and sighed, and painfully got to his feet, swayed like a column, an earthquake, and in not more time than is required in telling it, was before the audience, as strong and as intellectually beautiful as of old; but only happy in the applause which gave him a little breathing space, and saved him from falling dead upon the stage.

Still for another year or two he went on acting, trying to create new parts, but memory and power failing him, and all the beauty of his face gone, although he was scarcely forty years of age.

On the 25th of March, 1833, came the end. That night was to celebrate the reconciliation between the father and son, and for the first and the last time they were to appear on the stage together, Charles playing Iago to his father's Othello. The event created a great excitement among playgoers; the house was crammed. Kean went through the part, "dying as he went," until he came to the "farewell," and the strangely appropriate words, "Othello's occupation's gone." Then he gasped for breath, and fell upon his son's shoulder, moaning, "I am dying—speak to them for me!" And so the curtain descended upon him—forever. He was conveyed to Richmond. "Come home to me; forget and forgive!" he wrote to his wife. And she came. An hour before he died, he sprang out of bed, exclaiming, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" and he expired with the dying words of Octavian, "Farewell Flo—Floranthe!" on his lips. This was the 15th of May, 1833. He was buried in Richmond churchyard.

There is nothing in the theatrical annals of the whole world so romantic and pathetic as the life of this man. His sins were manifold, but his expiation was heavy. We have dwelt in this paper more particularly upon the events of his early life, in order to soften harsh judgments upon his errors.

Over the grave of one of the greatest of actors [says Doran nobly] something may be said in extenuation of his faults. Such curse as there can be in a mother's indifference hung

about him before his birth. A young Huron, of whose tribe he subsequently became a member, could not have lived a more savage, but certainly enjoyed a more comfortable and better-tended, boyhood. Edmund Kean, from the very time of boyhood, had genius, industry, and ambition, but, with companionship enough to extinguish the first, lack of reward to dull the second, and repeated visitations of disappointment that might have warranted the exchange of high hopes for brutal despair, he nourished his genius, maintained his industry, and kept an undying ambition, under circumstances when to do so was a part of heroism. . . . Kean was trained upon blows and curses, and starvation, and the charity of strangers. It was enough to make all his temper convert to fury, and any idea of such a young, unnurtured savage ever becoming the inheritor of the mantle worn by the great actors of old, would have seemed a madness even to that mother who soon followed him in death, Nancy Carey. But Edmund Kean cherished the idea warm in his bosom, never ceased to qualify himself for the attempt, studied for it while he starved, and when about to make it, felt and said that success would drive him mad. I believe it did, but whether or not I can part from *the* great actor of my young days only with a tender respect. I do not forget the many hours of bright intellectual enjoyment for which I, in common with thousands, was indebted to him, and, in the contemplation of this actor's incomparable genius, I desire to forget the errors of the man.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

OUR DOG DI.

DI was born in Cheshire, far away from Berkshire, where we live. This was how she came to us. "Do you like dogs?" said a man next to us at breakfast. "Yes! if they are big and don't bite." "This one is big and doesn't bite," he answered, and so Di was sent to us in a hamper. When the hamper was opened, Di put out her head, and such a grand one, much more like the head of a lioness than of a dog, and much better, for you had only to look at her to see that she would be playful and gentle. Well! we got her out of the hamper, and the first thing she did, wagging her tail all the while, was to run under a table in the housekeeper's room, and to upset it with a heap of crockery. It made us all laugh to see Di, as she stood on her four legs under the table, lifting it up so that its four legs were off the ground. On the spot we made her over by free gift to our daughter. If you ask what kind of dog she is, she is a smooth St. Bernard, pure breed both on

the side of sire and dam, who have taken prizes at ever so many dog-shows. We have never shown Di—we are too fond of her to hand her over to such sorrow—but if we did we are quite sure she would win the first prize. She is of a rich fawn-color, with such soft, silky ears, and such a tail, thick at the root and tapering away to the tip, which is of a ruddy chestnut brown. When she came to us she was six months old, now she is two and a half years old. Alas! that the life of man should be so long and that of dogs so short!

We had hard work to bring her from Cheshire to town, and from town to Berkshire. If there is anything that Di hates it is railway travelling, and we are inclined to think that into her body has passed the soul of one of those sturdy old people, now nearly extinct, who never would and never will step into a railway carriage, and still post up to town in the good old way. "Will you have her put into the dog-box, Miss?" asked the porter at the first station to which Di was brought. "No," said the resolute lady; "and besides, she is too big." So as there was a very crusty old gentleman in our carriage, who held up his feet as soon as he saw Di, we handed her over to the guard who took her in his van as far as Crewe. There we had to change trains, and then the scene between Di and the railway authorities became very exciting. As soon as the door of the van was opened, out rushed Di and careered wildly along the platform, to the dismay of sober passengers and porters, and looking for all the world like a wild beast. Thus early in her story let us confess that she has one fault. Di is very greedy, and often should we have sat in the stocks for puddings that she has stolen, if there were stocks still in England. Her behavior at Crewe brought out this feature in her character in a strong light. Though in terror at the rail, her eyes and nose discovered the refreshment-room. At one bound she cleared the counter, scattered the young ladies, who fled tearing their false hair, and then seizing a plate of sandwiches, made very short work of them in spite of the mustard. As soon as we could we came forward, soothed the young ladies, paid the damage, and collaring Di, coaxed the guard to take her into his van to town, in consideration of half-a-crown, or we are not sure five shillings, besides her ticket, seeing she was so big. We got her home from Euston Square to Chesters Place pretty well, and nothing happened except that some little boys pointing to Di as she looked out of

the brougham window, cried out, "There goes another lion to the Sological Gardings."

All this time we, that is I and my daughter, to whom, as I have said, Di had been made over in free gift, were in sore dread and fear. I am sure by the time we reached Chesters Place that we were quite as afraid as Di had been at Crewe station. If Di's first visit to the train had been so terrible, what would my wife think of Di's first visit to Chesters Place? You must know that the lady in question hates dogs as the ancient Egyptians hated shepherds. We had been away some time, and there my wife stood in the hall, waiting to welcome husband and daughter safe back to London; when out Di sprang from the carriage, and rushing into the hall stood up on her hind legs and put both her front paws on my wife's chest. I draw a veil over the family scene. Some events are best known in their results, and in this case the result was that Di was only admitted into Chesters Place on the word of a husband and a man of honor that she should leave London for Berkshire the very next morning. If the dogs had a *Court Circular*, or journal of their own—as why should they not, seeing they are so much better bred as a rule than some of the human beings whose movements are chronicled in our fashionable papers—all dogs of high degree, pugs, pointers, collies, and retrievers, might have seen in their *Morning Post*, "The Lady Diana St. Bernard has left her mansion in Chesters Place for the family seat in Berkshire, where it is her ladyship's intention to spend the winter."

Though she was so gentle she looked so strong and fierce that all our servants were afraid of her—all but one, a footman, who was commonly believed to fear neither dog nor devil. He threw himself into the breach, and nobly offered to take Di next morning into Berkshire. Meantime Di had got very fond of her young mistress, and was loath to leave her; but for all that she had to go, in spite of her tail-waggings and coaxing. Into a cab she was thrust, and she and John rattled away to Waterloo. In the evening John returned, having fulfilled his mission, but like some diplomatists we could name, but not all, he was so very reserved as to what had befallen him, that my wife's maid, who had a great spite against him for not carrying coals up-stairs to the attics or some other good reason, was quite sure John had made away with Di to a dog-stealer, and that Miss Frances would

never see her dog again. It turned out on inquiry that John was so silent because he found it so troublesome to get Di down to Berkshire. She had objected and protested against everything, so that her journey to Forest Edge, for that is the name of our house, had been one incessant struggle. There he had handed her over to Mr. Pennywink, our bailiff, who, among his other good qualities, reckons that of a great love of animals.

To him then Di was confided, and with him she spent the winter, I only seeing her occasionally. To say that she increased in stature and in favor with man would not be quite true. Bigger and bigger she grew, so that she could not get under Pennywink's table to upset it; but as to favor with man, that is to say with mankind in general, if we said so we should be telling stories, which we always try not to do. During that winter, what Mr. Pennywink called "a mansion" was being erected at Forest Edge, so called because it is just on the very edge of Swinley Forest, with its huge oaks and beeches; a forest in the recesses of which the badger still lurks, polecats are not uncommon, stoats and weazels are numerous, hawks and jays and even carrion-crows are constantly to be seen; and all this in spite of the crown-keepers, who, like other keepers, shoot down every bird above the size of a blackbird, lest it should eat the eggs or the young of those sacred birds the partridge or the pheasant. But let us return from Swinley to Forest Edge and Di. Building was going on, and masons, bricklayers, and joiners abounded. Many people seem to think that the British workman, like a woodcock, lives by suction. It is a fiction we know even of the woodcock, but still more a fiction is it with the workman. He drinks much and he eats much, and so he makes both ends meet. We are afraid to say how often the "sons of toil," as it is the fashion also to call them, on seeking the bundle containing their dinners, were unpleasantly surprised to find that it had been rifled by Di, into whose capacious maw whole loaves of bread and pounds of beef and bacon disappeared as if by magic. She had a habit too, which added insult to injury, of hanging up the handkerchief which had held the food, on the bush under which it had been hidden, and thus erecting a trophy, as it were, to her appetite. Strange to say, Di seemed to think that the good British workman had placed these good things in her way on purpose, and used at first to sidle up to the dinner-

less artisans, wagging her magnificent tail and smiling visibly, as much as to say, "How good of you to find me so nice a dinner!" This of course was much to her credit, and showed a severe Olympian way of treating human beings, just as Jupiter in "*Orphée aux Enfers*" declared, "Forgiving! I have always been forgiving. I never did any one an injury that I was not the first to forget it." We are sorry to say that though Di behaved in this fine old heathen way, the British workman was not nearly so forgiving. He at least showed no Christianity towards Di. Instead of finding her fresh dinners, he had the meanness to hang his food up on trees and rails and posts where Di could not reach it, and besides, he kicked her and pelted her with stones, and laid eggshells full of pepper and mustard in her way, much to Di's disgust, who when reflecting on these injuries used to say to herself, "Why, when Mr. Pennywink and Mrs. Pennywink and all the little Pennywinks treat me so kindly, do these dusty-coated, flannel-wearing men behave so cruelly to me, who never ate anything of theirs that I did not fawn on them and thank them for it?" At last, finding with all her good-will that she could neither soften the hearts nor the hands of these men, she took a last long meal and leave of them at once. One fine spring day she found under the stairs of the "mansion" three pounds of bacon and four pounds of butter, stowed away for the men's tea and supper; these she dragged out with great glee, and made an end of all but half a pound of butter, when she was caught red-handed, or as we might render it "butter-whiskered," and pelted down from the mansion to Pennywink's house, whither the whole band of workmen chased her, and swore by all their oaths that if Pennywink did not tie her up then and there they would have her life.

That was the first time that Di was thrown into bonds for her greediness, and I wish I could add that it proved a warning to her. Far from it. When the mansion was built, and the British workmen and especially the masons had shaken the dust off their clothes and departed to the great joy of every one, and Di was released from bonds, lo! she came out a worse thief than ever. From her case I have been led to moralize on men thieves, and to feel sure that with boys as with dogs it only makes them worse to imprison them. In the case of boys we well know it is the older boys and the men thieves that make young offenders worse,

and so it was, I was at last convinced, with Di. How could it happen that so young a dog and so well-bred a dog was not only not reformed but even made worse in her evil ways? I am sure this is how it was. Not far off Di's kennel was another within an easy bark, in which time out of mind, except when he was taken out for a run for the good of his health, was chained our old watch-dog, a lurcher, named Boxer. He was a faithful dog in his way, and I ought not to speak ill of him, for he has barked his last on earth, having overeaten himself one fine day, and is no doubt now running hares in company with old poachers in those happy hunting grounds which we are sorry to see General Dodge believes to be all a missionary fiction. But of Boxer I must say that he was a low dog and an underbred dog, who before Di came, had been known to break loose and worry chickens, suck eggs, snap up young rabbits, scare pheasants and partridges from their nests — and in short commit such acts of atrocity as would have made every crown keeper shoot him on the spot if they could have got hold or sight of him; only they could not, for Boxer though a very wicked was a very cunning dog.

Well! close to this criminal Di was chained, and he soon began to poison her young mind, for as for those dinner-stealings I look on them as mere freaks of graceful folly. And now let the reader answer a plain question. Does he believe in the language of dogs? If he says he does not we shall at once class him with those wretched soulless beings who never dream, who think that there is no difference between prose and verse, and cannot for the life of them conceive why poets should be permitted by an all-wise Providence to live; so unless he is prepared to believe in the language of dogs he had better hold his tongue and say nothing and listen to what I have to say. Often when Di was chained up close to Boxer the old sinner would say, "Di, do you know what eggs are?" and Di said, "No, Boxer," he would go on, "Hens and turkeys lay eggs for dogs to suck; I only let Mrs. Pennywink have one now and then as a treat. Promise me that you will suck eggs when you grow up, Di." "Yes, I will, Boxer," said Di. So again of young chicken, when he saw our old sow Bess snap off the head of a chick which had rashly risked its life in her sty, Boxer would cry, "Bravo, Bess. That's the way to treat chicken, Di. Mind you always snap their heads off when you are loose and hungry."

Then, too, he would tell her stories of the rabbits and hares that he had chased and eaten in his young days, when he followed at the heel of the most arrant poacher on all Bagshot Heath. How nice young leverets were and young rabbits, and how sweet it was to roam over the heath as far as the "Golden Farmer" beyond Bagshot — which some idiots now call the "Jolly Farmer" — or past Cæsar's Camp to Easthampstead Flats. "They talk of pleasure," said Boxer, "and I don't say that a new-laid egg or a fresh pat of butter when you have stolen it is not very nice, but for my money give me the rabbit which you have run to his burrow and then dug out with your own paws. Mind, Di, there is nothing so sweet in life as to work for your living."

It is not to be believed that talk like this would not tell on the mind of a young innocent dog. As I have said, Boxer was soon afterwards cut off by an indigestion caused by bolting a hare-skin whole. He died and was buried, but the harm he worked lived after him. When Di was let loose, and we came to live in the mansion, we found Di so finished a thief that in France she might have had a surname given her and been called Diana Macaire. This grieves us of course, but we must take dogs, like men, as we find them — whoever thought the worse of Charles Lamb for his drunkenness? — and so though we are not partakers with men thieves, we would far sooner have Di with us as a dog thief than have instead of her the best-behaved and most moral dog in the world. So far then as Di is concerned, as she cannot be cured, we think she is quite above the eighth and tenth commandments, that they have slipped out and ought to slip out of her Book of Common Prayer. Then, too, there is so much fun in her thefts — we set aside her faults for hunger's sake, she felt the approach of famine and so she stole — but she would make away with other things just by way of a joke out of a mere sense of humor, as when she carried off Mrs. Pennywink's Sunday cap with cherry-colored ribbons, and after trying it on her own head and not thinking it becoming, hung it upon a birch-tree in the plantations where it was not found for many days; or when she laid her teeth on Pennywink's best boots and ran off with them over the heath and hid them in a rabbit burrow, where they were found a year after when we were ferreting rabbits, much the worse, not for wear but for weather and the gnawing of many bunnies who no doubt thought they were thus

venting their wrath on Pennywink, the sworn foe of all the rabbits who range over Bagshot Heath.

While we are confessing Di's faults let us add that she is as great a coward as she is a thief. I am sure the soul of a mouse crept down her throat as soon as she was born, and has stayed there ever since, having, perhaps — for who can tell? — gnawed her own noble lion soul to pieces. But this is also a small matter, for Di looks so like a lioness that the mere sight of her as she stands at gaze slowly waving — for it is not wagging — her tail is enough to strike terror into the beholder. As a watch-dog, therefore, she is as good as any mastiff or bloodhound; with the great advantage that, while she scares away tramps and trespassers, she does not, like those other dogs, every now and then tear one of the family to pieces, as we observe befell an unhappy man at Farnborough the other day. We at the mansion know that Di is the greatest coward in creation, but strangers think she is very savage, and so Di is as great a safeguard to us as a whole pack of bulldogs. But this fear which strangers have of her is sometimes amusing, as when we asked the neighboring stationmaster to come up and take a look round Forest Edge, and he came one Sunday, but only to shut himself up in the walled stable-yard, where he remained the whole day, for he would not, he said, "stir out of the yard to be worried by that big bloodhound." So Di, the thief and the coward, roams about the plantations and keeps off trespassers, while she keeps down the rabbits, much to Pennywink's delight, who, but for her, would never grow a "wizzel," — so he calls mangold — or a swede. Silly man! as he beholds the ravages of the crown rabbits on our crops, he launches out into vain theories on the laws of property and game and vermin. "Them as breeds the rabbits," he says, "ought to be bound to wire their land all round, and then they might keep their own rabbits for themselves and their crops," a suggestion which we earnestly commend to the notice of Mr. P. A. Taylor, and the other agitators against the existing game-laws.

"Why are we so tormented with rats?" once said Lord Macaulay. "Because they are so small and we so big. Suppose twenty thousand mammoths were suddenly thrown on our shores, we should at once recognize the fact as a national calamity; we should call out the yeomanry and pursue them, send down regiments of the line and artillery, and exterminate them, and in a week there would not be a mammoth left

alive; but as to rats we are powerless; for all our ferreting, and poison, and traps, they continue to increase, till they threaten to eat us out of house and home; the reason being that their size enables them for the most part to elude our attacks." Under such gloomy forebodings of the historian, it is a comfort to think that Di is good against rats. "Everything in creation has a purpose, Hodge," I said to our old laborer, who, man and boy, had worked about Ascot for nearly seventy years. "Has they?" replied Hodge. "Then I should be glad to know why rats was created?" It was in vain to tell the old man that they were nature's scavengers; he stuck to his creed, and could not for the life of him believe in the use of rats. Nor as a matter of practice do we believe in their use. Rats are interesting, cunning, and very affectionate to their offspring, but as to use, you should hear Pennywink lamenting the loss of chicken, and turkey poults, and whole broods of ducklings carried off in a single night by these pests! When we have borne these inroads a little while we proclaim a hunt, send over to a neighbor for his ferrets, set to work with spades, and dig up the enemies' nests and runs, and so slay numbers of them. On these occasions Di is invaluable; she seizes the rats young and old, as they bolt from their holes and, however much they may bite, never fails to kill them. So eager is she that I am sorry to say that once, when an unhappy brown ferret showed his nose at a hole Di was down on him in the twinkling of an eye, and before one could say "Jack Robinson," our best ally against the rats was dead. The owner of that ferret is a hard man, more than suspected of beating both wife and child, but the hardest of hearts has its soft corner, and his heart so melted at the untimely death of his darling ferret, that tears trickled down his cheeks.

I wish that I could say that Di's exploits against the rats ends with their death. She evidently thinks that all is flesh that falls into her jaws, and like a New Zealander or a New Caledonian, having slain her enemy, she eats him; and not only him, but she ate the body of that ferret also. And let no one say that she eats rats because she is half starved. Nothing of the kind. The dog-biscuits that she eats, and the greaves and the toppings and boiled potatoes are beyond belief. She has been even known to go down to the sheepfold and steal the lambs' oilcake. Though so gay and joyful and frolicsome, and professing in every

act such deep love for the family, she has one purpose in life, and that is to make her way into the larder, and though that stronghold of food is usually kept locked, on two occasions at least Di has been known to break into it and rifle its stores. In the way of making her way into yards she is almost human, using her right forepaw very much like a man's hand, but as she has not yet reached the art of unlocking a door, we are sure that on those two occasions the larder must have been unlocked.

One of these robberies — they were both of rounds of beef — was followed by such consequences to Di that I am tempted to add them to Di's story. I was sitting in my library, reading the "Fathers of the Church," when I heard a hue and cry, and soon after our cook came in with a rueful face, and "Please, sir, Di has stolen the beef for to-morrow's dinner" — to-morrow being Sunday, and the weight of the beef fifteen pounds. Now the mansion at Forest Edge is not so poor in resources that the loss even of that quantity of beef would have been coupled with starvation. Proud in this feeling, and wishing, I must own, to screen Di, I said, "Get something else," and dismissed the cook, who had a reckoning on Monday morning with her mistress. But it is not of that but of Di that I am writing. Not caring to go on with the "Fathers of the Church," and curious to see what Di would do with the beef, I went out to look for her, and found her stretched out in the sun, as sleek and round as a New Caledonian chief who has eaten his third wife. There was no sign of the beef except in Di's person, and it turned out afterwards, that having eaten half of it there and then she had buried the rest, which she was seen to dig up and devour some days after. Of course I should not enter into these details unless I had something else to tell. Di's general health is of the rudest kind, but a few days after she had eaten the last of that beef she was seen to be ailing. She could scarcely drag one leg after the other, and had hardly the heart to wag her tail. As there were reapers about the place, a race of men who tie their food up in cloths and leave them under trees, I made up my mind that Di had been at her old tricks, had stolen the men's dinners and been kicked for it, as is the fashion of laborers to their wives and dogs. This belief was strengthened by a lump on Di's right side, from which we thought that one of her ribs was

broken. So she limped and crawled about for some days, till one morning that very cook from whose larder the beef had been stolen, and who for all that was very fond of Di, when patting and stroking her pricked her finger.

"Why, what's this sticking out of Di's side?" she said to Pennywink.

So Pennywink felt Di's side, and then they saw that out of it stood the point of an iron skewer. The said Pennywink is a man more of action than of words. He seized the point of the skewer, and by main force pulled it out of Di's side; a bit of surgery which must have been no easy job, as the skewer was eight inches long and had one end twisted round in a circle; just one of those horrible inventions of the enemy in short which butchers put into rounds of beef for the express purpose of tormenting fathers of families who have to carve for their children, an act which we sometimes think will hinder a merciful Providence from allowing any butcher to enter the gates of paradise.

And so the secret of Di's illness was out. She had bolted that iron skewer when she devoured the beef, and it having somehow got crosswise into her chest, came out just at her last short rib on the right side. She evidently suffered great pain while it was inside her, but it speaks worlds for the ease with which animals throw off lesions which few men could undergo without death, that in the afternoon of the day on which the skewer was dragged out Di was frisking about in her usual health and chasing rabbits in the wildest way over the woods and heath. The wound healed up at once, and all that remains of it now is a very slight scar on Di's side which you have to hunt for before you can find it.

"Why don't you send that story to the *Field*?" asked an old friend; "perhaps they will believe it." But as he plainly did not believe it, and as several others to whom we told the story turned out to be doubting Thomases, the end was that it was not sent to the *Field*, and so now it is sent to more believing people. There are many more things which we could tell of Di, but it would take a whole number to contain them, and I therefore forbear; declaring, in conclusion, that there never was such a perfect dog character as Di, and expressing my fervent hope that she may not meet an untimely end at the hand of that base band of poisoners who have already laid so many noble dogs low.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.
CHARLES KINGSLEY.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holne, in Devonshire, on June 12, 1819; and he died at Eversley on January 23, 1875, having lived seven months more than fifty-five years. An eager, anxious, hard-working, yet on the whole very happy life was contained in that period. He was preacher, parish priest, politician, poet, novelist, historian, inspired teller of stories to the children: enthusiastic naturalist, architect and artist without building or painting. He was brave, impulsive, just, truthful, humorous, affectionate, beloved. He made his name known wherever the English language is read. He had his vehement traducers, most of whom knew nothing of him but from his writings: all who knew him and understood him were his loving friends. He had to *drie his weird* through years of suspicion, misrepresentation, and obloquy, for which he was himself in part responsible. Then came the bright time of success, professional eminence, and fame. And amid all these he died.

Though his life was one of little outward event, his inner history was remarkable: and his biography deserved to be written. It has been written, modestly and simply, by that noble and (let it be said) almost angelic woman to whom he was ever forward to say he owed all the good he had done in his life, and the happiness he had known. It need not be said that the story is told with perfect taste and with deep feeling.

No doubt Mrs. Kingsley knew how great and good a man her husband was: but there is no exaggeration of the real goodness, ability, and varied usefulness of the man. It is not the mark he may have left on his generation that she dwells on most fondly; but rather the diligence of the parish priest who brought new moral life into his parish, ministering day and night to the humblest; and the help he was enabled to render to many unknown friends in divers countries of the world, who had taken courage to write and ask the counsel of a stranger whose pages had brought light and strength to their perplexed and weary souls. Several of Kingsley's earlier works were first published in this magazine: and eighteen or twenty years ago there were those who looked for the letters C. K. appended to charming essays, and occasional little poems, which

appeared in these pages. He had no dearer friend than John Parker, who then conducted *Fraser*, and whose heart was in his magazine and his friends who wrote in it. It was under John Parker's roof that the writer first met Kingsley, and speedily learned to feel towards him as all who knew him felt: it was in John Parker's company that the writer first visited Eversley rectory, and saw what like Kingsley was in his beautiful and happy home. Some tribute to Kingsley is becoming here: and it may be rendered by one who though not of the inner circle of his special intimacy is yet proud to have been his friend, and knew enough of him to admire and love him.

For nine years, the portrait of Kingsley, close to that of John Parker, has looked down from the wall of the room in which I write. It is a great photograph, taken while he was on a visit to the house by an amateur of extraordinary ability. It is the best and most lifelike portrait of Kingsley known to me. It has the stern expression, which came partly of the effort, never quite ceasing, to express himself through that characteristic stammer which quite left him in public speaking, and which in private added to the effect of his wonderful talk. Photography caught him easily. Those who look at the portrait prefixed to Volume I. of the "Life" see the man as he lived. Mr. Woolner's bust, shown at the beginning of Volume II., shows him aged and shrunken, not more than he was but more than he ought to have been: and the removal of all hair from the face is a marked difference from the fact in life: yet the likeness is perfect too. That somewhat severe face belied one of the kindest hearts that ever beat: yet the handsome and chivalrous features not unworthily expressed one of the truest, bravest, and noblest of souls. Kingsley could not have done a mean or false thing: by his make it was as impossible as that water should run up hill. He was truly magnanimous and unselfish: the last attainment of divers not wholly ignoble minds. In these days, part of the stock in trade of the unscrupulous self-seeker is sometimes a great parade of unselfishness: the man who never in his life really exerted himself for any other end than the advantage of number one requests you to take notice that his sole end is the glory of God and the good of mankind. And the transparent pretext, which infuriates the perspicacious few, is found to succeed with the undiscerning many. But Kingsley, who never asked you to remark how

* *Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memoirs of his Life*. Edited by his Wife. Two volumes. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1877.

unselfish and downright he was, was all that several successful men have pretended to be.

It is very hard to take it in that he is gone. Even when in broken health he was not the kind of man one thinks of as to die. And he did not live out his life. He had greatly overworked himself, but he did not die worn-out. Life's taper might have been husbanded out far longer. He died, like the hosts he had felt for, and pleaded for, of preventible disease. Rest, and care, might have kept him with us for many a day and year. I see and hear him now, lifelike beyond expression, sitting on a seat, vacant now, opposite this table on which I write, with two little boys on his knees, telling them stories of his own as good as the "Water Babies." I see, as if present, the keen sharp eye with which he scanned the little faces, to see if they were taking in what he said. And now he would only have been fifty-seven.

Looking back on one's own life, as a whole, you know how short it sometimes seems. It is indeed "our little life." But it is in reading a biography, a well-written and interesting biography, that one feels into how little space past time and past life crush up, as we look back. All a laborious life, not quite a short one, — all a human being's share of this world's work and history, — go into two volumes, which you can get through in an evening. Good Dean Alford has the memorial of all his hard work, all his disappointments and successes, in one. It is a common complaint, nowadays, that biographies are too long. They may be, often, for the worth of what they have to tell. But if they are designed to convey the impression of what the man's life really was, they are of necessity too short. Two volumes, even if large ones, must fail to give you the feeling of real long years. They bring too near the changed and wearied man at the end, to the hopeful youth at the beginning. They cannot truly show how gradual and imperceptible was the change, in feeling, in belief, in surroundings, in all things. Not even Dr. Newman could do it, in his too little space. And a biography, lively and readable throughout, necessarily fails to convey the fact concerning our life: the long dull periods, slowly dragging over, and the quiet uneventful times that seem now to have been so peaceful and happy. You may tell us, in a few pages or sentences, that a human being lived so many years here or there, did such work, passed through such transitions of character and feeling, experienced the pressure of such

anxieties and losses. But only a very long history, designedly dull for many pages together, and going into details wearisome to most readers, can truthfully represent the fact of a life in which the sun never shines on three hundred and sixty-five days at once: in which the whole man by imperceptible gradation moves away and away. The story of Kingsley's life is indeed very briefly told in these two considerable volumes.

When he was born his father was vicar of Holne, under Dartmoor. Father and mother were both remarkable: Kingsley delighted to say that all the talent of his family was hereditary. When six weeks old, he left Devonshire, and he did not see his birthplace again till he was a man of thirty: but his mother's enthusiasm for the scenery round Holne was transmitted; and everything connected with Devonshire had a mysterious charm for Kingsley through all his life. His father held several charges in succession: one at Burton-on-Trent, one at Barnack in the Fen country, whose wide flats had also a singular attraction for Charles: then he held the living of Clovelly, a strange and lovely village in North Devon: where the extraordinary scenery and the curious primitive people left an indelible impression on his son: "the inspiration of my life," were the son's own words. In 1836, when Charles was seventeen, his father became rector of St. Luke's, Chelsea: and a change passed, of necessity, upon the outward surroundings of the family. This living the elder Kingsley held till his death. Charles was a precocious child. At four years old he preached a sermon which is preserved: and which is not unlike the sermons of other thoughtful little boys of four. He was gentle and quiet. All his life he suffered from a painful shyness: though he certainly did not look like it. His father was a Tory and an Evangelical: and, though Charles was always a most dutiful son, his father's views (as in many similar cases) acted upon him for a considerable part of his life by way of repulsion. He gravitated towards them again as he grew older. When twelve years old, along with a brother who soon died, he was placed at Helston Grammar School in Cornwall, whose head-master was Mr. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the poet. Here Charles was "a tall, slight boy, of keen visage, and of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, and energetic;" "original to the verge of eccentricity;" and foremost in feats of agility and adventure. It was remembered in the school

how well he bore pain. Once, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by the actual cautery; and having heated the poker red-hot in the schoolroom fire, he calmly applied it two or three times to the wound. There are those who, looking at a cheerful fire on a winter evening, have found it wholly impossible to imagine how any mortal could by his own will be burnt alive. Kingsley could have understood, whether as man or boy. He wrote from school to his mother that "I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am keeping a journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me." When his father went to Chelsea in 1836, Kingsley became a student of King's College, London. It was a lift in the Church; but as with many such, the substantial gain was balanced by sentimental loss.

"The change to a London rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, the discussion of which is so wearisome to the young, the middle-class society of a suburban district as Chelsea was then, the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind.

"His parents were absorbed in their parish work, and their religious views precluded all public amusement for their children."

I have heard Kingsley speak keenly of this period in his life; and describe, in his vehement fashion, the mutinous spirit which possessed him not against parental authority nor even parental views, but against the views and idiosyncrasy of the entire school of good folk among whom he had to live. But what he felt did not much appear on the surface. The excellent Professor Hall, of the mathematical chair in King's College, writes of him, "I own his subsequent career astonished me, for as a youth he was gentle and diffident even to timidity." Professor Hall has doubtless seen his old students turn out both a great deal better and a great deal worse than he anticipated of them.

In the autumn of 1838 Kingsley went to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Here he gained a scholarship by competition. And on July 6, 1839, he and his future wife met for the first time. From the beginning a powerful and healthful influence was exerted upon him by the young lady. He was full of religious doubts. His peculiar character had not been understood at home.

"His heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and he met with answering sympathy. And gradually, as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every feeling, every sin as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given: all things in heaven and earth discussed: and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day."

Yet, after this, the dark cloud returned.

"The conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind,—boating, hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the fens,—anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future."

With all his spiritual struggles, his physical strength did not fail. In one day he walked to London, fifty-two miles, without much fatigue: and for years after this a walk of five-and-twenty miles was a refreshment to him. Finally he took a good degree, having worked very energetically for his last few months at the university. He was senior optime in mathematics, and first class in classics. But all who knew him were aware that this was little to what he might have done had he not fallen into that deplorable condition of morbid idleness.

He had been entered at Lincoln's Inn, thinking of the bar; but by a felicitous choice turned to the profession for which above all others his whole character fitted him. Through all this period of his life, his letters to his future wife are as curious specimens of such a correspondence as John Foster's famous essays, which were letters written in like circumstances. He began to see good in the Low Church party: and he thought Archbishop Whately (who would not have thanked him for misspelling his name as *Whateley*) "the greatest mind of the present day." He was ordained deacon at Farnham, by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, whose personal character and inoffensive life did something (much needed) to obliterate the recollection of how he got there. And in

July 1842, at the age of twenty-three, Kingsley settled at Eversley, where first as curate and then as rector he was to remain for just thirty-three years. It was, and is, a singular parish: with scenery rather Scotch than English. Three hamlets, each surrounding its little green, are surrounded by the moorland, and young forests of self-sown fir-trees. Parts of the country round are liker Perthshire than Hampshire. But the village green, the church and the rectory, are distinctly English. The great fir-trees on the rectory-lawn are known far and wide. The people were much given to poaching. An occasional royal deer from the not remote Windsor forest would stray into Eversley parish and never return: and hares and pheasants, in the old days, were common in cottages where now they are rarely seen. The parish had been grievously neglected: the church was empty on Sundays and the public houses full. But things speedily changed. Kingsley threw all his youthful enthusiasm into his work. And thus early he develops those views of what came to be termed *muscular Christianity*: by which he meant nothing more nor less than the maintenance of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. He writes,—

The body is the temple of the living God. There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength, and beauty, which the religious, and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness and untidiness. I should be ashamed of being weak. I could not do half the little good I do here, if it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Many clergymen would half kill themselves if they did what I do. And though they might walk about as much, they would neglect exercise of the arms and chest, and become dyspeptic or consumptive."

All this seems commonplace now, because Kingsley, and others who independently arrived at the same conclusions about the same time, have succeeded in getting it so generally accepted. One has heard it from pulpits without number: but the days were in which it was fresh and (to some folk) startling. I have known a case in which a sermon designed to show that the care of the body is a Christian duty, was pleasantly described as teaching that men should take more care of their bodies than their souls. The stupidest old woman in a Scotch Dissenting "body" would hardly say so now. And the following description of the fashion in which Kings-

ley got hold of his parishioners tells of what for many years now has been very common both in Scotland and England:—

"This was one secret of his influence at Eversley: he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadows, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. From knowing every fox-earth on the moor, the 'reedy house' of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the laborer the science of hedging and ditching."

A dark time came. There was a long break in his correspondence with his future wife: no doubt the break was intended to be final. A year of silence and hard work passed over. He was "roughly lodged in a thatched cottage," and the prospect of preferment in the Church seemed small. One feels how vain it is to represent, by a few lines written in the knowledge of future years, what that time must have been. Doubtless it served its purpose. At length the sky brightened. He was promised a living: the helpful correspondence was resumed: and in the prospect of being soon married he laid out his plan of life.

"We must have a regular rule of life, not so as to become a law, but a custom. Family prayers before breakfast: 8.30 to 10, household matters: 10 to 1, studying divinity or settling parish accounts and business,—our doors open for poor parish visitants: between 1 and 5, go out in all weathers, to visit sick and poor, and to teach in the school: in the evening we will draw, and feed the intellect and fancy. We must devote 9 to 12 on Monday mornings to casting up our weekly bills and accounts, and make a rule never to mention them, if possible, at any other time: and never to talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 in the morning; nor of parish business in the evening. I have seen the *gêne* and misery which not following some such rule brings down. We must pray for a spirit of order and regularity and economy in the least things."

Wisely resolved! Let us hope these rules were practically carried out. Early in 1844 the young couple were married: Charles Kingsley and Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger his wife. They were to have settled at a curacy in Dorsetshire: but the living of Eversley becoming vacant, Kingsley was presented to it, and settled down in the

rectory which is indissolubly associated with his name.

"He now settled at Eversley with his wife: and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely neglected parish, and the expenses of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. The house itself was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, baling out the water in buckets for hours together: and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the incumbent, the living, although a good one, was for years unremunerative: but the young rector, happy in his home and his work, met all difficulties bravely: and gradually in the course of years, the land was drained: the ponds which ran through the garden and stood above the level of the dwelling-rooms were filled up, and though the house was never healthy, it was habitable."

It is a disappointing account of the picturesque house which so many know. It must be confessed that a modern dwelling, well-built and roofed-in, thoroughly drained and ventilated, with lofty ceilings and large windows is, after all, a preferable habitation to many a charming mediæval mansion, delightful to an æsthetic eye. Nor is cost to be forgotten. I have heard Kingsley say that it cost him 80*l.* a year to keep his rectory in repair.

There was a turn-over in all parochial arrangements. Of course there were some who opposed the new rector's *innovations*. The communion had been celebrated three times a year, and the churchwardens refused to provide for monthly celebrations. Kingsley had himself for many years to bear the cost; and doubtless the wrath of some who had known the church for thirty years and never wished these new-fangled decencies. But he made his way. He was a devoted parish priest, visiting perpetually as well as preaching regularly. He thought it best, amid that generation of poachers, never to touch a gun: but he sometimes had a gallop in the hunting-field. "I defy any mortal," said he to the writer, "to point out any part of my duty that is neglected: and, that being so, I take my recreation in my own way." His preaching from the first arrested attention. The extraordinary experience of being able to listen

with interest to a sermon was not the least startling of the innovations which aroused the parishioners of Eversley. The respectable Bishop Sumner, characteristically, found fault with the sermons as "too colloquial." I have known many respectable dignitaries to whom, for obvious reasons, a sermon to which human beings could listen was an unpardonable offence.

Now the active mind turned to literary work. "The Saint's Tragedy," his vehement testimony against asceticism, undertaken by the house of Parker, was published at the end of 1847. It excited much feeling at Oxford, traversing as it did the teaching in favor there: and when at Oxford on a visit in the spring of 1848, Kingsley found himself an object of interest to many. *Fraser's Magazine* had recently come the hands of the Parkers, and at this time (April 1848) his first paper appeared in it, under the title "Why Should we Fear the Romish Priests?" Through the Parkers, Kingsley became acquainted with men who were to be his special friends: Thomas Hughes, Helps, J. A. Froude, Hullah, J. M. Ludlow, Archdeacon Hare. The Chartist movement of this year greatly interested him: he wrote a placard addressed to the "workmen of England," which was posted over London at a critical time: and he contributed to a little publication, "Politics for the People," published by Parker, under the name of "Parson Lot." I possess the bound volume: there never was but one; and I cannot say that it is interesting or impressive in any high degree. And the name of "Parson Lot," suggestive of the one righteous man in Sodom, does not seem felicitous. Kingsley, in fact, in an exciting time, had (for a season) too great belief in people being saved and helped by fussiness, by public meetings, and political papers. And his declaration at a meeting of uneducated men who (as a rule) were disposed to do anything except work hard, practice self-denial, and help themselves, that he was "a Church of England parson and a Chartist," did no good either to himself or the cause he had at heart. "Yeast" came out as a series of papers in *Fraser*; and then, under the pressure of work and excitement, Kingsley quite broke down, and had to rest for some time in Devonshire. He felt strongly the necessity for making public worship bright and attractive: he writes to a friend, "Do I not shudder at the ghastly dulness of our services?" In this approximating to his great opponent of after-time. For Dr.

Newman, in a speech at Birmingham, once declared of the Anglican Church, that "the thought of her doctrines makes me shudder: the thought of her services makes me shiver." No wonder, considering what these last were when Dr. Newman was familiar with them. Things are quite different now: thanks to the much-abused High Churchmen.

In 1850, Kingsley, from conscientious scruples, gave up the office of clerk in orders in his father's parish, which he had hitherto held: and to meet growing expenses and a lessened income, he must write. The result was "Alton Locke," written in the early mornings of the winter: which yielded him 150*l*. The Parkers did not venture to publish it, "Yeast" having injured *Fraser*; but it was brought out by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, on the recommendation of Mr. Carlyle. This new work, with "Yeast," and the name of Chartist (given and taken with little real reason), made him a suspect man. Cautious people, with an eye to their own promotion, fought shy of him. Yet, though his years were only thirty-one, strangers began to write and ask his counsel upon many subjects. "Hypatia" came out in *Fraser*, beginning in January, 1852, and running in company with "Digby Grand," which was beginning to make the name of Whyte-Melville familiar to novel-readers. The fancies of what for a little was known as Christian Socialism attracted Kingsley, and his connection with it brought upon him many attacks. He felt these: but was even more annoyed by the eccentricities and follies of the odd set among whom he found himself as its supporters.

It was in the summer of 1851 that by invitation of the incumbent he preached in a London church a sermon on "The Message of the Church to the Laboring Man," at the close of which the incumbent arose and informed the congregation that much of what Kingsley had said was dangerous and much untrue. The event was not unique: I have known the like happen in Scotland. Kingsley made no reply, though denounced in the newspapers as the "apostle of Socialism." So innocent was the sermon that the Bishop of London (Blomfield), who hearing of the disturbance had forbidden Kingsley to preach in his diocese, after reading it and conversing with the author removed his prohibition. It is to be regretted that the biography records, as if worth something, some demonstrations by "working men" which are only to be classed with those in favor of Orton and Dr. Kenealy. It was be-

cause these wrong-headed persons fancied that Kingsley's sermon was what every good man would disapprove, that they rallied round him. An equally discreditable impulse led to a proposal, never entertained, to defy the bishop and start a "free Church." Kingsley behaved thoroughly well throughout these events: and the outcome of the whole was, singularly, his song of "The Three Fishers."

It is wonderful how he found time to write the long letters he wrote to strangers asking counsel. And it might be difficult to construct a consistent scheme of the theology he taught in them. I remember his admitting this frankly, on being asked how *this* was to go with *that*. "You logical Scotchmen," he said, "must construct consistent theories: I have intuitions of individual truths: how they are to be reconciled I know not."

Now strangers began to appear in Eversley church: officers from Sandhurst, and an occasional clergyman.

"After he gave out his text, the poor men in the free sittings would turn towards him, and settle themselves into an attitude of fixed attention. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation: but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when in spite of himself his hands would escape, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement of which he was quite unconscious: his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated."

He tried to carry out a theory I have heard him express, that a preacher might fitly be as animated as he could be without moving his hands from his sermon. All gesticulation, he said, was vulgar and theatrical. This he said, listening to some account of an eminent Scotch preacher who used profuse gesticulation. But the theory, surely, grounds on a quite arbitrary canon of propriety; and Kingsley traversed it himself.

Mrs. Kingsley gives a pleasing picture of the father amid his family, where he sought to surround the children with an atmosphere of joyousness, and where punishment was hardly known. Solomon has a good deal to answer for, in the matter of spoiling children's tempers and breaking their spirits. And his own attempts to bring up his children well do not appear to have been so successful as Kingsley's. The griefs of childhood Kingsley could not bear to see: and busy as he might be,

his study was always open to the little sufferer from some small trouble: many fine sentences were broken off to mend a broken toy. He instilled into his children the love of what (in some cases with little reason) are called inferior animals: down even to toads and snakes. But he could not bear a spider.

So his life went on, his reputation growing, and clearing itself of the old suspicions; though no doubt many good folk thought him rather a strange kind of parson. It has been said that he was a layman in the disguise of a clergyman. In one sense, this was true. He did not fear Mrs. Grundy. He would as soon shock her as not. But in the deeper truth, there never was a man more essentially a clergyman in all his ways and feelings. His piety pervaded his entire life: his reverence for religious truth was unceasing. If the old prim idea of clerical propriety is in great measure gone, the abandonment of a conventional sham is to some degree due to Kingsley. Much of his teaching, like that of Newman and of Carlyle, does not seem to us now so original as in fact it was when first given forth, because we have so much learned it. One thinks of the man, disappointed in hearing a play of Shakespeare. "I was told," he said, "that Shakespeare was a man of original genius: whereas the play consisted to a great extent of the most hackneyed quotations." In 1859, Kingsley was made chaplain to the queen; which in many estimable quarters, though not in all, would be received as testimony to his substantial orthodoxy.

In May 1860 he was offered the professorship of modern history at Cambridge, which he accepted with some diffidence. It was then the writer first met him. For ten days, in the middle of a beautiful May, one long accustomed to a very retired life had a first glimpse of eminent men of letters under the hospitable roof of John Parker. How bright, kind, brotherly, and unaffected they were! It was profoundly interesting, and very strange. Among them were Helps, pleased with his appointment, just made, as clerk of council: and Kingsley, full of his new professorship. I see them both, one bright May forenoon, sitting in Parker's pleasant library, both smoking, and Kingsley vehemently setting forth to Helps his plans for his lectures, for two very short hours. Then Helps had to go. The day was very warm, and Kingsley had talked himself into a white heat; accordingly he discarded his coat and sat in his shirt-sleeves. In a little Parker opened the door wide, and

said with some solemnity, "*The Bishop of London*." Kingsley, always respectful to dignities, made a rush for his coat and had got half-way into it: when, with grave and solemn demeanor, fitted to the episcopal bench, beseeeming the title he had heard given him, walked in Helps! Kingsley, though charming, was certainly (as Parker said) "a most exhausting companion:" London acted upon him as a powerful stimulant, fresh from the moors of Eversley: and Parker's weaker physique could not keep pace with that robust bodily health and the almost uproarious spirits. One of the band round Parker's table was Buckle, of the "*History of Civilization*." His fluency was wonderful: his knowledge seemed equal in all directions: he never would leave off talking if he could find a listener: the complaint was that he preached. But he was very impatient of all other preachers: not an entirely unknown characteristic. He had the enviable power of never allowing himself to be hurried in his work. Helps was John Parker's prophet: who can speak of him worthily? Wisest, kindest, best of men! Mr. Theodore Martin and his wife (that supreme dramatic genius) were among Parker's chief friends. And Ormsby, one of the brightest and cleverest writers upon topics of the day. Parker was a constant visitor at Eversley rectory: the writer will never forget a beautiful day at this time on which Parker and he went by railway to Winchfield, and thence walked the five miles to Eversley: spending as many hours as possible with Kingsley about the church and glebe, and walking back with him by Bramshill. That autumn was saddened by Parker's sudden death. Kingsley writes of him, "His was a great soul in a pigmy body; and those who know how I loved him, know what a calumny it is to say I preach 'muscular Christianity.'"

About this time, Kingsley evinced a curious irritability on the last-named matter. Let him speak for himself in a remarkable letter written in February of this year to one then unknown to him, who afterwards became his friend; and who had contributed some papers to the magazine, one of which touched the sore subject. This letter sets forth the fullest statement known to me of his views upon it.

Eversley,
Feb. 15, '60.

DEAR SIR, — Were you not so charming a writer; and one whom I long to know and to thank in person, I should not trouble you or myself by writing this.

But. In an essay of yours which seems to me one of your very best; and in every word of which I agree, I find (p. 250-251) talk which pains me bitterly, about muscular Christianity! Now—I am called by noodles and sneerers the head of that school. When muscular Christianity is spoken of either Tom Hughes or I rise to most folks' minds. Tom may take care of himself; for me, I say this.

I consider the term as silly and offensive. Whenever any man makes use of it to me I ignore the whole matter, and if I be troubled give him to understand that he is rude. And for this reason. It is all a dream, as far as I am concerned, about muscular Christianity. The best folk I know or ever shall know, have been poor cripples, noodles, ugly women, and that sort of "offscouring of humanity"—whom the Lord loved because there is no form nor comeliness in them, to make men love them. Then, because I tell the handsome women and the strong men, "Why are you not as good as these poor wretches? You can and ought to be a great deal better;" an insolent——reviewer, or somebody, gives me the nicknamed muscular Christianity, and sets up the theory that my ideal is a man who fears God, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. I have my ideal—I have many ideals—which I shall keep to myself; but I confess I have never been more moved than by such talk to show the young prig, whoever he was, my muscular *un*-Christianity, unless my right hand had forgotten its cunning, and the lessons of Sambo the Black Fighter. But boy's nonsense on such subjects I can pass over. It is when a man like you re-echoes their impertinence (you yourself being not impertinent, and therefore speaking in good faith—which is all the more painful to me) that I *must* speak to you and ask, Do you think that I, who am not only a student of human nature, but have been a hard-working parish priest for eighteen years, and love my parish work better than anything else in the world—do you think that I am such a one-sided ass as to preach what you seem to understand by muscular Christianity? There is not a word in your condemnation of it, to which I have not said "amen" a dozen years since; and I beg that if that passage is to stand in your essays, you will except from the category, me, the very man whom noodles call the apostle of the doctrine.

I do entreat you to reconsider that passage. It is unjust, not to me, but to others. You say you find many books which talk, etc.; I wish you would name them to me. A list of them would be most pleasant to me; for ill and weak as I am, and forbidden to write, I would bestir myself to give any fellows who talk as you say (though I have never met with any) such a dressing in *Fraser* as would show them that my tongue was still sharp enough: Do, I beg you, tell me explicitly what and whom you mean—or say yourself—as you can do most excellently, in your next edition; and meanwhile, take the hint which I gave a

young fellow (though you are not young nor a "fellow," but a wise and good man) who said in a well-meaning review of me, that I had never had an ache or a sorrow in my life; and I told him—as I tell you—that for the first twenty years of my life I never knew what health meant—that my life had been one of deep and strange sorrows; and that only by drinking the cup of misery and sickness to the dregs had I learnt to value health and happiness, and to entreat those who had health and happiness, to use them aright; for for all these things God would bring them into judgment.

I write to you openly, as to a brother, for I long to know you, more than any man whom I find writing now; and for that very reason I cannot abide your seeming to lend yourself to any of the vulgar misconceptions of what I am aiming at. I have my aim: but what that is I tell no man yet.

Yours ever faithfully,
C. KINGSLEY.

On November 12 he delivered his inaugural lecture in the crowded Senate House at Cambridge, meeting an enthusiastic welcome from the undergraduates: and to a class of upwards of a hundred he gave his first course of lectures, afterwards published as "The Norman and the Teuton." Opinions have varied as to the value of Kingsley's historical teaching: but there can be no difference of opinion as to his power of interesting young men. In 1861 he gave a course of private lectures to the Prince of Wales, with a little class of eleven others. The lectures carried the class up to the reign of George IV.: the prince was diligent in his attendance, and at the end of each term passed a satisfactory examination. The "Water Babies" came out in the spring of 1862: and in August of that year Kingsley visited Scotland, spending some days in Edinburgh, where for the first time he saw the worship of the Scotch Kirk. "You can't expect me to like it," was his candid statement to the friend he had heard preach.

His life and work went on, at Eversley and at Cambridge. Little need be said of the controversy into which, at the critical age of forty-five, he fell with Dr. Newman. Kingsley was substantially in the right, though Newman was the better handler of his case: and of Newman's personal integrity there never could be doubt in the mind of any reasonable man. In the spring of 1867 he edited *Fraser* for a few months in Mr. Froude's absence at Simancas. Though interested in the magazine in which his literary life began, he had none of the feeling which has made others hold by a periodical for the sake

of auld lang syne, when offered far higher pay elsewhere. "I carry my pigs to the best market," was his downright remark to the writer. In the autumn of 1867 he came to Scotland, and spent a memorable week in the ancient city of St. Andrews, winning the hearts of all who came to know him. "I apprehend I am a bad Englishman," he wrote: "for I like you Scots far better than my own countrymen." When the writer received him at the railway, he looked older than he should have done. He said he had despised sick folk, and was now being punished duly: never feeling quite well. But after a bath in water nearly boiling, he brightened up, and was the life of a gathering at dinner of men and women who valued him as they ought. The British Association was to hold its meetings in the great town of Dundee, twelve miles off; and Kingsley had come mainly to attend these. But he did not trouble the British Association much. Just twice did he go to Dundee. Three trains and one ferry-boat (across the Tay) are needed to cover the distance from St. Andrews; and Kingsley got tired of the journey. The day after his arrival, Wednesday September 4, was bright and warm. He spent the day wandering about the ruined castle and cathedral, and sitting on the grass in St. Salvator's College: and in the evening went to Dundee to hear the Duke of Buccleugh give his address as president. There was a vast crowd in the handsome Kinnaird Hall: a great gathering, on the huge platform, of the philosophers of the age: and Kingsley was delighted when the duke, very bright-looking and well set up, the broad blue ribbon of the garter crossing his breast, and every inch what it is his duty to be, began his address by saying that a good deal had been said by those who had proposed him for president about the bold Buccleughs of past ages: but that not one of them had ever done anything requiring so much courage as he needed in rising to address all the scientific sages of the land. Of course, the applause was tremendous. Next day was given to a thorough examination of the old buildings of St. Andrews, in company with the good Dr. Robert Chambers: and to a partial round of the famous Links, to see the national game of golf. "Very French," was his estimate of the St. Andrews Gothic. When that city was in its glory, France was the allied country and England the hostile one. Another evening visit to Dundee, on a subsequent day, ended Kingsley's attendance on the British Association. It pleased

him much more to sit at his window and look out upon the broad bay, close under it: talking eagerly of all human things. A little expanse of carefully-mown grass stretched from under his window the few yards to the edge of the cliff, fifty feet perpendicular. Here, sitting by the open window one sunshiny morning, he read his letters, eight or ten: and then, vehemently condemning some iniquity, he carefully tore them into little fragments, and cast the great handful from the window. His friend, dominated by a painful tidiness, could but think that each separate fragment must be gathered up again from the trim little green. On the Saturday afternoon, the university entertained the leading members of the Association at dinner in St. Salvator's Hall: and here Kingsley made a most beautiful and touching little speech, replying to the toast of "The Literature of Science." Then, later, there was a reception in the university library, where he was certainly the observed of all observers. Divers great men were there, but none so gazed upon as Kingsley. In all sincerity, he disliked it. Next day, he wrote to his wife: —

St. Andrews,
Sunday, September 7.

I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the seabirds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The university and city received the British Association, and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire "East Neuk:" we escaped early. I hate being made a lion of, and stuck tight to good Mrs. B. — — Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been: but the racket of the meeting is terrible: the talking continual: and running into Dundee, by two trains, with the steamer at Broughty Ferry, between, is too much: so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tilliepronie tomorrow. — — These dear Scots folk, — I should like to live always among them, they are so full of vigorous life and heart. — Tell Maurice Golf is the queen of games, if Cricket is the king: and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw.

Still, he was not well. That Sunday forenoon he spent in bed: and when his friend returned from church, Kingsley said, with a sad face, "I have had a driech morning." Yet he roused himself and went in the afternoon to the parish church of St. Andrews, and in the evening to the pretty little chapel of St. Salvator's Col-

lege, to hear a sermon by Principal Tulloch. He never went to bed, that week, before 1 A.M., and his flow of bright and enthusiastic talk was unceasing. Then he went up to Abergeldie, the residence of the Prince of Wales. The fine scenery was hidden by mists. Writing to St. Andrews, he said that on the other side he had drawn an accurate picture of the view from his window. The page was blank, except a frame surrounding it.

In the end of 1868 he resigned his chair, and in June, 1869, he was appointed Canon of Chester. Here he preached, taught the lads natural history, and became a great power in the beautiful old city. He found the daily service "very steady and elevating." In December of that year he and his daughter visited the West Indies. His impressions are given in his book "At Last." In 1872, being now fifty-three, he was startled by the death of Mr. Maurice, of whom he always spoke as his master; and by that of Norman Macleod. "He is gone as I am surely going," he said; "a man who has worn his brain away." Yet he could not stop. Thinking of Kingsley's deep reverence for Maurice, one remembers with shame how far his students, in departed years, failed of rightly appreciating his lectures. I recall a little fortnightly, named the *Autocrat*, published in King's College long ago, in which this brief paragraph appeared:—

"Startling phenomenon.

"A barometer from the museum had been accidentally left in Professor Maurice's class-room. Instantly on the lecture beginning, the index suddenly pointed to 'Very Dry.'"

Kingsley became enthusiastic for the teaching in common schools of the laws of health. "Alas," he writes, "why could we not have a professor of them at Cambridge and another at Oxford, and make every young landowner and student for holy orders attend their lectures?" It is worth notice that for many years his views have been carried out, though not by compulsion, in the case of the students for the Church in the little University of St. Andrews. Though the old energy was commonly present, the greatness of the way was telling now. In the summer of 1873 he wrote answers to a paper of questions familiar to many readers. To the question "Your ambition?" the answer was, "To die." One remembers the end of John Foster's grand sermon on "The Three Jews in Babylon." "As to them,

there could remain, after that day, but one thing that was sublime enough for their ambition,—the translation by death!"

In the spring of this year, Mr. Gladstone wrote to him proposing that he should exchange his canonry at Chester for the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. "All I had ever wished, and more than I had ever hoped," were his words in reply to a letter of congratulation. He had got to the end of his tether now. He would be no longer obliged to write for money, but might give his strength to his sermons alone. What the great Abbey was to such a man, need not be said; nor what its dean. And beloved Eversley, never to be abandoned, was but forty miles away. His eldest boy came back for a holiday from Mexico, just at the time of his father's promotion; and his aged mother, now in her eighty-sixth year, knew of his appointment before she died. Kingsley was pleased with the general sympathy amid which he entered on this dignified position; it blotted out many bitter recollections. But if he was no longer suspected, as the Chartist parson and apostle of Socialism, it is equally true that he was neither Chartist nor Socialist, Christian or other; but a reasonable Conservative in politics, and theologically a good old-fashioned High Churchman, with a liberal tone about his dogmatic creed. These things came too late. His son, struck by his broken appearance, urged rest and a sea-voyage. But the work at the Abbey must be done; great crowds thronged to listen to his preaching. The rest was put off till the beginning of 1874, when, with his eldest daughter, he sailed for America for change, and to see his boy, "taking a few lectures with him, to meet his expenses." There was but a year now. He left Queenstown on January 30, and January 23 in the next year was his last day. He was six months in America; he met everywhere a warm welcome: he felt at first very well. At Salt Lake City, Brigham Young offered him the Tabernacle to lecture or preach in: but Kingsley returned no answer to one beyond the pale of decent life. He visited Yo Semite, and saw the big trees. At San Francisco he caught a bad cold: and his brother "the Doctor" meeting him in California found him suffering severely from pleurisy. It was while ill in Colorado that he wrote his last lines: as spirited and musical as any he ever wrote. Having so far recovered, he came home in August, 1874, "looking for a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene which will last me

my whole life, and has taught me many things."

But the end was near. And (as is usual) wise after the event, one sees, looking back, how needlessly it was hastened. That eager heart was not made to last long, indeed: thinking of Kingsley, one feels how apt are the words that speak of "life's fitful fever." But everything was against him through the months that remained. He returned to Eversley in trying weather: there was much sickness in the parish: his curate was away: and still weak from his American illness, he had to do duty far beyond his strength. Then, going to his Westminster work in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver (the same thing which had needed the boiling baths of St. Andrews seven years before) left him sadly shaken and worn: and, while little able to bear it, early in October the dangerous illness of his wife reached him where he felt most keenly. But she recovered for the time; and in November he preached in the Abbey to vast congregations sermons wrung out with increasing labor, and as powerful as ever though the preacher was shrunk and bent. On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached, with intense fervor, his last sermon in that great church: no one thinking that he would enter a pulpit no more. It was a day of dreadful storm all over Britain: the gale seemed to shake the Abbey; and to Kingsley's sensitive nature the whole service was most exciting. The sermon was specially eloquent, but it left him quite exhausted. Next day, St. Andrew's Day, Kingsley heard Principal Caird of Glasgow give a lecture on missions, in the nave, the dean having ventured to ask that most eminent of Scotch preachers to appear in the Abbey, but not to preach, nor to take part in any service known to the Church. Coming out into the cold cloister Kingsley caught fresh cold and coughed all night. On December 3, he and his wife left for Eversley. But that night his wife was stricken down with what seemed fatal illness: and when told that there was no hope, he said his own death warrant was signed. He was careless of his own health, in a season of bitter frost and snow: and on December 28 he took to his bed, prostrated by inflammation of the lungs. Constant opiates were used to keep off hæmorrhage, and

his dreams were all of the West Indies and the Rocky Mountains. His wife and he could not see one another: and the last two days he did not ask for her, evidently thinking she was gone. One sees, dimly, something of the strange experience the loving heart was going through. Early in the morning of January 23, thinking himself alone, he was heard repeating in a clear voice those beautiful words of the burial service which ask that we be not suffered, "at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee." He never spoke again: and before midday — passing so gently that his daughter and the old family nurse could scarcely tell when — Kingsley was gone. Where he went, he would miss one whom he had thought gone before him: one united through these years by ties which he often said eternity could not sever. His dream had been of that supreme blessing expressed in the unforgettable words *in death they were not divided*. But the wise and good woman was left for a little to tell, touchingly and beautifully, the story of the noble life which she had helped so mightily to ennoble.

Dean Stanley offered a grave in Westminster Abbey: but no one who knew Kingsley could doubt where it was that he himself would have desired to be laid. And on January 28, 1875, he was carried to his last resting-place in Eversley churchyard by villagers who had known and trusted him as their rector, with very imperfect knowledge of what he was beyond the limits of the parish. The Bishop of Winchester, the deans of Westminster and Chester: soldiers and sailors: the master of fox hounds, with his huntsman and whip, and outside the churchyard the horses and hounds: the gypsies of Eversley Common: the representative of the Prince of Wales: peers and members of Parliament, authors and publishers: were all gathered round the grave. In that familiar place, where every tree and shrub was known and tended by him, he rests. Above his head his wife has placed a cross of white marble. It bears, in the words *God is Love*, the central and vital truth in Kingsley's creed: and it sums the story of his life in words he had chosen long before: —

AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.

A. K. H. B.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONJUNCTIONS.

As the days passed on and Florimel heard nothing of Lenorme, the uneasiness that came with the thought of him gradually diminished, and all the associations of opposite complexion returned. Untrammelled by fear, the path into a scaring future seeming to be cut off, her imagination began to work in the quarry of her late experience, shaping its dazzling material into gorgeous castles, with foundations deep dug in the air, wherein lorded the person and gifts and devotion of the painter. When lost in such blissful reveries not seldom moments arrived in which she imagined herself — even felt as if she were capable, if not of marrying Lenorme in the flushed face of outraged society, yet of fleeing with him from the judgment of the all but all-potent divinity to the friendly bosom of some blessed isle of the southern seas, whose empty luxuriance they might change into luxury, and there living a long harmonious idyll of wedded love, in which old age and death should be provided against by never taking them into account. This mere fancy — which, poor in courage as it was in invention, she was far from capable of carrying into effect — yet seemed to herself the outcome and sign of a whole world of devotion in her bosom. If one of the meanest of human conditions is conscious heroism, paltrier yet is heroism before the fact, incapable of self-realization. But even the poorest dreaming has its influences, and the result of hers was that the attentions of Liftore became again distasteful to her. And no wonder, for indeed his lordship's presence in the actual world made a poor show beside that of the painter in the ideal world of the woman who, if she could not with truth be said to love him, yet certainly had a powerful fancy for him: the mean phrase is good enough, even although the phantom of Lenorme roused in her all the twilight poetry of her nature, and the presence of Liftore set her whole consciousness in the perpendicular shadowless gaslight of prudence and self-protection.

The pleasure of her castle-building was but seldom interrupted by any thought of the shamefulfulness of her behavior to him. That did not matter much. She could so easily make up for all he had suffered!

Her selfishness closed her eyes to her own falsehood. Had she meant it truly, she would have been right both for him and for herself. To have repented and become as noble a creature as Lenorme was capable of imagining her — not to say as God had designed her — would indeed have been to make up for all he had suffered. But the poor blandishment she contemplated as amends could render him blessed only while its intoxication blinded him to the fact that it meant nothing of what it ought to mean — that behind it was no entire heart-filled woman. Meantime, as the past, with its delightful imprudences, its trembling joys glided away, swiftly widening the space between her and her false fears and shames, and seeming to draw with it the very facts themselves, promising to obliterate at length all traces of them, she gathered courage; and as the feeling of exposure that had made the covert of Liftore's attentions acceptable began to yield, her variableness began to reappear and his lordship to find her uncertain as ever. Assuredly, as his aunt said, she was yet but a girl incapable of knowing her own mind, and he must not press his suit. Nor had he the spur of jealousy or fear to urge him; society regarded her as his, and the shadowy repute of the bold-faced countess intercepted some favorable rays which would otherwise have fallen upon the young and beautiful marchioness from fairer luminaries even than Liftore.

But there was one good process, by herself little regarded, going on in Florimel: notwithstanding the moral discomfort oftener than once occasioned her by Malcolm, her confidence in him was increasing; and now that the kind of danger threatening her seemed altered, she leaned her mind upon him not a little, and more than she could well have accounted for to herself on the only grounds she could have adduced — namely, that he was an attendant authorized by her father, and, like herself, loyal to his memory and will; and that, faithful as a dog, he would fly at the throat of any one who dared touch her; of which she had had late proof, supplemented by his silent endurance of consequent suffering. Demon sometimes looked angry when she teased him — had even gone so far as to bare his teeth — but Malcolm had never shown temper. In a matter of imagined duty, he might presume, but that was a small thing beside the sense of safety his very presence brought with it. She shuddered, indeed, at the remembrance of one look he had given her, but that had been for no be-

havior to himself; and now that the painter was gone, she was clear of all temptation to the sort of thing that had caused it, and never, never more would she permit herself to be drawn into circumstances the least equivocal. If only Lenorme would come back and allow her to be his friend, his *best* friend, his only young lady friend, leaving her at perfect liberty to do just as she liked, then all would be well, absolutely comfortable! In the mean time, life was endurable without him, and would be, provided Liftore did not make himself disagreeable. If he did, there were other gentlemen who might be induced to keep him in check: she would punish him: she knew how. She liked him better, however, than any of those.

It was out of pure kindness to Malcolm, upon Liftore's representation of how he had punished him, that for the rest of the week she dispensed with his attendance upon herself. But he, unaware of the lies Liftore had told her, and knowing nothing, therefore, of her reason for doing so, supposed she resented the liberty he had taken in warning her against Caley, feared the breach would go on widening, and went about, if not quite downcast, yet less hopeful still. Everything seemed going counter to his desires. A whole world of work lay before him — a harbor to build; a numerous fisher-clan to house as they ought to be housed; justice to do on all sides; righteous servants to appoint in place of oppressors; and, all over, the heavens to show more just than his family had in the past allowed them to appear; he had mortgages and other debts to pay off, clearing his feet from fetters and his hands from manacles, that he might be the true lord of his people; he had Miss Horn to thank, and the schoolmaster to restore to the souls and hearts of Portlossie; and, next of all to his sister, he had old Duncan, his first friend and father, to find and minister to. Not a day passed, not a night did he lay down his head, without thinking of him. But the old man, whatever his hardships, and even the fishermen, with no harbor to run home to from the wild elements, were in no dangers to compare with such as threatened his sister. To set her free was his first business, and that business as yet refused to be done. Hence he was hemmed in, shut up, incarcerated in stubborn circumstance, from a long-reaching range of duties calling aloud upon his conscience and heart to hasten with the first that he might reach the second.

What rendered it the more disheartening was, that, having discovered, as he hoped, how to compass his first end, the whole possibility had by his sister's behavior, and the consequent disappearance of Lenorme, been swept from him, leaving him more resourceless than ever.

When Sunday evening came he found his way to Hope Chapel, and, walking in, was shown to a seat by the grimy-faced pew-opener. It was with strange feelings he sat there, thinking of the past and looking for the appearance of his friend on the pulpit stair. But his feelings would have been stranger still had he seen who sat in the pew immediately behind him, watching him like a cat watching a mouse, or rather like a half-grown kitten watching a rat, for she was a little frightened at him, even while resolved to have him. But how could she doubt her final success when her plans were already affording her so much more than she had expected? Who would have looked for the great red stag himself to come browsing so soon about the scarecrow? He was too large game, however, to be stalked without due foresight.

When the congregation was dismissed, after a sermon the power of whose utterance astonished Malcolm, accustomed as he was to the schoolmaster's best moods, he waited until the preacher was at liberty from the unwelcome attentions and vulgar congratulations of the richer and more forward of his hearers, and then joined him to walk home with him. He was followed to the schoolmaster's lodging, and thence, an hour after, to his own, by a little boy — far too little to excite suspicion — the grandson of Mrs. Catanach's friend, the herb-doctor.

Until now the woman had not known that Malcolm was in London. When she learned that he was lodged so near Portland Place, she concluded that he was watching his sister, and chuckled over the idea of his being watched in turn by herself.

Every day for weeks after her declaration concerning the birth of Malcolm had the mind of Mrs. Catanach been exercised to the utmost to invent some mode of undoing her own testimony. She would have had no scruples, no sense of moral disgust, in eating every one of her words; but a magistrate and a lawyer had both been present at the uttering of them, and she feared the risk. Malcolm's behavior to her after his father's death had embittered the unfriendly feelings she had cherished toward him for many years. While

she believed him base-born, and was even ignorant as to his father, she had thought to secure power over him for the annoyance of the blind old man to whom she had committed him, and whom she hated with the hatred of a wife with whom for the best of reasons he had refused to live; but she had found in the boy a rectitude over which, although she had assailed it from his childhood, she could gain no influence. Either a blind repugnance in Malcolm's soul, or a childish instinct of and revulsion from embodied evil, had held them apart. Even then it had added to her vile indignation that she regarded him as owing her gratitude for not having murdered him at the instigation of his uncle; and when, at length, to her endless chagrin, she had herself unwittingly supplied the only lacking link in the testimony that should raise him to rank and wealth, she imagined that by making affidavit to the facts she had already divulged she enlarged the obligation infinitely, and might henceforth hold him in her hand a tool for further operations. When, thereupon, he banished her from Lossie House, and sought to bind her to silence as to his rank by the conditional promise of a small annuity, she hated him with her whole huge power of hating. And now she must make speed, for his incognito in a great city afforded a thousandfold facility for doing him a mischief. And first she must draw closer a certain loose tie she had already looped betwixt herself and the household of Lady Bellair. This tie was the conjunction of her lying influence with the credulous confidence of a certain very ignorant and rather wickedly romantic scullery-maid, with whom, having in espial seen her come from the house, she had scraped acquaintance, and to whom, for the securing of power over her through her imagination, she had made the strangest and most appalling disclosures. Amongst other secret favors, she had promised to compound for her a horrible mixture — some of whose disgusting ingredients, as potent as hard to procure, she named in her awe-stricken hearing — which, administered under certain conditions and with certain precautions, one of which was absolute secrecy in regard to the person who provided it, must infallibly secure for her the affections of any man on whom she might cast a loving eye, and whom she could, either with or without his consent, contrive to cause partake of the same. This girl she now sought, and from her learned all she knew about Malcolm. Pursuing her inquiries into the nature and

composition of the household, however, Mrs. Catanach soon discovered a far more capable and indeed less scrupulous associate and instrument in Caley. I will not introduce my reader to any of their evil councils, although, for the sake of my own credit, it might be well to be less considerate, seeing that many, notwithstanding the superabundant evidence of history, find it all but impossible to believe in the existence of such moral abandonment as theirs. I will merely state concerning them, and all the relations of the two women, that Mrs. Catanach assumed and retained the upper hand in virtue of her superior knowledge, invention, and experience, gathering from Caley, as she had hoped, much valuable information, full of reactions and tending to organic development of scheme in the brain of the arch-plotter. But their designs were so mutually favorable as to promise from the first a final coalescence in some common plan for their attainment.

Those who knew that Miss Campbell, as Portlossie regarded her, had been in reality Lady Lossie and was the mother of Malcolm, knew as well that Florimel had no legal title even to the family cognomen; but if his mother, and therefore the time of his mother's death, remained unknown, the legitimacy of his sister would remain unsuspected even upon his appearance as the heir. Now, there were but three besides Mrs. Catanach and Malcolm who did know who was his mother — namely, Miss Horn, Mr. Graham, and a certain Mr. Morrison, a laird and magistrate near Portlossie, an elderly man, and of late in feeble health. The lawyers the marquis had employed on his death-bed did not know: he had, for Florimel's sake, taken care that they should not. Upon what she knew and what she guessed of these facts, regarded in all their relations according to her own theories of human nature, the midwife would found a scheme of action. Doubtless she saw, and prepared for it, that after a certain point should be reached the very similarity of their designs must cause a rupture between her and Caley: neither could expect the other to endure such a rival near her hidden throne of influence; for the aim of both was power in a great family, with consequent money, and consideration, and midnight councils, and the wielding of all the weapons of hint and threat and insinuation. There was this difference, indeed, that in Caley's eye money was the chief thing, while power itself was the Swedenborgian hell of the midwife's bliss.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN INNOCENT PLOT.

FLORIMEL and Lady Clementina Thornicroft — the same who in the park rebuked Malcolm for his treatment of Kelpie — had met several times during the spring, and had been mutually attracted — Florimel as to a nature larger, more developed, more self-supporting than her own, and Lady Clementina as to one who, it was plain, stood in sore need of what countenance and encouragement to good and free action the friendship of one more experienced might afford her. Lady Clementina was but a few years older than Florimel, it is true, but had shown a courage which had already wrought her an unquestionable influence, and that chiefly with the best. The root of this courage was compassion. Her rare humanity of heart would, at the slightest appearance of injustice, drive her like an angel with a flaming sword against customs regarded, consciously or unconsciously, as the very buttresses of social distinction. Anything but a wise woman, she had yet so much in her of what is essential to all wisdom, love to her kind, that if as yet she had done little but blunder, she had at least blundered beautifully. On every society that had for its declared end the setting right of wrong or the alleviation of misery she lavished, and mostly wasted, her money. Every misery took to her the shape of a wrong. Hence to every mendicant that could trump up a plausible story she offered herself a willing prey. Even when the barest-faced imposition was brought home to one of the race parasitical, her first care was to find all possible excuse for his conduct: it was matter of pleasure to her friends when she stopped there and made no attempt at absolute justification.

Left like Florimel an orphan, but at a yet earlier age, she had been brought up with a care that had gone over into severity, against which her nature had revolted with an energy that gathered strength from her own repression of its signs; and when she came of age and took things into her own hands, she carried herself in its eyes so oddly, yet with such sweetness and dignity and consistency in her oddest extravagances, that society honored her even when it laughed at her, loved her, listened to her, applauded, approved — did everything except imitate her; which, indeed, was just as well, for else confusion would have been worse confounded. She was always rushing to de-

fence — with money, with indignation, with refuge. It would look like a caricature did I record the number of charities to which she belonged, and the various societies which, in the exuberance of her *passionate benevolence*, she had projected and of necessity abandoned. Yet still the fire burned, for her changes were from no changeableness: through them all the fundamental operation of her character remained the same. The case was that, for all her headlong passion for deliverance, she could not help discovering now and then, through an occasional self-assertion of that real good sense which her rampant and unsubjected benevolence could but overlay, not finally smother, that she was either doing nothing at all or more evil than good.

The lack of discipline in her goodness came out in this, at times amusingly, that she would always at first side with the lower or weaker or worse. If a dog had torn a child and was going to be killed in consequence, she would not only intercede for the dog, but absolutely side with him, mentioning this and that provocation which the naughty child must have given him ere he could have been goaded to the deed. Once, when the schoolmaster in her village was going to cane a boy for cruelty to a cripple, she pleaded for his pardon on the ground that it was worse to be cruel than to be a cripple, and therefore more to be pitied. Everything painful was to her cruel, and softness and indulgence, moral honey and sugar and nuts to all alike, was the panacea for human ills. She could not understand that infliction might be loving-kindness. On one occasion, when a boy was caught in the act of picking her pocket, she told the policeman he was doing nothing of the sort — he was only searching for a lozenge for his terrible cough; and in proof of her asserted conviction she carried him home with her, but lost him before morning, as well as the spoon with which he had eaten his gruel.

As to her person, I have already made a poor attempt at describing it. She might have been grand but for loveliness. When she drew herself up in indignation, however, she would look grand for the one moment ere the blood rose to her cheek and the water to her eyes. She would have taken the whole world to her infinite heart and in unwisdom coddled it into corruption. Praised be the grandeur of the God who can endure to make and see his children suffer! Thanks be to him for his north winds and his poverty, and his

bitterness that falls upon the spirit that errs! Let those who know him thus praise the Lord for his goodness. But Lady Clementina had not yet desecrated the face of the Son of man through the mists of Mount Sinai, and she was not one to justify the ways of God to men. Not the less was it the heart of God in her that drew her to the young marchioness, over whom was cast the shadow of a tree that gave but baneful shelter. She liked her frankness, her activity, her daring, and fancied that, like herself, she was at noble feud with that infernal parody of the kingdom of heaven called Society. She did not well understand her relation to Lady Bellair, concerning whom she was in doubt whether or not she was her legal guardian, but she saw plainly enough that the countess wanted to secure her for her nephew; and this nephew had about him a certain air of perdition, which even the catholic heart of Lady Clementina could not brook. She saw too, that, being a mere girl, and having no scope of choice in the limited circle of their visitors, she was in great danger of yielding without a struggle, and she longed to take her in charge like a poor little persecuted kitten for the possession of which each of a family of children was contending. What if her father had belonged to a rowdy set, was that any reason why his innocent daughter should be devoured, body and soul and possessions, by those of the same set who had not yet perished in their sins? Lady Clementina thanked Heaven that she came herself of decent people, who paid their debts, dared acknowledge themselves in the wrong, and were as honest as if they had been born peasants; and she hoped a shred of the mantle of their good name had dropped upon her, big enough to cover also this poor little thing who had come of no such parentage. With her passion for redemption, therefore, she seized every chance of improving her acquaintance with Florimel; and it was her anxiety to gain such a standing in her favor as might further her coveted ministration that had prevented her from bringing her charge of brutality against Malcolm as soon as she discovered whose groom he was: when she had secured her footing on the peak of her friendship she would unburden her soul; and meantime the horse must suffer for his mistress — a conclusion in itself a great step in advance, for it went dead against one of her most confidently-argued principles — namely, that the pain of any animal is, in every sense, of just as much consequence

as the pain of any other, human or inferior: pain is pain, she said, and equal pains are equal wherever they sting; in which she would have been right, I think, if pain and suffering were the same thing; but, knowing well that the same degree, and even the same kind of pain, means two very different things in the foot and in the head, I refuse the proposition.

Happily for Florimel, she had by this time made progress enough to venture a proposal — namely, that she should accompany her to a small estate she had on the south coast, with a little ancient house upon it — a strange place altogether, she said — to spend a week or two in absolute quiet; only she must come alone — without even a maid: she would take none herself. This she said because, with the instinct, if not quite insight, of a true nature, she could not endure the woman Caley.

"Will you come with me there for a fortnight?" she concluded.

"I shall be delighted," returned Florimel without a moment's hesitation. "I am getting quite sick of London. There's no room in it. And there's the spring all outside, and can't get in here. I shall be only too glad to go with you, you dear creature!"

"And on those hard terms — no maid, you know?" insisted Clementina.

"The only thing wanted to make the pleasure complete: I shall be charmed to be rid of her."

"I am glad to see you so independent."

"You don't imagine me such a baby as not to be able to get on without a maid? You should have seen me in Scotland! I hated having a woman about me then. And indeed I don't like it a bit better now; only everybody has one, and your clothes want looking after," added Florimel, thinking what a weight it would be off her if she could get rid of Caley altogether. "But I *should* like to take my horse," she said: "I don't know what I should do in the country without Abbot."

"Of course: we must have our horses," returned Clementina. "And — yes — you had better bring your groom."

"Please. You will find him very useful. He can do anything and everything, and is so kind and helpful."

"Except to his horse," Clementina was on the point of saying, but thought again she would first secure the mistress, and bide her time to attack the man.

Before they parted the two ladies had talked themselves into ecstasies over the anticipated enjoyments of their scheme. It must be carried out at once.

"Let us tell nobody," said Lady Clementina, "and set off to-morrow."

"Enchanting!" cried Florimel in full response.

Then her brow clouded. "There is one difficulty, though," she said. "No man could ride Kelpie with a led horse; and if we had to employ another, Liftore would be sure to hear where we had gone."

"That would spoil all," said Clementina. "But how much better it would be to give that poor creature a rest, and bring the other I see him on sometimes!"

"And by the time we came back there would not be a living creature, horse or man, anything bigger than a rat, about the stable. Kelpie herself would be dead of hunger, if she hadn't been shot. No, no; where Malcolm goes Kelpie must go. Besides, she's such fun — you can't think."

"Then I'll tell you what," cried Clementina after a moment's pause of perplexity: "we'll *ride* down. It's not a hundred miles, and we can take as many days on the road as we please."

"Better and better!" cried Florimel. "We'll run away with each other. But what will dear old Bellair say?"

"Never mind her," rejoined Clementina. "She will have nothing to say. You can write and tell her as much as will keep her from being really alarmed. Order your man to get everything ready, and I will instruct mine. He is such a staid old fellow, you know, he will be quite enough for protection. To-morrow mornning we will set out together for a ride in Richmond Park, that lying in our way. You can leave a letter on the breakfast-table, saying you are gone with me for a little quiet. You're not in chancery, are you?"

"I don't know," answered Florimel. "I suppose I'm all right. Anyhow, whether I am in chancery or not, here I am, and going with you; and if chancery don't like it, chancery may come and fetch me."

"Send anything you think you may want to my house. I shall get a box ready, and we will write from some town on our way to have it sent there, and then we can write for it from The Gloom. We shall find all mere *necessaries* there."

So the thing was arranged: they would start quite early the next morning; and that there might be no trouble in the streets, Malcolm should go before with Kelpie and await them in the park.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE JOURNEY.

MALCOLM was overjoyed at the prospect of an escape to the country, and yet more to find that his mistress wanted to have him with her — more still to understand that the journey was to be kept a secret. Perhaps now, far from both Caley and Liftore, he might say something to open her eyes; yet how should he avoid the appearance of a tale-bearer?

It was a sweet fresh morning late in the spring — those loveliest of hours that unite the seasons, like the shimmering question of green or blue in the feathers of the peacock. He had set out an hour before the rest, and now, a little way within the park, was coaxing Kelpie to stand, that he might taste the morning in peace. The sun was but a few degrees above the horizon, shining with all his heart, and the earth was taking the shine with all hers. "I too am light," she was saying, "although I can but receive it." The trees were covered with baby leaves half wrapped in their swaddling-clothes, and their breath was a warm aromatic odor in the glittering air. The air and the light seemed one, and Malcolm felt as if his soul were breathing the light into its very depths, while his body was drinking the soft spicy wind. For Kelpie, she was as full of life as if she had been meant for a winged horse, but by some accident of nature the wing-cases had never opened, and the wing-life was forever trying to get out at her feet. The consequent restlessness, where there was plenty of space as here, caused Malcolm no more discomposure than, in his old fishing-days, a gale with plenty of sea-room. And the song of the larks was one with the light and the air. The budding of the trees was their way of singing, but the larks beat them at that. "What a power of joy," thought Malcolm, "there must be in God, to be able to keep so many larks so full of bliss!" He was going to say, "without getting tired;" but he saw that it was the eternal joy itself that bubbled from their little fountains: weariness there would be the silence of all song, would be death, utter vanishment to the gladness of the universe. The sun would go out like a spark upon burnt paper, and the heart of man would forget the sound of laughter. Then he said to himself, "The larks do not make their own singing: do mortals make their own sighing?" And he saw that at least they might open wider the doors of their hearts to the Perseus Joy

that comes to slay the grief-monsters. Then he thought how his life had been widening out with the years. He could not say that it was now more pleasant than it had been; he had stoicism enough to doubt whether it would ever become so from any mere change of circumstances. Dangers and sufferings that one is able for are not misfortunes or even hardships; so far from such, that youth delights in them. Indeed, he sorely missed the adventure of the herring-fishing. Kelpie, however, was as good as a stiff gale. If only all were well with his sister! Then he would go back to Portlossie and have fishing enough. But he must be patient and follow as he was led. At three-and-twenty, he reflected, Milton was content to seem to himself but a poor creature, and was careful only to be ready for whatever work should hereafter be required of him: such contentment, with such hope and resolve at the back of it, he saw to be the right and the duty both of every man. He whose ambition is to be ready when he is wanted, whatever the work may be, may wait not the less watchful that he is content. His heart grew lighter, his head clearer, and by the time the two ladies with their attendant appeared he felt such a masterdom over Kelpie as he had never felt before. They rode twenty miles that day with ease, putting up at the first town. The next day they rode about the same distance. The next they rode nearly thirty miles. On the fourth, with an early start and a good rest in the middle, they accomplished a yet greater distance, and at night arrived at The Gloom, West-beach, after a journey of continuous delight to three at least of the party, Florimel and Malcolm having especially enjoyed that portion of it which led through Surrey, where England and Scotland meet and mingle in waste, heathery moor and rich valley. Much talk had passed between the ladies, and Florimel had been set thinking about many things, though certainly about none after the wisest fashion.

A young half-moon was still up when, after riding miles through pine woods, they at length drew near the house. Long before they reached it, however, a confused noise of dogs met them in the forest. Clementina had written to the housekeeper, and every dog about the place — and the dogs were multitudinous — had been expecting her all day, had heard the sound of their horses' hoofs miles off, and had at once begun to announce her approach. Nor were the dogs the only

cognizant or expectant animals. Most of the creatures about the place understood that something was happening, and probably associated it with their mistress; for almost every live thing knew her, from the rheumatic cart-horse, forty years of age, and every whit as respectable in Clementina's eyes as her father's old butler, to the wild cats that haunted the lofts and garrets of the old Elizabethan hunting-lodge.

When they dismounted the ladies could hardly get into the house for dogs: those which could not reach their mistress turned to Florimel, and came swarming about her and leaping upon her, until, much as she liked animal favor, she would gladly have used her whip, but dared not, because of the presence of their mistress. If the theories of that mistress allowed them anything of a moral nature, she was certainly culpable in refusing them their right to a few cuts of the whip.

Mingled with all the noises of dogs and horses came a soft nestling murmur that filled up the interspaces of sound which even their tumult could not help leaving. Florimel was too tired to hear it, but Malcolm heard it, and it filled all the interspaces of his soul with a speechless delight. He knew it for the still small voice of the awful sea.

Florimel scarcely cast a glance around the dark old-fashioned room into which she was shown, but went at once to bed, and when the old housekeeper carried her something from the supper-table at which she had been expected, she found her already fast asleep. By the time Malcolm had put Kelpie to rest he also was a little tired, and lay awake no moment longer than his sister.

From The Saturday Review.

LORD DERBY ON EXTRADITION.

REASONABLE persons both in England and in America will have been disappointed by Lord Derby's answer to Lord Granville on the subject of extradition. It had been supposed that the English government had on further consideration discovered that its contention was untenable, and that, without unnecessarily acknowledging the error, it had quietly corrected the mistake by surrendering the accused persons in whose case a dispute had arisen. It may perhaps be remembered that one Lawrence had been surrendered to the United States under a warrant of extradition on a charge of forgery. It afterwards

appeared that he was also accused of other offences, for which it was proposed that he should be prosecuted if he were acquitted on the extradition charge. At the instance of Mr. Cross, who is paradoxically inclined to limit as far as possible the beneficial practice of extradition, Lord Derby applied to the American government for an undertaking that the proceedings against Lawrence should be confined to the charge on which he had been surrendered. Mr. Hamilton Fish, in the name of the president, refused the application, both on the ground that he had no control over the State courts, and because, according to his interpretation, the provisions of the treaty were unconditional. At the same time the Federal government, with a laudable desire to avoid causes of irritation, directed the United States attorney not to prosecute Lawrence without special orders except on the extradition charge. Mr. Pierrepont, now American minister in England, and then attorney-general of the United States, sharply reprimanded a subordinate officer who had not strictly complied with his first instructions. Unluckily the English government, dissatisfied with the answer to its communication, refused to surrender two alleged criminals, except on condition that they should only be tried for the crimes set out in the application and the warrant. Even if Lord Derby and Mr. Cross had taken a sounder and more liberal view of the theory of extradition, their action would have been hampered by the Act of 1870, which was passed on the recommendation of a select committee for the purpose of affording additional protection to foreign refugees. According to some legal opinions, a clause in the act exempts from its operation cases of extradition under treaties which were already in force; but the construction is doubtful. It is certain both that a minister of state must obey the municipal law of his own country, and that he cannot use it in derogation of international duties and liabilities. The English government thought it convenient to adopt the more liberal interpretation of the act; but it contended that the treaty, though general in its terms, implied an undertaking that extradition should be used only for the purposes expressed on the face of the demand and the warrant.

On the refusal of the English Government to grant unconditional extradition, the American secretary of state indignantly protested against a supposed attempt to override a treaty by an act of Parliament; but he may perhaps have been

satisfied by subsequent explanations that no claim of the kind had been made. He showed at great length and with much cogency that a treaty, like any other document, must be interpreted according to its plain language; and he not unreasonably gave notice that his government would both consider the treaty at an end and refuse in the circumstances to engage in any negotiation for a new arrangement. Lord Derby persisted for a time in his decision, and both English and American criminals had reason to congratulate themselves on the impunity which seemed likely to attend their unlawful operations. Two or three months ago those who were interested in the efficiency of justice learned with satisfaction and surprise that the English government had at last surrendered without condition the persons for whom it had formerly attempted to stipulate contingent immunity. The president immediately gave directions, as he afterwards stated in a message to Congress, that the proper officers should, as formerly, give effect to the treaty. Sir W. Harcourt, in one of his clever attacks on the government, quoted Lord Derby's judicious change of policy in illustration of the blundering propensities which he attributed to the government. It was indeed difficult to explain the reversal of the previous refusal of surrender except on the supposition that redress was due to repentance. It now appears that Lord Derby adheres to his former opinion that a surrendered prisoner can only be tried for the extradition crime. It is only because he has heard that Lawrence has not been prosecuted except on the original charge that he has resolved to revive the practice of extradition. It is not, he says, his business to anticipate irregularities, or to complain of the American government for making a claim which it has not actually enforced.

The government was wrong in seeking to limit the practice of extradition, and it ought, if necessary, to have obtained from Parliament extended powers of surrender. Its present position is still less defensible, though a practical abuse has been temporarily corrected. When it was known that Lawrence might perhaps be prosecuted on additional charges, Lord Derby was not bound to take notice of a contingency which had not occurred. He might have assumed that the American government would adopt his own interpretation of its rights and duties, until Mr. Fish had formally denied the claim of surrendered prisoners to immunity. The American contention was equivalent to the commis-

sion of an act which the English government considered wrongful. The accident that indictments were afterwards preferred or not preferred against Lawrence had no bearing on the controversy. Lord Derby has now ascertained that Lawrence has been tried only on the extradition charge, but he is not aware whether he was convicted or acquitted. If he has, in fact, been found guilty and sentenced, his exemption from ulterior liability is fully explained. A judge of the Queen's Bench division lately said that a writ of prohibition cannot issue *quia timet* before the judge of the other court has assumed jurisdiction. Lord Derby at first refused to surrender *quia timuit*, but he never adopted Justice Mellor's reasonable doctrine that it is not necessary to guard against imaginary harm. The president and his secretary of state will learn, not without astonishment, that extradition will continue for the present in direct violation of the principles which are still maintained by the English government. American diplomatists are for the most part both susceptible and energetic, and it may be doubted whether Lord Derby's official statement will not be resented as readily as a direct refusal of extradition. The opposition at home, conscious of renewed harmony and vigor, will scarcely fail to note another ministerial miscarriage. It is indeed not unlikely that Mr. Gladstone's government would have adopted the same course, for the Extradition Act gave effect to Liberal suspicions and jealousies; but one of the numerous merits of constitutional government is that the party in power is held responsible for all defects either in the law or in national policy.

If both governments would discuss without passion or prejudice the terms of a new treaty, there ought to be no difficulty in providing for the pursuit of ordinary criminals and for the security of the rapidly diminishing class of alleged political offenders. The only flaw in the American argument was that the treaty, according to the widest interpretation, made no exception in favor of political refugees, whom nevertheless the government of the United States would assuredly never surrender. The question has become less important since the days when Mr. Mill exerted himself in the committee for the protection of fugitives from despotic rule. Except Spain, and perhaps Russia, no European state is now in the habit of maintaining abroad a class of political exiles and conspirators. French Communist refugees must be dying out as successive amnesties

reduce their numbers. The Americans, to their infinite credit, never even began, after the peace, the persecution of Confederates whom they had incessantly denounced and threatened during the continuance of the Civil War. It would be easy to agree in an extradition treaty that either government should have a right to refuse extradition on the certificate of the foreign minister that he considered the surrender, for special reasons, inexpedient. It would be understood that his object was to guard against the abuse of the treaty for political purposes. All ordinary criminals ought to be surrendered with the most cheerful facility. American swindlers are not guests so welcome in England that they ought to be refused to the reclamations of the victims whom they have plundered at home. Although Mr. Cross's opinion on all questions connected with criminal jurisprudence is entitled to respect, it is difficult to understand his reasons for wishing to afford protection to a foreigner against whom there is a *prima facie* case of guilt. If the alleged forger has also indulged in embezzlement or burglary, he acquires no additional claim to the good offices of the country to which he has escaped. In the earlier part of the correspondence Lord Derby appeared not to share the jealous solicitude of his colleague. There had been reason to hope, when he assented to the surrender of Winslow, that he had reverted to his first opinion.

From The Spectator.

THE IDEAL OF OLD AGE.

THE complete intellectual strength and health retained to the last by Lady Smith, who died at Lowestoft this day fortnight, within three months of the great age of one hundred and four, opens out almost a new prospect for the aged. That a woman who was born while the United States were British colonies, whose girlhood passed away while Warren Hastings was on his trial, who was married before the battle of Arcola, — and might well have been married, had she married as early as many English girls do, before Napoleon's name had even been heard of, indeed, he was but four years her senior, — should have lived to read of the celebration of the centenary of American independence, of the proclamation of the empress of India at Delhi, and to survive the second French empire by nearly seven years, and should, moreover, have lived to such an age with-

out any loss of interest in public or private events, — with the hymns she learned as a girl still fresh in her memory, and with the most vivid interest in the latest despatches of statesmen who were not born till her married and middle life was almost over, — suggests at least the possibility of a very different termination to aged lives from that of which we have most frequent experience. Not that it can be said, in Lady Smith's case, that she lived, —

Till Old Experience doth attain
To something of prophetic strain.

She seems to have been a wise and thoughtful, but by no means exceptional, woman in anything but the unimpaired vigor of her faculties at an age when the nerves and the brain have usually gone before the body. But then that is precisely the interest of her case. Had she been a very remarkable woman in early years, everybody would have said that hers was a selected life, — a physique of exceptional force, — and that the unimpaired vigor of her faculties in age was due to the same exceptional causes which gave her her great brilliancy in youth. But as it is, excepting that the intellectual men of her youthful days found her a very fascinating woman, — a not uncommon experience with regard to women who, like Lady Smith, are at once beautiful and amiable, — there was no unusual power in her. And hence, of course, the vast age to which she retained her powers unimpaired, — unless the defect of vision which came upon her after her hundredth year be so accounted, — promises the more for the chance of other average men and women retaining their mental vivacity and interests to something like the same age. It is not much encouragement to ordinary men to know that a man like Lyndhurst retained the power to review the politics of the session with undiminished brilliance till after the age of eighty, for no man could have become what Lord Lyndhurst became, without possessing an exceptional amount of physical vigor from the first. But if Lady Smith were exceptional at all, it was not shown in any overflow of youthful or mature energy, but only in the peculiar durability of the energy she had; and if durability be due, as it may be due, to some special congenital quality, no one need despair of possessing that quality till the facts show that he is wrong; while if it be not due to any congenital quality, but only to the prudence with which life is regulated, there is still more reason to hope that others may be able to follow Lady Smith's example.

But the interesting question, after all, is not so much what chance have we of living to anything like Lady Smith's age in the possession of equally unimpaired faculties, — for every one must feel that such a chance is very small, — but rather, what chance have we of retaining anything like Lady Smith's serenity and cheerfulness, if we do but live to her age; for that is a matter more likely to be within our own power, and very closely connected, too, with the other, for had Lady Smith been apt to fret and brood over the isolation of her position, she could hardly have retained her undiminished mental power to the age she did. For the full enjoyment of old age, there must evidently be a somewhat unique moral nature as well as a unique physique, and it is possible enough that it may be deficiencies of that nature, much more than any deficiency of physical energy, which so often cause old men and women to fret or brood themselves into premature apoplexy, or premature exhaustion. A nature evincing the highest degree of intensity and individuality of the affections is obviously not fitted to live on into extreme old age without suffering great wear and tear through very exhausting griefs. A nature that always craves the excitement of action, that is never happy except when wielding practical influence over others, is obviously unfitted to live on to such an age without suffering great wear and tear through impatience bred of enforced inaction. A nature, again, very conservative in its habits, one without high adaptability and elasticity in it, cannot change sufficiently with the times to conform to new modes of life and new modes of thought, without an amount of irritation which would hardly be consistent with unimpaired energy, and certainly not with unimpaired serenity. "To grow old in an age you condemn" is not a condition likely to fit you for a serene evening of life. Perhaps the best temperament for old age is that of such a poet as Sophocles, whom, —

From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
Business could not make dull nor passion wild,
Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole,
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,
Singer of sweet Colonus and his child.

or of such a poet as Goethe, —

Who took the suffering human race,
And read each wound, each weakness clear,
And struck his finger on the place,
And said, "Thou ailest here, and here;"
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power,
And said, "The end is everywhere,
Art still has truth, — take refuge there."

And he was happy, if to know
 Causes of things, and far below
 His feet to see the lurid flow
 Of trouble and insane distress,
 And headlong fate, be happiness.

A lucid sympathy with the changing lot of humanity, a sympathy which does not go deep enough to be passionate, but does go deep enough to fill the mind of the thinker with profound speculative interests, and occupy it with the constant play of sagacious forecasts, is doubtless the best sort of temperament for securing a fully occupied and yet a not too anxious old age. No doubt the temperament of most poets in their youth must be one liable to so much feverish and sensitive excitement, that one would suppose that excitement likely to discount a certain portion of the store of strength otherwise available for their old age. But subject to this limitation, we believe that the vivacity of temperament which leads to the deepest artistic insight into human life, — a kind of temperament which is to some extent inconsistent with, and a substitute for, those too clinging personal affections the life of which seems most to concentrate, and perhaps partly to exhaust the vital strength of the men who feel them, — is the best kind for the happiness of old age. Lady Smith, of course, had not the large intellectual play of mind of a poet, but as far as the notices of her life have given us any knowledge of her, she must have had a good deal of the temperament which adapts itself easily to new forms of human activity, and which enters with a vivid, though gentle, glow of curiosity into the changeful story of human destiny.

And this leads us to observe that, perhaps, the most marked qualification for a serene and happy old age consists in that happy — we will not say self-satisfaction, for that is a term to which a very narrow and not a very agreeable meaning is usually applied, but enjoyment of the specific phases of one's own natural activity which depends on a certain balance and harmony of the inner nature, and which shows itself in a considerable capacity for natural dignity and even stateliness of nature. A gentle stateliness is of the very essence of the perfection of old age. Old age cannot have quite the full effect of what is called venerableness without that slight degree of self-recognition which gives a new weight to the teaching of experience, and lends to the wisdom of life the influence of a mild authority of manner. We have said that the impatience of an

active or excitable temperament is inconsistent with the serenity of old age; and it is even more inconsistent with the influence of old age. Experience must be penetrated with moral composure, and with that sweetness which cannot be gained without composure, to command anything like its full weight. Old age should be, to a large extent at least, the interpreter of an earlier to a later world, and able therefore to warn the newer world against that too confident and presumptuous reliance on prevalent assumptions of which all aged men of any wisdom must have noticed so many unfortunate instances; for they must often have seen assumptions which were ingrained in the very life of society in one generation, becoming almost unintelligible to another. But this sort of warning cannot be effectually given without a mixed gentleness and dignity of manner which will alone clear the aged from the suspicion of being mere *laudatores temporis acti*. They must feel sympathy with the higher elements in the new world, as well as show the power to smile at its fashionable superstitions. It is not enough that they should see where the moral fashion of the day is superficial and transitory, unless they can explain their insight with something of the dignity and tranquillity which carries conviction. And of course there is nothing which tends to give this sort of perfection to old age like a true spiritual life. Lonely as the aged must to some extent be, separated as they are from all the companions of their youth, and intimate only with those who are less entitled to their sympathy than their veneration, there is apt to be something too much of self-dependence in them, unless they give to others the impression that, though leaning on no human being, they do lean, and lean with the sort of tranquil love which can alone give unity and peace to a thread of life running through so many different phases of existence, on a divine power. This is what was wanted in Goethe's otherwise grand old age. It was grand, but it was not "beautiful and free." When he had to endure a great grief, the old man bore it like a stoic, and let no one see or share his anguish, and no one enter into his loss. There is nothing which is so necessary to give the last finish to old age as spiritual trust, — the expression imparted to the face by that spiritual life of unbroken divine affection which knits together all the various lives of broken human affection, and so makes the memory of loss little more than a promise of more perfect gain.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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INDIVISIBLE.

A MOMENT face to face they stood,
While soul met soul in honest eyes
That trembling glowed through unshed tears,
Born of a love that never dies.

They met to speak the saddest word
That e'er on human lips can dwell :
But, O, the mockery to dream
That such as these could take farewell !

For as two roseate clouds unite,
In wake of the departed sun,
Their kindred essence pure and sweet,
These twain had softly merged in one.

They might be severed pole from pole,
Might live through all the years apart ;
What mattered time and space to them
Whose home was in each other's heart ?

He craved a tress of that fine gold
Whose wavy wreaths her forehead graced ;
Bending to grant the boon, he clasped
A zone of pearl about her waist.

A moment more, and he was gone
From sight, nought else. High heart and
mind,
Stronghold of tenderness and truth,
Defied the hour, and stayed behind !

The seasons rolled, and ne'er again
Thus face to face 'twas theirs to stand ;
Yet heart to heart they walked the world
On to the goal, the silent land.

O gift of gifts ! a noble soul
That wraps our own in full embrace,
Till all mean things in love's great sea
Are lost, and self hath no more place.
Good Words. JANE C. SIMPSON.

"LET THE DEAD BURY THE DEAD."

'Tis gone, with its joys and sorrows ;
Its sunshine and storms of rain :
Look not away in the distance,
On relics of grief and pain ;
Look up, dear friends, instead :
Let the dead year bury its dead !

What if our pride have suffered ?
What if the hour of need
Have shown that the friend we trusted
Was worse than a broken reed ?
Look up, though our hearts have bled :
Let the dead year bury its dead.

Let us count the abundant mercies
Our one great Friend has sent ;
The days of our light and darkness —
All gifts of one sweet intent.
No matter the tears we shed :
Let the dead year bury its dead.

Ah, youth has been taught stern lessons,
And we of maturer years
Have learned a yet keener knowledge
Of life's vain hopes and fears.
How surely God's hand hath led !
Let the dead year bury its dead.

And the new-born year shall find us
Courageous, alert and strong ;
Girt up for the strife before us,
Though sharp the trial and long.
On, on, with a firmer tread,
While the dead year buries its dead.
Month.

IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

SOME day, my child, in poet's tenderest strain,
You may perchance be heard divinely sing-
ing ;

The attar of an ecstasy or pain,
In passioned sweetness flinging ;
Some day.

Some day, it may be, hot wild tears will flow
And show how tempests tear the rose to
blowing ;

And what you sighed in radiant spring to
know,
Will pierce your heart with knowing ;
Some day.

Some day, oh, child ! as one who fain would
rest,

You may await death's peaceful tide inflow-
ing,
And float, with heavenly lilies on your breast,
To heavenly lilies growing.
Some day.

Transcript. MRS. L. C. WHITON.

AT THE PLAY.

DORA seated at the play
Weeps to see the hero perish, —
Hero of a Dresden day,
Fit for china nymphs to cherish ;
O that Dora's heart would be
Half so soft and warm for me !

When the flaring lights are out
His heroic deeds are over,
Gone his splendid strut and shout,
Gone his raptures of a lover,
While my humdrum heart you'd find
True, though out of sight and mind.
Athenæum. EDMUND W. GOSSE.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE POETRY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.*

THE poetical books of the Old Testament have always possessed special attractions for scholars as well as for simple readers of the Bible, and have gathered round them a copious literature, in which no period of Christian theology is unrepresented. But the study of Hebrew poetry, as poetry, is a comparatively recent thing, and even in recent times the number of really important books that deal with the subject is by no means large. It cannot indeed be supposed that there ever was a time when readers of the Old Testament were altogether insensible to the poetic genius and beauty of the Psalms and of the prophets; but the idea that these qualities, or indeed that any of the literary and human characteristics of Scripture demand and richly reward special study, is one which, however obvious it appears in the present day, lay quite beyond the horizon of older theologians.

The purely magical conception of Scripture which prevailed in the old Catholic Church—the one-sided theory that regarded the word of God solely as a supernatural communication of “intelligible” truths—was only consistent in laying down a canon for the study of the Bible which has nothing in common with the rules that guide us in criticising and appreciating human writings. The Reformation, with its profounder apprehension of the idea of the word, opened a new era in biblical study. The word of God, as conceived by Luther, is no longer the abstract imparting of intellectual truth, but the personal message of God’s love in Christ, to which the saints of all ages return the equally personal answer of faith.

* (1.) *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum Prælectiones* *Academicæ Oxoni habiæt a* RO. LOWTH. Oxford. 1753.

(2.) *Vom Geist der Ebräischen Poesie*. Von J. G. VON HERDER. Erster Theil. 1782. Zweiter Theil. 1783. Our references are to the cheap reprint of Herder’s complete works. Stuttgart. 1852.

(3.) *Die Dichter des alten Bundes. I. Th. 1 Hlfte. Allgemeines über die Hebräische Dichtung und über das Psalmbuch*. Von HEINRICH EWALD. Neue Ausarbeitung. Göttingen. 1866. (First Edition, 1839.)

(4.) *Geschichte der poetischen Nationalliteratur der Hebräer*. Von E. MEIER. Leipzig. 1856.

Thus the whole truths of revelation are at once brought down from the unreal world of *intelligibilia* into the sphere of true and personal human life. The word descends into history, comes near to man in his daily needs, and opens up to him the very heart of God in utterances that speak straight home to every one who is taught of the spirit. This implies that the word of God is given to us in the natural language of mankind, and is to be studied by the same methods of exegesis as we apply to any other ancient book. Thus in the hands of the earlier reformers the science of biblical interpretation assumed a new aspect. The allegorical sense—that great incubus of medieval exegesis—was cast aside, and the Bible history was laid hold of with a new and vivid interest, which bore remarkable fruit in the social and political, as well as in the purely religious development of the Protestant nations. Nor was the recognition of the genuine human character of the sacred history all that was gained. The beginnings at least of an historical interpretation of prophecy are to be found in Luther’s prefaces to the German Bible. And, above all, a decisive step towards a right appreciation of the human aspects of the Old Testament poetry is taken by the great reformer in the preface to the Psalter of 1531, where the Psalms are mainly considered, not as supernatural doctrine, but as the truly human utterance of the inmost heart of the Old Testament saints. But in this point, as in many others, the first promise of the Reformation was not fulfilled in the sequel. The spiritual insight that supplied a just point of view required to be supported by a scientific construction, for which means were then unattainable. The whole realm of exegesis and criticism could not be revolutionized in a day. Methods of interpretation really inconsistent with Protestant principles crept back in detail. And very soon the original living conception of God’s word began to grow stiff and cold. Men’s chief interest lay in doctrinal polemic, and that interest seemed to be best served when Scripture was viewed mainly as a divine body of doctrine. Even in the system of Calvin, whose commentaries are distinguished by an attempt far be-

yond his age to take a broad philosophical view of the history of revelation, the growing tendency towards a one-sided exaltation of what is doctrinal appears in marked contrast to the spirit of Luther's earliest Reformation writings. And the days of the Epigoni saw the growth of a Protestant scholasticism, which left room for advance in the details of exegesis, but effectually checked a just appreciation of the human characteristics of the Bible. Theologians arose to whom the boldness of Luther appeared audacity, and who gave up the justest results of Calvin's exegesis as verging towards rationalism. The immediate perception of God's voice speaking in Scripture had grown dull, and a generation which required to have the divineness of the Bible proved to it by intellectual arguments had lost the firm ground which alone could give freedom to do justice to the truly human characters of the record of revelation. Thus one side of the original Reformation impulse was more or less absolutely divorced from the theology of the Church. The desire for a more truly historical treatment of biblical theology expressed itself in the school of Cocceius in forms not unsuspected by the stricter orthodoxy, and often not free from extravagance; while the literary and æsthetic qualities of the Bible became an object of study to men who shared in that revulsion against dogma which waxed so strong towards the close of the seventeenth century. Thus arose the breach between the theological and the literary methods of approaching Scripture, which on both sides has been so fruitful of false science, and which cannot be healed until those who receive the Bible as the record of divine revelation gain a faith strong enough to enable them to see that the right conception of God's word permits, nay, demands, the freest study of the sacred record by all the methods of historical and literary criticism.

The nature and limits of the interest in the Old Testament poetry which was felt by the last champions of the period of Protestant orthodoxy, may be judged from the treatment of the subject in the learned "*Introductio*" of J. G. Carpzov. Of the chapter which discusses biblical poetry in

general, by far the largest part is occupied with the purely formal question of the existence and nature of Hebrew metres. And it is thoroughly characteristic that the only other question that is raised is why the divine wisdom was pleased to insert in the sacred volume several books composed in metre and tied down to rhythmic numbers. From such a state of things a reaction was inevitable; and in the first instance, as we have said, the problem of æsthetically appreciating the Old Testament fell into the hands of men who had a keener interest in the beauty of the Hebrew poetry than in the deep religious life with which that poetry is instinct. By such hands the problem could not be solved, for in a work of art true appreciation of the form is inseparable from sympathy with the thought which the form embodies. But much was gained by the very statement of the problem. It was no small merit to make men feel that *as poetry*, the writings of David and Isaiah are as worthy of study as the poems of Homer or of Virgil.

The idea of looking at the poetry of the Old Testament in this light was one that could not fail to grow up in many minds, almost contemporaneously, under the same historical influences. But the work which first brought the subject of Hebrew poetry, as such, distinctly before the eyes of the world, was Lowth's "*Prælectiones*." These lectures were delivered from a chair of poetry, not of theology, and their starting-point was the principle that the artistic qualities of the inspired writings are not excluded from the domain of criticism. (*Præl.* ii.)* The work is mainly occupied with discussion of the peculiarities, figures, etc., of the Hebrew poetical style, and with an investigation into the various species of Hebrew poetry. There is not much in these inquiries that can now be read with great pleasure or profit. The

* That this principle was then by no means obvious, may appear from a single example which we select from Carpzov. Vossius had said that the ancient Hebrew poetry was rude and unpolished. *Id.* replies the Leipzig professor, in *Spiritum S. Biblicæ Poeseos autorem injurium videtur, quasi fons ille sapientiae, . . . e Græcia demum lepores accersere ac ab infidelium hominum artificio et labore veneres consecrari, verumque expectare debuerit venustatem.*

taste of the eighteenth century was formed upon principles with which our age has little sympathy. Lowth was far too much guided by the analogies of Western poetry to do full justice to the peculiarities of an Oriental literature; and as has been already hinted, the divorce of the poetic form from the religious contents of the Old Testament necessarily obscured the true features of the problem. The most lasting result of Lowth's researches lies in the doctrine of parallelism, and it may fairly be questioned whether subsequent investigators have done wisely in following him so closely on this topic. But with all its faults the book produced, and deserved to produce, a great effect: it struck a keynote to which the whole scholarship of Europe gave a ready response.

In almost every branch of learning and science it has been the fatality of England to indicate fresh subjects or strike out fresh methods of investigation, and then to look on with apathy while foreign scholars eagerly press forward on the newly opened path. Since the days of Lowth our countrymen have scarcely made one contribution to the scientific criticism of Hebrew poetry, and it may be doubted whether the "*Prælectiones*" themselves have not been more read in Germany than in England. Herder, when he gave to the world his "*Geist der Ebräischen Poesie*"—the book which marks the next decided step in the progress of our subject—could assume that the prelections of the English bishop were familiar to all his readers.*

The very title of Herder's book indicates a vast advance on his predecessor. While Lowth busies himself with the *art* of Hebrew poetry, the theologian of Weimar expressly treats of its *spirit*. If the former professed only to commend a choice poetry to students of polite letters (p. 22), the latter seeks to introduce his readers, through the æsthetic form, into the inmost spirit of the Old Testament. His pages glow with an enthusiasm which is not the cold admiration of an indifferent critic, but the warmth of a man to whose

heart the religious meaning of the Bible comes home with personal force. Thus Herder displays much more fully than Lowth the power to enter into the soul of the Old Testament writers which is essential to thorough criticism, and he recognizes with wonderful keenness many of the unique features that separate the poetry of the Hebrews from that of the Western nations. Lowth proposed to survey the streams of sacred poetry, without ascending to the mysterious source. Herder's great strength lies in his demonstration of the way in which the noble poetry of Israel gushes forth with natural unconstrained force from the depths of a spirit touched with divinely inspired emotion. Lowth finds in the Bible a certain mass of poetical material, and says: "I desire to estimate the sublimity and other virtues of this literature — *i.e., its power to affect men's minds*, a power that will be proportional to its conformity to the true rules of poetic art." * Nay, says Herder, the true power of poetry is that it speaks from the heart and to the heart. True criticism is not the classification of poetic effects according to the principles of rhetoric, but the unfolding of the living forces which moved the poet's soul. To enjoy a poem is to share the emotion that inspired its author.

If the rules of art are true they flow from the nature of the feeling with which the subject of the song is embraced by the poet's heart; but characteristics of the singer, the situation, the language, always combine towards the effect. The application of the rules then must always be a *living* application, and so always partial; in brief, where they are true, who will not rather feel and develop them afresh for himself in each song, than borrow them from foreign models? . . . Let the lays of the Hebrews be examined in their primitive nature and beauty; let the teacher show the scholar what subject is sung, and with what interest, what emotion dominates the song, how it moves, into what veins of feeling it expands, how it begins, proceeds, and ends.

Herder was deeply impressed with the conviction that this method of looking at the Old Testament was nothing less than the rediscovery of a lost literature, which

* Vol. i., p. 3.

* *Præl.* ii., p. 19.

all the commentators had only buried deeper in the dust of ages. Away with all practical application to modern times! Let us see the primeval age, and in it the heart and mind of David and his poets.*

The historico-psychological criticism which Herder so warmly advocated no longer needs to be recommended in opposition to the old method of dinning the poet's beauties into the reader's ears; but there are still many who are but half convinced that its application to the sacred record can be otherwise than profane. Yet it is obvious that he who represents Scripture as speaking from the heart and to the heart, has returned in a cardinal point to the genuine Reformation conception which Protestant theology had almost forgotten; and that the theologian who is not prepared to assert that the Bible has no human side at all, can exempt no element of the Psalmist's productivity from the laws of psychology and history, unless on the condition that in return another element shall be withdrawn from the sphere of inspiration.

In demanding that the poetry of the Hebrews be studied according to the laws of historical psychology, Herder laid down a principle of permanent importance, but his application of the principle is marred by many defects. The plan of his work was gigantic. An introduction, which forms nearly half of all that the author actually put on paper, discusses the basis on which the Hebrew poets built—the poetic structure of the language, the primitive ideas of the race, and its earliest fortunes to the time of Moses. With Moses commences a full and elaborate history of all that influenced the poetry and poetic conceptions of Israel; and this task is so widely conceived, that had the book been completed, almost the whole material of the Old Testament would have been worked up in its pages. So large an undertaking had for the first condition of success an accurate conception of the total historical development of Israel. That Herder was not in possession of such a conception cannot be imputed to him as a fault, for a century of further study has still left much that is obscure even in vital points of the Hebrew history. But under such circumstances the work was premature. The continuity of development which is traced has often no objective truth, and its apparent consistency means only that where it was impossible to read the poetry in the light of history, the his-

tory itself has been read by the light of poetical ideas, and the lack of precise conceptions has been concealed in a mist of genial subjectivity. In this mist the objective features of Hebrew culture, intellect, religion, melt away into indistinctness. The specific peculiarities that distinguish the religion of revelation from other primitive faiths are so little emphasized, that a product so intensely Hebrew as the book of Job is supposed to have been the work of an Idumean poet. The whole history tends to disappear in poetry, while the objective peculiarities of the poetry itself lose their sharpness from an exaggerated endeavor to resolve everything into a purely untutored flow of natural feeling, unaided by art and uncolored by reflection. These faults are in some measure due to the far too early date to which the criticism of the age referred many parts of the Old Testament; but it is singular that any critical prepossession should make it possible for so acute an observer to read off the simple prose of Genesis as verse, or to ignore the very high degree of conscious art that runs through so much of the poetry which Herder assigns to the remotest and most primitive antiquity.*

With all these defects, the labors of the poet and philosopher of Weimar made an epoch in the study of Hebrew poetry, for they vindicated for that study its proper place as an integral portion of the larger historical problem of reconstructing in its totality the life, growth, and vital activity of the Hebrew nation. Thenceforth progress in this department of criticism was bound up with the general progress of historical research into the Old Testament development, and no great advance on Herder was possible except in connection with enlarged and more accurate views of the history of Israel as a whole. Such views grew but slowly. During the first decennia of our century speculation on Old Testament problems was little more than a chaos of acute but disjointed and arbitrary conjecture. It is not therefore surprising that nearly forty years elapsed between Herder's death and the appearance of the next really important contribution to our subject; and it was fitting that this contribution should come from the pen of the scholar who more than any other man has succeeded in gathering up the many-sided material of the Hebrew records into the oneness of a living, or-

* II. 2, ix. Vol. ii., p. 237.

* On this last point compare the instructive remarks of Ewald in his "Eighth Year-Book," p. 599.

ganic structure. The characteristic power of Ewald is the intuition by which, without conscious induction or articulate proof, he comprehends within his gaze the whole heterogeneous data of a complicated historical or critical problem, and divines the unity in which all these fragments find their harmony. Concentrating this peculiar instinct on the historical monuments of the religion of revelation, Ewald has enriched all parts of Old Testament science with a multitude of fresh and original views, and has everywhere struck out paths in which even those scholars are compelled to walk who have least sympathy with the peculiar character of his genius. With these rare powers, Ewald it must be admitted unites corresponding defects, which have greatly limited his influence and often imperil the accuracy of his conclusions. As his historical inductions are intuitive rather than reasoned out, he lacks the power of verifying his results. His arguments are always constructive, and he is seldom able to acquiesce in a negative result, or to admit a doubt as to the objective truth of a theory that satisfies his subjective sense of harmony. But as a constructive critic he has no equal, and many scholars who ungenerously depreciate his services to biblical science are themselves doing little more than laboriously check off, and verify or reject by the usual apparatus of historical induction, the wealth of results, theories, and suggestions which Ewald has lavished upon the world of science.

Since Herder's unfinished essay, only one considerable attempt has been made to construct a comprehensive history of Hebrew poetry. And though the late Professor Meier was a man of unquestionable æsthetic capacity, and though in Germany his work has drawn forth the interest of many who are not theologians by profession, its merits are not such as to forbid the expression of the opinion that even now many essential points of Hebrew history, and many questions as to the date of the Hebrew records remain so obscure that any such work, however interesting and instructive, must either fall in great measure into the shape of detached essays, or must assert the form of historical continuity by bold guesses and large assumptions. The character of the different epochs of Hebrew literature is gradually growing clear to us, and some of the greatest figures in that literature stand before us in sharply defined outline. But much remains obscure, and even those results of recent criticism which seem most cer-

tain are far from being universally admitted. While it is still denied by influential critics that a single Psalm can safely be ascribed to David,* while competent judges dispute whether the Song of Solomon is a drama or a collection of lyric fragments, and while the dates assigned to the Book of Job in the critical school itself differ by many centuries, it is obvious that if there is not much room for new theories there is at least a call for much new proof. Such proof must for the most part consist of an examination of minutiae, in which only theologians can be expected to take much interest. Instead, therefore, of wearying our readers by introducing them to the conflicts of detail which at present occupy the arena of criticism, we shall endeavor to set before them some of those results in which all are agreed, and from which every one may find assistance towards an intelligent study even of the English Bible.

There are two marks which characterize every real work of fine art. The *first* of these marks is that it must embody a *creative thought*, that it must exhibit the power of the human spirit to seize, shape, vivify, and subdue under its own dominion the dead matter of unformed impression presented to the mind in the two universes of external nature and internal feeling. And then, in addition to this character of creativeness, a *second* mark is required to distinguish æsthetic from scientific production. While science values each new thought only as a fresh step towards the intellectual comprehension of the whole universe, the artist confines himself to thoughts which possess for him a value quite independent of the inferences that may be drawn from them for a more general body of truth — thoughts to which he can give a self-contained expression, without caring to use them as means to a remoter end. In a word, every work of art is a product of creative thought, having its end within itself. In science the joy of each new attainment is absorbed in the fresh impulse to further pursuit of truth; the search for knowledge knows no rest till the whole universe has been subdued. A work of fine art points to no end beyond itself, and urges directly to no activ-

* This position was maintained by Hupfeld, mainly, one is compelled to judge, from the general bluntness of his historic sense, which made him partly indifferent and partly sceptical in questions of authorship. When the same thing is maintained by Kuenen, the explanation must be sought not in indifference to the chronology of the Psalms, but rather in the partiality of this critic for a peculiar historical (or unhistorical) theory of the religion of Israel.

ity save that of enjoying to the full the satisfaction that accompanies every exertion of completed mastery of thought over matter.

It is obvious that the earliest efforts of human thought could not possibly go out in the direction of scientific construction. The notion of an organic system of truth advancing from generation to generation, till it grasp the whole universe, can begin to be entertained only with the beginning of a scientific *diadoche*, of a regular organization of thinkers and workers, each of whom takes up and carries forward in fresh developments the truth received from his predecessor or his neighbor. And this again involves an amount of mental discipline, a power of continuous self-denying effort, and a devotion to an abstract aim lying far beyond the lifetime of the individual worker, which are wholly unknown in the childhood of society. But we are not therefore to conceive of the early races of mankind as savages, acting only under the pressure of material needs or the incitement of animal instinct. If history and psychology have a voice at all, they declare to us that man was not developed by chance from the lower creation, but came complete from the hands of God himself, with an eye to behold the harmony of creation, a heart sensitive to emotion and sympathy, a spirit not passive and perplexed under the myriad impressions that pour in upon it from the universe without, but able and eager to give form and grace to these impressions by thought reproductive of the divine idea, in which alone the beauty and order of the universe repose.

The earliest exercise of these inalienable faculties of the human spirit is childlike, but not therefore weak and childish. All primitive nations are too childlike to act except under the stimulus of imagination or emotion. Intellectual effort therefore is not calm and disciplined, but passionate and absorbing. All thought stands in immediate contact with living impressions and feelings, and so, if incapable of rising to the abstract, is prevented from sinking to the unreal. This indeed is a quality of primitive thought which we moderns are very apt to ignore or to deny. We so uniformly speak of nature in the language of abstraction, inference, scientific theory, that we can hardly conceive that the earliest human speech offers only the direct, and therefore infallible reflection of what is felt. If a Hebrew poet accosts the morning star as "bright-rayed son of the dawn," we are far likelier to fall

into conjectures as to Semitic mythology than simply to accept the perfect image of newborn splendor floating in the lap of the early twilight. The tendency of the modern mind which this instance exemplifies is one that must continually be guarded against in dealing with early Eastern literature, and especially in dealing with the Old Testament. It is this misconstruction which on the one hand produces the biblical cosmologies, biblical psychologies, Mosaic astronomies and geologies that still perplex the unwary; while on the other hand it has given rise to the fundamental fallacy of the negative criticism, the extraordinary delusion that the Hebrew race is indifferent to objective reality and historic truth.

To follow out these remarks would carry us too far from our present argument. What we are now to observe is the contrast between the later habit of thought which inclines to look at everything in its logical and causal relations, and the primitive, childlike habit of thought which is completely absorbed in the one thing that is immediately before the mind. The first kind of thought makes science, the second makes poetry. For, as we have seen, the characteristic mark of poetry as a fine art is that it has its end within itself. A poetic theme, therefore, is a theme in which the mind finds such interest as to have no impulse to pass away from it, such delight as to strive by every effort to attain full sympathy with its beauty, full mastery over its details. To the primitive and childlike mind every emotion that rises above sensuality, every aspect of nature that is not directly interwoven with bodily needs, possesses these qualities and invites poetic treatment. Each new thought is a lyric unity answering to a unity of feeling. The thinker is of necessity a poet, whose task is not to display his idea in its relation to other thoughts, but to grasp it as it is in itself, to put upon it the impress of his own mastery, and give it enduring shape and comeliness by clothing it in articulate form. For it is not as mere inarticulate impression or emotion that the new thing which confronts the poet with vivid concreteness and force of absorbing passion can be rightly felt and understood. Only when bound down in fit utterance, and so made subject to the sovereignty of thought, do the subtle and many-sided phases of nature reveal themselves in their true significance and beauty. The simplest impression of inner or outer nature bears within it something of infinitude which

only the artist can grasp aright and reduce to finite expression. Nowhere is the task of the nature-poet more pregnantly set forth than in the myth of the binding of Proteus. The simplest manifestation of nature has countless shapes and changeable aspects, which by their glamor deceive the eyes and delude the grasp of men. The true artist is he who, casting over Proteus the chain of artistic expression, sets forth in a single and adequate form the mobile many-sidedness of one idea, and receives as his reward a revelation of truth where other men find only illusion.

From the conception that the earliest creative thought is to be regarded as a lyrical reflection of the impressions of internal and external nature, the inference is obvious that the growth of language, so far as it rose above the crude expression of daily needs, was at first wholly shaped by poetic necessities, and urged forward by poetic motives. This remark is not only true of language in general, but finds a just application to the characters that distinguish one language from another. The beginnings of prose composition, in any higher sense than that in which M. Jourdain spoke prose—in any sense therefore which can influence the subtler qualities of language—are long posterior to the differentiation of national tongues; and, in fact, prose composition is possible only after the individuality of the language has been clearly stamped by a rich national poetry. Thus the quality of the poetic thought of each people is imprinted on its speech, while reciprocally the psychological and artistic peculiarities of the speech permanently control the national poetry, and form perhaps the strongest influence towards the preservation of a fixed character in the nation itself. If we desire, then, to grasp the peculiar qualities of Hebrew poetry, we cannot begin better than by following Herder in his admirable remarks on the poetical character of the language of Israel.

Since action and delineation are of the essence of poetry, and since the *verb* is the part of speech that depicts action, or rather sets action directly before us, the language that is rich in expressive pictorial verbs is a poetical language, and is more poetical the more fully it can turn nouns to verbs. What a noun sets forth is dead, the verb sets all in motion. . . . Now in Hebrew almost everything is verb—that is, everything lives and acts. . . . The language is a very abyss of verbs, a sea of waves, where action rolls surging into ever new action.* . . . Nor does the

speech lack such *nouns* and *adjectives* as it requires. . . . It is poor in abstractions, but rich in sensuous representation, and has such a wealth of synonyms for the same thing, because it desires always to name, and as it were to paint the object in its full relation to all accompanying circumstances that impress themselves on the senses. The lion, the sword, the snake, the camel, have so many names in Oriental (Semitic) languages because each man originally depicted the thing as it appeared to himself, and all these rivulets afterwards flowed into one. Even in the small relics of Hebrew that we possess the profusion of sensuous epithets is very notable. More than two hundred and fifty botanical names in a collection so short and so little varied in subject as is the Old Testament. How rich would the language appear had we still its poetry of common life.* . . . The *pronouns* stand forth in bold relief, as in all language of the passions. The scarcity of *adjectives* is so supplied by combinations of other words that the attribute appears as a thing, nay, even as an active being. With all this, I conceive the language is as poetic as any upon earth.†

Passing to the Hebrew roots, Herder remarks how they unite picturesqueness with feeling, repose with passion, strength with softness of tone.

The northern speeches imitate the sound of nature but rudely, and as it were from without: they creak, jar, and rustle like the objects themselves. In the south the imitation of nature is more delicate. The words have passed through the finer medium of emotion,

the exacter doctrine of the Hebrew verb forms which we owe to that scientific school of Semitic grammarians of which De Sacy was the pioneer. Our abstract division of past, present, and future time has no existence in the Semitic verb forms. The Semitic, but most fully the Hebrew, distinguishes only perfect and imperfect action. A notion that appears in the mind of the speaker as still *growing* is put in the imperfect, whether the objective scene of its growth is the past, the present, or the future. Inversely, actions conceived as complete are put in the perfect. Thus, if the Hebrew wishes to say, *I went and saw him*, *went*, as the completed presupposition of the seeing, stands in the perfect; but *saw*, which grows out of the *went*, is put in the imperfect, with only a slight modification to show that the action is imperfect only relatively to the *went*, not relatively to the speaker's present position. Conversely, in the sentence *I will go and see him*, the Hebrew feels that the means grow out of the end, which, in idea, is the fixed and completed *prius*. Therefore *I will go* stands in the imperfect, but *see* in the perfect. Nothing can show more clearly how the action and reaction of *living* ideas is the dominating principle of the language.

* On this topic compare the remarks of Isaac Taylor in his "Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," p. 94. This ingenious treatise, though purely the work of an amateur, and therefore quite deficient in scientific sharpness of conception, is written in a spirit of glowing poetic sympathy, and contains some good things. Taylor shows that the Old Testament contains as many words about sea and water as the English language can muster even when technicalities and colloquialisms are reckoned.

* This acute observation receives fresh force from

† Vol. i., pp. 15-18.

they are framed as it were in the region of the heart, and so give not coarse reproductions of sound, but images which feeling has modified by impressing upon them its softer seal. Of this union in the tones of the roots between internal feeling and external image, the Semitic languages are a model. "What!" cries the interlocutor of Herder's dialogue, "these barbarous, gurgling gutturals?" "Yes," replies Herder. "We who live in smoke and fog speak between tongue and lip, and open our mouths but little. The Italian and the Greek again speak *ore rotundo*, and do not bite their lips together. The East draws its tones still deeper from the breast, from the heart itself, and speaks as Elihu begins.

I am full of words,
The spirit within me constrains me:
It ferments in my breast like must coked up,
It bursts like new bottles.
I must speak, that I may be refreshed:
Open my lips, and answer.

When these lips opened it was doubtless a living sound, image breathed forth in the stream of emotion, and this, I think, is the spirit of the Hebrew tongue.*

Our space precludes fuller reproduction of Herder's admirable demonstration that the Hebrew language marks out the nation that spoke it as a race through whose whole life ran a deep vein of intense but very *subjective* poetry. Let us however concentrate our attention on the quality of *subjectivity*, which is the main key to the psychological criticism of the Old Testament literature. The Hebrew language, as Herder has shown us, is fitted to express nature, not realistically, as it presents itself to the outer unsympathetic eye, nor simply sensuously idealized as in the art of Greece, but as it appears when seen through the medium of passionate human interest and transmuted in the alembic of internal feeling. The perfection of the Hebrew language as a vehicle of emotion is in truth most strikingly seen in points of grammatical structure to which Herder does not allude. Every nicety of form and construction has for its end the expression of varying relations of feeling between the thinker and his thought. In the hands of David or Isaiah every word, every suffix, every modification of order or of tone, expresses some delicate shade of emotion hardly reproducible in another language. Such a tongue is the fit organ of a fervid and imperious personality which

refuses to be the mere interpreter of nature, and esteems nothing which cannot be brought into concrete relation to itself. The unimpassioned, intellectual admiration of the ideal of sensuous beauty, which is the ruling principle of Greek art, is unknown to the Semite. He values nature only in so far as it moves and affects him, or is capable of being moved and affected by him. He has no sense therefore for that objective harmony of a beautiful scene which is independent of the varying emotions with which men may look upon it. To him nature is what he feels as he beholds it: the universe is a complex of living powers with which he enters into a fellowship of joy and woe, of love and dread, of confidence and fear; which awe him with the utterance of infinite might, or furnish him with matter of victorious boasting if he is able to bend them to his own service.

The art which corresponds to such a view of nature is necessarily *unplastic*. The Hebrews never attained excellence in the reproduction of natural things by the pencil or in sculpture, and their poetry contains no example of that elaborate word-painting which calls up a scene in its objective harmony and full sensuous beauty. It would be wrong to conjecture as the reason of this deficiency the want of a quick eye for outward things. On the contrary, the very richness of the Hebrew tongue in appropriate names for sensible objects is sufficient proof that everything in nature that has a human interest, everything that touches directly on the life of man, and addresses itself to his emotions and his heart, is laid hold of with the keenest appreciation and the subtlest sympathy. But in truth nature is too full of meaning, and speaks too strongly to the heart of the Israelite, to suffer him calmly to analyze and reproduce its individual traits. To him the unity and harmony of an outer scene or a train of thought is always a unity of passion and feeling. He does not therefore depict nature in the just balance and organic relation of its parts, but seizes one and another isolated feature and absorbs them into the stream of an all-transmuting emotion. Hence the few instances of plastic art which are recounted in the Old Testament are all symbolic. It is most characteristic that we have no description of the cherubim which would enable an artist to reconstruct them. The symbolic parts of which they were composed are enumerated with care; but we have no hint of an attempt to give to the figure built up from these heterogeneous

* Page 20. To appreciate the description of the gutturals as tones drawn from the depths of the breast, the reader must remember that the Hebrew gutturals do not, like the Scotch and German *ch*, strike the palate, but are purely breathed up from the throat like the English *h*. But while our alphabet has but one such letter, the Hebrew writes four gutturals, and in pronunciation distinguished five or six.

symbols anything of objective symmetry and beauty. Beyond doubt no such attempt was made.*

The same want of plastic power characterizes the delineations of Hebrew poetry. The descriptions of Homer or of Sophocles at once suggest pictorial treatment; but no pencil could reproduce the war-horse or the leviathan of Job, where the unity of the picture lies wholly in the emotion of admiration and awe into which the sensuous elements of the description are absorbed. Or for an example of a different kind take the Book of Ruth. Could a Western writer have related a story so idyllic with a harmony so poetically perfect, and yet with so complete an elimination of the plastic pictorial element? The book is full of vivid lifelike detail. But everywhere that detail is directly subservient to the human interest of the action. There is not one touch of coloring or description that would help a painter in depicting the scene.

It must not be imagined that for this reason Hebrew poetry is remote from nature. The whole Old Testament literature is rich in small fragments of the most delicate observation embodied in a sentence, sometimes in a word; but these fragments are strung upon a thread of feeling instead of being set forth by artistic composition and grouping of parts. A typical example is the first chapter of the prophecy of Joel. Every verse sparkles with gems. Each little picture, suggested rather than drawn, is in the most exquisite harmony with the feeling of the prophet. The fig-tree stripped of its bark, standing white against the arid landscape; the sackcloth-girt bride wailing for her husband; the night watch of the supplicating priests; the empty and ruinous garners; the perplexed rush of the herds maddened with heat and thirst; or the unconscious supplication in which they raise their heads to heaven with piteous lowing, are indicated with a concrete pregnancy of language which the translator vainly strives to reproduce. But the composition is a crystallization, not an organism, a series of boldly etched vignettes, not a single picture.

It is obvious that a poetry of this type

* If the reader desires to realize this more fully, let him turn to the description of the heavenly procession in Canto 29 of the "*Purgatorio*," and contrast the thoroughly plastic character of the picture with the corresponding passages of Ezekiel and of the Apocalypse. But it is obvious that the figures of the cherubim had defeated Dante's power of constructive imagination. He is compelled to refer his reader to Ezekiel. "*E qual li troverai nelle sue carie tali eran quivi.*"

refuses to be judged by our usual canons of criticism. We are not to ask for unity of composition where the poet himself designs only unity of feeling; nor may we, in criticising so subjective a poetry, condemn anything as grotesque and inharmonious that is not disproportionate to the dominant emotion. This remark is peculiarly applicable to the gigantic images and metaphors of the Old Testament. In Western poetry an image is always liable to criticism in itself, and nothing is admitted for purposes of illustration that would be quite fantastic as the description of a reality. But to the Hebrew no image is too bold to give utterance to the emotion by which he is stirred. It would be absurd to class the daring figures of the Psalms and prophets as examples of hyperbole. Hyperbole is the license that our poets take to impress their hearers more deeply by representing objects as grander than they really are, without absolutely distorting them from their true form. But when the Psalmist represents hills as skipping and clapping hands, when Joel ascribes to his locusts the irresistible teeth of a lion, when the Assyrian king as pictured by Isaiah boasts that he has dried up rivers with the soles of his feet, or when Ezekiel figures the king of Tyre as a cherub walking within the fiery bulwarks of the mount of God, these gigantic metaphors refuse to be judged by the limited license accorded to Western poets.

Thus commentators are found who gravely argue that language so strong must have a hidden allegoric meaning, that the prince of Tyre, for example, is Satan. To the poets themselves such criticism would have seemed ridiculous. They were accustomed to read nature wholly in the light of subjective emotion or spiritual truth. The boldness of the fancy with which they gave sensuous form to their feelings was hampered by no habits of scientific study of the laws of phenomena. Regardless of external probability they sought only a just expression for subjective experience. What we are apt to call exaggeration is really idealization—the elevation of the whole scene into a symbol of the invisible. We have no right to call that fantastic which truly expresses internal intuitions moulded by the fire of a subjectivity stronger than ours.

Often the boldness of the Hebrew images lies in the combination of parts taken from several quite dissimilar figures. Mixed metaphor is not only natural but appropriate when the world of sense offers

no one phenomenon in which the fulness of the poet's emotion can be mirrored. Not only is image piled on image, but the weaker figure seems often to dissolve into one of grander force. Thus when Isaiah pictures the onset of Assyria on Judah, he hears the roar of the lion as it springs on its victim, followed by the low and awful moan which shows that the prey is secured. But presently this moan waxes more and more intense, till it passes into the grim murmur of a storm-lashed sea, while the hot breath and overshadowing terror of the lion bending over his captive are transmuted into a dark and murky storm-cloud which enwraps the land of Judah in the gloom of hopeless night.

His roar is like the lioness,
He roars like the young lions ;
And moans and clutches his prey, and bears it
off and none can save.
And he moans over Judah like the moan of the
sea.

When they look to the land, lo ! stifling gloom
And day grown black in lowering clouds.*

It is not only in the absence of plastic composition and in the shape of individual images and metaphors that the poetry of the Old Testament bears the stamp of the peculiar subjectivity of the Semite. We have seen that this subjectivity dominates for the Hebrew his whole view of the universe ; that all nature appears to him instinct with a life which vibrates responsive to each change in his personal feelings and spiritual relations. This way of looking at outward things makes itself felt in the matter as well as in the manner of Hebrew literature. That the poetry of such a race is certain to be rich in the expression of every human passion is too obvious to need further illustration than every Bible reader can supply for himself. But it is instructive to observe how the poets of Israel enter into human relations with impersonal things, and see in them also the movings of a life not wholly incapable of fellow-feeling with man. Herder has drawn attention to the sympathy which Hebrew poetry always manifests towards the brute creation† — a sympathy not confined to the domestic animals, which the Israelites treated with a consideration well brought out in the story of Balaam's ass and in the law of Sabbatic rest, but extending to every living thing. Nay, even inanimate objects appear as the friends of man. Take for example the exquisite song in which the Hebrew women

as they stand round the fountain, waiting their turn to draw, coax forth the water which wells up all too slowly for their impatience : —

Spring up O well ! (sing ye to it !)
Well that the princes digged,
The nobles of the people bored,
With the sceptre and with their staves.*

The simplicity of personal interest, the tenderness of affectionate regard, with which the Hebrew maidens salute the "living waters" that well forth, murmuring in answer to their song, belongs to quite another sphere of fancy from that which peopled the mountains and glades of Hellas with the fair sisterhood,

Ταί τ' ἄλσέα καλὰ νέμονται
Καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν, καὶ πίσαα ποίηεντα.

When the Greek ascribes life to the powers of nature he gives to his personification a shapely human body as well as a living soul, and in the same measure as his creation gains in plastic grace it becomes less near to the daily life of man. The nymph is no longer the fountain or the tree, which man knows and loves, but a new being that hides herself behind them. But to the Semite the rippling water is itself alive, the oaks of Bashan wail when the fire wastes their tangled forests,† the cedars and cypresses of Lebanon rejoice in mocking songs over the fall of the king of Babel who so mercilessly hewed down their glory.‡

* Num. xxi. 17, 18. To dig with the staff, which is the symbol of authority, means to command the well to be dug.

† Zech. xi. 1, 2.

‡ Isa. xiv. 8. "Living water" is the standing name in the Old Testament for spring water. The personification of trees is constant, and it is remarkable that, while the animal fable of Æsop is not, as has sometimes been wrongly imagined, a Semitic product, we find in the Old Testament two parables of trees (Jud. ix. 8, seq. ; 2 Kings xiv. 9). The nearest western analogon to this play of fancy is to be found in certain features of the Teutonic *Mährchen*, which have been well explained by Heine, whose Jewish birth gave him a hereditary right to understand and delight in this subjective vein of imagination. See a passage in the *Harzreise*, where he describes an aged trembling grandmother who has sat for a quarter of a century behind the stove opposite the cupboard, till her thoughts and feelings have grown into union with all the corners of the stove and all the carvings on the cupboard. "And cupboard and stove live, for a human being has breathed into them a portion of her life." Heine proceeds to explain how, to thoughtful, quiet folk, living a life of deep, "immediate" contemplation, the inner life of inanimate objects revealed itself, and these acquired a necessary consistent character, a sweet mixture of fanciful whimsicality and true human dispositions. Amidst all difference of detail between the imagination that shaped the *Mährchen*, and that which dominates Hebrew poetry, the great point of agreement is what Heine rightly calls the "immediacy," *Unmittelbarkeit*, of both — the way in which the Teuton or the Semite stands in direct contact and personal fellowship with the life of the objects that surround

* Isa. v. 29, 30.

† Dial. iii., vol. i., p. 66.

No relation of man to nature has a stronger fascination for the Semitic mind than that of practical lordship over powers so much mightier than his own. Every one knows how this fascination finds its expression in the wondrous Oriental tales of enslaved genii and the like. The same thing is to be seen in the magic of Eastern nations. An Arab servant accompanying a European naturalist, would regard his master as a madman, were he not persuaded that his scientific collections are to be used in some mysterious way to enthrall the powers of creation. This tendency finds a loftier and truer, but not less characteristic expression in the Old Testament. If the Israelite abjured magic arts, it was not because he was indifferent to the world-sovereignty of man, but because he knew that that sovereignty is more surely rooted in the creation gift of God, which is so nobly sung in the eighth Psalm. But let us choose a less familiar example of the spirit in which the Hebrew glories in the power of man's cunning and labor to subdue all nature. Such an example we shall find in Job's description of the art of mining, the Old Testament counterpart of the famous chorus of the "Antigone."

For there is a lode for silver : a place for gold
which is fined.
Iron is brought from dust : and stones are
smelted into brass.
Man sets an end to darkness and searches out
to its farthest veins : the stone that lies
in night and gloom.
The shaft is opened far from all sojourners :
and there forgotten of human foot,
They hang far from mortals : they flit to and
fro.
The earth — out of her groweth bread : and
beneath they pierce resistless as fire.
The place of her brightest jewels : the dust of
her gold are theirs.
The path that the eagle has not seen : the eye
of the vulture hath not scanned :
Which the proud beasts have not trod : which
the lion hath never walked.
On the flint he layeth his hand : overturneth
mountains from their roots.
Through the rock he cleaveth passages : and
his eye beholds all precious things ;
He binds up the shafts from weeping : and
brings forth secret treasure to light.*

him. Something of the same feeling pervades the works of a great Jewish painter, Josef Israels.

* Job xxviii. 1, *seq.* The allusion in the last line is to the greatest difficulty with which the miner has to contend — the breaking in of water through his shafts. The contrast with the chorus of Sophocles (*Antig.* 332, *seq.*) is instructive, but cannot be drawn out here. I remark only the counterfoil to man's power and cunning in each case. Job continues: "But where shall wisdom be found?" Sophocles adds: "Αἶδα μόνον Φεῦξιν οὐκ ἐπάξεται."

In lays like the "song of the well" created things appear as man's friends: in the picture that we have taken from Job they are represented as his captives and his slaves. We have still to consider the more awful aspect of the powers of nature in which they present themselves as the utterances of a mysterious might, before which the strength and wisdom of man are as nought. This is the point of view from which the nature-worship of the heathen Semites appears in its proper contrast to the polytheism of Greece. In the Hellenic religion the plastic element, the sensuous ideal, predominates. "The gods that live at ease," the Olympians of Homer, are very different beings from the *E! or Eloah*, the "mighty and dreadful one" of the Semite. The heathenism of the Canaanites and the Phœnicians is never æsthetically beautiful, but vibrates between the opposite yet allied poles of sombre horror and wildest sensuality, between the terrors of Moloch-worship and the orgies of Ashera. Always we find a religion of passionate emotion, not a worship of the outer powers and phenomena of nature in their sensuous beauty and majesty, but of those inner powers, awful because unseen, of which outer things are only the symbol.*

Corruptio optimi fit pessima. The very tone of mind which makes Semitic heathenism the most hideous of false worships, enabled the Hebrew nation to grasp with unparalleled tenacity and force the spiritual idea of Jehovah. It is indeed a vain notion of Rénan and other theorists that the Semitic races have a peculiar capacity for monotheism.† But at least Semitic monotheism could scarcely degenerate into deism or pantheism. Not into deism: for to view nature as an independent and yet impersonal organism is quite impossible to a habit of thought that everywhere in nature sees life, and life bearing directly upon man: not into pantheism, for even Semitic polytheism looked on material things as symbols rather than as realities, and revered only the mysterious and the unseen. To the Hebrew,

* Hence the simplicity of the material objects which these nations worshipped — the sacred stone, the Ashera or sacred pole, the consecrated tree. In the English version the characteristic features of Canaanite idolatry are disguised by more than one mistranslation. The sacred stone, *maçceba*, appears as an "image," the Ashera as a "grove." Actual images seem to have been repulsively coarse in conception. (Cf. 1 Kings xv. 13, Heb.)

† This notion has been sufficiently refuted by several writers. See especially Dillmann's tract, "*Ueber den Ursprung der Atlichen Religion*," p. 16, *seq.* The English reader may compare a paper on Semitic monotheism in the first vol. of Mr. Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop."

force is life, and life is personality. The one true God whom man has learned to know in His historical revelation is a living, loving God, ever working and ever present to his people. Now the whole universe is seen to be not instinct with dark and cruel forces, but full of the spiritual harmony of a gracious personal plan of righteousness and love. From such a contemplation of the world in its relation to God, a rich religious poetry could not fail to spring. Nature itself in that harmony in which it is revealed to the eye of faith is one grand poem, an embodied thought of God set forth to be read by man, and not only to be read with distant admiration, but to be grasped with personal sympathy and trust. So conceived, no part of the universe was indifferent to the believing Israelite. His was no religion of asceticism, that should turn him away from the contemplation and enjoyment of outer nature, and shut up his spiritual life within himself. His keen zest for the beauties and pleasures of the outer life was only quickened, though it was purified and solemnized by the thought that it is God's hand that crowns the year with goodness, and his majesty and grace that all nature proclaims. Or again, when nature frowns, the Hebrew, raised above slavish fear of a malignant, destructive power, could hear the voice of Jehovah thundering forth the declaration that the merciful and gracious God is also the God of judgment, whose holy justice will by no means clear the guilty. To comprehend the full influence of the spiritual religion on the development of the poetry of Israel, we must remember that the idea of the universe as a natural unity, of which our noblest nature-poetry is so full, was entirely foreign to the Hebrew mind. The keen observation and subtle sympathy with individual sides of natural things which distinguishes Semitic poetry, is, as we have already learned, altogether dissociated from the faculty of artistic grouping and plastic composition of an organic whole. The only unity which the poet can realize is a unity of feeling and purpose. Thus a really grand and catholic poetry of nature could be achieved by the Hebrews only under the influence of a comprehensive and all-absorbing personal interest to which no part of nature should be alien, and which should bind up the whole universe in the oneness of a transcendental purpose. And this was an influence which only the religion of Jehovah could supply. To realize the scope of these remarks we have only to compare

the Song of Solomon with the Book of Job. No Old Testament writer has a richer sensuous fancy or a truer eye for the features of nature than the poet who, nurtured amidst the northern mountains, where all that is beautiful or majestic in Canaan is gathered up, lavishes the whole wealth of his imagery in singing the love and constancy of the Shulamite. But perfect as is the poem in its kind, few Western readers can peruse it without a feeling of monotony. The infinite succession of similes, all just and even brilliant, all showing the true poet, but strung together like a necklace of pearls, only by the common theme of emotion that runs through them, at length wearies us by the very prodigality of fancy. We are perplexed by the total absence of objective grouping, the want of light and shade, which is carried so far that even the beauty of the Shulamite is praised only by the choice of a comparison for each separate feature of her person. The poem is full of nature, but it is too one-sided, and strikes too exclusively only such notes as are in unison with the dominant passion, to be a great nature-poem. But while not even the noblest of merely human affections is broad enough to sustain an all-sided poetry of nature, it is otherwise with such a theme as occupies the Book of Job. To the relations of man to his Creator and Redeemer the whole universe vibrates responsive. Here there is no room for monotony, for the theme itself is infinitely varied. Nor could any pictorial grouping of images equal the sublime grandeur of the closing chapters of the book, in which all creation is marshalled in glorious wealth of disorder to do homage to the wisdom and power of the Most High. Thus it is that in the Old Testament the noblest poetry of nature and the loftiest spiritual conceptions are linked together in an indissoluble bond, and that universality of poetic sympathy from which nothing in nature is estranged is realized only when creation in all its plenitude and in all its changefulness appears as the direct expression of the will of the ever-present king and Saviour of Israel.

We find in the Old Testament a series of Psalms in which natural scenes are so depicted that they yield up their spiritual meaning, and appear as witnesses to the existence and attributes of Jehovah.* A comparison of these hymns with the treatment of similar themes by Western writers

* Among the more notable of these are *Psa. viii.*, the first part of *xix.*, *xxix.*, *lxv.*, *civ.*

is sufficiently characteristic of the Hebrew genius. The Western poet, or even a Western prose writer on natural theology, will not fail to begin by setting before him the scene in its objectivity, reproducing the natural features of his subject by pictorial description before proceeding to draw a religious inference or lesson. But the Hebrew needs no process of inference to set Jehovah before him as the prime mover in all he sees. He needs no argument *a fortiori* to rise from the glory of the creature to the supreme majesty of the Creator. The spiritual meaning of the scene so fills his soul, so interpenetrates all that he beholds, that he is never able to linger on the production of a finished picture, or to rest on the natural scene as in itself the adequate object of poetic contemplation. His first word is praise to Jehovah, with which his soul is overflowing, and every feature of his description, instinct with the same emotion, looms through a mist of religious awe, love, and fervor, and attains harmony only in this subjective and unplastic medium. Let the reader take up Psalm civ., and observe how no part of nature is able to detain the poet. He hurries from point to point, with the restless eagerness of a man who only seeks in the objects around him food for an engrossing emotion. Once and again, at ver. 24, 31, this emotion breaks out in pure song; and at length the *point of rest* in which every poem must end, and which could not be found in the contemplation of nature, is reached in the concluding strain of praise, ver. 33-35.*

All this is but a special application to the sphere of religious life of the more general law that the Semitic imagination assimilates objective phenomena only in so far as they are held in solution by personal interest or strong emotion. The world of nature is orderly and beautiful only as the reflex of the world of moral and spiritual relations. But the principle

obviously works in two directions. If the Hebrew instinctively views nature in the light of its spiritual meaning, he as instinctively gives to every spiritual perception a symbolical and sensuous expression. And since, as we have already seen, the idea of natural possibility or probability does not exist for the Semite, the expression is subject to no condition save that of appropriateness to the thought set forth. Thus the whole realm of visible phenomena stands free to the poet to be dealt with as he will. The multiplicity of the universe becomes one vast chorus of living things moving responsive to the action of the spiritual stage, without restraint of natural law. Especially is this the case in the description of the being and work of Jehovah. The poet's heart is full of gratitude to God: straightway sun and moon, stars and heavens, fire and hail, storm, winds, mountains, beasts, and creeping things, must join in sounding forth his praise.* David celebrates in Psalm xviii. the deliverances that God has wrought for him in every crisis of his life. At once the earth shakes and trembles, the thundering voice of Jehovah rolls across the heavens, his arrowy lightnings scatter the foemen, the blast of his storm-wind lays bare the channels of the seas, and the Most High himself, descending in smoke and flame, stretches forth his hand and rescues His servant from the waters that surge around him. Or once more, when Jehovah appears to judge the earth and deliver his people, the seas roar, the rivers clap hands, the mountains exult together.† Or if his coming is viewed rather as a day of terror and anguish for the guilty and rebellious, then the earth reels like a drunkard, and sways like a hammock, the moon is lurid and the sun pales.‡

It must not be supposed that this imperious subjectivity of the Hebrew, which demands that the whole universe shall blend to the conviction that burns within the poet's soul, asserts its sovereignty only in the sphere of religion. No poetry can ignore the principle of sympathy between the aspects of external nature and the changing views of the poetic observer. But there are two ways in which this principle can receive expression. The modern poet is impressed with the conviction that nature has an individuality, and a fixed character of her own. She is capable of infinite sympathy, but her favor must be

* No better illustration can be found of the difference between the Hebrew and Occidental treatment of the same ideas than is supplied by a comparison of Buchanan's paraphrases of the nature-psalms. A good instance is the treatment of the sun in Psa. xix., or, to confine ourselves to Psa. civ., take the following passage, in which every variation from the Hebrew tends to an increase of plastic pictorial delineation, with a corresponding diminution in the directness with which the religious emotion dominates each line of the original:—

"Tum liquidi fontes imis de collibus augent
Flumina, per virides undas volventia campos:
Unde sitim sedent pecudes, quæ pinguia tondent
Pascua, quique feris onager saxa invia silvis
Incolit: hic levibus quæ tranant aëra pennis
Per virides passim ramos sua tecta volucres
Concelebrant, mulcentque vagis loca sola querelis."

* Psa. cxlviii.

† Ibid. cxviii.

‡ Isa. xxiv.

wooded and won by subtle appreciation of her faintest smile, by patient submission to her opposite, as well as her approving moods. Of such study of nature the Semite is wholly incapable. The pathos of contrast between his own mental state and the expression of natural things, which plays so great a part in modern poetry, has for him no sweetness, or rather no existence. His eyes refuse to see what his heart cannot assimilate. The desert blossoms with his joy, and the orchards and gardens of Carmel wither in his despair. The fairest things are spurned with impatient hate, or blighted with bitter curses, if their beauty stands in contrast to his woe.

Ye mountains of Gilboa,
No dew, no rain be upon you,
Ye fields rich in oblations !
For there the shield of the mighty lies rusting,
The shield of Saul — not anointed with oil.*

We have already observed that the subjective intensity of such a poetry can appear extravagant or untruthful only when judged by too narrow a canon of taste. In the nature of the case artistic truth is always more or less partial, for the artist isolates and treats as a perfect whole what in reality is only one factor of a larger unity of nature or of thought. And so, if the unity to be realized is one of supreme emotion, it is not only legitimate but imperative that all opposing elements be sacrificed to the ruling idea. But, on the other hand, an art which proceeds on such principles must often be obscure and unattractive to those whose less intense subjectivity is unable to share the resistless sweep of the poet's passion. A Semitic poetry of the ordinary themes of life can hardly attain to the perfect catholicity that appeals to all minds in all ages; for at least we of the Western races require a special effort of cultivated literary appreciativeness to throw ourselves into the vein of uncontrolled immediate feeling in which the Oriental naturally moves. But the very characters that constitute a certain particularism of interest in the treatment of secular themes mark out the Hebrew poetry as the most perfect and catholic vehicle for the æsthetic expression of religious faith. In every other case the artistic propriety of making all nature bend to the personal emotion of the

* 2 Sam. i. 21. The unction by which the shield of the warrior is kept bright is alluded to in Isa. xxi. 5. The "fields of offerings" (A. V.) are, as Ewald rightly explains, fields so fertile that many offerings of first fruits are sent from them to the sanctuary.

singer can receive only a subjective justification. The art of the Hebrew is true art to those who can rise to the level of his passion. But religious conviction is supreme where it exists at all. And the æsthetic necessity that all things in heaven and earth shall bend to the divine purpose of salvation revealed to the poet's faith, is also the ethical necessity on which the whole religious life depends. That the things which are impossible with men are possible with God is the first axiom of a religion that shall rise with triumphant assurance over all the powers of evil and all the woes of life. To assert with unwavering confidence the victory of spiritual certainties over all empirical contradiction, to vanquish earthly fears in the assurance of transcendental fellowship with God, to lay down for all ages the pattern of a faith which endures as seeing him who is invisible — such is the great work for which the poetic genius of the Hebrews was consecrated by the providence and inspiration of the Most High. How nobly this work was served by that Hebrew intensity which carries one supreme conviction with irresistible poetic fire through all things in heaven or earth that rise up against it, may be read alike in the personal utterances of the Psalter and in the Messianic hopes of the prophets. Thus it was that the Psalmist, surrounded on all sides by the contradiction of sinners, bowed with sickness and grief, oppressed by the consciousness of guilt, was yet able so to cling to the unfailing certainty of his living fellowship with a redeeming God, that danger, and sickness, and sin itself were left behind, and he pressed forward beyond the fear of death to the assurance of immortality at God's right hand. Thus it was that the prophets gazing on the certainties of Jehovah's righteousness and grace saw the creation, now stained with sin and blasted by the strokes of divine indignation, transformed in new perfection and holy loveliness, and instinct in all its parts with a sweet intelligence, so that from voice to voice of things now deemed inanimate the prayer of man goes up to God and the answer of God descends on man.

In that day, saith Jehovah, I will answer,
I will answer the heavens,
And they shall answer the earth;
And the earth shall answer the corn, and the
wine, and the oil,
And they shall answer Jezreel.*

* Hos. ii. 21, 22.

From the consideration of the characteristic *material* of feeling and fancy in which the richness of the Old Testament poetry lies, we must proceed to look at the not less characteristic *form* which the Hebrew poets impress upon their thoughts. The most general law of poetic form is embodied in the principle of rhythm. But while all poetry is necessarily rhythmical, rhythm is of very various kinds. Amidst all variety of *metres*, the *rhythm* to which we Occidentals are accustomed is always more or less purely syllabic. And of syllabic rhythm we are familiar with two types, the rhythm of accent which prevails in our northern tongues, and the rhythm of quantity (partially modified by accent) which regulates the classical poetry. Neither type is unknown to the Semitic races. The prosody of the Arabs is based on quantity, while in Syriac, where the original distinction of long and short syllables has disappeared almost as completely as in the modern languages of western Europe, each verse consists of a measured number of syllables, with a rise and fall of tone. But innumerable attempts to apply to the ancient Hebrew poetry one or other of these analogies have proved vain, and scholars are now agreed that there is no syllabic rhythm in the Old Testament. But the Hebrew poetry is not therefore unrhythmical. The absence of metre is compensated for by a rhythm of sense.

To understand this we must go back to the first principles of æsthetic expression. Alternate rise and fall of energy is a fundamental law of human life, which in all its forms is regulated by the necessity for repose after excitement, and by the development of new impulse to action during the period of repose. The application of this principle to speech, and especially to impassioned speech, is sufficiently obvious. The wave of emotion rising in the soul sympathetically stirs the physical system and lends strength to the voice. In this swell of impassioned utterance the emotion itself is momentarily exhausted, and an interval of rest or lowered utterance supervenes, till the tide of passion again rises and produces a fresh wave of physical utterance. Such unregulated alternation of excitement and depression does not in itself possess any æsthetic and rhythmical character. The agony of Philoctetes, the passion of an angry woman, the violent weeping of a child, are all illustrations of the rise and fall of utterance under strong emotion; yet they are the very opposite of poetical, for they are not harmonious, but spasmodic. Poetic expression, as we

have seen, implies indeed that the whole soul of the poet is full of some absorbing feeling or impression, but it implies also that he so controls and shapes his passion by utterance that he shall appear master over his matter, not mastered by it; not sullenly and silently curbing his emotion, but moulding it and giving to it a harmonious completeness in which he and others can take delight. "In the very torrent, tempest, and (as we may say) whirlwind of his passion, he must acquire a temperance that may give it smoothness." And so while the poetic enthusiasm must find its expression in elevated utterance, that elevation is not allowed to sweep on till checked by sheer exhaustion, but is regulated by the intellect. For just as an emotion can be momentarily checked by the mere passionate effort of physical utterance, so an effort of will concentrated on the work of giving intelligent expression to poetic feeling produces a similar effect. But so soon as this intelligent utterance is reached, the emotional element again rises and calls for new expression, and thus originates a harmonious pulsation of emotion and thought, feeling and utterance, which is not spasmodic, but rhythmical. And as a fit of uncontrolled passion ends when physical exhaustion is absolute, so the poetic enthusiasm gradually subsides when the successive waves of utterance have completely transmuted the poet's feeling into an intelligible form in which he can rest and find his inspiration fully embodied.

Rhythm, then, in the sense in which it is an essential quality of poetry, is the measured rise and fall of feeling and utterance, in which the poet's effort to become fully master of his poetic inspiration finds harmonious expression, and the external rhythm of sound is properly subordinate to the rhythmic pulsation of thought. Where the rhythm of thought is perfect, no prosodic rules are necessary to produce a corresponding harmony of sound, for the words employed naturally group themselves in balanced members, in which the undulations of the thought are represented to the ear. But as poetry becomes more artificial there arises a tendency not to trust wholly to the rhythm of thought, but to make the rhythm of sound and words a special study. The balance of two lines or metrical members is artificially marked by alliteration or by rhyme; or, again, an exact balance of time is introduced by counting the syllables or the *moræ* of the lines; or, finally, a complete prosodic system carries equilibrium of parts through

all the details of the rise and fall of the voice within each line. By these refinements in artistic execution the external rhythm of sound has become so independent, that we are apt to forget its essential subordination to rhythmic flow of thought. But it is still the latter kind of rhythm which distinguishes the true poet from the mere versifier.

We are able from these considerations to understand what was so great a puzzle to Lowth and other early writers—that Hebrew poetry is truly rhythmic without possessing any laws of metre. The whole form of a Hebrew poem is directly dependent on the harmonious undulation of the thought, line answering to line, not in a mere equilibrium of sound, but in a balance or parallelism of sense. As rhythm necessarily implies the correspondence of at least *two* parallel parts, the ultimate unit of Hebrew poetry is a verse consisting of two members embodying two answering thoughts. And as correspondence of thought brings with it similarity of expression, the two members of the verse will be similar in length and possess a certain irregular harmony of accent, which can be felt though not subjected to rule, and which having its source altogether in the intrinsic structure of the thought, can be reproduced with tolerable accuracy, even in a good prose translation.

The simplest form of Hebrew rhythm shaped on these principles is that which from the time of Lowth has been called the “synonymous parallelism” of a distich.

There the wicked cease from troubling |
And the weary be at rest. ||
There the prisoners are at rest together, |
They hear not the taskmaster's voice. ||
Small and great are there the same ; |
And the servant is free from his master. || *

In this simplest form the rhythm is so clearly cut that it can hardly be lost even by translators who, like those of our English version, were not conscious of the principle involved. Effects of this kind therefore are almost always well rendered, and are quite familiar to the English reader. A more complicated figure, however, which has not always been so successfully reproduced, arises where each member of the verse becomes so long that it again falls by a *cæsura* into two subdivisions.

How sitteth she lonely | the populous city !
Is she become a widow | who was great among
the nations !

* Job iii. 17-19.

A princess among provinces | is become a
vassal.*

It is not of course necessary that the balance of parts should take the form of the repetition of similar thoughts. A relation of antithesis is equally rhythmical, and gives what Lowth calls “antithetic parallelism.”

Mighty bowmen are cast down, |
And the stumbling gird on strength ; ||
The full hire themselves for bread, |
And the hungry keep holiday. ||
Yea, the barren hath born seven, |
And she that hath many sons is withered. || †

To the two classes of rhythm which we have hitherto exemplified, the names devised by Lowth are not inappropriate ; but it is unfortunate that so narrow a word as parallelism has been so universally adopted to express all possible varieties of effect that arise under the general law, that wave after wave of feeling gives rise to wave answering wave in utterance. Lowth's third species of parallelism, which he calls synthetic, is not parallelism at all, and very inadequately groups together a great variety of rhythmical effects which have very little in common with one another, beyond the general principle that the verse falls into two or more members, each of which represents a unity of thought, feeling, or fancy, while the transition from member to member takes place in harmonious pulsation of movement and rest. One or two examples will sufficiently illustrate the various ways in which this is realized.

My voice — I cry unto Jehovah, |
And he hath heard me from his holy mountain ; ||
I laid me down and slept, |
I awoke, for Jehovah sustains me. || ‡

We are apt to overlook the truly rhythmic character of such passages, because to our habits of abstract thought the logical union of protasis and apodosis in a complete sentence is predominant. But to the concrete way of thinking of the Semite, a conditional proposition consists of two distinct mental pictures, one of which flows over into the other. Where we would say, “If he pulls down, it cannot be rebuilt,” Job says, “Lo ! he pulls down, and it cannot be rebuilt” (xii. 14). Remembering this habit of thought, we shall recognize an impressive rhythm in many passages which at first sight seem pure prose. Thus —

* Lam. i. 1.
† 1 Sam. ii. 5.
‡ Psa. iii.

The Lord on thy right hand |
Smites down kings in the day of his wrath, ||*
is not one picture, but two distinct images,
with a rapid movement from the rest of
the first to the activity of the second.

An extremely effective example is the
tristich, Psalm xlv. 6, which is entirely lost
in our version.

Thine arrows are sharp —
People fall under thee —
In the heart of the enemies of the king.

In the first line the warrior bends his bow,
in the second his chariot sweeps over the
fallen, and then when he has passed by it
is seen that his shafts are truly planted in
the heart of the slain.

The rhythmic figures of Hebrew are not
confined to the distich and tristich. Verses
occur which have four, five, or even six
members, and in these again the variety
of form got by choosing which pairs of
members shall correspond is as great as
the variety of rhyme possible in a modern
stanza of four or six lines. But to exem-
plify the rich multiplicity of such effects
would fill pages, and would necessarily lead
on to a not less intricate and much dis-
puted theme — the arrangement of groups
of verses in larger unities or strophes.
Instead of entering on these details, let us
take simply one stanza from Psalm xlviii.,
which will illustrate the majestic effect that
can be produced by the Hebrew rhythm of
sense, even when recast in a very inade-
quate translation.

God in her palaces | hath proved himself a
stronghold.
For lo the kings assembled | they sprang forth
together :
When they saw straightway they marvelled |
were panic-stricken, and fled ;
Tremor seized them there | pangs like a wom-
an in travail.
With storm wind from the east | thou breakest
ships of Tarshish.
As we heard | so have we seen,
In the city of Jehovah of hosts | in the city of
our God.
God upholds her forever.†

* Psal. cx. 5.

† Very interesting analogies to the characteristic
sense-rhythm of the Old Testament are presented by
recently discovered specimens of ancient Assyrian
poetry, of which English translations by Mr. Talbot
appeared in the "Transactions of the Society of Bibli-
cal Archaeology," vol. ii., and which have been again
examined by Schrader, "*Die Höllenfahrt der Istar*,"
etc. Giessen, 1874. Professor Schrader goes so far as
to build on these analogies the theory that the *para-
lelismus membrorum* is not an original product of the
Semitic races, but a form of rhythm adopted from
Accadian poetry, by those branches of the Semitic stem
which came in contact with the early Turanian culture
of Babylonia. See his paper, "*Semitismus und Baby-
lonismus*," in the "*Jahrb. für Prot. Theologie*,"
1875, p. 121, ff.

Among the various *species of composi-
tion* in which the genius of Hebrew poetry
finds expression, the first place is unques-
tionably due to the lyric. As poetry is the
earliest form of literature, so the lyric is
the earliest species of poetry, and must
long retain its pre-eminence in a nation
endued with the mental characteristics
that we have found in the Hebrews. For
to define lyric poetry, it is not enough to
say that it is intended to be sung to the
accompaniment of instrumental music. In
true art the music is ruled by the thought,
and the lyric is sung because its contents
naturally demand such an expression. It
is noteworthy that in primitive times lyric
recitation was accompanied not only by
music but by dancing.* In truth, musical
utterance is to ordinary language just what
the dance is to that bodily action which is
the natural accompaniment of all speech
in nations that have not been schooled to
suppress such demonstrations. Both are
forms of the eager rhythmical expression
which is the appropriate vehicle for ab-
sorbing personal thought. Speech rises
into song, and gesture becomes a dance in
giving utterance to an idea which springs
fresh from the fountain of the soul with a
force that bends every faculty of body as
well as mind to do service in setting it
forth. Thus Ewald seems right in con-
trasting the lyric as the poetry of nature
with those later forms of composition in
which the poet, instead of simply express-
ing what he sees or feels at the moment,
sets before him a definite end, and enlists
his fancy and poetic enthusiasm in its ser-
vice. It is probable that in all nations the
later forms of poetry were gradually devel-
oped from a lyrical germ, and in the poetry
of Israel this process can still be distinctly
traced. The Hebrew was so eminently a
man of strong emotion and impulse, al-
ways deeply stirred by what was present
and personal, that every interest of life
was a ready source of song. The extraor-
dinary opinion of Keil, that in Israel secu-
lar poetry was never able to thrive beside
the sacred muse, finds its refutation on
almost every page of the prophets and the
historical books. Of the strains in which
national victories were extolled or national
calamity bewailed, we still possess exam-
ples in the song of Deborah,† in the ironi-
cal Mashal (Num. xxi. 27, *seq.*), and in the
elegy of David over Saul and Jonathan.‡
The sacred record could not, of course,

* Exod. xv. 20; 1 Sam. xviii. 6; Psal. cxlix. 3.
Comp. Iliad xviii. 494, 572; Odyssey i. 112.

† Jud. v.

‡ 2 Sam. i.

present us with examples of the riotous "song of the drunkard"* or of the lays in which the prosperous wicked expressed their careless happiness; † but the darkest side of primitive life is still pictured in the savage "sword song" in which Lamech exults in the prowess of his irresistible weapon:—

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, give heed to my speech.
I slay a man if he wound me,
A young man for a stroke!
For Cain's vengeance is sevenfold,
But Lamech's seventy and seven.‡

The gleeful carols of the vintage,§ and the bridal songs that celebrated the virgins of Israel, || have sunk into oblivion; but the lay of the well, already quoted, still preserves the memory of a graceful poetry of every-day life. Nor is the plaintive pathos of the funeral dirge forgotten, when besides the great elegy on the slain of Gilboa we can still read the simpler but not less touching words in which David mourned at the grave of Abner:—

Did Abner die a felon's death?
Thy hands unbound, thy feet not set in fetters.
As falls a man before villains, thou didst fall.

An interesting but obscure indication of the varied developments of the lyric genius of the Hebrews is preserved in the titles of several of the Psalms. The longer of these titles frequently designate the melody to which the Psalm was sung by quoting two or three words of a familiar song; and our fancy is easily tempted to conjecture by such broken hints as "Hind of the morning glow," or, "Dumb dove from afar."

The first step from pure lyric to a more artificial poetry is seen in those compositions which, while exceeding the limits of a simple song, attain a larger compass, not by any intricate organization or plan, but by the simple agglomeration of lyrical parts. The same deficiency in power to overrule the emotion of the moment, which deprives Hebrew art of plastic pictorial quality, prevents all really objective grouping of the parts of a lengthy poem. The longest of the Psalms has no plan whatever, but simply a unity of sentiment. The Book of Lamentations is a similar

series of lyrical utterances all on one key; and alike in this book and in Psalm cxix. the absence of an inner principle of structure is compensated by the adoption of the purely external scheme of an alphabetic acrostic. The long historical psalms have a less artificial structure, but in these also the unity is generally to be sought, not in any epical grouping of events, but in an underlying current of sentiment or praise, which often bursts out in a periodical refrain. Of this tendency Psalm cxxxvi. is an extreme but by no means an exceptional instance.

From this kind of composition the transition is easy to properly *didactic poetry*. All deep personal feeling, such as a noble and earnest lyric expresses, stands in close relation to some universal truth. What the poet experiences in his own heart must have a validity going beyond himself; and in particular the religious conviction that animates the Hebrew hymns has as its necessary source and counterpart a body of general religious truth. The worthless modern subjectivity which separates the religious sentiment from all persuasion of objective realities is remote from the spirit of the Old Testament; but, conversely, the general truths of the religion of Israel (except in so far as they are embodied in ritual, precept, or historic narrative) are always spoken to the heart as well as to the intellect. The Israelite never thought of framing a system of theology. His interest in religious truth was not scientific but personal. The deepest truths of the dispensation were not reasoned out scientifically, but felt as personal necessities. The doctrine of immortality, for example, to which Socrates attained by argument on the constitution of man's nature, is grasped by the Israelite in personal assurance that death itself cannot part him from God his redeemer. Truths reached by such a process—by the reasoning of the heart, not of the head—necessarily assume a poetic form, which insensibly merges into pure lyric. If the hymns of the Old Testament express a personal emotion embodying and resting on a general truth, the corresponding didactic poetry expresses general truth in the tone of personal enthusiastic conviction.

Of the truths so reached and set forth two things will be plain.

I. They must be sententious or aphoristic, rather than parts of a system. This follows with psychological necessity from the self-containedness of personal emotion. A truth grasped by feeling stands out as a

* Psal. lxix. 12.

† Job xxi. 11, 12.

‡ The point of the conclusion lies in the contrast between Cain, the club-bearing man, and Lamech, whose family had reached the secret of forging weapons in metal.

§ Isa. xvi. 10.

|| Psal. lxxviii. 63. A. V., margin.

unity free from all merely rational connection. The mind of him who has laid hold of it is ready to rest on it for its own sake. It has come to him as the direct satisfaction of a personal need, and so it is impossible that he should value it only as a link in the chain of reasoned truth. Such an acquisition has little to do with scientific system, but naturally assumes a poetic form, which shall set it forth as a complete thought, with a life and beauty of its own.

2. Again, such truths are sure to be practical. They centre in human life and in real human interests. As they were born of personal feeling, they continue to move in the personal sphere. And being personal, they must bear directly on the practical concerns of life. The passionate subjectivity of the Hebrew has nothing in common with dreamy, unpractical sentimentalism. The keen eye for business, the shrewdness degenerating into cunning, which is the most universally recognized characteristic of the modern Jew, is not a new feature of the nation. Exactly the same qualities appear in Jacob, whose character is as typical on this side of it as in its deep emotional and religious susceptibility. The practical qualities which so many centuries of isolation and oppression have forced into ignoble channels appear in the Old Testament in more worthy activity. No people has so toughly maintained national existence and prosperity in a narrow country, preserved in fertility only by unceasing industry, and exposed on all sides to the ambition of great empires. Surely indubitable proof that the Hebrews were endowed with a strong instinct of self-preservation, with a tenacity of purpose and a power of practical insight capable of coping with the most unfavorable circumstances. It is in truth the preponderance of the emotional rather than of the rational part of the nature that makes a strong personality, able to conquer all difficulties. Intellectual acuteness is often associated with a restlessness of purpose that can attain nothing great. A really deep subjectivity is not to be stirred by slight breezes of sentiment. It moves swiftly and fiercely, casting itself with all fervor into the present impulse; but just because the current at each moment flows so strong, it is not easily turned aside. It binds circumstances to itself, and sweeps away hindrances in the whirl of its own passion. And this claim to rule over outward things that belongs to every deep impetuous personality, this assertion of man's kingship over nature which the Old Testament so often makes, brings with it

the power to command, the gift of grasping and cunningly using all that can be made subservient to the ruling purpose. If it fail, it will do so rather by stubbornness and stiffness of neck than by infirmity of purpose. When the nation decayed in the time of the judges, or before the captivity, or again before its last fall, it did so because individuality stiffened into individualism: because each man's feeling of personal worth asserted itself in refusal to acknowledge the rights of others and the supreme sovereignty of Jehovah. It required strong family affections, national enthusiasm, and above all religious faith, to bind natures so strong and fierce; and where these bonds were lacking, the Hebrews fell asunder into wild and reckless self-will, into a life that spurned all weaker constraint.

A race which, however little it estimated intellectual supremacy over nature, was so eager for practical sovereignty, must necessarily have a keen sense for all the precepts of practical wisdom. A wisdom to walk by, an insight into all the secrets of human life, and of nature so far as it can be made to serve man; such was the only philosophy of the Hebrews. Precepts of wisdom for the ruling of daily life, guided by a sense of the supreme reality of Israel's relation to Jehovah, and expressed not in scientific system, but in that sententious, often epigrammatic form in which such truth suggests itself to the tact and experience of a practical nature, and with a breath of poetic fervor that points to an origin in the heart as much as in the head — this is the peculiar wisdom of the Hebrews, the Chokma of the Old Testament.

The original germ of the Chokma is the individual proverb so familiar to us in the rich collections which make up the greater part of the Book of Proverbs.

In this kind of composition the poetic character of the thought is asserted by strict rhythmic arrangement. The proverb is almost invariably a single distich, but a distich in which the sharp antithesis of opposing members or the brilliant parallelism of moral truth and natural image gives the complete effect of symmetrical artistic finish. How perfectly, for example, is the right relation of the three generations of which a happy Hebrew family is always supposed to consist laid down in the simple distich, —

The crown of the aged are children's children,
And the glory of children are their fathers.*

* Prov. xvii. 6.

The antithetic rhythm of the proverbs is so sharp cut that it loses little by translation, and our English version supplies every reader with abundant material for estimating this side of the Hebrew Chokma. Not quite so successful is the treatment of the proverbs which rest on a similitude between the spheres of nature and of human life. The most pointed of these similes simply give the natural image in the first member of the distich, and add the moral parallel without any such syntactical connection as the "*As . . . so is*" of the English version. This form is peculiarly appropriate as a vehicle for the caustic humor in which the Hebrews delight.

A ring of gold in a swine's snout — *
A fair woman without sense.†

From the simple isolated proverb the didactic poetry of the Hebrews rises in several directions to more elaborate efforts, but without showing any considerable disposition to pass from the aphoristic form to theoretical and systematic philosophy.

The brief simile is expanded into a parable like those of Jotham or of Nathan,‡ and ceases to shape itself in rhythmic form. But even the poetical Chokma in the narrower sense of the word sometimes teaches by means of a moral tale, as in the picture of the foolish young man of Prov. vii. 6, ff.

In later times this kind of composition was greatly developed, and the apocryphal books of Tobit and Judith are full-blown moral romances. Nor is it so plain as many suppose that something of the same kind is not to be found within the canonical books. That the Book of Job stands in the canon is scarcely a proof that the narrative is historical; and many modern critics are disposed to regard the Book of Jonah as a didactic parable, written partly to enforce the truth that God regards the lives and accepts the repentance of Gentiles as well as Jews, and partly to explain that the forgiving mercy of God does not discredit the divine commission of prophets of judgment.

In another class of compositions the sarcastic humor which we have seen to animate some of the Hebrew proverbs finds more elaborate expression. The humor of the Old Testament is always grim and caustic, as we see in the life of Samson; in the answer of the Danites to

Micah; * in the parable of Jehoash; † or in the merciless ridicule with which the Book of Isaiah covers the idolaters.‡ Hence arises a peculiar species of mocking satire, which is so intimately connected with the proverb, that the same name (*Mashal*) covers both. Of this *Mashal* the prophetic books contain several examples, of which the most powerful is the elegy on the king of Babylon in Isaiah xiv. But the most ancient and peculiar of these poems is the mocking song in which the children of Israel invite the Amorites to return and fortify the demolished fastness of their king, Sihon, exalting that monarch's prowess against Moab, in order to bring into stronger light the valor of Israel, beneath which the invincible Amorite and his stronghold had forever fallen.

Come into Heshbon,
Let Sihon's city be built and made fast!
For fire went out from Heshbon,
Flame from the fortress of Sihon.
It licked up the city of Moab,
The lords of the heights of the Arnon.
Woe unto thee, Moab! thou art fallen, people
of Chemosh.
He [Chemosh] gave up his sons to flight, his
daughters into captivity
To the king of the Amorites, Sihon.
But *we* burned them out — fallen is Heshbon
— to Dibon,
We wasted them even to Nophah,
With fire to Medeba.§

Apart from the special developments of the parable and the satiric *Mashal*, the proverbial wisdom of Israel readily passed from individual aphorisms to larger didactic compositions, like that which occupies the first nine chapters of the Book of Proverbs. We have here a long exhortation or exhortations in praise of wisdom and virtue, with no very strict plan or closely reasoned course of argument, and with characteristics both of thought and form which marked just such a relation to the single proverb as that which, in Hebrew architecture, subsists between the temple of Solomon and the simple cell. In both cases the larger whole is formed by agglomeration of smaller parts rather than by internal development; and the great chambers of the sanctuary, surrounded by rows of smaller cells, are an apt type of almost all the longer literary

* Jud. xviii. 22-26.

† 2 Kings xiv. 9.

‡ Isa. xli. 6, 7, xlv. 12, *seq.*

§ In one or two obscure or corrupt words, the translation offered above follows the conjectures of Ewald. But the general sense is quite clear. Sihon had defeated Moab, but Israel overthrew Sihon. The Moabites are the sons and daughters of their god Chemosh.

* The nose-ring of the East corresponds to our earrings.

† Prov. xi. 22.

‡ Jud. ix. ; 2 Sam. xii.

compositions of the Hebrews. Even the late Book of Ecclesiastes does not present an essentially different construction.

The fact that no trace of *epic* poetry appears in the Hebrew literature has sometimes been explained simply from the lack of objectivity and the deficiency in the gift of organic composition which characterizes the race. But these qualities would have modified the form of the Semitic epos, rather than have rendered such composition altogether impossible.* Nor is it just, with other critics, to regard the Pentateuch as a Hebrew epic. For though the epic poet selects a subject at least quasi-historical, his method of treatment is the very opposite of history. Elevating its heroes above the measure of common humanity, and interweaving mythological with historical characters, the epos seeks to separate the past from the present by the widest possible gap, and so to gain an isolated territory, in which it may freely use every creative license. But even those critics who form a low estimate of the accuracy of the earlier history of Israel will not deny that the origin of the Hebrew race is told in such a way as to emphasize the historical connection of the present with the past. The religious pragmatism of the historical books, so fully recognizing the special providence which gives unity to the whole story of Israel's fortunes from the days of the exodus, or even of the covenant with Abraham, is directly opposed to the epical point of view. The Israelite had no desire to isolate a part of past time, adorning it with nobler motives and higher life than subsequent ages could show. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is the everlasting God of Israel, as near to his people now as in former days. And so more accurate criticism has proved that the Pentateuch is not an isolated epos, but that in composition, as well as in subject, all the leading historical books of the Old Testament possess a certain unity, stamped upon them by repeated recensions, in which the works of various authors were united into one whole. In a word, the whole principle of the Old Tes-

tament religion, with its doctrine of the covenant of Jehovah with His people, was equally unfavorable to the rise of epic poetry, and favorable to the growth of continuous historic literature. It seems more than probable, however, that the earliest efforts of the Hebrews to provide a literary record of past deeds took very much the form of collections of ballads and lyrics of historic reference. The existing historical books quote at least two such collections, "The Book of the Wars of Jehovah," and "The Book of the Upright."*

In our rapid survey of the various species of Hebrew poetry we have not yet found a fit place for the Song of Solomon and the Book of Job. The latter book no doubt is, in the largest sense of the word, a didactic poem, and competent critics are still found who can see in the former nothing but an anthology of erotic lyrics. But it seems quite wrong to maintain that it is a mere play of subjective fancy which finds in the Song of Solomon a unity of lyric dialogue and action; and the critics who propose to deny, *a priori*, the capacity of the Hebrew muse for dramatic arts, must yet admit that the grand construction of the Book of Job displays an objectivity of conception and a developed artistic power which is much nearer to the genius of the dramatist than to the ordinary type of the Chokma. The history of the Greek stage teaches us how readily the higher developments of lyric poetry lead over to the drama; and, indeed, wherever the lyric ceases to be sung by the poet alone, and is given over to be executed by a trained choir, it is inevitable that the first step towards dramatic performance shall be taken by the introduction of lyrical dialogue between two parts of the singers. But the choral performance of trained musicians was certainly familiar to the Israelites from the time of Samuel downwards; and in several Psalms, especially in the twenty-fourth, which appears to have been sung as the ark was led by David into Zion, it is impossible, without undue scepticism, to ignore a peculiar adaptation for performance by answering choirs. From the antiphonal psalms, or from rhetorical passages of so dramatic a structure as the sixth chapter of Micah, there is but a short step to such lyrical dialogue as the Song of Solomon presents; and though this dialogue falls far short of the complexity of the Occidental drama, it seems reasonable to

* It is true that not only the Hebrews, but the Arameans and Arabs are without an epic poetry. But this kind of composition was known at least to the Semites of Babylonia and Assyria, who perhaps derived it, along with the mythological lore so necessary to the epic poet, from their mysterious Turanian predecessors. The epical legend of the descent of Istar into Hades, discovered in the library of Sardanapalus, may be read in English in the first volume of "Records of the Past." The exploits of Lubara and the epic of Izdubar, discovered by the late George Smith, are given in his "Chaldean Account of Genesis."

* Num. xxi. 14; Jos. x. 13; 2 Sam. i. 18.

acknowledge the dramatic complexion of a poem in which the author does not simply give scope to his own feelings, but represents two or more characters side by side. Nor is it likely, in an age when all lyric was composed to be sung, not read, that the same singer took the part both of Solomon and the Shulamite. If we may not suppose a stage with all its accessories, it is yet probable that the victory of pure affection over the seductions of a corrupt court and the temptations of a king was sung in the villages of the northern kingdom by several answering voices. Or if we hesitate to accept the attractive theory which sees in Solomon, not the hero, but the baffled tempter of a drama of pure pastoral love, the demand for more unambiguous proof of the power of the Hebrew poets to discriminate and depict in action various types of character is simply answered by the Book of Job, in which every interlocutor not merely upholds a distinct argument, but does so in consistent development of a distinct personality. If we have difficulty in classing this masterpiece of the Hebrew muse under the category of dramatic poetry, our difficulty has its source not in the absence of dramatic motives in the book, but in the marvellous many-sidedness with which this quintessence of the religious poetry of Israel combines the varied excellences of every species of Hebrew art. The study of the Book of Job is the study of the whole spirit of the Old Testament, so far as that spirit can be expressed in pure poetry without introduction of the peculiar principles of prophecy. The problem of God's providence, which is the theme of the poem, is the central problem of the pre-Christian economy; and in the discussion of this grand enigma are absorbed all the treasures of wisdom and fancy, all the splendor of language and conception, that adorn the culmination of Hebrew art. It would be vain to attempt in a few lines, at the close of a paper already too long, to give even the most inadequate idea of so inexhaustible and withal so difficult a book; but our brief sketch of Hebrew poetry may fitly close when we can point to this noble and imperishable monument of the world-wide significance of the inspired genius of Israel.

W. R. S.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
"MALCOLM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DISCIPLINE.

WHAT with rats and mice, and cats and owls, and creaks and cracks, there was no quiet about the place from night to morning; and what with swallows and rooks, and cocks and kine, and horses and foals, and dogs and pigeons, and peacocks and guinea-fowls, and turkeys and geese, and every farm-creature but pigs — which, with all her zootrophy, Clementina did not like — no quiet from morning to night. But if there was no quiet, there was plenty of calm, and the sleep of neither brother nor sister was disturbed.

Florimel awoke in the sweetest concert of pigeon-murmuring, duck-diplomacy, fowl-foraging, foal-whinnying — the word wants an *r* in it — and all the noises of rural life. The sun was shining into the room by a window far off at the farther end, bringing with him strange sylvan shadows, not at once to be interpreted. He must have been shining for hours, so bright and steady did he shine. She sprang out of bed with no lazy London resurrection of the old buried, half-sodden corpse, sleepy and ashamed, but with the new birth of the new day, refreshed and strong, like a Hercules-baby. A few aching remnants of stiffness was all that was left of the old fatigue. It was a heavenly joy to think that no Caley would come knocking at her door. She glided down the long room to the sunny window, drew aside the rich old faded curtain, and peeped out. Nothing but pines and pines — Scotch firs all about and everywhere. They came within a few yards of the window. She threw it open. The air was still, the morning sun shone hot upon them, and the resinous odor exhaled from their bark and their needles and their fresh buds filled the room — sweet and clean. There was nothing, not even a fence, between this wing of the house and the wood.

All through his deep sleep Malcolm heard the sound of the sea — whether of the phantom sea in his soul or of the world-sea to whose murmurs he had listened with such soft delight as he fell asleep, matters little: the sea was with him in his dreams. But when he awoke it was to no musical crushing of water-drops, no half-articulated tones of animal speech, but to tumult and outcry from the stables. It was but too plain that he was wanted.

Either Kelpie had waked too soon, or he had overslept himself: she was kicking furiously. Hurriedly inducing a portion of his clothing, he rushed down and across the yard, shouting to her as he ran, like a nurse as she runs up the stair to a screaming child. She stopped once to give an eager whinny, and then fell to again. Griffith, the groom, and the few other men about the place were looking on appalled. He darted to the corn-bin, got a great pottlefull of oats and shot into her stall. She buried her nose in them like the very demon of hunger, and he left her for the few moments of peace that would follow. He must finish dressing as fast as he could: already, after four days of travel, which with her meant anything but a straightforward, jogtrot struggle with space, she needed a good gallop. When he returned he found her just finishing her oats, and beginning to grow angry with her own nose for getting so near the bottom of the manger. While yet there was no worse sign, however, than the fidgiting of her hind quarters, and she was still busy, he made haste to saddle her. But her unusually obstinate refusal of the bit, and his difficulty in making her open her unwilling jaws, gave unmistakable indication of coming conflict. Anxiously he asked the bystanders after some open place where he might let her go — fields, or tolerably smooth heath, or sandy beach. He dared not take her through the trees, he said, while she was in such a humor: she would dash herself to pieces. They told him there was a road straight from the stables to the shore, and there miles of pure sand without a pebble. Nothing could be better. He mounted and rode away.

Florimel was yet but half dressed when the door of her room opened suddenly and Lady Clementina darted in, the lovely chaos of her night not more than half as far reduced to order as that of Florimel's. Her moonlight hair, nearly as long as that of the fabled Godiva, was flung wildly about her in heavy masses. Her eyes were wild also: she looked like a holy mænad. With a glide like the swoop of an avenging angel she pounced upon Florimel, caught her by the wrist, and pulled her toward the door. Florimel was startled, but made no resistance. She half led, half dragged her up a stair that rose from a corner of the hall-gallery to the battlements of a little square tower, whence a few yards of the beach, through a chain of slight openings amongst the pines, was visible. Upon that spot of

beach a strange thing was going on, at which afresh Clementina gazed with indignant horror, but Florimel eagerly stared with the forward-borne eyes of a spectator of the Roman arena. She saw Kelpie reared on end, striking out at Malcolm with her fore hoofs and snapping with angry teeth, then upon those teeth receive such a blow from his fist that she swerved, and wheeling flung her hind hoofs at his head. But Malcolm was too quick for her: she spent her heels in the air and he had her by the bit. Again she reared, and would have struck at him, but he kept well by her side, and with the powerful bit forced her to rear to her full height. Just as she was falling backward he pushed her head from him, and, bearing her down sideways, seated himself on it the moment it touched the ground. Then first the two women turned to each other. An arch of victory bowed Florimel's lip: her eyebrows were uplifted; the blood flushed her cheek and darkened the blue in her wide-opened eyes. Lady Clementina's forehead was gathered in vertical wrinkles over her nose, and all about her eyes was contracted as if squeezing from them the flame of indignation, while her teeth and lips were firmly closed. The two made a splendid contrast. When Clementina's gaze fell on her visitor the fire in her eyes burned more angry still: her soul was stirred by the presence of wrong and cruelty, and here, her guest, and looking her straight in the eyes, was a young woman, one word from whom would stop it all, actually enjoying the sight!

"Lady Lossie, I am ashamed of you!" she said with severest reproof; and turning from her, she ran down the stair.

Florimel turned again toward the sea. Presently she caught sight of Clementina glimpsing through the pines, now in glimmer and now in gloom, as she sped swiftly to the shore, and after a few short minutes of disappearance saw her emerge upon the space of sand where sat Malcolm on the head of the demoness. But, alas! she could only see: she could hardly even hear the sound of a tide.

"MacPhail, are you a man?" cried Clementina, startling him so that in another instant the floundering mare would have been on her feet. With a right noble anger in her face and her hair flying like a wind-torn cloud, she rushed out of the wood upon him, where he sat quietly tracing a proposition of Euclid on the sand with his whip.

"Ay, and a bold one," was on Malcolm's lips for reply, but he bethought himself in time. "I am sorry what I am compelled

to do should annoy your ladyship," he said.

What with indignation and breathlessness — she had run so fast — Clementina had exhausted herself in that one exclamation, and stood panting and staring. The black bulk of Kelpie lay outstretched on the yellow sand, giving now and then a sprawling kick or a wamble like a lumpy snake, and her soul commiserated each movement as if it had been the last throes of dissolution, while the gray fire of the mare's one visible fierce eye, turned up from the shadow of Malcolm's superimposed bulk, seemed to her tender heart a mute appeal for woman's help.

As Malcolm spoke he cautiously shifted his position, and, half rising, knelt with one knee where he had sat before, looking observant at Lady Clementina.

The champion of oppressed animality soon recovered speech. "Get off the poor creature's head instantly," she said with dignified command. "I will permit no such usage of living thing on my ground."

"I am very sorry to seem rude, my lady," answered Malcolm, "but to obey you might be to ruin my mistress's property. If the mare were to break away, she would dash herself to pieces in the wood."

"You have goaded her to madness."

"I am the more bound to take care of her, then," said Malcolm. "But indeed it is only temper — such temper, however, that I almost believe she is at times possessed of a demon."

"The demon is in yourself. There is none in her but what your cruelty has put there. Let her up, I command you."

"I dare not, my lady. If she were to get loose, she would tear your ladyship to pieces."

"I will take my chance."

"But I will not, my lady. I know the danger, and have to take care of you who do not. There is no occasion to be uneasy about the mare. She is tolerably comfortable. I am not hurting her — not much. Your ladyship does not reflect how strong a horse's skull is. And you see what great powerful breaths she draws."

"She is in agony," cried Clementina.

"Not in the least, my lady. She is only balked of her own way, and does not like it."

"And what right have you to balk her of her own way? Has she no right to a mind of her own?"

"She may of course have her mind, but

she can't have her way. She has got a master."

"And what right have you to be her master?"

"That my master, my Lord Lossie, gave me the charge of her."

"I don't mean that sort of right: that goes for nothing. What right in the nature of things can you have to tyrannize over any creature?"

"None, my lady. But the higher nature has the right to rule the lower in righteousness. Even you can't have your own way always, my lady."

"I certainly cannot now, so long as you keep in that position. Pray, is it in virtue of your being the higher nature that you keep *my* way from *me*?"

"No, my lady. But it is in virtue of right. If I wanted to take your ladyship's property, your dogs would be justified in refusing me my way. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that if my mare here had *her* way, there would not be a living creature about your house by this day week."

Lady Clementina had never yet felt upon her the power of a stronger nature than her own. She had had to yield to authority, but never to superiority. Hence her self-will had been abnormally developed. Her very compassion was self-willed. Now for the first time, she continuing altogether unaware of it, the presence of such a nature began to operate upon her. The calmness of Malcolm's speech and the immovable decision of his behavior told.

"But," she said, more calmly, "your mare has had four long journeys, and she should have rested to-day."

"Rest is just the one thing beyond her, my lady. There is a volcano of life and strength in her you have no conception of. I could not have dreamed of horse like her. She has never in her life had enough to do. I believe that is the chief trouble with her. What we all want, my lady, is a master — a real right master. I've got one myself, and —"

"You mean you want one yourself," said Lady Clementina. "You've only got a mistress, and she spoils you."

"That is not what I meant, my lady," returned Malcolm. "But one thing I know is, that Kelpie would soon come to grief without me. I shall keep her here till her half-hour is out, and then let her take another gallop."

Lady Clementina turned away. She was defeated. Malcolm knelt there on one knee, with a hand on the mare's

shoulder, so calm, so imperturbable, so ridiculously full of argument, that there was nothing more for her to do or say. Indignation, expostulation, were powerless upon him as mist upon a rock. He was the oddest, most incomprehensible, of grooms.

Going back to the house, she met Florimel, and turned again with her to the scene of discipline. Ere they reached it, Florimel's delight with all around her had done something to restore Clementina's composure: the place was precious to her, for there she had passed nearly the whole of her childhood. But to any one with a heart open to the expressions of nature's countenance the place could not but have a strange as well as peculiar charm.

Florimel had lost her way. I would rather it had been in the moonlight, but slant sunlight was next best. It shone through a slender multitude of mast-like stems, whose shadows complicated the wood with wonder, while the light seemed amongst them to have gathered to itself properties appreciable by other organs besides the eyes, and to dwell bodily with the trees. The soil was mainly of sand, the soil to delight the long tap-roots of the fir-trees, covered above with a thick layer of slow-forming mould in the gradual odoriferous decay of needles and cones and flakes of bark and knots of resinous exudation. It grew looser and sandier, and its upper coat thinner, as she approached the shore. The trees shrunk in size, stood farther apart and grew more individual, sending out gnarled boughs on all sides of them, and asserting themselves, as the tall, slender branchless ones in the social restraint of the thicker wood dared not do. They thinned and thinned, and the sea and the shore came shining through, for the ground sloped to the beach without any intervening abruptness of cliff, or even bank: they thinned and thinned until all were gone, and the bare long yellow sands lay stretched out on both sides for miles, gleaming and sparkling in the sun, especially at one spot where the water of the little stream wandered about over them, as if it had at length found its home, but was too weary to enter and lose its weariness, and must wait for the tide to come up and take it. But when Florimel reached the strand she could see nothing of the group she sought: the shore took a little bend, and a tongue of forest came in between. She also was on her way back to the house when she met Clementina, who soon interrupted her

ecstasies by breaking out in accusation of Malcolm, not untempered, however, with a touch of dawning respect. At the same time, her report of his words was anything but accurate, for, as no one can be just without love, so no one can truly report without understanding. But there was no time to discuss him now, as Clementina insisted on Florimel's putting an immediate stop to his cruelty.

When they reached the spot, there was the groom again seated on his animal's head, with a new proposition in the sand before him.

"Malcolm," said his mistress, "let the mare get up. You must let her off the rest of her punishment this time."

Malcolm rose again to his knee. "Yes, my lady," he said. "But perhaps your ladyship wouldn't mind helping me to unbuckle her girths before she gets to her feet. I want to give her a bath. Come to this side," he went on, as Florimel advanced to do his request—"round here by her head. If your ladyship would kneel upon it, that would be best. But you musn't move till I tell you."

"I will do anything you bid me—exactly as you say, Malcolm," responded Florimel.

"There's the Colonsay blood! I can trust that!" cried Malcolm, with a pardonable outbreak of pride in his family. Whether most of his ancestors could so well have appreciated the courage of obedience is not very doubtful.

Clementina was shocked at the insolent familiarity of her poor little friend's groom, but Florimel saw none, and kneeled, as if she had been in church, on the head of the mare, with the fierce crater of her fiery brain blazing at her knee. Then Malcolm lifted the flap of the saddle, undid the buckles of the girths, and, drawing them a little from under her, laid the saddle on the sand, talking all the time to Florimel, lest a sudden word might seem a direction, and she should rise before the right moment had come.

"Please, my lady Clementina, will you go to the edge of the wood? I can't tell what she may do when she gets up. And please, my lady Florimel, will you run there too the moment you get off her head?"

When he had got rid of the saddle he gathered the reins together in his bridle-hand, took his whip in the other, and softly and carefully straddled across her huge barrel without touching her.

"Now, my lady," he said, "run for the wood."

Florimel rose and fled, heard a great scrambling behind her, and, turning at the first tree, which was only a few yards off, saw Kelpie on her hind legs, and Malcolm, whom she had lifted with her, sticking by his knees on her bare back. The moment her fore feet touched the ground he gave her the spur severely, and after one plunging kick, off they went westward over the sands, away from the sun, nor did they turn before they had dwindled to such a speck that the ladies could not have told by their eyes whether it was moving or not. At length they saw it swerve a little; by and by it began to grow larger; and after another moment or two they could distinguish what it was, tearing along toward them like a whirlwind, the lumps of wet sand flying behind like an upward storm of clods. What a picture it was! — only neither of the ladies was calm enough to see it picturewise — the still sea before, type of the infinite always, and now of its repose; the still straight solemn wood behind, like a past world that had gone to sleep, out of which the sand seemed to come flowing down, to settle in the long sand-lake of the beach; that flameless furnace of life tearing along the shore betwixt the sea and the land, between time and eternity, guided, but only half controlled, by the strength of a higher will; and the two angels that had issued — whether out of the forest of the past or the sea of the future, who could tell? — and now stood, with hand-shaded eyes, gazing upon that fierce apparition of terrene life.

As he came in front of them, Malcolm suddenly wheeled Kelpie — so suddenly and in so sharp a curve that he made her “turne close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheelies about after a mouse,” as Sir Philip Sidney says, and dashed her straight into the sea. The two ladies gave a cry — Florimel of delight, Clementina of dismay, for she knew the coast, and that there it shelved suddenly into deep water. But that was only the better to Malcolm: it was the deep water he sought, though he got it with a little pitch sooner than he expected. He had often ridden Kelpie into the sea at Portlossie, even in the cold autumn weather when first she came into his charge, and nothing pleased her better or quieted her more. He was a heavy weight to swim with, but she displaced much water. She carried her head bravely, he balanced sideways, and they swam splendidly. To the eyes of Clementina the mare seemed to be laboring for her life.

When Malcolm thought she had had enough of it he turned her head to the shore. But then came the difficulty. So steeply did the shore shelve that Kelpie could not get a hold with her hind hoofs to scramble up into the shallow water. The ladies saw the struggle, and Clementina, understanding it, was running in an agony right into the water, with the vain idea of helping them, when Malcolm threw himself off, drawing the reins over Kelpie's head as he fell, and, swimming but the length of them shoreward, felt the ground with his feet, and stood. Kelpie, relieved of his weight, floated a little farther on to the shelf, got a better hold with her fore feet, some hold with her hind ones, and was beside him in a moment. The same moment Malcolm was on her back again, and they were tearing off eastward at full stretch. So far did the lessening point recede in the narrowing distance that the two ladies sat down on the sand, and fell a-talking about Florimel's most uncategorical groom, as Clementina, herself the most uncategorical of women, to use her own scarcely justifiable epithet, called him. She asked if such persons abounded in Scotland. Florimel could but answer that this was the only one she had met with. Then she told her about Richmond Park and Lord Liftore and Epictetus.

“Ah, that accounts for him!” said Clementina. “Epictetus was a Cynic, a very cruel man: he broke his slave's leg once, I remember.”

“Mr. Lenorme told me that *he* was the slave, and that his master broke *his* leg,” said Florimel.

“Ah! yes! I dare say that *was* it. But it is of little consequence: his principles were severe, and your groom has been his too-ready pupil. It is a pity he is such a savage: he might be quite an interesting character. Can he read?”

“I have just told you of his reading Greek over Kelpie's head,” said Florimel, laughing.

“Ah! but I meant English,” returned Clementina, whose thoughts were a little astray. Then laughing at herself, she explained: “I mean, can he read aloud? I put the last of the Waverley novels in the box we shall have to-morrow — or the next day at the latest, I hope — and I was wondering whether he could read the Scotch as it ought to be read. I have never heard it spoken, and I don't know how to imagine it.”

“We can try him,” said Florimel. “It will be great fun anyhow. He is *such* a

character! You will be *so* amused with the remarks he will make!"

"But can you venture to let him talk to you?"

"If you ask him to read, how will you prevent him? Unfortunately, he has thoughts, and they *will* out."

"Is there no danger of his being rude?"

"If speaking his mind about anything in the book be rudeness, he will most likely be rude. Any other kind of rudeness is as impossible to Malcolm as to any gentleman in the land."

"How can you be so sure of him?" said Clementina, a little anxious as to the way in which her friend regarded the young man.

"My father was — yes, I may say so — attached to him; so much so that he — I can't quite say what — but something like made him promise never to leave my service. And this I know for myself, that not once, ever since that man came to us, has he done a selfish thing or one to be ashamed of. I could give you proof after proof of his devotion."

Florimel's warmth did not reassure Clementina, and her uneasiness wrought to the prejudice of Malcolm. She was never quite so generous toward human beings as toward animals. She could not be depended on for justice except to people in trouble, and then she was very apt to be unjust to those who troubled them. "I would not have you place too much confidence in your Admirable Crichton of menials, Florimel," she said. "There is something about him I cannot get at the bottom of. Depend upon it, a man who can be cruel would betray on the least provocation."

Florimel smiled superior, as she had good reason to do, but Clementina did not understand the smile, and therefore did not like it. She feared the young fellow had already gained too much influence over his mistress. "Florimel, my love," she said, "listen to me. Your experience is not so ripe as mine. That man is not what you think him. One day or other he will, I fear, make himself worse than disagreeable. How *can* a cruel man be unselfish?"

"I don't think him cruel at all. But then I haven't such a soft heart for animals as you. We should think it silly in Scotland. You wouldn't teach a dog manners at the expense of a howl. You would let him be a nuisance rather than give him a cut with a whip. What a nice mother of children you will make, Clem-

entina! That's how the children of good people are so often a disgrace to them."

"You are like all the rest of the Scotch I ever knew," said Lady Clementina: "the Scotch are always preaching. I believe it is in their blood. You are a nation of parsons. Thank goodness! my morals go no further than doing as I would be done by! I want to see creatures happy about me. For my own sake even I would never cause pang to person — it gives me such a pang myself."

"That's the way you are made, I suppose, Clementina," returned Florimel. "For me, my clay must be coarser. I don't mind a little pain myself, and I can't break my heart for it when I see it, except it be very bad — such as I should care about myself. But here comes the tyrant."

Malcolm was pulling up his mare some hundred yards off. Even now she was unwilling to stop, but it was at last only from pure original objection to whatever was wanted of her. When she did stand she stood stock-still, breathing hard. "I have actually succeeded in taking a little out of her at last, my lady," said Malcolm as he dismounted. "Have you got a bit of sugar in your pocket, my lady? She would take it quite gently now."

Florimel had none, but Clementina had, for she always carried sugar for her horse. Malcolm held the demoness very watchfully, but she took the sugar from Florimel's palm as neatly as an elephant, and let her stroke her nose over her wide red nostrils without showing the least of her usual inclination to punish a liberty with death. Then Malcolm rode her home, and she was at peace till the evening, when he took her out again.

CHAPTER XL.

MOONLIGHT.

AND now followed a pleasant time. Wastbeach was the quietest of all quiet neighborhoods: it was the loveliest of spring-summer weather, and the variety of scenery on moor, in woodland and on coast within easy reach of such good horsewomen was wonderful. The first day they rested the horses that would rest, but the next they were in the saddle immediately after an early breakfast. They took the forest way. In many directions were tolerably smooth rides cut, and along them they had good gallops, to the great delight of Florimel after the restraints of Rotten Row, where riding had seemed like dancing a minuet with a waltz in her heart.

Hyperion! It was a world of fancy: anything might happen in it. Who, in that region of marvel, would start to see suddenly a knight on a great sober war-horse come slowly pacing down the torrent of carmine splendor, flashing it like the knight of the sun himself, in a flood from every hollow, a gleam from every flat, and a star from every round and knob of his armor? As the trees thinned away, and his feet sank deeper in the looser sand, and the sea broke blue out of the infinite, talking quietly to itself of its own solemn swell into being out of the infinite thought unseen, Malcolm felt as if the world with its loveliness and splendor were sinking behind him, and the cool entrancing sweetness of the eternal dreamland of the soul, where the dreams are more real than any sights of the world, were opening wide before his entering feet. "Shall not death be like this?" he said, and threw himself on the sand and hid his face and his eyes from it all. For there is this strange thing about all glory embodied in the material, that, when the passion of it rises to its height, we hurry from its presence, that its idea may perfect itself in silent and dark and deaf delight. Of its material self we want no more: its real self we have, and it sits at the fountain of our tears. Malcolm hid his face from the source of his gladness and worshipped the source of that source.

Rare as they are at any given time, there have been, I think, such youths in all ages of the world — youths capable of glorying in the fountain whence issues the torrent of their youthful might. Nor is the reality of their early worship blasted for us by any mistral of doubt that may afterward blow upon their spirit from the icy region of the understanding. The cold fevers, the vital agues, that such winds breed can but prove that not yet has the sun of the Perfect arisen upon them; that the Eternal has not yet manifested himself in all regions of their being; that a grander, more obedient, therefore more blissful, more absorbing worship yet, is possible, nay, essential, to them. These chills are but the shivers of the divine nature, unsatisfied, half-starved, banished from its home, divided from its origin, after which it calls in groanings it knows not how to shape into sounds articulate. They are the spirit-wail of the holy infant after the bosom of its mother. Let no man long back to the bliss of his youth, but forward to a bliss that shall swallow even that, and contain it, and be more than it. Our history moves in cycles, it is true, ever returning

toward the point whence it started; but it is in the imperfect circles of a spiral it moves: it returns, but ever to a point above the former: even the second childhood, at which the fool jeers, is the better, the truer, the fuller childhood, growing strong to cast off altogether, with the husk of its own enveloping age, that of its family, its country, the world as well. Age is not all decay: it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.

When Malcolm lifted his head the sun had gone down. He rose and wandered along the sand toward the moon, blooming at length out of the darkening sky, where she had hung all day like a washed-out rag of light, to revive as the sunlight faded. He watched the banished life of her day-swoon returning, until, gathering courage, she that had been no one shone out fair and clear, in conscious queendom of the night. Then, in the friendly infolding of her dreamlight and the dreamland it created, Malcolm's soul revived as in the comfort of the lesser, the mitigated glory, and, as the moon into radiance from the darkened air, and the nightingale into music from the sleep-stilled world of birds, blossomed from the speechlessness of thought and feeling into a strange kind of brooding song. If the words were half nonsense, the feeling was not the less real. Such as they were, they came almost of themselves, and the tune came with them.

Rose o' my hert,

Open yer leaves to the lampin' mune;
Into the curls lat her keek an' dert:
She'll tak the color, but gie ye tune.

Buik o' my brain,

Open yer neuks to the starry signs:
Lat the een o' the holy luik an' strain
An' glimmer an' score atween the lines.

Cup o' my sowl,

Gowd an' diamond an' ruby cup,
Ye're noucht ava but a toom dry bowl
Till the wine o' the kingdom fill ye up.

Conscience-glass,

Mirror the infinite all in thee:
Melt the bounded, and make it pass
Into the tideless, shoreless sea.

World of my life,

Swing thee round thy sunny track;
Fire and wind and water and strife —
Carry them all to the glory back.

Ever as he halted for a word the moonlight and the low sweet waves on the sands filled up the pauses to his ear; and there he lay, looking up to the sky and the moon

and the rose-diamond stars, his thought half dissolved in feeling and his feeling half crystallized to thought.

Out of the dim wood came two lovely forms into the moonlight, and softly approached him—so softly that he knew nothing of their nearness until Florimel spoke. "Is that MacPhail?" she said.

"Yes, my lady," answered Malcolm, and bounded to his feet.

"What were you singing?"

"You could hardly call it singing, my lady. We should call it crooning in Scotland."

"Croon it again, then."

"I couldn't, my lady. It's gone."

"You don't mean to pretend that you were extemporizing?"

"I was crooning what came like the birds, my lady. I couldn't have done it if I had thought any one was near." Then, half-ashamed, and anxious to turn the talk from the threshold of his secret chamber, he said, "Did you ever see a lovelier night, ladies?"

"Not often, certainly," answered Clementina.

She was not quite pleased and not altogether offended at his addressing them dually. A curious sense of impropriety in the state of things bewildered her—she and her friend talking thus in the moonlight on the seashore, doing nothing, with her groom—and such a groom!—she asking him to sing again, and he addressing them both with a remark on the beauty of the night. She had braved the world a good deal, but she did not choose to brave it where nothing was to be had, and she was too honest to say to herself that the world would never know—that there was nothing to brave: she was not one to do that in secret to which she would not hold her face. Yet all the time she had a doubt whether this young man, whom it would certainly be improper to encourage by addressing from any level but one of lofty superiority, did not belong to a higher sphere than theirs; while certainly no man could be more unassuming or less forward, even when opposing his opinion to theirs. Still, if an angel were to come down and take charge of their horses, would ladies be justified in treating him as other than a servant?

"This is just the sort of night," Malcolm resumed, "when I could almost persuade myself I was not quite sure I wasn't dreaming. It makes a kind of borderland betwixt waking and sleeping, knowing and dreaming, in our brain. In a night like this I fancy we feel something

like the color of what God feels when he is making the lovely chaos of a new world—a new kind of world, such as has never been before."

"I think we had better go in," said Clementina to Florimel, and turned away.

Florimel made no objection, and they walked toward the wood.

"You really must get rid of him as soon as you can," said Clementina when again the moonless night of the pines had received them: "he is certainly more than half a lunatic. It is almost full moon now," she added, looking up. "I have never seen him so bad."

Florimel's clear laugh rang through the wood. "Don't be alarmed, Clementina," she said. "He has talked like that ever since I knew him; and if he is mad, at least he is no worse than he has always been. It is nothing but poetry—yeast on the brain, my father used to say. We should have a fish-poet of him—a new thing in the world, he said. He would never be cured till he broke out in a book of poetry. I should be afraid my father would break the catechism and not rest in his grave till the resurrection if I were to send Malcolm away."

For Malcolm, he was at first not a little mazed at the utter blankness of the wall against which his words had dashed themselves. Then he smiled queerly to himself, and said, "I used to think ilka bonny lassie bude to be a poetess, for hoo sud she be bonnie but by the informin' hermony o' her bein'? an' what's that but the poetry o' *the* poet, the makar, as they ca'd a poet i' the auld Scots tongue? But haith! I ken better an' waur noo. There's gane the twa bonniest I ever saw, an' I s' lay my heid there's mair poetry in auld man-faced Miss Horn nor in a dizen like them. Ech! but it's some sair to bide! It's sair upon a man to see a bonny wuman 'at has nae poetry, nae inward lightsome harmony in her. But it's dooms sairer yet to come upo' ane wantin' common sense. Saw onybody ever sic a gran' sicht as my leddy Clementina!—an' wha can say but she's weel named frae the hert oot?—as guid at the hert, I'll sweir, as at the een! But, eh me! to hear the blether o' nonsense at comes oot atween thae twa bonny yetts o' music! an' a' 'cause she winna gie her hert rist an' time eneuch to grow bigger, but maun aye be settin' a' things richt afore their time an' her ain fitness for the job! It's sic a faithless kin' o' a w'y that! I cud jist fancy I saw her gaein' a' roon' the trees o' a summer nicht, pittin' honey upo' the

peers an' the peaches, 'cause she cudna lippen to natur' to ripe them sweet eneuch; only 'at she wad never tak the honey frae the bees. She's jist the pictur' o' natur' hersel' turnt some dementit. I cud jist fancy I saw her gaein' aboot amo' the ripe corn, on sic a night as this o' the mune, happin' 't frae the frost. An' I s' warran' no ae mesh in oor nets wad she lea' ohn clippit open gien the twine had a herrin' by the gills. She's e'en sae pitifu' owre the sinner 'at she winna gie him a chance o' growin' better. I won'er gien she believes 'at there's ae great thought abune a', an' aneth a', an' roon' a', an' in a' thing. She cudna be in sic a mist o' benevolence and parritch-hertitness gien she cud lippen till a wiser. It's nae won'er she kens naething aboot poetry but the meeserable sids an' sawdist an' leavin's the gran' leddies sing an' ca' sangs! Nae mair is 't ony won'er she sud tak me for dementit, gien she h'ard what I was singin'; only I canna think she did that, for I was but croonin' till mysel'." — Malcolm was wrong there, for he was singing out loud and clear. — "That was but a kin' o' an unknown tongue atween Him an' me, an' no anither."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE SWIFT.

FLORIMEL succeeded so far in reassuring her friend as to the safety if not sanity of her groom that she made no objection to yet another reading from "St. Ronan's Well;" upon which occasion an incident occurred that did far more to reassure her than all the attestations of his mistress.

Clementina, in consenting, had proposed, it being a warm, sunny afternoon, that they should that time go down to the lake, and sit with their work on the bank while Malcolm read. This lake, like the whole place, and some of the people in it, was rather strange — not resembling any piece of water that Malcolm at least had ever seen. More than a mile in length, but quite narrow, it lay on the seashore — a lake of deep, fresh water, with nothing between it and the sea but a bank of sand, up which the great waves came rolling in south-westerly winds, one now and then toppling over, to the disconcerting, no doubt, of the pikey multitude within. The head only of the mere came into Clementina's property, and they sat on the landward side of it, on a sandy bank, among the half-exposed roots of a few ancient firs, where a little stream that fed the lake had

made a small gully, and was now trotting over a bed of pebbles in the bottom of it. Clementina was describing to Florimel the peculiarities of the place — how there was no outlet to the lake, how the water went filtering through the sand into the sea, how in some parts it was very deep, and what large pike there were in it. Malcolm sat a little aside, as usual, with his face toward the ladies and the book open in his hand, waiting a sign to begin, but looking at the lake, which here was some fifty yards broad, reedy at the edge, dark and deep in the centre. All at once he sprang to his feet, dropping the book, ran down to the brink of the water, undoing his buckled belt and pulling off his coat as he ran, threw himself over the bordering reeds into the pool, and disappeared with a great splash. Clementina gave a scream and started up with distraction in her face: she made no doubt that in the sudden ripeness of his insanity he had committed suicide. But Florimel, though startled by her friend's cry, laughed, and crowded out assurances that Malcolm knew well enough what he was about. It was longer, however, than even she found pleasant before a black head appeared — yards away, for he had risen at a great slope, swimming toward the other side. What *could* he be after? Near the middle he swam more softly, and almost stopped. Then first they spied a small dark object on the surface. Almost at the same moment it rose into the air. They thought Malcolm had flung it up. Instantly they perceived that it was a bird, a swift. Somehow, it had dropped into the water, but a lift from Malcolm's hand had restored it to the air of its bliss.

But instead of turning and swimming back, Malcolm held on, and getting out on the farther side ran down the beach and rushed into the sea, rousing once more the apprehensions of Clementina. The shore sloped rapidly, and in a moment he was in deep water. He swam a few yards out, swam ashore again, ran round the end of the lake, found his coat, and got from it his pocket-handkerchief. Having therewith dried his hands and face, he wrung out the sleeves of his shirt a little, put on his coat, returned to his place, and said, as he took up the book and sat down, "I beg your pardon, my ladies; but just as I heard my lady Clementina say *pikes*, I saw the little swift in the water. There was no time to lose: Swiftie had but a poor chance." As he spoke he proceeded to find the place in the book.

"You don't imagine we are going to

have you read in such a plight as that?" cried Clementina.

"I will take good care, my lady. I have books of my own, and I handle them like babies."

"You foolish man! It is of you in your wet clothes, not of the book, I am thinking," said Clementina indignantly.

"I'm much obliged to you, my lady, but there's no fear of me. You saw me wash the fresh water out. Salt water never hurts."

"You must go and change, nevertheless," said Clementina.

Malcolm looked at his mistress. She gave him a sign to obey, and he rose. He had taken three steps toward the house when Clementina recalled him. "One word, if you please," she said. "How is it that a man who risks his life for that of a little bird can be so heartless to a great noble creature like that horse of yours? I cannot understand it."

"My lady," returned Malcolm with a smile, "I was no more risking my life than you would be in taking a fly out of the milk-jug. And for your question, if your ladyship will only think you cannot fail to see the difference. Indeed, I explained my treatment of Kelpie to your ladyship that first morning in the park, when you so kindly rebuked me for it, but I don't think your ladyship listened to a word I said."

Clementina's face flushed, and she turned to her friend with a "Well!" in her eyes. But Florimel kept her head bent over her embroidery, and Malcolm, no further notice being taken of him, walked away.

From The Quarterly Review.

OLD NORSE MIRROR OF MEN AND MANNERS.*

WHAT people in England thought of Iceland in former days is pretty clear from the lines which commence the tenth chapter of the "Libelle of Englysch Polycye:" †

Of Yseland to wryte is little nede
Save of stockfische,

a verdict endorsed by Dr. Andrew Borde, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in his "Introduction to Knowledge:" —

* 1. *Kongs-Skugg-sid*. Sorö, 1768.

2. *Speculum Regale*. Christiania, 1848.

† Cf. "The Babes Book," etc., p. 214, Early English Text Society.

And I was born in Island, as brute as a beest;
When I ete candels ends I am at a feest, etc.

Indeed, as history teaches us, Scandinavia generally fared not a whit better in the estimation of our countrymen; but by degrees, with the diffusion of knowledge, a truer light has been thrown upon the subject. The tables have in fact been turned, and it now appears that to despised Scandinavia England owes a great deal. In Iceland, and its language, have been found the key to many a riddle in our national character and national language.

It is only within the last few years, as we have seen, that reading Englishmen have begun to realize the fact, that at a period when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were innocent of all skill in writing books in their own tongue, in which they were born (the most cultivated among them using Latin as a vehicle for expressing their thoughts), there was a race of men in a far distant island, more than half-way over to south Greenland, who had attained to a power of composition in their own vernacular, which, for vividness and fire, for firmness and breadth of outline, for picturesque grouping of accessories and details, has never been surpassed. Although the rich and racy language in which these imperishable monuments were cast—the Old Norse, Danish, or Icelandic, as it is indifferently called—was current in those days all over Scandinavia, yet they were almost invariably the work of Icelanders living in Iceland. Such were Ari Frodi, born 1067, died 1148, the father of Icelandic history; his friend and fellow-student, Saemund, the reputed compiler of the "Old Edda;"* the immortal Snorri Sturleson; and Sturla Thordarson, the continuer of the sagas after Snorri, who died 1284.

What caused this barren island to be so fertile in literary production? Was it the exuberant energy of a race, once lords of the main land, but now cooped up in the narrow confines of that desolate wilderness, that found a partial vent in literary fecundity? Did hard simple fare sharpen the intellectual faculty? Was it the spectacle of fire and frost, fighting for the mastery, that fired or excited their brain? Or the desire to make themselves a name which should penetrate from this remote corner, in which they were voluntary exiles, to the very ends of the earth? Or

* Recent critics have deposed him from his pride of place. Bishop Brynjúlfur, who discovered the Edda MS. at Skalholt (1643), is shown to have ascribed it without warrant to Saemund.

was it frequent mixture on their travels, in the best society of foreign parts, which taught them that to excel in history and poetry was to be a favorite with the great, and to have a purse well filled with gold pieces—a piece of practical knowledge which their ready mother wit would lose no time in turning to the best account? Or was blood—race—at the bottom of the phenomenon after all—a dormant proclivity, an embryo aspiration inbred in this particular tribe of eastern emigrants, which required peculiar conditions of locality, of natural surroundings, of worldly circumstances, to start forth into vigorous life; and those conditions they met with, and the thing was done? While the other Teutonic tribes halting in the tamer plains and forests of central Germany, or paddling among the mud-flats of the lower Elbe and Rhine, or comfortably settled in the enjoyment of the temperate climate and more genial soil of England, garnished for them and nicely swept by the hand of effete and waning Rome, either fell upon soil unfavorable to literary germination, or naturally lacked, in their mental and physical composition, the spark of celestial fire that goes to the making of a poet or historian!

The poem of “Beowulf”—a chief monument of Anglo-Saxon literature—is no proof to the contrary: for it is now held by the best judges to be of Continental and heathen origin. In its scenery and personages, in its form and essence, it is Scandinavian—features, which at once point to the conclusion that it came over with the early Scandinavian invaders, and got altered into its present shape. Is it, then, to some of the above suggested causes, or to a combination of all of them, that we must look for the Mimer’s fount—the source of inspiration of these people—and attribute the difference between the literary compositions of the Anglo-Saxon and the Scandinavian? To take a crucial instance, just compare our “Anglo-Saxon Chronicle” with the “*Heimskringla*.” The first reminds us, if we may be permitted to say so, of the “valley of dry bones,”—not a living trait there of the great Alfred’s character, moral or intellectual, or of his personal qualities. In the “*Heimskringla*,” on the contrary, by the wave of the enchanter’s wand, in the hand of a Snorri, these dry bones start up into animated life.

A new and startling theory has lately, however, been broached by the Irish antiquaries, claiming for natives of Ireland the laurels hitherto worn by Scandinavia.

Dr. Todd, in his edition of the “Wars of the Gaedhill and the Gaill” (Introd. p. xxviii.), surmises that the Icelandic sagas were only “imitations, on the part of the Northmen, of the historical tales and bardic poems which they had found in Ireland.” Some of these, he goes on to say, are still extant in the Irish tongue, and were popular with the Irish in the tenth and eleventh centuries, at latest; whereas Ari Frodi, who, according to Snorri, was the first man that wrote down in Norse things new and old, was not born till 1067. The Irish tales, like the Norse, were in prose interspersed with poems and fragments of poems, and therefore he (Dr. Todd) concludes, “Ireland had evidently the priority of the North in this species of popular literature.” But, though Ari may have been the first to write these things down, yet it is clear that, centuries before, these people had a live tradition, wonderfully elaborated and faithfully kept; so that, at the end of the tenth century, the national literature was full-blown and ready to be committed to writing. Saxo, who flourished in the tenth century, in the preface to his “History of Denmark,” dwells on this extraordinary aptitude of the Icelanders for committing facts to memory and writing them down.

But Dr. Todd is not without backers. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his papers on Celtic literature, has discovered that “the style of the Icelandic writers is due to early Celtic influence.” And he bases this dictum on the statement of Ari,* that in 870, when the Northmen arrived in Iceland, there were Christians there (*Papae*), who went away because they did not like to live with heathen, leaving behind them Irish books, bells, and crosiers; whence these people must have been Irish. But surely this is a slender foundation for the statement that the inimitable style of Icelandic literature is borrowed from the Irish. And, besides, to judge from the specimens of inflation and bombast exhibited in the Irish saga edited by Dr. Todd, with its synonymes piled on synonymes, and alliteration run mad, the Erse productions are not to be compared with the work of the Icelanders. Hyperion to a satyr!

We have indicated above how far England was behind with the pen in Alfred’s time. But this want of genius and incapacity for original composition endured long after the Conquest. The linguistic strata of the country were thoroughly dislocated by the social earthquake at Has

* *Islandingabok*.

tings, and most literary efforts were confined to Latin, or mere translations from the French. For many weary years Norman and Anglo-Saxon were striving for the mastery, so that, according to some philologists, the earliest specimen of a public document in our native tongue is the well-known proclamation of Henry III., A.D. 1258.

"The King's Mirror," to which we now desire to call the attention of our readers, is one of the few works, composed in the old tongue, that did not see the light in Iceland. From internal evidence it is clear that this remarkable book was written in Norway, although all the MSS. of it, save one, were made in Iceland. Who the author was is matter of doubt. At an early period it was attributed to King Swerrer, the friend of our King John. Olaus Wormius, writing to Stephanus Stephanus in 1641, mentions this tradition, and does not impugn it. This reputed author was such a notable fellow, that we must introduce him to our readers. Brought up in boyhood, and educated for the priestly office, under his uncle the Bishop of Farö, he doubtless often ministered in the quaint old church at Kirkubö, near Thorshaven, which, when we visited the islands a few years ago, was still used for public worship. With no very well-founded pretensions to the crown, his royal blood being little better than a myth, this man at length surmounted all obstacles and ascended the throne of Norway. Like many of our English monarchs in those days, like the emperor Frederick II. of Germany, like all the monarchs who would not brook the arrogant pretensions of Rome, and appointed their own bishops, he soon got the pope upon his back, and found him as difficult to dislodge as ever did Sinbad, the old man of the sea.

To such a pass did matters come at last between Swerrer and the pope, that the king, like our craven John, was placed under an interdict, and all the bishops fled out of the land. But we cannot follow the details of his eventful life, and must pass on to its end. Falling sick after a successful deed of arms at Tunsberg, he sailed for Bergen, keeping his berth during the voyage. As soon as he reached that city, he caused himself to be carried up to the castle. Perceiving death approaching,* he ordered the letters about the succession to be read aloud, and then sealed up

* Torfaeus, iv. 1. Keyser's "*Norske Kirkens Historie*," i. 316.

and despatched to his son Hacon at Trondjem. The city clergy were next summoned to administer extreme unction to the dying king, and — all honor to these spirited ecclesiastics! — they did not appear to have raised any objection, although he was under the ban of the Church. At this moment he exclaimed, "Here will I wait for recovery or death. If I die in my high seat, surrounded by my friends, it will chance otherwise than Bishop Arnesen prophesied: that I should be cut down as food for dogs and ravens." Thereupon he was anointed; his last request being that they should leave his face bare, so that friends and enemies might see whether it exhibited any traces of the Church's ban and interdict. "More moil and unrest have been my portion," exclaimed he, "than rest and enjoyment. Many foes have I had, who have let me feel the full weight of their enmity, which God forgive them all. Let him judge between us." So died March 9, 1202, at the early age of fifty-one, worn out by hardships, one of Norway's greatest kings; the insinuations of one of his bitterest detractors, William of Newbury, notwithstanding. A book by such a man would indeed have been worth reading; and there is a clerkly flavor about the work in parts, which might well befit one brought up, like Swerrer, for the Church: but by common consent the authorship must be sought elsewhere. With much polish, it has none of the fire and vehemence so characteristic of the impetuous king. On the other hand, the style has none of the spirit of that prince of *raconteurs historiques*, Snorri. But, though at times somewhat artificial, there is a curious felicity of expression, which cannot fail to interest. A passage in it fixes the habitat of the writer, Halgoland, in the north of Norway, the birthplace, by the way, of King Alfred's gossip, Ohthere. He is conjectured to have been a distinguished nobleman, who had been much at court and in foreign parts. Though the age was one of licentiousness, yet his tone throughout is highly moral and religious, while he gives his son the benefit of his varied experiences. The work is in the form of a dialogue, which affords many interesting glimpses of contemporary manners, ceremonies, ideas, and characters in every grade and profession. The date of its composition has been much disputed. The late Professor Munch placed it between 1190 and 1196, while Otto Blom, solely from the military costumes, fixes its date at ten years later, *i.e.* the period at

which Anglo-Saxon was beginning gradually to give place to modern English.*

But it is time we should review the contents of the book.

A young man looks around him into the world, and scrutinizes the doings of it, and he beholds the motley crowd straying from the right road and wearying themselves in bypaths, and so he goes to his father and asks him to lay down for him some rules of life. It so chanced that certain persons of worship and wisdom overheard the colloquy, and, though they do not appear to have been the youth's enemies, they urged him "to write a book," and so give the world the benefit of so much wisdom combined with amusement (*gaman*). He takes their advice; but then comes the knotty question, what was to be the name of the book? Now with the literary world in those days, whether moralists, philosophers, satirists, or what not, there was one title which was quite the rage — *Speculum*, to wit; *Anglicè*, Mirror. A good seventy such looking-glasses were held up to mankind — some of them to the august person of royalty — during the twelfth and two following centuries. There was the renowned "*Speculum Stultorum*," by Nigel Wireker, wherein, under the character of the ass Brunellus, he had (A.D. 1186) been convulsing London and Paris by his telling sarcasms on the illiterate monks therein portrayed. Wireker had died of the plague at Rome, 1188; and what so likely as that one of the many ecclesiastics, who were passing and re-passing between Rome and Norway, might have brought along with him in his valise a copy of Nigel's "*Speculum*" to while away the tedium of those long nights within the Arctic circle?

Then there was the "*Speculum Ecclesie*," by that fiery archdeacon of the blood royal of Wales, Gerald de Barri, in which, with the biting pen of a Junius though with a less veracious one, he writes down, or holds up to ridicule, the clerical profession. So "The Royal Mirror" — *Isländicè* — "*Kongs-Skugg-sið*," is the title fixed on by our author, "not from any motives of pride, but simply to attract the reader." And as for the epithet "royal," the book treats of the manners of kings among those of other people, and a king, "standing as he does at the top of the tree, ought to be a pattern of the best morals and manners to everybody else, both he and his court and all his retainers."

* Since writing the above, a treatise by Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, has reached us, fixing the date as unquestionably after 1200.

Books by the way on morals and manners combined were not wanting in those days. Such was "The Italian Guest," a German metrical composition (A.D. 1216). So Freidank's "*Bescheidenheit*" (A.D. 1229) was a didactic poem, abounding, like this book, in maxims of worldly wisdom and probity.

His own name the author will not divulge, that the book may not run the chance of being discredited by the critics from envy or personal motives. This might be one of the reasons for assigning the work to King Swerrer, for if there ever was a man with plenty of foes it was he.

Good day, my lord [begins the son]; I am come to converse with thee, and I pray thee list patiently to my queries, and deign to answer me. By all men's witness there are few shrewder men in this land than thou, and I am sure it is true; for everybody with a difficulty comes to thee to solve it, and I hear, when thou wast with the king, all the land's rede was in thy mouth, as well as the making of the laws and treaties. . . . I am heir to thy money, and I would fain be heir to thy wisdom.

A common and easy way of gaining experience of life, and seeing the world in those days, was to combine business with pleasure, and to trade to foreign parts. Later on in the world's history merchants became princes, but then it was not unfrequent, in Scandinavia at least, for princes to become merchants. One Norwegian king was known as "Farmand" the merchant. So the youth expresses a wish to gain experience of men and manners in that line before going to court. The father, although his life has been spent more in the atmosphere of courts than on mercantile voyages, has not a word to say against merchants of the true stamp, and lays down a few rules for their conduct.

A merchant must often risk his life, now at sea, now in heathen lands. So that he needs much activity and courage. Wherever you are, be courteous and gentle; that always makes a man beloved by the good. Rise early, and go first to church: * when service is over, then look to your affairs. And if you do not know the business ways of the place, notice how the merchants of best repute conduct theirs. Mind all the wares you buy or sell are without blemish; and before your bargain is complete, always have some men of skill to witness the transaction. Be about your business till luncheon, or even to the midday meal, if needs be. Your board must be furnished with white linen, clean food, and

* The English writer on "manners" also advises his son to go thither, but it is "to observe the manners of their worship." ("Chesterfield," i. 108.)

good drink. If you can afford it, keep a good table. After dinner sleep awhile, or go abroad and amuse yourself. Set a fair price on your goods, near about what you think they will fetch. Don't brood over them, if you can get rid of them on reasonably good terms; for *frequent purchase and quick sale is the very life of trade.*

A maxim exactly anticipating our English saw, "Small profits and quick returns," or "The nimble ninepence is better than the slow shilling." Books of all kinds,* especially on law, he recommends him to study, as also works on the manners of foreign countries.

And if you would be perfect in learning, learn all the tongues, above all Latin and French (Waelsh); for these two tongues go furthest; but mind and not forget your mother tongue.

Which last sentence is aptly inscribed in polyglott on the tomb of the great linguist Rask at Copenhagen.

He must flee drinking and dicing, loose life and gambling, as the very fiend himself: for they are the root of every misfortune. The light of the heavens, the courses of the stars, the succession of day and night, the divisions of the earth, the storms of the ocean, will demand his constant study. Ready reckoning, too, will stand the merchant in good stead.

If you stop in a town take up your quarters at an auberge (herberge), the host of which is discreet, and in good odor alike with the townspeople and the king's retainers. Don't associate with noisy, brawling people. Be very slow to quarrel,† but put not up with insults, where you may be reviled as a coward in consequence. If necessity force thee to retaliate, be sudden and quick about it; but with this proviso, that you can compass your object, and that punishment falls on the right man. But if you see nought is to be got by it, keep cool and seek redress later, unless the offender comes forward and seeks atonement. Never omit to take God and the Most Holy Virgin into a share with you, as well as the saint you oftenest invoke to intercede for you with God. Be very careful of the money that holy men entrust to you, and carry it faithfully to its destination.

Here are instructive hints upon the way of thinking among men of substance and sobriety upon matters mercantile and

* "The knowledge more particularly useful and necessary for you consists of modern languages, modern history, chronology, geography, the laws of nations," etc. ("Chesterfield," i. 143.)

† "Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that the opposer may beware of thee."

("Hamlet.")

religious. In those days a good deal of coin would be passing in the shape of Peter's pence, and other ecclesiastical offerings, which a dishonest skipper might have easily converted to his own uses. These pence were first established by Nicholas Breakspear, on his visit to Norway 1152, as papal legate.* Greenland's first contributions were walrus-teeth, as appears from a parchment in the Vatican.

He next counsels his son not to have all his eggs in one basket, but embark in various ventures. And, if he prospers exceedingly, he had better invest in good land, as that sort of property is safest. When his money is full-grown, and he has studied the manners of foreign countries, his argosies can go to sea, but he need not venture his own person.

Questions are now put about various physical phenomena: for instance, what causes the sea's ill temper; now so smooth and gentle that one yearns to sport with it six months on end, and now so wroth and spiteful, that it would wrest from its playmates their property and life. It was not to be expected that a very satisfactory reply was forthcoming to a question involving principles even now very imperfectly understood.

Some equally puzzling questions follow about "the increase and decrease of the sun and moon, the ebb and flow of the tides, and the relation which these respectively bear to one another." The father grapples with his interrogator, as well as the then state of science and the most recent authorities which he had consulted would permit. His system, like that of our Neckam (about 1300), is, doubtless, the one accepted in those days. To solve his son's difficulty about the difference of temperature in different countries the following experiment is introduced:—

Take a burning candle and place it inside a big chamber; and if there is nothing to hinder, it will light the whole interior, big as it is. But if you take an apple and hang it close by the light, so that the apple gets hot, it will darken half the house or more. Now hang it by the wall and it will not become hot, while the candle lights all the inside of the house; and there will be scarcely so much shadow on the wall, where the apple hangs, as half the bigness of the apple. From this you see the earth is round, and it is not equally near the sun at all points; but where its curved course comes nearest to the sun's course, it is much the warmest; and those countries are unin-

* Once beggar's brat, and afterwards Pope Adrian IV. (1159). Snorri says he did much to ameliorate Norse manners.

habitable where this is the case. But those countries so situated that it strikes them with slanting rays, they are habitable.

Singularly enough, in a quaint cosmographical fragment by Robert of Gloucester, who flourished 1300, the phases of the moon are illustrated by comparing her to a ball placed beside a candle:—

So that the sonne in halven del schyneth ever
mo
What above, what bynethe, how so it ever
go:
As we mai bi a candle i-seo, that is besides a
balle
That giveth light on hire halven del how so it
ever falle.

The youth has clearly had enough of science. He sees how needful this kind of lore is for a merchant, but he suggests that topics of a lighter and more amusing nature should be now introduced, with which suggestion the reader doubtless concurs.

The wonders of Ireland, Iceland, Greenland: their fires, springs, fishes, sea-monsters, floating and stationary icebergs, the northern light, and the stupendous sea-serpents of the Greenland ocean, are now introduced. But the father is very slow to enlighten his interrogator. He might be accused of exaggeration.

There was a book brought to Norway the other day on "The Wonders of India," which was stated to have been sent to Emmanuel the Grecian king. But people aver that it is all a pack of lies, although quite as great marvels as it relates are to be found up here North.

The mention of this Greek emperor, who reigned 1143-1180, fixes the date of "The King's Mirror" within certain limits. It was under him that Eric, King Swerrer's brother, served, with other noble Norwegians. Doubtless, like Othello, they would have many wonders to recount, imported from the fabulous East.

All we know of this "little book" is that, among other things, it tells of great flying dragons, which small men broke in, like horses. But, asks *paterfamilias*, have we not quite as great marvels to show? Your man, no faster afoot than another, shall take a slip of wood some nine ells long, and so shape it that, when fitted to his feet, he can outstrip a bird, a hound, or a reindeer. So that your expert runners will spear as many as nine reindeer a day. Would not Orientals, if they heard this, think it incredible?

Other northern wonders are recounted: *e. g.*, the moss of Biarkadal. Trees grow

in it, but cut them down, and, after three winters, when the wood is dry, throw them into it, and they will turn to stone, which can be made red-hot, but is incombustible; while if a part sticks out of the morass, it will remain wood. He himself has had in his hands tree-stems from that place, half-wood, half-stone.

He then describes the wonders of Ireland: its immunity from snakes, its wells, its miraculous places and things, and its great sanctity. Indeed, small as the island is, it contains more saints than any other island in the world; for "the natives, though very grim, bloodthirsty, and immoral, will never put a saint to death."

The question arises, had our author seen Giraldus's "*Topographia Hibernia*." Snorri, according to Lang ("*Heimskringla*," i. 304), and also according to Mr. Brewer, must have been acquainted with it. The vainglorious Welshman had taken effectual measures for making his account of Ireland popular and well known. For three whole days, A.D. 1200, he had recited the second edition of it at Oxford before an audience which was largely composed of foreign scholars, owing to the disturbances then prevailing in the University of Paris. The admission to these "readings" was free; add to which, as he complacently informs us, he feasted all the doctors of the different faculties, all the scholars, all the knights in the place, all the poor, and many of the burgesses. Moreover, there was plenty of direct intercourse between Great Britain and Norway, which would have given facilities for books being carried to the latter country. Henry II. used to send people there every year when the falcons had hatched, to get young birds for his sport. Or a copy of the "Topography of Ireland" might have been carried by Giraldus to Rome, which he visited at the end of the twelfth century, and from thence have found its way to Norway. Indeed, it is unquestionable that most writers on Ireland from that day to this took Giraldus for their text-book. But our author must have had access to other sources, for his account is often fuller, and does not always tally with that in the "Topography." We conjecture that our author must have known that singular book, the "Irish Nennius," which was republished with additions, *circa* 858, by one Nennius, a Briton of the Latin communion, but which originally was the work of Marcus, a Briton, who was educated in Ireland, and became an Irish bishop.

Giraldus mentions a fantastic island which had recently appeared all on a sud-

den, and looked so very like a whale that the peasants thought it was one. On their rowing out to it, it suddenly vanished. But, at last, by a singular expedient, they effected a landing, and found it was *terra firma*. The account in the "*Speculum*" is much more circumstantial. There is a little floating island, it says, which often comes so close to the shore, that one may step on it. The herbs growing on it are good for all manner of sickness. But no more than one patient is admitted at a time, and directly he is aboard, off it floats and does so for seven years, when it again approaches the main land and adheres to it quite fast. Meanwhile a noise like thunder is heard, and up rises another island just like the other in every particular, and goes on its travels for seven years, when the same operation is performed. Those who are acquainted with the floating island in Keswick Lake will not be disposed to reject the legend entirely.

The following is not without interest:—

There is a small island in that country, which in their language is called l'Hisglum. On it are many houses, and also a church, . . . When people die they are not buried in the earth, but are set up round the church, or against the walls of the churchyard. And there they stand as if they were alive, their limbs dried, their hair and nails unscathed. They never decay, and the fowls of the air never settle on them; and the survivors can at once recognize their fathers and all their ancestors.

Now, Giraldus wrongly attributes this legend to Arran. It belonged to Inisgluair (*Isl.*, "l'Hisglum"), off the coast of Erris, County Mayo. For we read in the "Irish Nennius" ("Book of Ballymote," i. 193), "Inis-Gluair in Irrus Domhnán: this is its property, that the corpses that are carried into it do not rot at all, but their nails and hair grow, and every one in it recognizes his father and grandfather for a long period after their death. Neither does the meat unsalted rot in it."* What can more clearly show that the Irish and Scandinavian authors had a common source, or, which is more likely, that the account in the latter is derived from the former?

We next read of an island in Loghre (Lough Rea) where no one can die—body and soul will not disunite.† When therefore one gets so very old or very sick, that he sees his end is ordained by God, he causes

himself to be conveyed out of the island, and the spell is broken; a legend, exactly corroborated by the "Irish Nennius" (p. 192), "The Isle of the Living was three miles from Roscrea, in the parish of Corbally, in a lake called Loch Cre, now dried up." Whereas Giraldus mentions this phenomenon as occurring in north Munster, but he is unable to name the locality.

The origin of the wehrwolf superstition in Ireland is thus explained by our author. When St. Patrick was preaching Christianity in the country one tribe opposed him more than all the rest. Among other methods of annoyance they howled at him like wolves. Exasperated beyond all endurance, the saint prayed God to punish them in so signal a fashion that their posterity should never forget it. And so it came to pass; for it is said their descendants will turn wolves for a season and fly to the woods. But, owing to their human intelligence, they are much worse than other wolves. Some turn wolves every seventh winter, and between whiles return to their human shape. Some again remain wolves for seven winters and are wolves never after.*

Ware, in his "Irish Antiquities" (ii. 162) gives a list of the multitudinous battle-cries of the ancient Irish; and we may well imagine that a sight of that wild, naked Irishry screaming one of those slogans was not the best thing for the nerves. But so frightful were they, says our author, that youths who had never heard them before, were panic-stricken to such a degree that they fled to the forest and lived there till hair grew on them like birds' feathers.

Curiously enough, this very superstition lingered in County Kerry in Camden's time, who quotes as his authority for it J. Good, a priest of Limerick ("Britannia," p. 133, f. ed. 1772):—

There is [he says] a persuasion of the wild Irish that he who in the great clamor and outcry which the soldiers make before a battle, does not huzza as the rest do, is suddenly snatched from the ground and carried through the air into those desolate valleys (of Kerry), in what part of Ireland soever he be; that there he eats grass, laps water, has no sense of happiness or misery; has some remains of reason but none of speech, and that at long run he is caught by the dogs in hunting, and brought back to his own home.

Before concluding his budget of Irish wonders, our author says he would like

* Cf. "*Cambrensis Eversus*," i. 129; and Giraldus, v. 83. Treasury Series.

† Cf. Neckham, "*Divina Sapientia*," 883.

* Cf. Baring-Gould's "Popular Superstitions."

to relate one anecdote more, for amusement's sake :—

There was a certain jester in that land a long while ago ; he was a Christian, and his name was Klepsan. It was said that nobody could help laughing at his jokes, lies though they were ; no, not even a mourner could contain himself. But he fell sick and died, and was buried in the churchyard like other folks. He had lain long in the earth, so long that the flesh had all rotted off the bones, nay many of his bones also were decayed ; when it came to pass that somebody, while burying a corpse in the same part of the churchyard, dug so near the spot where Klepsan lay that he turned up his skull. This he placed on a big, tall stone close by, and it has stood there ever since. And whoever comes by and looks at the skull, and sees the spot where the mouth and tongue were, he must fain laugh, even though he chanced to be in heavy mood. So that the antic moves not fewer people to laughter with his dead bones than he did when alive.

The reader will not fail to perceive that in this little-known Scandinavian book we have the skeleton or the projected shadow of him "who went to set the table in a roar"—Yorick, to wit. Whence did Shakespeare get the first inkling of the graveyard and the jester's skull? Had he seen the "Mirror" in any shape? We do not remember the legend in Bede or Saxo, from which last historian, at second hand, he borrowed and metamorphosed the tale of "Amlethus" or "Hamlet." Giraldus does not allude to the legend. Singularly enough, a legend much resembling the above—even in the name of the hero of it—occurs in the "Irish Nennius," p. 101: "The grave of Mac Rustaing, at Rus Ech, in Cailli Follamhain, in Meath; no woman has power to look at without an involuntary shriek, or a loud foolish laugh." To which the editor appends the following note: "The old church of Russagh is still remaining, near the village of Street in the north of Westmeath; but the grave of Mac Rustaing is no longer pointed out or remembered. He was one of the eight distinguished scholars of Armagh about 740. Another Irish MS. has it :—

The grave of Mac Rustaing, I say
In Ros Each without disgrace,
Every woman who sees, shouts,
Shrieks, and loudly laughs.

Kritan was the name of fair Mac Rustaing.

The scene now shifts to Iceland ; and there is a detailed account of the fish of those seas. The whale, as was likely, occupies a large space. Several different species are described—some of them

whales proper, others no connection—and many observations occur, mixed with much that is grotesque and fabulous—throwing light on the habits of the cetaceans, our knowledge of which, in spite of the researches of Eschricht, Theinar, Hartwig, Lacépède, Brown, and others, is still very incomplete :—

There is one sort of whale, called fishdriver, which is most profitable of all to man, for it drives herrings* and all sorts of fish to land from the sea outside. Its nature is wonderful ; for it takes care not to harm either ships or men ; just as if it was ordained for this purpose by God ; but this is only so long as the fishers follow their calling in peace. If they fall out and fight, and blood is spilt, the whale seems to be aware of it, and at once puts himself between the fish and the land, and drives them clean off. . . . It is strictly forbidden to capture or annoy it, on account of its great use to man.

Then we have the north whale, which is sometimes ninety ells long, and as much round as he is long, for a rope just his length will gird his body at the thickest part. His head is about a third of his girth. He is a very clean liver, for men say he feeds on nothing but fog and rain. When he is captured, nothing unclean can be found in his stomach, which is, in fact, quite empty.† He has one little difficulty to contend with. The branchiæ inside of his mouth are apt to get hitched across, if he open it too wide, so that he cannot close it again, and death ensues in consequence. He is a peaceable beast, and good eating.

After enumerating a good score of whales, our author says there is one fish not yet mentioned. In fact, he has scruples about doing so, such incredible tales are told of it. It goes by the name of *haf-gufa* (sea-boiler). Anyhow, he conjectures, it must be very scarce. Its method of bread-winning is eccentric. When it is ahungered, it opens its mouth and pours from thence such an eructation, that a host of fish swarm around, regardless of their doom, under the flattering idea that they are going to have very good times of it. The entrance being as wide, not as

* Icelandic *sild*; the name of this fish even now on the east coast of England and in Scotland.

† The sea of Spitzbergen produces whales two hundred feet long. They have no teeth. When their bodies are opened, they find nothing but ten or twelve handfuls of little black spiders, which are engendered by the bad air of the sea ; and also a little green grass, which springs up from the bottom of the water. It is possible that these whales live neither on this grass, nor on these spiders, but on the water of the sea which produces the grass and spiders. (J. Peyrère, "Greenland" (1646), p. 23. Hakluyt Society Publ.)

the proverbial church-door, but as "a fiord," they pass in without the least suspicion of danger, and are completely taken in, alike as metaphor and reality — the monster closing his jaws when his wame and mouth are full of the imprisoned victims.

But, after all, the account of Hartwig, a modern author, is not widely different.

The ice and fire of Iceland are now introduced by way of a pleasing variety. The ice the senior sets down to the proximity of Iceland to Greenland — a conclusion to which the moderns have also come. Our author thinks that the springs in Iceland are dead. They are continually spouting up hot water high into the air, summer and winter, and whatever is cast into them, clothes or wood, or what not, comes up again turned into stone; so that the water is clearly dead, for whatever it wets it turns to stone, and stone is dead. An ingenious syllogism! But we must pick a hole in it. As we lay encamped at the geysirs we threw into the Strockr some unconsidered trifles — one traveller hurled in his breeches — and all these articles were subsequently ejected, mauled it is true, but not turned to stone. The silicious deposit of the hot water, which petrifies the grass and other objects around, is a process requiring a much longer time.

A theory is now propounded about the cause of the earthquakes* and eruptions in Iceland. Nor do modern philosophers seem to have got much beyond it.

Suppose that the fire arises from some natural properties of the country, viz., that the earth's foundation is perforated with veins, or empty hiding-places,† or vast holes. And these get so full of wind that they cannot bear it, and so cause the earthquakes. Now if this is possible, then those fires which are seen bursting up from many parts of the island originate from the violent tempests and commotions inside the earth.

He does not insist on the truth of this conjecture, but that it is a reasonable one. Indeed, he himself has observed that all fire proceeds from violent concussion, e.g. from steel striking flint, or two pieces of wood being rubbed against each other. So again if two winds meet in the air, there is a great concussion, and fire is struck out which dashes down to the earth

* According to the "Edda," earthquakes are due to the raging violence of the captive Loki in his stone cell, wherein he is confined by the gods in *sæcular sæculorum*.

† *Islandicè, smuga.* Cf. *smiuga*, to sneak out, whence our "smuggle."

and burns houses and forests, and even ships at sea.

In the above reasoning we at all events discern foreshadowings of the physical law propounded by the moderns, that heat and motion are identical.

Our would-be merchant is next introduced to Greenland, which was discovered first by a Norwegian, Eric the Red, about A.D. 982, in the reign of Olaf Trygvasson, as America was by the same folks not long after. The mariner in those seas need have a stout heart, for he may chance to sail across the path of the *hafstramb* (sea-giant).

It is tall and bulky, and stands right up out of the water. From the shoulders upward it is like a man, while over the brows there is, as it were, a pointed helmet. It has no arms, and from the shoulders downwards it seems to get smaller and more slender. Nobody has ever been able to see whether its extremities ended in a tail, like that of a fish, or in a point. Its color was ice-blue (*Jökull*) color. Neither could any one discern whether it had scales, or skin like a man. When this monster appeared, the sailors knew it to be the presage of a storm. If it looks at a ship and then dives, a loss of life was certain; but if it looked away and then dived, people had a good hope that, though they might encounter a heavy storm, their lives would be saved.*

Another horror and we have done. Of this the author speaks with some uncertainty, as he avows. It goes by the name of *hafgjerding* (sea-girdle or fence); the picture of it recalls that "sea mounting up to the welkin's cheek," which so appalled Trinculo.

It is as if all the storms and waves of those seas had gathered together on three sides in three billows and put a girdle round the whole ocean; higher than the mountains, and as steep as a cliff, with no outlet. Few instances of escape are known, when a ship has been thus ingirt. But God must clearly have saved somebody alive to tell the tale; whether the above account exactly tallies with theirs, or whether it be somewhat magnified or diminished.

And he goes on to state how he has met with some who had recently escaped. The whole mystery seems effectually solved by Professor Steenstrup, who has recently shown that it was caused by an "earthquake" of great magnitude. Nay, he fixes the very date of one of these phenomena from a passage in the "Land-

* Bishop Eggede bears witness to the truth of these statements. He believes that the author wrote after most accurate inquiry. Cf. Rafn's "Greenland Annals."

nama," where a Hebrides man, who accompanied Eric the Red's expedition to colonize Greenland, 986, composed a poem called "*Hafgerdinga Drápa*."*

Now follows an interesting description of Arctic navigation in days long before Martens, or Willoughby, or Frobisher were heard or thought of. The vikings did not content themselves with sweeping the seas for galleons, or less profitable prizes, or making descents on the shores of Great Britain and France and elsewhere. Some of them took pleasure in reposing even in the chilly arms of such a stern forbidding nurse as the icy Greenland; while their life would be none the happier for those copper-colored hornets of aboriginals (*skraellingjar*,† as they called them) buzzing about their ears, in high dudgeon at their supremacy in those latitudes being disputed by these interlopers.

The author's account of Arctic navigation might have been penned by Sir George Nares. The ice-floes on the Greenland coast, he says, are from four to five ells thick, and reach out to sea as much as four days' journey.

They lie to the north-east and north, then to the south and south-west, and therefore in making the land, one ought to steer westwards along the coast, till one has overlapped the ice, and then sail for the land. It has often happened that navigators have sailed for the land too soon, and got among the ice. Some of them perished in consequence, while others escaped; and I have heard the story from their own lips. The plan they pursued, when they were beset by the ice, was to take to their boats and drag them over, and so endeavor to reach land, leaving their ship and all their goods behind. Some have been out four or five days before they got to shore, some longer. This ice is of a marvellous nature. Sometimes it lies as still as possible, with great gaps or firths cut into it. At other times it moves as quickly as a ship with a good breeze. And, when once in motion, it goes as often against the wind as with it. There is another kind of ice in these seas of quite a different nature, which the Greenlanders call iceberg. It is just like a tall cliff standing out of the sea, and never blends with the other ice.

The whales, he says, of Greenland, are the same as those of Iceland. Of seals, he enumerates four principal sorts. The "open" seal is so called, because it swims,

not on its belly, but its back or side. It never exceeds four ells in length. Another seal is the "skemming" or "short" seal, which is never larger than two ells. "They are said to swim under ice-floes four or five feet thick, and blow great air-holes right through them whenever they please; a marvellous feat!"

To the moderns also these blow-holes were long an enigma. At one time it was thought that the seal made them by keeping his *warm* nose against the ice. But unfortunately for this theory, he has a *cold* nose, not a *warm* one, and that very tender.* These holes are in fact caused by seals, with a wonderful instinct, always rising up in precisely the same place to breathe while the ice is forming, and thus they prevent congelation, and, as Sheridan would say, puff to some purpose. Our author in stating that there were four principal species of seals, was not far out; indeed the Greenland seals are just that number.

The walrus (*rostung*) is classed by the Greenlanders among the whales, but he is of opinion that it belongs to the seal tribe. "His hide is thick and good for ropes. From it are cut thongs so tough that sixty men or more may tug at them without breaking." Of this same tenacious material were the ropes with which the Old Norsemen played their favorite game of pully-hauling against one another, the vanquished side often being hauled into an intervening pit or pool. Oh there of Halgoland, the very district where our author dwelt, informed King Alfred that among the tribute paid by the Fins to Norway were hides of seal and whale (?whale-horse, walrus). And yet tough as it is, it has served before now to stay starving stomachs. When the sons of Saemund Odde were returning from their visit to King Hacon, they were wrecked on the coast of Iceland, and floated for thirteen days on the wreck. The only comestible saved was butter, with which they smeared the walrus-hide cable and bolted morsels of it, by which means they managed to exist.†

"All these creatures of the seal kind," concludes the author, "are called fish; but their flesh nevertheless is not reckoned as such, for it may not be eaten on fast-days, whereas the whale may."

"What on earth," puts in the son, "makes people risk their lives in going thither? *Cui bono?* How do the inhab-

* Cf. *Hvad er Kongespeilets Hafgerdinger*: af J. Steenstrup, Copenhagen, 1871.

† Stræling's "shrivelled chips of creatures." These are the modern "Eskimo," which = "fat-eaters." The name which they give themselves is "Innuits" = "the people." For full particulars concerning these people, see No. 284 of this review, "The Arctic Regions and the Eskimo."

* "Mighty near my nose," as the seal said when he was hit in the eye. — *Icelandic Proverb*.

† Torfaeus "Hist.," iv. 40.

itants of those regions exist? Can they grow corn, or are land and water alike frozen? Is it an island or a continent? Are the beasts there like those of other lands?" Questions which would have done credit to an intelligent member of the Zoological or Royal Geographical Society in the nineteenth century. We have not space for the interesting reply.

In answer to his son's further question, whether Greenland lies on the outside of the earth, or where, the father conjectures, upon good authority, that Greenland has no land beyond it northward, but that it *borders on that great wild ocean that surrounds the globe*. And learned men say that a sound cuts into Greenland by which the great world-ocean ramifies into fiords and bays all over the earth. In lat. 75°, the ship "Germania" entered a spacious fiord, and found there beautiful alpine scenery, with cascades and waterfalls, which they were prevented from exploring further; but they conjectured it pierced through the country westward to the ocean. For about it they found musk-oxen in abundance, an animal which has never been seen before, except on the west coast, and which must have arrived thither either by tracking all round the coast southwards, or by valleys across the interior, hitherto unknown.

The following is interesting:—

This is the nature of the northern light (*nordur liðs*) that it is always the more brilliant the darker the night, and it always appears by night and never by day; oftenest in pitch darkness, and not by moonshine. The appearance of it is as if one saw at a distance a great glow shooting up sharp points of flame of unequal height, and very unsteady. And while these gleams of light are at their highest and brightest, one can very well see to find one's way out of doors, or even to go on the chase. And in-doors, if there be a window* it is so light that folks can plainly see each other. So variable is the light that at times it seems as if dark smoke or thick fog were rising up and smothering it. But when this dissipates, the light begins to grow clearer and brighter. Nay, at times it seems to emit great sparks, like a mass of iron glowing hot from the furnace. As day nears, it gradually fades, until it vanishes outright. Three guesses have been made as to the cause of the phenomenon. Some affirm that the waters encircling the earth's ball are surrounded by fire.† And as Greenland lies on the extreme northern edge of the earth, the northern light may be a

* *Skjar*, literally "skylight." In out-of-the-way parts of Scandinavia such an orifice is even now the only window of some cottages. Cf. Metcalfe's "Oxonian in Thelemarken."

† *Flammantia mænia mundi*. — *Lucretius*.

reflection of this fire-ring. Others, again, conjecture that at night, when the sun's course is beneath the earth, a glint of its rays may strike the heaven above; as from the proximity of Greenland to the outer edge of the globe there is little of its convexity to intercept their passage upwards. Another, and not the least likely conjecture, is that the light in question is generated by the immense mass of ice prevailing in those regions.

This conjecture is partly adopted by Krantz. He suggests that the vast accumulation of ice which blocks up the shores of Greenland may have some connection with the formation of the northern lights; and in describing the stupendous "ice-blink," a large elevated sheet of ice on the western coast, he says it casts by reflection a brightness over the sky, similar to the northern lights, and which may be seen at a great distance.

Our readers will remember the wonderful Aurora visible all over Europe some years ago. "I suppose it was the reflection of the Arctic ice," observed a Yorkshire yeoman to the writer of these lines. We may, however, remind our readers, that electricity is now generally believed to be at the bottom of the phenomenon. The less philosophically inclined may take refuge in the image of Southey:—

Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing light,
Openings of heaven, and streams that flash at night,
In fitful splendor through the northern sky.

But we must pass over much interesting matter.

With one "leetle practical speering," the dialogue winds up, viz., When ought one to be in port in autumn? XVII. Kal. November is the reply.

Seafaring is now unsafe. Days shorten, nights grow darker, the sea is disquieted, billows strengthen, rains are stour, storms increase, breakers* wax, strands refuse to afford safe havens, men are dazed (*dazast*), freights are cast overboard, and numbers perish from over much hardihood.

And so concludes the first part of "The King's Mirror."

At the next interview the son informs his father that to sea he intends to go, and put some of his precepts in practice. But it might happen that on foreign voyages he took a fancy to go to court and see more refined manners than are met with

* *Isl*, *bodar*, properly "boders," i.e. of hidden rocks; a capital expression for breakers. What a power and a picture in them these old Scandinavian words had! *Blámyr*, for instance = "blue moor," said of the sea! Can Mr. Tennyson beat that.

among traders. "I wish, therefore, to learn here at home from you, unless you think it a thriftless labor, the etiquette of the court." — "Thriftless! by no manner of means! It cannot be thriftless; for there is the fountain of all good manners and courtesy (*kurteisí*); although, let me tell you, at court, as elsewhere, there are manners and manners."

We now enter upon a most curious disquisition on court manners. The Early English Text Society, by the publication of Henry Rhodes's "Boke of Nurture and School of Good Manners," John Russell's "Boke of Nurture," etc., has made us acquainted with the fact that in England there was in the fifteenth century quite a literature on these topics — a literature perpetuated by such books as "Counsellor Manners' Advice to his Son,"* and the more famous "Letters of Chesterfield." But few people would imagine that, early in the thirteenth century, up yonder in that *ultima thule*, Scandinavia, such care was bestowed on external behavior as is apparent in this work; which, with none of the coarseness of the "Book of Courtesy," is also free from the questionable morality of Chesterfield.

But it is not to be supposed that the mere going to court would make one a gentleman. Twelve months' constant residence would be hardly sufficient to give a man the requisite *ton*, even though he possessed much natural adaptability and tact. Indeed, there are hangers-on at court a life long, your Sir Mungos, who never learn good manners or courtesy, "just as men will go to Jerusalem and come back the dullards that they went."

The old Icelandic proverb, "*Betra spurt en óvis vera*" ("Better speer than not be sure"), seems to be the motto of our inquiring tyro, for he persists in his queries: "Would it not be preferable to be a free country farmer, than be a mere parasite at the nod and beck of the king?" This view of court life provokes the governor's bile, who seems to have a natural antipathy to the sordid lot of your "base mechanical, your rustic (*porpari*), your clownish ploughboy (*plógkarl*). The answer is:

Everybody throughout the kingdom is at the king's disposal: whether to send on a foreign mission to pope or monarch, or on a warlike expedition, or what not. All are bound

to do his bidding, whether clerk, abbot, bishop or farmer. Surely then it is better to be a regular court official, and enjoy the king's friendship and protection, and so have precedence everywhere, than be a mere Bezonian and country bumpkin, and play second fiddle and eat humble-pie everywhere! The name of king's house-carle is by no means to be despised; on the contrary, it is a highly honorable title, which many an invalided courtier or officer is only too proud of.

The author gives a very high standard of court life doubtless; but with that innate love of the noble and chivalrous implanted in these northerners, it is not impossible that some might have reached in act what another had been able to conceive and prescribe. In short, the way in which Scandinavia, with very little acquaintance, comparatively, with southern politeness, letters, and religion, marked out for herself an original line in each of these, betokens an abundance of native genius.

The following is practical: —

Consider that foreign envoys of high breeding may visit the court; who will look very sharply at the manners of the king and his *entourage*, and criticise them all the more keenly the more polished they are themselves. And when they return home they will report all that they have seen and heard. These reports of foreign courts are sure to be strongly featured — full of scorn, or full of approbation. Only think, if, at some grand *levée*, where archbishops, and earls, and bishops, and prefects, and knights, and hirdmen were present, one of these great dignitaries made a hole in his manners! What a butt he would be for ridicule! Or if one of the hirdmen were to be guilty of a breach of politeness, straightway the king would get the blame; for folks would say that it was from him the manners of the court took their color. What are life and limb worth, when a man by his vulgarity has disgraced his sovereign!

The bare possibility of such a catastrophe at once sharpens the youth's curiosity.

It is quite probable that I may visit the king and enter his service, as my father and kinsmen have done before me, winning for themselves thereby much honor and royal favor. I prithee, therefore, tell me how I should address the king. Inform me distinctly of my demeanor and dress, and everything, in short, that will comport with the royal presence.

Answer: —

I will suppose that you have arrived at court, and your errand thither is to enter the king's service. First, you will diligently inquire who the persons are that are wont to usher in strangers. These you will conciliate,

* The full title of this quaint work is "Counsellor Manners' last legacy to his son, enriched and embellished with grave avisos, excellent histories, and ingenious proverbs and apothegms," by J. D. (John Dore), printed and to be sold by T. Shelmerdine at the Rose Tree, Little Britain. 2nd ed. 1673. 3rd, 1698.

and disclose to them your business, begging them to forward it. Those who are most with the king know the best time for approaching him. If you have to make known your petition to him when he is at table, be sure and get accurate intelligence whether he is in a good humor. And if you learn that he is not so blithe (*ublidur*) as usual, or put out about something, or so occupied in affairs of weight that he cannot attend to your matter, then let it rest that day, and try if you can find him more at leisure, or in better humor, another day; but mind and wait till he is nearly full.

This judicious choice of the *molliæ tempora fandi* for approaching his Majesty with the "Siffication," is highly amusing, and not less so his practical acquaintance with the old proverb, "It is ill talking between a full man and a fasting."

Some important precepts on dress follow.* He must don his best suit, be well hosed and shod, have both doublet and cloak. His breeches must be brown or scarlet; or they may be of black leather. His doublet brown, green, or red, according to his taste. His linen of good material, but cut scant and close-fitting.

Your beard must be dressed in the prevailing fashion.† When I was at court it was the fashion to have the hair cut shorter than the ear-lobes, and combed smooth all round, with a short forelock over the brows. They wore the whiskers and moustache cut short, and chin-beard dressed in the German fashion. And I doubt whether any fashion can come into vogue that will look neater, or be better suited to a man-at-arms.

We see that the question of beards or no beards was as much an affair of moment then as now. The fashion had altered since the days of Hacon Jarl, when the Jomsburg vikings are described as wearing their hair long and flowing. At length, all things being propitious, at a sign from the doorkeeper, our juvenile aspirant enters the royal presence, leaving his cloak in the hands of his attendant:

* Shakespeare on dress with his "neat not gaudy" has never been surpassed. But some lesser lights must be allowed to illustrate this weighty topic.

"Thy clothes neat and fashionable, not over gaudy, that the wiser sort of men may not take thee for the king's jester." ("Counsellor Manners," 15. Cf. *Ibid.* 45.)

"Be extremely neat and clean in your person and perfectly well dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will." ("Chesterfield," i. 406.)

† "If all the court cut their hair short, I would not have thee wear thine long, and if they wear long hair, I would not have thee wear thine even to thine ears, which would make thee show like a ducatoon." ("Manners," 46.)

For an account of the changes in England in the style of wearing the hair, see Hewett's "Ancient Armor," i. 150, and Strickland's "Queens of England," i. 312.

hair combed smooth, his beard well stroked: no hat, cap, or coif (*kveif*) on his head, his hands bare: his countenance suave, and his whole person thoroughly cleansed. His head and figure must be erect, his gait stately, but not too slow.

The next instructions must be given verbatim:—

When you come to the king, bow humbly, and salute him thus: "God give thee good day, my lord, the king." If his Majesty is at table on your entrance, do not do what many a blundering lout has done, lean against the table, much less sprawl over it like an uncouth idiot. But take up a position so far from it, that all the domestics can easily get between you and the board. But if the king is not at table, approach only so near that the servants have room to pass between you and the king's footstool.

Your hands ought to be so disposed that the right clasps the left wrist. And let them sink before you as you find most convenient.

The proper officer will then represent the matter to the king, and if he requires a little time for inquiry, our youngster must hang about the court, living at his own charges, unless perchance he is bidden to the royal table. He must be sure and not get the reputation of sponging upon others for a dinner; a piece of advice, by-the-by, to be found in that very ancient repertory of Icelandic saws, the "*Hávarmál*," and well worthy the study of those social parasites who, though quite able "to entertain" themselves, regard all hospitality as a one-sided affair, and to them not appertaining.

One thing puzzles our ingenious youth, viz., why a man should wear no cloak in the royal presence, when, if such a thing were done in the country, it would raise a horse laugh among the bystanders; and a man would be written down zany, for turning out just like a gipsy. The explanation for the fashion is, first, that it betokens a readiness to serve, as it were, with girt loins; and secondly, as a precaution against the concealed dagger of the cloaked assassin.

Here follows a little picture which might have been taken from "The Fortunes of Nigel":—

When you are in the king's presence be sure not to converse with those around, but attend carefully to what the king says, so that you may not have to ask him to repeat his words. It often happens when a man is standing in the royal presence that people keep crowding about him, and speering all manner of questions. In some this is due to *gaucherie*; others do it because they would not be sorry if

they could mar the cause of the petitioner. Now if anybody plays you this trick, have a fair word in your mouth for him, thus: "Bide a bit, good man, while I list to the king; syne I will gladly have speech with thee!" And if, after this, he goes on speaking, don't answer a word till the king has stopped speaking. Be careful to use the plural in addressing the king. Above all, mind you don't do what some fools do, speak of yourself in the plural, and of the king in the singular. Should it so befall that the king says aught which you do not catch, don't reply, "Ha! How? What?" Merely say, "Let it not displease your Majesty that I speer what you said to me, for I did not quite comprehend." Don't let the king have to explain his words too often.

A similar piece of advice is given by the contemporary author of the German poem, "The Italian Guest," already mentioned:—

A younker must be ever quick
To catch what people say:
So need they not repeat their words,
Which is but sorry play:
Nor must he stand upon the bench
On which the knights do sit, etc.

Our candidate for court favor is next supposed to enter fairly on his duties. Early in the morning he must repair to the king's lodgings neat and clean. He must then accompany his Majesty to church and listen devoutly to the service, and when he leaves the church keep within call, but not so near as to inconvenience him in case he wishes to converse with anybody.

Suppose the king goes out for a walk, the courtiers will accompany him, not in a round mass pressing upon him, but in two little equal columns, on either side, and at such a distance that he can converse without being overheard. At table they will speak low, so that their neighbors on either side will not hear all they say. Excess in drinking they will avoid, confining themselves to a moderate enjoyment of the good things. One thing they will specially attend to; whenever the king has got his head in his tankard, they will refrain from taking a pull at theirs. Even though it is raised to their lips, they must set it down again. The same respect must be shown to the queen.

Again, suppose chieftains of note, whom the king delights to honor, enter the apartment, all the courtiers must rise at once and greet them. Indeed, the same attention must be shown to any of the courtiers on his entrance. The two who sit next him will rise and bid him welcome.

Wherever they are, they will never for-

get their position; their tone will be subdued and their gestures dignified; and all ribaldry will be carefully eschewed.

Military exercise and equipments follow; and by-and-by the author gets the bit, so to say, in his teeth, and dashes at full career through a complete catalogue of the armor, offensive and defensive, then in use. The king, in "Hamlet," if we remember, talks admiringly of a gentleman of Normandy, lately a visitor at the Danish court, who had served against the French. He

Grew into his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse.
As he had been incorpsed and deminated
With the brave beast.

The centaur he had in his eye was, likely enough, a pure Norwegian. Then follow some useful hints on equitation, where opportunity offers.

If, on the other hand, he is stationed in a city where there is no opportunity of riding, he will practice fencing on foot with some accomplished swordsman, native or foreign, equipped with target or buckler. He ought to do this in heavy armor of chain or plate, and a sword to correspond. If he wishes to be a proficient he will practice the tricks of offence and defence twice a day; never less than once, unless it be a holy day. All king's-men ought to learn these useful, nay, necessary arts. So thought the Dane Laertes, who by long practice was so dexterous in the use of the rapier, that M. Lamode must fair confess:—

The scrimers of his nation,
Had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If he opposed them.

"In war be tenacious, but not headlong. Let others bear witness to your prowess; do not boast of your own exploits, lest, hereafter, the death of those you have slaughtered should be visited upon yourself, and that on your own provocation." He does not here speak without warrant. Instances occur in the sagas of Northmen bragging in Mickligardr (Constantinople) and elsewhere of their having done to death some redoubtable viking; and, while the words are upon their lips, their skull is cleft suddenly from behind. It is the avenger of blood, a near relative of the deceased, who has tracked the man-slayer with slow but sure foot, and found him out at last. Now comes a *locus classicus* for machines of war. And then follows a sentence which modern cheese-parers might study with benefit: "All these

things ought to be provided and their use learned beforehand, for nobody knows how soon they require to be used. It is good to have a stock in hand, even if not wanted now."

It was to their superior armor that the Irish author of "The Gaedhill and the Gaill" attributes the victories of the Northmen over his countrymen. At Clontarf, 1014, while King Brian stands apart from the fray, reciting scores of paternosters, the lad Latean describes what passes before his eyes. The Norsemen he calls "blue stark-naked" men, having evidently never seen men sheathed in steel before. "Azure Gentiles" is another and similar appellation given them. For a lifelike picture of these northern warriors, see an old Danish ballad ("*Grundtvig*," Part III., 180), describing the abduction of Thorsten's bride, which occurred 1287:—

Yond are three hundred warriors bold,
All as a cushat blue;
The steed that is cased in silk attire,
Rides the chieftain of the crew.

Yond are three hundred warriors bold,
Near by the castle yard;
Outside, they all in silk are clad,
Inside, with ring-mail hard.

Well whetted of each is the glaive,
And bended is every bow;
Stern wrath is within their bosoms,
Fell vengeance sits on their brow.

This reminds us of the Scotch ballad:

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone gray;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand if they may.

At the youth's request, the principal machines used in sieges are enumerated. In one machine it is very interesting to see the principle of the modern ballast-truck, and of the bombshell combined.

The shooting-truck (*skotvagn*) is a good contrivance. It is made like an ordinary carriage, either on two or four wheels. This must be loaded with stones, cold or hot. Fixed to it are two chairs, one on either side; so strong as to be able to hold the carriage when it is running full tilt down a planked incline. Great care must be taken that it does not leave the line. As soon as the chains begin to arrest its race (*rás*), it shoots out its load on those below. It is best to load it with stones of different sizes, some big, some little. Men of experience in defending a castle make balls of baked clay, so hard that they can bear being hurled. In these they put small, hard stones. The moment the balls strike they burst, so that they cannot be slung back again.

This is remarkable enough, but the list closes with an infernal machine, "the *skialldar iotun*, belching forth poisonous fire," which is more remarkable still. The very short description of it forbids all trustworthy conjecture as to its precise nature. It is described as "a curved and panelled giant," and as surpassing everything else in its potency. Was it a cannon made after the fashion of Mons Meg in Edinburgh Castle, of hooped staves? But, according to good authorities, "villainous saltpetre" was not yet "dug out of the bowels of the harmless earth," to hurl destruction as an ingredient of gunpowder;

Nor those abominable guns yet found
To send cold lead through gallant warrior's
liver,

at least not in northern Europe. The first allusion to cannon by Froissart occurs in 1340. The first mention of cannon in England is in 1338. In fact, the use of ordnance is generally assigned to the Battle of Crecy, 1346. But the date of this book is placed by none later than 1240. Could the poisonous fire belched forth by this giant be Greek fire—that happy mixture of naphtha, pitch, resin, and vegetable oil, which is said to have been invented by the Greeks of the Lower Empire? It was certainly employed by the Arabs at the siege of Damietta about this time (1218); and the vikings might have brought the knowledge of it to Norway. But, after all, like the use of the magnet, which Humboldt shows to have been known to the Chinese B.C. 1000, gunpowder might have been invented long before Roger Bacon and Schwartz.

In the "Laurentius Saga" mention is made of one Thrand, the Fusileer, who came from Flanders to King Eric Priest-hater's court in Bergen at Christmas 1294—*i.e.*, nearly fifty years before cannon are heard of in England—and exhibited a *herbrest* (war-explosion), which causes so great a report that few can bear to hear it. Pregnant women are brought to bed prematurely; men fall from their seats. To produce this explosion four things were wanted—fire, sulphur, parchment, and tow.

The date, therefore, of the invention and use of cannon seems by no means certain.

But from this sulphureous atmosphere we now emerge to one more savory and inviting. Behavior in society is now discussed. A polite man skills well in addressing women, whether young or more advanced in years, to use such words as

are suitable to their condition, and are befitting alike for them to hear and him to speak. The ladies will be anxious to compare with this passage, which so explicitly inculcates deference to women, the sentiments of Lord Chesterfield. With a cynical humor he recommends his son outwardly to pay them great court and deference, on account of the power they undoubtedly wield in society; but inwardly to hold them in supreme contempt.

We may here remark, that the Norwegians generally treated their females with courtesy and respect; but then they required obedience, and obedience they would have, even by rougher modes than that by which Petruchio tamed Katharine. The peerless Gunnar boxed his wife's ears. Olaf Tryggvason did the same by Sigrid the Haughty: they both died for it. Sitric, son-in-law of Brian Boroihme, cuffed his Irish wife at the battle of Clontarf for her rude taunts about the flight of his countrymen; upon which the learned editor of the "Wars of the Gaedhill," etc., sarcastically remarks: "Such was the refinement of Scandinavian court manners at that time in Dublin." The provocation, however, was intolerable, and beyond the endurance of Norse flesh and blood. They had no Trollope to counsel them: "When a woman flings, fly!"

Having settled, then, the claims of the fair sex, our author proceeds to lay down rules for a polite bearing towards men. He will know how to say the right thing to the right man. His raillery (*gaman-yrdi*) should be fair and seemly. One branch of politeness, and a chief one, is to know when to use the plural and when the singular. This caution was by no means otiose; and to neglect it was to make a great hole in your manners.

Nigellus Wireker, in his picture of the manners of English students at Paris (about this time), points to certain bad habits they indulged in:—

*Fercula multiplicant et sine lege bibunt:
Washeil et drincheil, nec non persona secunda:
Hæec tria sunt vitia quæ comitantur eos.*

i.e. their faults were gluttony, boosing, and a haughty, insular, hail-fellow-well-met manner, which led them to "*tu toi*" the French.

The father proceeds:—

Good breeding consists also in the choice of your apparel, both in color and other respects; in knowing when it is proper to wear your cloak, or hat, or coif, and when to go without them.

LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 880

If the reader objects that these rules are puerile, Counsellor Manners and Chesterfield come to our rescue. The former pithily says to his son: "Let not thy beaver be made with a steeple crown, whilst the crowns of other men's hats are flat, lest they that meet thee take thee for a stalking antic, or an image broken loose from an old piece of arras."*

While my lord might have drawn his awkward fellow from the Icelandic text: "His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them. They are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches."

The salient features, nay, the finer *nuances*, of morality (*mœurs*) are next portrayed with much insight, though at times a slight confusion is made between it and politeness, between manners and morals.

There is a long and quaint episode on the fall, wherein Lucifer, turning "nithering" against his Lord, takes the shape of an asp. In those days this animal went on two legs, with body upright and the face of a woman, but with a tail behind.† And so ends our budget of extracts from "The Royal Mirror."

In an age of acknowledged licentiousness, and when an essentially base code of morals prevailed, especially among the higher classes, not a syllable of a lax or immoral tendency escapes the author. While an English nobleman of the eighteenth century, in his letters to his son, did not scruple to postpone morals to manners, sincerity to complaisance, we have here a father of the twelfth century, not less noble by birth, exalted in station, and polished in utterance, who, albeit he pillories awkwardness and vulgarity as keenly and mercilessly as the earl, never omits to extol morality and hold up virtue to admiration. Of women, though they are rarely mentioned, he always speaks with deference and never in disparagement; though a contemporary English writer, Neckam, did not scruple to call the fair "*fax Sathanæ*." Again, in the chapter of state affairs, there is nothing crooked and Machiavellian; all is simple and sincere. In his monarchical ideas there is nothing savoring of sycophancy and king-worship; no court holy-water descends upon the sovereign. If he com-

* Counsellor Manners, 15. Chesterfield, i. 21.

† Among the wall paintings in the chapter-house at Salisbury, dating, if we remember rightly, from 1158, there is none more curious than the "Temptation," where the figure of the asp in the text is repeated to the most minute detail.

mit faults, he must himself smart for it; no whipping-boy is at hand, no scapegoat to bear the penalty of his sins. Night and day, from his youth upward, he must give heed to his momentous duties. And, *per contra*, the writer is equally alive to what is required of the king's subjects. A genuine patriot, he is always deeply impressed with the importance of every Norwegian endeavoring in his own person, his dealings and behavior, to uphold the honor and fair name of his country. His motto is *Σπάρτην ἔλαχες ταύτην κοσμεῖ*.

A most chequered miscellany the work no doubt is, but miscellanies were the fashion of the time. Nay, this very diversity of subjects is clear gain as far as modern inquiry is concerned, though the work may suffer thereby in point of artistic unity, for to this kind of writing we owe so much of our knowledge of out-of-the-way facts, which would otherwise have been lost in oblivion. Most books in those days compassed all creation in their scope, or by way of illustration. Everything was grist that came to the author's literary mill. No historian of a country would think of commencing later than the siege of Troy; possibly he went further back still, and started *ab ovo Leda*. Every poetical effusion would be sure to embrace the deluge. Again, natural wonders were always a popular topic. Our own Robert of Gloucester, in his rhymed "Chronicle," the most ancient professed history in the English language, is also a wonder-monger. After telling us that the vicinity of Salisbury abounded in "wylde bestes" of the chace, and that the county of Lyncolne is celebrated for fairest men, he describes the waters of Bath, Stonehenge, and the Peak of Derbyshire.

With regard to our author's scientific knowledge, we have seen that it is by no means contemptible. Witness his inquiries into the cause of volcanoes and earthquakes, and say whether your Humboldts and Daubeney's have probed much deeper into the cause of the mysterious underground activities.

His modest conjectures in the domain of physical science do him much credit; if we consider that he lived in an age when astrology, the cabala, and the philosopher's stone were firmly believed in. Always sober-minded, he makes a point of weighing evidence before forming his conclusions, in the true spirit of a philosophical inquirer. If at times he indulges in the marvellous, gravely relating, on good authority, his tales of the Irish wehrwolf, of

the stick petrified at one end and remaining real wood at the other, of the islands of the dead and of the living, all he can say is he has taken very great pains to ascertain the truth, and he states exactly what he had heard.

His natural history, again, is a remarkable production, evincing a great deal of patient research, much of which, moreover, is partly corroborated by recent travellers.

In proof of our author's habit of independent thought we find him, counter to the opinion prevalent in the north, claiming the walrus for the seal tribe, rather than the cetacea; while our countryman Neckam glibly classes the hippopotamus among the fishes.

In describing "Greenland's icy mountains," what a grand opportunity he had for retailing such grotesque old fancies, as that snapped up by Rabelais: —

Those uncouth islands where words frozen
bee,
Till by the thawe next yeare they'r voic't
again.

But our author, on the contrary, prefers entering into an investigation whether Greenland is an island at all, and not rather part of a continent, regard being had to its fauna; which is in fact, a great *quæstio vexata* of modern science at this moment.

If our author moralizes too much, it was the plague of the day with which all his contemporaries were smitten. But, matched with them, he keeps quite within moderate bounds. Compare his references to the moon with Neckam's dissertation on the spots visible in that luminary, which drives off into the tale of the "man in the moon," and thence by an easy transition into the sin of our first parents.

We have been at pains to compare the writer of the "Mirror" with Neckam, for the two books of the latter — "*De Rerum Natura*," and "*Divina Sapientia*," — are like this work, a very miscellaneous farago, and afford a tolerable sample of the then habits and methods of thought in England.

Advancing further with our writer, his quaint pictures of court life, its dress and etiquette, its occupations and amusements; his elaborate description of armor offensive and defensive, aboard ship and ashore, form not the least interesting pages of the work. And it must be a source of regret that the original plan of depicting the life of the clergy and the peasants was not carried out.

From The Examiner.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "THE PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

LORD WILLOWBY guessed pretty accurately what had occurred. For a second or two his daughter sat down at the table, pale a little, silent, and nervously engaged in pulling a rose to pieces. Then she got up and proposed they should go into the drawing-room to have some tea. She led the way; but, just as she had gone through, Balfour put his hand on Lord Willowby's arm, and detained him.

At this juncture a properly-minded young man would have been meek and apologetic; would have sworn eternal gratitude in return for the priceless gift he was going to demand; would have made endless protestations as to the care with which he would guard that great treasure. But Mr. Hugh Balfour, M.P., was not very good at sentiment. Added to the cool judgment of a man of the world, he had a certain forbidding reserve about him which was, perhaps, derived from his Scotch descent; and he knew a great deal more about his future father-in-law than that astute person imagined.

"Lord Willowby," said he, "a word before we go in. You must have noticed my regard for your daughter; and you may have guessed what it might lead to. I presume it was not quite displeasing to you, or you would not have been so kind as to invite me here from time to time. Well, I owe you an apology for having spoken sooner than I intended to Lady Sylvia—I ought to have mentioned the matter to you first —"

"My dear fellow," said Lord Willowby, seizing his hand, while all the features of his face were suddenly contorted into what he doubtless meant as an expression of rapturous joy, "not another word! Of course she accepted you—her feelings for you have long been known to me—and my child's happiness I put before all other considerations. Balfour, you have got a good girl to be your wife; take care of her."

"I think you may trust me for that," was the simple answer.

They went into the room. Not a word was said; but Lord Willowby went over to his daughter, and patted her on the back, and kissed her: then she knew. A servant brought in some tea.

It was a memorable evening. The joy within the young man's heart had to find some outlet; and he talked then as no one had ever heard him talk before—not even his most intimate friend at Exeter, when they used to sit discoursing into the small hours of the morning. Lord Willowby could not readily understand a man's being earnest or eloquent except under the influence of wine; but Balfour scarcely ever drank wine. Why should he be so vehement? He was not much of an orator in the House; in society he was ordinarily cold and silent. Now, however, he had grown indignant over a single phrase they had stumbled against—"You can't make men moral by act of Parliament"—and the grey eyes under the heavy eyebrows had an intense earnestness in them as he denounced what he chose to call a pernicious lie.

"You *can* make men moral by act of Parliament—by the action of Parliament," he was insisting; and there was one there who listened with wrapt attention and faith, even when he was uttering the most preposterous paradoxes, or giving way to the most violent prejudice, "and the nation will have to answer for it that proceeds on any other belief. For what is morality but the perfect adjustment of the human organism to the actual conditions of life—the observance by the human being of those unchangeable, inexorable laws of the universe, to break which is death, physical or spiritual as the case may be? What have all the teachers who have taught mankind—from Moses in his day to Carlyle in ours—been insisting on but that? Moses was only a sort of divine vestryman; Carlyle has caught something of the poetry of the Hebrew prophets; but it is the same thing they say. There are the fixed immutable laws: death awaits the nation or the man who breaks them. Look at the lesson the world has just been reading. A liar, a perjurer, and traitor gets up in the night-time and cuts the throat of a nation. In the morning you find him wearing imperial robes; but if you looked you would find the skirts of them bespattered with the blood of the women and children he has had shot down in the street. Europe shudders a little, but goes on its way; it has forgotten that the moment a crime is committed its punishment is already meted out. And what does the nation do that has been robbed and insulted—that has seen those innocent women and children shot down that the mean ambition of a liar might be satisfied? It is quick to

forgiveness; for it finds itself tricked out in gay garments, and it has money put in its pocket, and it is bidden to dance and be merry. The *bourgeois* mind is instantly prostrated before the golden calf of commercial prosperity. Everything is to be condoned now; for life has become like a masked ball—and it does not matter what thieves and swindlers there may be in the crowd—so long as there is plenty of brilliant lights, and music, and wine. Lady Sylvia, do you know Alfred Rethel's *Der Tod als Feind*?—Death coming in to smite down the maskers and the music-makers at a revel? It does not matter much who or what is the instrument of vengeance; but the vengeance is sure. When France was paying her penalty—when the chariot-wheels of God were grinding exceedingly hard—she shrieked at her enemy, "You are only a pack of Huns!" Well, Attila was a Hun, a barbarian, probably a superstitious savage. I don't know what particular sort of fetish he may have worshipped—what blurred image or idol he had in his mind of him who is past finding out—but however rude or savage his notions were, he knew that the laws of God had been broken, and the time for vengeance had come. The scourge of God may be Attila or another: an epidemic that slays its thousands because a nation has not been cleanly—the lacerating of a mother's heart when in her carelessness she has let her child cut its finger with a knife. The penalty has to be paid; sometimes at the moment, sometimes long after; for the sins of the fathers are visited not only on their children, but on their children's children, and so on to the end, nature claiming her inexorable due. And when I go down to the slums I have been talking to you about, how dare I say that these wretched people, living in squalor and ignorance and misery, are only paying the penalty for their own mistakes and crimes? You look at their narrow, retreating, monkey-like forehead, the heavy and hideous jowl, the thick neck, and the furtive eye; you think of the foul air they have breathed from their infancy, of the bad water and unwholesome food they have consumed, of the dense ignorance in which they have been allowed to grow up; and how can you say that their immoral existence is anything but inevitable? I am talking about Westminster, Lord Willowby. From some parts of these slums you can see the towers of the Houses of Parliament, glittering in gilt, and looking very fine indeed. And

if I declared my belief that the immorality of these wretched people of the slums lay as much at the door of the Houses of Parliament as at their own door, I suppose people would say I was a rabid democrat, pandering to the passions of the poor to achieve some notoriety. But I believe it all the same. Wrong-doing—the breaking of the universal laws of existence—the subversion of those conditions which produce a settled, wholesome, orderly social life—is not necessarily personal; it may be national; it may have been continued through centuries, until the results have been so stamped into the character of the nation—or into the condition of a part of a nation—that they almost seem ineradicable. And so I say that you can, and do, make people moral, or immoral, by the action of Parliament. There is not an Education Bill, or a University Tests Bill, or an Industrial Dwellings Bill you pass which has not its effect, for good or ill, on the relations between the people of a country and those eternal laws of right which are forever demanding fulfilment. Without some such fixed belief, how could any man spend his life in tinkering away at these continual experiments in legislation? You would merely pass a vote trebling the police force; and have done with it."

Whether or not this vehement and violently prejudiced young man had quite convinced Lord Willowby, it was abundantly clear that he had long ago convinced himself. His eyes were "glowering," as the Scotch say; and he had forgotten all about the tea that Lady Sylvia herself had poured out and brought to him. The fact is, Lord Willowby had not paid much attention. He was thinking of something else. He perceived that the young man was in an emotional and enthusiastic mood; and he was wondering whether, in return for having just been presented with a wife, Mr. Hugh Balfour might not be induced to become a director of a certain company in which his lordship was interested, and which was sorely in need of help at that moment.

But Lady Sylvia was convinced. Here, indeed, was a confession of faith fit to come from the man whom she had just accepted as her husband. He had for the moment thrown off his customary garb of indifference or cynicism; he had revealed himself: he had spoken, with earnest voice and equally earnest eyes; and to her the words were as the words of one inspired.

"Have you any more water-color drawings to show me, Lady Sylvia?" he asked, suddenly.

A quick shade of surprise and disappointment passed over the calm and serious face. She knew why he had asked. He had imagined that these public affairs must be dull for her. He wished to speak to her about something more within her comprehension. She was hurt; and she walked a little proudly as she went to get the drawings.

"Here is the whole collection," said she, indifferently. "I don't remember which of them you saw before. I think I will bid you good-night now."

"I am afraid I have bored you terribly," said he as he rose.

"You cannot bore me with subjects in which I take so deep an interest," said she with some decision.

He took her hand, and bade her good-night. There was more in the look that passed between these two, than in a thousand effusive embraces.

"Now, Balfour," said his lordship, with unaccustomed gaiety, "what do you say to changing our coats, and having a cigar in the library? And a glass of grog?—a Scotchman ought to know something about whiskey. Besides, you don't win a wife every day."

It was Lord Willowby who looked and talked as if he had just won a wife as the two men went up-stairs to the library. He very rarely smoked, but on this occasion he lit a cigarette; and he said he envied Balfour his enjoyment of that wooden pipe. Would his guest try something hot? No? Then Lord Willowby stretched out his legs, and lay back in the easy-chair, apparently greatly contented with himself and the world.

When the servant had finally gone, his lordship said, —

"How well you talked to-night, Balfour. The flush—the elation, you know—of course a man talks better before his sweetheart than before the House of Commons. And if you and I, now, must speak of what you might call the—business side of your marriage,—well I suppose we need not be too technical or strict in our language. Let us be frank with each other, and friendly. I am glad you are going to marry my daughter, and so doubtless are you."

The young man said nothing at all. He was smoking his pipe. There was no longer any fire of indignation or earnestness in his eyes.

"You know I am a very poor man," his

lordship continued. "I can't give Sylvia anything."

"I don't expect it," said Balfour.

"On the other hand, you are a rich man. In such cases, you know, there is ordinarily a marriage settlement, and naturally, as Sylvia's guardian, I should expect you to give her out of your abundance. But then, Balfour," said his lordship with a gay air and a ferocious smile, "I was thinking—merely as a joke, you know—what a rich young fellow like yourself might do to produce an impression on a romantic girl. Marriage settlements are very prosaic things; they look rather like buying a wife; moreover, they have to mention contingencies which it is awkward for an unmarried girl to hear of. Wouldn't a girl be better pleased, now, if an envelope were placed on her dressing-room table the night before her marriage—the envelope containing a bank-note—say for 50,000*l.*? The mystery, the surprise, the delight—all these things would tell upon a girl's mind; and she would be glad she would not have to go to church an absolute beggar. Of course, that is merely a joke; but can't you imagine what the girl's face would be like when she opened the envelope?"

Balfour did not at all respond to his companion's gaiety. In the drawing-room below, he had betrayed an unusual enthusiasm of speech. What man in his circumstances could fail to show a natural elation? But if Lord Willowby had calculated on this elation interfering with Mr. Balfour's very sober habit of looking at business matters, he had made a decided mistake.

Balfour laid down his pipe, and put his outstretched hands on his knees.

"I don't know," said he, coolly, "whether you mean to suggest that I should do something of the sort you describe——"

"My dear fellow!" said Lord Willowby, with an air of protest. "It was only a fancy—a joke."

"Ah, I thought so," said Balfour. "I think it is better to treat money matters simply as money matters; romance has plenty of other things to deal with. And as regards a marriage settlement, of course I should let my lawyer arrange the whole affair."

"Oh, naturally: naturally," said his lordship, gaily; but he inwardly invoked a curse on the head of this mean-spirited Scotchman.

"You mentioned 50,000*l.*," continued the younger man, speaking slowly and

apparently with some indifference. "It is a big sum to demand all at once from my partners. But then, the fact is, I have never spent much money myself, and I have allowed them to absorb in the business a good deal of what I might otherwise have had; so that they are pretty deep in my debt. You see, I have inherited from my father a good deal of pride in our firm, though I don't know anything about its operations myself; and they have lately been extending the business both in Australia and China, and I have drawn only what I wanted for my yearly accounts. So I can easily have 50,000*l.* from them. That in a safe four per cent. investment would bring 2,000*l.* a year. Do you think Lady Sylvia would consider —"

"Sylvia is a mere child," her father said. "She knows nothing about such things."

"If you preferred it," said Balfour generously, "I will make it part of the settlement that the trustees shall invest that sum, subject to Lady Sylvia's directions."

Lord Willowby's face, that had been gradually resuming its sombre look, brightened up.

"I suppose you would act as one of the trustees?" said Balfour.

His lordship's face grew brighter still. It was quite eagerly that he cried out, —

"Oh, willingly, willingly. Sylvia would have every confidence in me naturally, and I should be delighted to be able to look after the interests of my child. You cannot tell what she has been to me. I have tended her every day of her life —"

["Except when you went knocking about all over Europe without her," thought Balfour.]

"I have devoted all my care to her —"

["Except what you gave to the Seven Per Cent. Investment Company," thought Balfour.]

"She would implicitly trust her affairs in my hands —"

["And prove herself a bigger fool than I take her to be," thought this mean-spirited Scotchman.]

Lord Willowby, indeed, seemed to wake up again. Two thousand pounds a year was ample pin-money. He had no sympathy with the extravagant habits of some women. And as Sylvia's natural guardian, it would be his business to advise her as to the proper investment.

"My dear lord," cried Balfour, quite cheerfully, "there won't be the slightest trouble about that. For, of course, I shall be the other trustee."

The light on Lord Willowby's worn and

sunken face suddenly vanished. But he remained very polite to his future son-in-law, and he even lit another cigarette to keep him company.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISLEADING LIGHTS.

THE two or three days Balfour now spent at Willowby Hall formed a beautiful idle, idyllic period not soon to be forgotten either by him or by the tender-natured girl to whom he had just become engaged. Lord Willowby left them pretty much to themselves. They rode over the great dark heath, startling the rabbits; or drove along the wooded lanes, under shelter of the elms and limes; or walked through the long grass and buttercups of the park; or, in the evening, paced up and down that stone terrace, waiting for the first notes of the nightingale. It was a time for glad and wistful dreams, for tender self-confessions, and — what is more to the purpose — for the formation of perfectly ridiculous estimates of each other's character, tastes, and habits. This man, for example, who was naturally somewhat severe and exacting in his judgments, who was implacable in his contempt for meanness, hypocrisy, and pretence, and who was just a trifle too bitter and plain-spoken in expressing that contempt, had now grown wonderfully considerate to all human frailties, gentle in judgment, and good-natured in speech. He did not at all consider it necessary to tell her what he thought of her father. His fierce virtue did not prevent his promising to dine with her uncle. And he did not fancy that he himself was guilty of any gross hypocrisy in pretending to be immensely interested in the feeding of pigeons, the weeding of flower-beds, the records of local cricket matches, and the forthcoming visit of the bishop.

During those pleasant days they had talked, as lovers will, of the necessity of absolute confidence between sweetheart and sweetheart, between husband and wife. To guard against the sad misunderstandings of life, they would always be explicitly frank with each other, whatever happened. But then, if you had reproached Balfour with concealing from his betrothed his opinion of certain of her relations, he would probably have demanded in his turn what absolute confidence was? Would life be tolerable if everything were to be spoken? A man comes home in the evening; he has lost his lawsuit — things have been bad in the city — perhaps he has been walking all

day in a pair of tight boots : anyhow, he is tired, irritable, impatient. His wife meets him, and, before letting him sit down for a moment, will hurry him off to the nursery to show him the wonderful drawings Adolphus has drawn on the wall. If he is absolutely frank he will exclaim, "Oh, get away! You and your children are a thorough nuisance!" That would be frankness: absolute confidence could go no further. But the husband is not such a fool — he is not so selfishly cruel — as to say anything of the kind. He goes off to get another pair of shoes; he sits down to dinner — perhaps a trifle silent; but by-and-by he recovers his equanimity, he begins to look at the brighter side of things, and is presently heard to declare that he is quite sure that boy has something of the artist in him, and that it is no wonder his mother takes such a pride in him, for he is the most intelligent child, etc.

Moreover, it was natural in the circumstances for Balfour to be unusually gentle and conciliatory. He was proud and pleased; it would have been strange if this new sense of happiness had not made him a little generous in his judgments of others. He was not consciously acting a part; but then every young man must necessarily wish to make himself something of a hero in the eyes of his betrothed. Nor was she consciously acting a part when she impressed on him the conviction that all her aspirations and ambitious were connected with public life. Each was trying to please the other; and each was apt to see in the other what he and she desired to see there. To put the case in as short a form as may be: here was a girl whose whole nature was steeped in Tennyson, and here was a young man who had a profound belief in Thackeray. But when, under the shadow of the great elms, in the stillness of these summer days, he read to her passages from "Maud," he declared that existence had nothing further to give than that; while she, for her part, was eager to have him tell her of the squabbles and intrigues of Parliamentary life, and expressed her settled conviction that "Vanity Fair" was the cleverest book in the whole world.

On the morning of the day on which he was to leave, he brought down to the breakfast-room a newspaper. He laughed as he handed it to her.

This was a copy of the *Ballinascreen Sentinel*, which contained not only an account of the interview between Mr. Balfour, M.P., and a deputation from his constituents, but also a leading article on

that event. The *Ballinascreen Sentinel* waxed eloquent over the matter. The member for Ballinascreen was "a renegade Scotchman, whose countrymen were ashamed to send him to Parliament, and who had had the audacity to accept the representation of an Irish borough, which had been grossly betrayed and insulted as the reward for its mistaken generosity." There was a good deal more of the same sort of thing; it had not much novelty for Mr. Balfour.

But it was new to Lady Sylvia. It was with flashing eyes and a crimsoned cheek that she rose, and carried the newspaper to her father, who was standing at the window. Lord Willowby merely looked down the column, and smiled.

"Balfour is accustomed to it," said he.

"But is it fair — is it sufferable," she said, with that hot indignation still in her face, "that any one should have to grow accustomed to such treatment? Is this the reward in store for a man who spends his life in the public service? The writer of that shameful attack ought to be prosecuted; he ought to be fined and imprisoned; if I were a man, I would horsewhip him, and I am sure he would run away fast enough!"

"Oh, no! Lady Sylvia," said Balfour, though his heart warmed to the girl for that generous espousal of his cause. "You must remember that he is smarting under the wrongs of Ireland, or rather the wrongs of Ballinascreen. I dare say, if I were a leading man in a borough, I should not like to have the member representing the borough simply making a fool of it. I can see the joke of the situation, although I am a Scotchman; but you can't expect the people in the borough to see it. And if my friend the editor uses warm language, you see that is how he earns his bread. I have no doubt he is a very good sort of fellow. I have no doubt, when they kick me out of Ballinascreen, and if I can get in for some other place, I shall meet him down at Westminster, and he will have no hesitation at all in asking me to help to get his son the governorship of Timbuctoo, or some such post."

Was not this generous, she said to herself? He might have exacted damages from this poor man. Perhaps he might have had him imprisoned, and sent to the treadmill. But no. There was no malice in his nature, no anxious vanity, no sentiment of revenge. Lady Sylvia's was not the only case in which it might have been remarked that the most ordinary qualities of prudence or indifference exhibited by a

young man become, in the eyes of the young man's sweetheart, proof of a forbearance, a charity, a goodness altogether heroic and sublime.

Her mother having died when she was a mere child, Lady Sylvia had known scarcely any grief more serious than the loss of a pet canary, or the withering of a favorite flower. Her father professed an elaborate phraseological love for her, and he was undoubtedly fond of his only child; but he also dearly liked his personal liberty, and he had from her earliest years accustomed her to bid him good-by without much display of emotion on either side. But now, on this morning, a strange heaviness of heart possessed her. She looked forward to that drive to the station with a dull sense of foreboding; she thought of herself coming back alone—for her father was going up to town with Balfour—and for the first time in her life the solitude of the hall seemed to her something she could not bear.

"Sylvia," said her father, when they had all got into the wagonette, "you don't look very bright this morning."

She started—and flushed with an anxious shame. She hoped they would not think she was cast down merely because she was going to bid good-by to Mr. Balfour for a few days. Would they not meet on the following Wednesday at her uncle's?

So, as they drove over to the station, the girl was quite unusually gay and cheerful. She was no longer the serious Syllabus whom her cousin Johnny used to tease into petulance. Balfour was glad to see her looking so bright; doubtless the drive through the sweet, fresh air had raised her spirits.

And she was equally cheerful in the station; for she did not cease to say to herself, "*Keep up, now, keep up. It is only five minutes now. And oh! if he were to see me cry—the least bit—I should die of shame.*"

"Sylvia," said he, when they happened to be alone for a moment, "I suppose I may write to you."

"Yes," said she, timidly.

"How often?"

"I—I don't know," said she, looking down.

"Would it bother you if you had a letter every morning?"

"Oh," she said, "you could never spare time to write to me so often as that. I know how busy you must be. You must not let me interfere in any way, now or at

any time, with your real work. You must promise that to me."

"I will promise this to you," said he, taking her hand to bid her good-by, "that my relations with you shall never interfere with my duties towards the honorable and independent electors of Ballinascreen. Will that do?"

The train came up. She dared not raise her eyes to his face as she shook hands with him. Her heart was beating hurriedly.

She conquered, nevertheless. There were several people about the station who knew Lord Willowby's daughter; and as she was rather a distinguished person in that neighborhood, and as she was pretty and prettily dressed, she attracted a good deal of notice. But what did they see? Only Lady Sylvia bidding good-by to her papa, and to a gentleman who had doubtless been his guest; and there was nothing but a bright and friendly smile in her face as she looked after that particular carriage in the receding train.

But there was no smile at all in her face as she was being driven back through the still and wooded country to the empty hall. The large, tender, dark-grey eyes were full of trouble and anxious memories; her heart was heavy within her. It was her first sorrow; and there was something new, alarming, awful about it. This sense of loneliness—of being left—of having her heart yearning after something that had gone away—was a new experience altogether, and it brought with it strange tremors of unrest and unreasoning anxiety.

She had often read in books that the best cure for care was hard work; and as soon as she got back to the hall she set busily about the fulfilment of her daily duties. She found, however, but little relief. The calm of mind and of occupation had fled from her. She was agitated by all manner of thoughts, fancies, surmises, that would not let her be in peace.

That letter of the next morning, for example; she would have to answer it. But how? She went to her own little sitting-room, and securely locked the door, and sat down to her desk. She stared at the blank paper for several minutes before she dared to place anything on it; and it was with a trembling hand that she traced out the words, "*Dear Mr. Balfour.*" Then she pondered for a long time on what she should say to him—a difficult matter to decide, seeing she had not as yet received the letter which she wished to answer.

She wrote, "*My Dear Mr. Balfour*;" and looked at that. Then she wrote, with her hand trembling more than ever, "*Dear H —*," but she got no further than that, for some flush of color mounted to her face, and she suddenly resolved to go and see the head-gardener about the new geraniums. Before leaving the room, however, she tore up the sheet of paper into very small pieces.

Now the head-gardener was a soured and disappointed man. The whole place, he considered, was starved; such flowers as he had nobody came to see; while Lord Willowby had an amazingly accurate notion of the amount which the sale of the fruit of each year ought to bring. He was curt of speech, and resented interference. On this occasion, moreover, he was in an ill-humor. But to his intense surprise his young mistress was not to be beaten off by short answers. Was her ladyship in an ill-humor too? Anyhow, she very quickly brought him to his senses; and one good issue of that day's worry was that old Blake was a great deal more civil to Lady Sylvia ever after.

"You know, Blake," said she, firmly, "you Yorkshire people are said to be a little too sharp with your tongue sometimes."

"I do not know, my lady," said the old man with great exasperation, "why the people will go on saying I am from Yorkshire. If I have lived in a stable I am not a hoarse. I am sure I have telled your ladyship I was boarn in Dumfries."

"Indeed you have, Blake," said Lady Sylvia, with a singular change of manner. "Really I had quite forgotten. I think you said you left Scotland when you were a lad; but of course you claim to be Scotch. That is quite right."

She had become very friendly. She sate down on some wooden steps beside him, and regarded his work with quite a new interest.

"It is a fine country, is it not?" said she, in a conciliatory tone.

"We had better crops where I was born than ye get about the sandy wastes here," said the old man, gruffly.

"I did not mean that quite," said Lady Sylvia, patiently, "I meant that the country generally was a noble country—its magnificent mountains and valleys, its beautiful lakes, and islands, you know."

Blake shrugged his shoulders. Scenery was for fine ladies to talk about.

"Then the character of the people," said Lady Sylvia, nothing daunted, "has always been so noble and independent.

Look how they have fought for their liberties, civil and religious. Look at their enterprise—they are to be found all over the globe—the first pioneers of civilization —"

"Ay, and it isn't much that some of them make by it," said Blake, sulkily; for this pioneer certainly considered that he had been hardly used in these alien and unenlightened regions.

"I don't wonder, Blake," said Lady Sylvia, in a kindly way, "that you should be proud of being a Scotchman. Of course, you know all about the Covenanters."

"Ay, your ladyship," said Blake, still going on with his work.

"I dare say you know," said Lady Sylvia, more timidly, "that one of the most unflinching of them—one of the grandest figures in that fight for freedom of worship—was called Balfour."

She blushed as she pronounced the name; but Blake was busy with his plants.

"Ay, your ladyship. I wonder whether that man is ever going to send the wire-netting."

"I will take care you shall have it at once," said Lady Sylvia, as she rose and went to the door. "If we don't have it by to-morrow night, I will send to London for it. Good morning, Blake."

Blake grunted out something in reply, and was glad to be left to his own meditations. But even this shrewd semi-Scotchman semi-Yorkshireman could not make out why his mistress, after showing a bit of a temper, and undoubtedly getting the better of him, should so suddenly have become friendly and conciliatory. And what could her ladyship mean by coming and talking to her gardener about the Covenanters?

That first day of absence was a lonely and miserable day for Lady Sylvia. She spent the best part of the afternoon in her father's library, hunting out the lives of great statesmen, and anxiously trying to discover particulars about the wives of those distinguished men—how they qualified themselves for the fulfilment of their serious duties, how they best forwarded their husbands' interests, and so forth, and so forth. But somehow, in the evening, other fancies beset her. The time that Balfour had spent at Willowby Hall had been very pleasant for her; and as her real nature asserted itself, she began to wish that that time could have lasted forever. That would have been a more delightful prospect for her than the anxieties of a public life. Nay, more; as this feeling

deepened she began to look on the conditions of public life as so many rivals that had already inflicted on her this first miserable day of existence by robbing her of her lover. She began to lose her enthusiasm about grateful constituencies, triumphant majorities carrying great measures through every stage, the national thanksgiving awarded to the wearied statesman. It may seem absurd to say that a girl of eighteen should begin to harbor a feeling of bitter jealousy against the British House of Commons, but stranger things than that have happened in the history of the human heart.

From The Spectator.

THE JAPANESE NEW YEAR.

Yedo, January 9, 1877.

IT may not be generally known in England that of the many and great changes which the influx of Western civilization into Japan has made in the manners and customs of the Japanese, not the least in magnitude or importance is the revolution in the calendar, by which the Western method of computing time has been adopted in its entirety. And the Japanese, so often styled the "French of the East," in nothing more justify the title than in the prominence they give to the festival of the New Year's Day, which is now, as with us, the 1st of January. And indeed, Yedo becomes a pretty sight, when decorated in holiday attire, to usher the new year in. A people in whom a natural taste for decorative art is perhaps more developed than anywhere else in the world, throw all their energies into the task of dressing up their city with evergreen. Rich and poor alike have the taste, and all do something. Before the poorest house will be planted a couple of stalks of the omnipotent bamboo, which, having furnished our houses, nay, almost built them, clothed us, and to a small extent, even fed us, throughout the old year, now lends its delicate leaf, and the graceful pliancy of its stem, to help the city to be gay in welcoming in the new. A street in Yedo this day looks like an avenue of bamboos. But much greater things than this can be done by the more prosperous citizen. Here the bamboo is only used to be bent into the framework of arches, and every other kind of device, and then covered with green leaves, with small oranges at intervals, thus supplying by art the absence of England's holly, with its natural

contrast of red and green. And then the climate of Japan peculiarly lends itself to festivities at this season. With the exception of one slight fall of snow, we have had the most glorious weather for many weeks, and the snow itself did not arrive until the new year had fairly begun with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine.

If the city is so pretty, it would be natural to suppose that the people would themselves appear in their best attire. And this also is well worth seeing, and worthy of some admiration, as far as the native dresses go. Groups of men and girls are scattered about the streets, playing, with no great skill, it must be confessed, the game of battledore and shuttlecock, a favorite pastime of the Japanese, who play this game as a game of forfeits, wherein the unlucky swain who drops the shuttlecock must submit to have a big streak of black paint drawn across his face by one of the competitors of the other sex, who in this game generally seem to get the best of it, and take huge delight in the infliction of the forfeit. The girls have on their gayest *kimono* or silk robe, which is often very tastefully decorated, and their best wooden sandals, which are generally lacquered. This attire, and a liberal allowance of powder to whiten the neck, which is left bare by the kimono, and rouge to color up the lips and cheeks, often enable the Japanese girl to put in an appearance, wanting in natural charms, but artistically a success. But when we come to the European costumes, then no pen but the pen of Dickens could do justice to the subject. For on this day everybody calls on everybody else, and the mikado holds a great reception for his ministers; and the correct dress to be worn by all not actually entitled to a uniform is simply European evening dress, surmounted by a tall hat. Surely such hats have never been seen elsewhere. For so long as anything is worn which has once been a tall hat, it does not matter what is its present condition, and such trifles as the fact that it has been persistently brushed the wrong way, or sat upon a few times, are beneath the notice of the statesman whose head it adorns. Nor do the dress-suits fail to come up to the same high standard. A pair of inexpressibles that once were black, made on a plan past mortal ken, so wonderfully tight and short are they, have their commencement about an inch above the tops of a pair of lady's boots. How these have been wriggled into no man shall say; the feat has been performed once more in safety, and the

risk has not to be run again until the next new year. But who can blame inexpressibles for being too high at the bottom, when they are so much too low at the top? It must surely be the fault of the waistcoat, of which the other garments are innocent, that there is a broad stratum of shirt between the two; and it is creditable to all concerned that the stratum aforesaid should have been clean no longer ago than the last time it was worn, last New Year's Day. But a dress-suit, even when tastefully constructed of good alpaca, is hardly warm enough for January. We need a comforter, and what so effectual in this capacity as a nice large rough bath-towel? Picture the Japanese *yakunin* complete; his costume, as above surmounted by the remains of his tall hat, delicately balanced on his ears, himself in a *jinriksha*, or mounted on a donkey; and compare this with the graceful, flowing robes of elegant materials worn by his fathers, and all will agree that in the matter of the change of costume, Japan has been most ill-advised.

On the 1st, his Majesty the mikado receives ministers, and on the 2nd there is a general reception of foreigners in the employ of the government, to which certain of the foreign *employés* are invited from each department, the question as to who is to go and who not, being decided arbitrarily by the Japanese in a way which I am informed causes much discontent in some quarters. The presentation on this day consists in waiting the ordinary time that always has to be so spent on such occasions, and then you are admitted to bow to the emperor, who does not return any of the salutations.

Festivities have not been limited to the Japanese of Yedo. Sir Harry and Lady Parkes have well supported the name of English hospitality, and the legation has night after night been gay with guests within and pretty with lanterns without. On the evening of the 6th there was a brilliant gathering of Japanese and foreign ministers and families at the English legation, who were entertained with a Christmas-tree and other festivities. The scene was peculiarly attractive, owing to the presence of a number of Japanese ladies of high rank, whose costumes were an object of great interest and admiration on the part of the foreigners of the softer sex. One lady in particular, the wife of his Excellency the prime minister, was so very splendidly dressed as to experience some difficulty in locomotion; and I think Sir Harry, on whose arm she entered the ball-room, must have felt a touch of relief

when she was safely seated without mishap. Japanese ladies do not wear jewelry, such ornaments as ear-rings are thought barbarous in Japan, but their full-dress costumes of the most magnificent brocades seem to gain rather than lose lustre from the absence of jewels.

To-day the celebrations may be said to have been brought to a close by the ceremony of the reopening and inspection of the Imperial Naval College by his Majesty the mikado. This is an annual affair, and is always performed by the emperor in person. All yesterday was spent in busy preparations, the entrances to the college being decorated, and the walls of the interior hung with drawings and maps. The "Sei-yo-ken" (Foreign House) hotel was also trimmed with evergreen and flags. At eight o'clock this morning, officers of high rank in the Japanese navy assembled in great force to await the coming of the emperor, and of course the English naval mission, in whose hands the actual work of the college lies, were present in their full strength. Waiting in a dress-suit outside a college gate for half an hour or more, with a hard frost on the ground and a keen wind blowing, is chilly work, even under a Japanese sun and cloudless sky; but even this must come to an end at last, and the mikado arrived at about nine o'clock, and proceeded at once to the principal reception-room of the college. Here the officers and instructors of the college and the school attached were presented in due course to his Majesty, after which the foreign ministers arrived, and the proper civilities having been exchanged, the royal party adjourned to inspect the cadets working the heavy guns in the gun-shed of the college, a fine solid wooden building, mounting five seven-inch muzzle-loading rifled guns, of seven tons' weight and Armstrong design, similar to those in use in the British service. These guns were handled by mere boys in a style which spoke volumes for the care and skill of their instructors, as well as for the diligence of the pupils, the excellence of both the broadside and the detached firing leaving no room for fair criticism. When the drill with blank-cartridge was over, his Majesty adjourned to a pavilion outside, to witness the practice with shells at a target moored fifteen hundred yards out to sea. This practice was the weak part of the day's proceedings, for the fuzes of the shells were of Japanese manufacture and pattern, and so much too sensitive that every shell burst almost at the muzzle. But the day, which included a drill of the training-ship,

was a most unequivocal success, and Japan may well congratulate herself on having so quickly acquired a large body of officers as well trained and as effective as these cadets showed themselves to be to-day. This training-ship, by the way, was once in the British service, whence it was purchased by the Japanese government. In England she was known as the "Beagle," a name rendered famous by association with that of Darwin. This inspection may be said to have concluded the festivities of the new year, as to-morrow the mikado leaves Yedo, *en route* for the western capital. This means that the new year is fairly started on its way; the emperor now leaves it to take care of itself.

From The Examiner.

PIANIST AND MARTYR.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, did she practise many hours a day? Did she train her fingers gymnastically with scales and shakes and exercises on five notes; and did she plod through the bars of toilsome fantasias, repeating them through weeks, a dozen times together, until at last the patient process had achieved the crown of success, and she could take the allegros, and for the matter of that the andantes too, at a fast prestissimo? And did she have next-door neighbors?

In our days there are many maidens, young and doubtless heavenly, who are perseveringly flattening their finger-tips with a view to becoming musical. They pursue their art of measured sounds ascetically, not to gratify a taste but to perform a duty. Left to their own instinctive aspirations, they would have been as likely to wish to learn bricklaying as instrumental music, but they, or their parents for them, know the moral proprieties, and therefore they set themselves to fulfil one of the chief purposes to which nature has destined them and acquire the womanly virtue of playing the piano. The better the girl the longer she practises. Miss Goodenough just passes muster with an hour a day. Miss Well-Bred takes rank as a pattern young lady with three, but Miss Nonesuch with five establishes her reputation as a glory and hope of her sex. The present writer has known two Miss Nonesuches whose merit was quoted in each case as immeasurably enhanced by the fact that the persevering votary of this "forceful art" was deficient in ear for

music, and had no taste for it. One of them succeeded and became, for an amateur, quite a dexterous pianist, particularly neat in her fingering; the other, perverted by inclinations for drawing and for croquet, fell away after only two years' diligence, and by that instability lost more than all the ground she had gained during her period of melodious Juggernautism. It was absurd of her to plead that her two years' hard work had not enabled her to play any one of her "pieces" correctly and in time; if she played so badly there was all the more need for practising.

Putting aside any recollection of personal sufferings of our own, of chromatic ascensions next door of which each note seemed hammered into our aching heads, of *bluettes*, and *pensées*, and rains of pearls and roses and stars and all things droppable and drippable on the piano, setting our brains in a watery whirl as we painfully try to write or read and not to hear, of glib perpetual waltzes and too familiar "short tunes and long tunes" forcing themselves, like old acquaintances defiant of "not-at-homes," through our unwilling ears and churning on inside our heads when we want to write our epic or our recondite treatise on political economy—putting aside all subjective considerations, we must needs revere these martyrs to duty who are to be found in every English home and swarm next door. What they do they do because it is right. They do not know why they ought to give a large part of their young lives to a protracted attempt at mastering a craft which requires a rare and special talent not belonging to them, they only know that it is their vocation. Like Tennyson's linnet they do but sing because they must; but theirs is not the linnet's unreasoning self-indulgent *must*, it is the *must* of the civilized being, obedient to conscience and with a conscience obedient to public opinion. The taunt sometimes levelled at them that they seek and value musical acquirements as a means of winning a husband, is one which, in nineteen cases out of twenty at the least, is undeserved. Girls who consciously go to work to get married know very well that a well-placed sigh is worth fifty sonatas and that no amount of major and minor prestidigitation can win a triumph over the rival who, though a dunce at the music-book, is an expert in smiles and dropped eyelids; and the other girls, who, taking their lives as they find them, shut their eyes and see what chance will send them, simply accept their music, like their lace-embroidery, as a part of woman's mission

to anybody or nobody. The patent fact that so many women "leave off music" after their marriage is no proof of their skill or no-skill having been attained with ulterior motives: other duties arise and multiply, life has become too hurried and too full of much small business for piano-playing as a duty, and it has never been, like the craft of the true musician, a necessity of nature — very likely not even a recreation.

Then, in spite of the theory that the reason the use of the piano ought to be a principal part of a girl's education is that she may be qualified to make a husband's home happy, most men rather dislike *tête à tête* musical entertainments where the wife is the solitary performer. They are sleepy, or they are studious, or they want to go away and smoke, or they are critical connoisseurs and do not like the domestic average, or they like the barrel-organ's cheerful and compendious tunes and are worried at the effort of conscious listening required to follow the melody as their divine Cecilia goes on "adding length to solemn sounds." If the husband can sing at all it is another matter, he wants his wife to accompany him, he votes himself musical, the pair practise together. But the majority of husbands do not sing.

The proper and charitable feeling when one hears of a woman who before marriage gave up her time largely to practising "leaving off music" after marriage is that of pity for her that she ever was constrained to begin it, or — for perhaps, on the principle that you cannot tell if you can play the flute till you have tried, and to train the ear to some intelligent and pleasurable appreciation of harmony, a rudimentary musical education should be given to all children — the pity for her should only extend to her having been constrained to labor on at an uncongenial and utterly useless occupation. No person in whom any particle of the divine faculty of music had life could, after having attained a mastery over the mechanical difficulties of instrumentation and after having made its exercise a daily habit for years, renounce the habit and forego the mastery. If music had not been alien to the nature, it must have become a second nature. Of course this does not mean that there was a dislike to hearing music, any more than that the absence of the painter's temperament involves a dislike to seeing pictures, but simply that the gifts and predisposition which go to make the musician were wanting, as the soil and climate for azaleas

are wanting on Norway hills. In fact the enjoyment of rhythmic sounds is so universal to mankind that, as a general rule, the last thing an unmusical man suspects about himself is that he is unmusical. Once one of the most excruciating and disunited of itinerant bands conceivable out of Hades was jerking through a popular set of quadrilles in a variety of keys and times, when a benevolent and cheerful auditor said to a silent sufferer pacing his garden with him, "Do you like music?" "Yes," was the answer of course, — who would own to being the man that has not music in his soul? — but the "yes" was languid and slow, for the noise the itinerants were making bore the generic name of music, and the thought had arisen, as it must have often arisen to most people, that the tuneful art gives too much pain for too rare a pleasure. "So do I; I delight in it," was the hearty reply, "I do enjoy this now. In fact I am so fond of music that there is no sort I don't enjoy. It gives me the greatest pleasure to hear even a common barrel-organ." Many respectable persons wholly without ear think they are fond of music, on much the same grounds. Some of them regret that they never learned music; some of them have learned it. Only the latter are objectionable in society.

It is a decided alleviation to party-goers in general, and probably to most of the martyrs to music themselves, that the barbarous custom of making oppressed young ladies bestow their vocal or instrumental tediousness on the oppressed company has gone far towards disappearing. The poor girls, called on to air their abilities before a roomful of strangers and indifferent or even hostile acquaintances, and aware from the comments themselves and their intimates pass on the performances of other girls and the manner in which they listen to them that they will have more critics than hearers and that criticism will chiefly mean censure, fall far short of their best where their best would not qualify them to take the places of fourth-rate professionals at public concerts. They have spent weary hours in practising up the song or the nocturne that was to earn the enthusiasm of the enchanted assemblage, and only mortification is the result; the compliments are forced and cold, and the thank-yous that echo the concluding chords are at least as likely to represent gratitude that the process is over as delight in its having taken place. Of the audience, those who understand music have

wished they were hearing better, and those who wanted to talk have wished they were hearing none.

If a girl plays fairly well, or sings even but a little, her accomplishment may give real pleasure in the home circle, especially if her brothers and sisters are musical too. The young people get up duets and trios and choruses together, fearless of difficulties, and each too self-intent to be unkindly critical of the others; the elders listen in their easy-chairs, and if they do not exactly think their geese all swans, feel that such cheery melodious geese as theirs are pleasanter to hear than any swans in the world.

And yet are even these family evenings made wiser and merrier with well-timed music always worth the cost? Think of the hours and hours of practising. Think of the next-door neighbors.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
A CHINESE STATESMAN.

A RECENT mail from China brought an account of the funeral in Manchuria of a statesman who for the last sixteen years has taken a leading part in the administration of foreign affairs at Peking. Wǎn Seang, as his name testifies, was a Manchoo by birth. At an early age he gained literary honors at the Chinese examinations, and shortly afterwards accepted office under the government. His promotion was as rapid as his abilities were great, and in 1860 we find him a vice-president of the board of revenue and a trusted adviser of Prince Kung. Though a man of a liberal turn of mind, he was a thorough Chinaman, and at the outset was not free from some of the prejudices of his adopted countrymen against foreigners, nor from the contempt for them which the history of their early commercial intercourse with China was perhaps sufficient to justify, and which was at all events universally shared in by the official classes. One of the first questions of international interest on which, on the approach of the allies to Peking, he was called upon to advise was the fate of the prisoners taken at Tung Chow. "Shall we behead them or send them back?" was the question discussed between himself and Prince Kung. Fortunately the latter course was finally adopted, and months afterwards Wǎn Seang had many long conversations with one of those whose life he at this time helped to prolong.

After the conclusion of the treaties, Wǎn Seang was appointed one of the commissioners of foreign affairs at the Tsung-le-Yamun, and in his intercourse with the foreign ambassadors he gained their esteem by his invariable courtesy and by the comprehensive grasp of his intellect. In all matters relating to foreign trade he displayed a remarkable clearness of perception, and was never tired of studying the systems of political economy practised in Europe; but he by no means accepted without question the statements laid before him. He fully recognized the advantages to be derived from such innovations as railways, telegraphs, etc., but he held that their introduction would have then been surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. At a later period of his career he still maintained this opinion, and in a conversation with Sir Rutherford Alcock on the revision of the treaty in 1869 he said, in reply to a proposal that the coal mines should be worked by foreign capital and machinery, "You want us to move too fast. We have had some bitter experience already of what comes of it. We were urged—I don't care to say how or by whom, for the thing is done, and I wish to blame no one—to engage in large works for an arsenal and docks at Foochow, and we have only burned our fingers. Nor is this the first or only lesson we have had of the same kind." ("And here it is impossible not to see he had the Lay-Osborn fleet in his mind," adds Sir Rutherford Alcock.) "It would be the same," he continued, "with railroads and mines and all the rest. We are not ready yet for such great innovations—or improvements, if you will. We are not prepared, and cannot handle with safety all the conditions. Nothing but loss and humiliations and danger could come of our attempts. The time for these things may come no doubt, as you desire; but not yet. We cannot move as fast as you would have us, nor at all in some directions, without manifest loss and danger." These are the words of one of the ablest and most enlightened Chinese statesmen of modern times, of one who was thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the country and who was free from all ignorant bias against foreigners. They are words also of sound practical common sense, and may be studied with advantage by those foreigners who are ever trying to goad China into rash enterprises.

To return to the year 1861. On the death of the emperor Heenfung, Wǎn Seang

took a prominent part in the *coup d'état* which wrested the government of the country out of the hands of the dissolute advisers of the deceased emperor and vested it in the dowager-empress and Prince Kung. This event secured to him his post at the Tsung-le Yamun, and in that position he consistently used his influence to promote cordiality between his government and those of foreign countries. As an instance of his sense of the value of international courtesy, it may be mentioned that on receiving the announcement of the death of the prince consort he at once went dressed in mourning and, as is usual on the death of an imperial personage, without his button and peacock's feather, to offer his condolences to Sir Frederick Bruce, who was at that time the English minister at Peking. His sympathies probably went out less towards Russia than to any foreign country. "Russia," he once observed in conversation with Mr. Hart, the inspector-general of customs, "is a large country, but it is not large enough for them. They came last year (1860) and took that," pointing on a map to the Amoor territory, "from us."

In all the later "burning questions" which have since agitated foreign politics in China he took an active part, and while never separating himself from his colleagues he always threw his weight into the scale of reason and moderation. Failing health compelled him to absent himself more and more frequently from the deliberations consequent on the murder of Mr. Margary, and his last recorded opinion was his dissent from the pronounced pro-foreign opinions of Kwo Sung-taou, the ambassador who has just arrived in London. This fact gives rise to an interesting question. If Wán Seang, who was a leading member of the liberal party in the cabinet, disapproved of Kwo's advanced views, whom may the ambassador be said to represent? Certainly not the government, certainly not the literati, nor, as far as we know, the people. Wán Seang did not live to see the Chefoo Convention signed, but died full of years on the 26th of May last. On his death posthumous honors were heaped upon him by the emperor, and imperial orders were issued that the arrangement of his funeral should be such as befitted that of so old and faithful a servant of the crown. These instructions we now learn have been carried out, and the funeral procession as it recently arrived at Moukden is described as having been surrounded with every insignia of official pomp. Following the

custom of his countrymen, his bones will be laid by those of his forefathers in Manchuria, far from the scenes of his official duties and political triumphs.

From Good Words.

BEES AND BEE-KEEPING.

WHAT a never-ending source of delight and interest to the little ones are the bees! Bright eyes and chubby arms are perfectly fearless of the anger of their little friends, and chuckle with glee as they lay their hands at the entrance for the busy army to run over, well knowing the bees are great respecters of courage in their friends, and rarely is confidence on either side abused. The whole atmosphere is now redolent with sweet perfume of mignonette, and gay with the azure blooms of borage sown for the bees. Let us see the "bee-master," quaint, old-fashioned title, a relic of the olden times, investigate the economy of his colonies; with the protection only of a light gauze veil, pendent from the brim of a straw hat, but with hands uncovered, he calmly, steadily, and fearlessly removes the crown board or cover of the hive he wishes to inspect. Most people would expect to see the inhabitants rush out in a body and attack the bold disturber; but the fact is, they do nothing of the kind, a few impetuously take wing and perhaps alight on the hands of their master; but do they sting him? No! the practised hand remains quiet, unmoved and unharmed, many more bees come tumbling like a boiling mass over the sides of the uncovered hive, apparently seeking to know why their privacy has been so unceremoniously intruded on; and having satisfied their curiosity, back they go, to rejoin their forty thousand companions within. Whereupon, with a steady, unflinching movement, and great care that no hurt shall come to any of the bees, the fingers now enter the hive and grasp the two ends of a frame filled with comb and covered with bees, many of whom will run over the hands as harmless as flies, and very much tamer: few bees offer to fly, but remain to be returned with the comb to the hive. The apiarian now lifts out each frame *seriatim*, notes the prosperity of the stock or the reverse by the number of young bees in their various stages of growth, as well as the abundance or otherwise of the stores. On a comb near the centre we see the queen busily engaged in her never-ending employment of egg-

laying. Now watch her, in her all-important work; statelily she travels over the combs surrounded by a body-guard of her subjects, who make way for her as she moves, and are ready to attend to the eggs she lays. Her majesty inserts her head into a cell to investigate, passes over it, and, her abdomen having taken the place of her head, she turns half round until her antennæ are below the medial line, and her work is done, to be repeated again and again two or three thousand times a day! Such is the fecundity of a young and vigorous queen bee, the mother as well as monarch of every other bee in the hive. The nurse-bees now take charge of the egg, a little white body curved and shaped like a cucumber, which is destined three days hence to give birth to a little white grub which, coiled up at the bottom of the cell, revels in a bath of chyle, a kind of jelly which forms its sustenance for a few days, until it passes to a pupa,

and eventually it becomes a winged and perfect bee. The exact time for the happening of this latter event depends on whether the perfect bee is to be a queen, a worker, or a drone; the first is matured in sixteen days, the second in twenty-one days, and the latter (which are the males) in twenty-five days. Strange as it may appear, the bees have the power, and may be guided by their owner to exercise that power, to make worker eggs or young larvæ into queens, and this is done by enlarging the little animal's cradle, and feeding it with more stimulating food. We may add that it is part of the art of the skilful bee-keeper not to permit idleness in his apiary, and should he discover a colony of his bees to be in the same condition as we have been contemplating in the garden of our cottage friends, he would take summary measures to remedy the evil.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS'S LETTERS ON THE CRIMEAN WAR. — AFTER INKERMANN. — "31st October (12th November). You must not let yourself be depressed, my dear Mentchikof, whilst you are at the head of the heroes of Sévastopol, having under your orders a body of eighty thousand choice troops, who have just proved once more what they are capable of when they are led as they ought to be, and where they ought to be. With such gallant men it would be disgraceful to think of defeat. Again tell them that I thank them — that seeing their true Russian courage I am satisfied with them. If hitherto we have not had the success which we had a right to expect, God is still full of mercy, and perhaps the success will yet come. As to abandoning Sévastopol, it would be disgraceful to think of it, so long as there are inside its walls and outside eighty thousand soldiers full of energy; it would be to forget our duty, and to lose all feeling of honor and patriotism. That is why I cannot for a moment think of such a thing. Let us die with glory, but not capitulate nor beat a retreat! I write no more, for I know not what there is to write about. I am happy that God has preserved my sons safe and sound; that they have shown themselves equal to their position and its exigencies. I end as I began: Let no one be discouraged — you, as commander, least of all, for all eyes are turned towards you, and your example ought to animate every individual to the fulfilment of his duty to the last extremity. May God protect you! I embrace you affectionately." "2nd (14th November). In the name of God take

care of the wounded; watch over them as much as possible. Encourage the troops; speak to them in my name; thank them! Let them know that their services are appreciated, and that their exploits reach me. Reward as soon as possible those who distinguish themselves." . . . "7th (19th November). Your report of the 31st of October reached me this evening, my dear Mentchikof. God be praised that nothing very bad has happened as yet! The animated spirit of the army rejoices me very much; besides, I had no right to doubt it. It would be desirable that the troops should distinguish themselves, show their valor and their zeal: they can do it if they are skilfully directed. Thanks to God, the wounded are recovering. I will not cease to beg of you to do all you can to alleviate their sufferings. It is with a lively sentiment of pleasure I read your report, so honorable to my children; as a father, I am happy not to have been deceived in them. In my last letter I had already granted you the permission to decorate them, if you thought it just to do so. It would be wrong, too, to forget all those who are meritorious. I suppose Prince Gortchakof will find no obstacle in sending to you what forces he can spare from Nicolaïef. Note well that, those forces arrived, there will be no more to send. It would be vexatious to exhaust this last reserve, for it is the only one available to complete the other corps, for God alone knows what awaits us. It is very much to be regretted that your excellent cavalry had no chance of distinguishing itself."

St. James's Magazine.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
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{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXXXII.

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WAITING FOR SPRING.

WEARILY waiting for spring ! patience is almost gone ;
The winds sigh coldly and drearily over the land forlorn ;
The trees with outstretched arms standing naked and bare,
Patiently waiting for spring to clothe them, beauty-fair.

Silently waiting for spring ! down in their earthly bed,
The tender flowers are longing to lift their bright young heads ;
The running burn moves sadly through leafless bramble boughs,
An answering voice of gladness vainly it seeks to arouse.

Longingly waiting for spring ! the fading children of earth
Look with a hopeful smile for nature's coming birth ;
They dream of a life revived, and raise the drooping head,
As if they fain would catch the first sound of her tread.

Fearfully waiting for spring ! for the silent form and voice,
That in her glorious beauty will never more rejoice ;
And like a rushing torrent fond mem'ries will awake,
As spring-time breathes again o'er hearts that well-nigh break.

Joyfully waiting for spring ! the heart of youth would fain
With happy beaming eyes welcome spring again ;
Bringing fresh hopes and pleasures, breathing no sorrow or blight,
Winging them onward with her through all her happy flight.

Peacefully waiting for spring ! mind and body at rest,
Lying with folded hands over a passionless breast ;
Unheeding the raving blasts and the cold wintry day,
Awaiting the last spring-time, never to pass away.

Golden Hours.

M. C. W.

GOD'S WAY IS RIGHT.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF
RODIGAST.

WHAT God does, that is surely right,
For perfect is his will ;
Whilst he my pathway ordereth,
I gladly hold me still.

For he, my God, shall in my need
My guide and guardian be,
And nought I fear whilst this I know,
He watcheth over me.

What God does, that is surely right,
He never can deceive ;
Or those who in his love confide
Alone, unaided leave.
In his protection I will trust,
And patient wait the day
When at his bidding all my griefs
Shall pass for aye away.

What God does, that is surely right,
His love can never fail ;
No other remedies but those
He gives me can avail
To heal my wounds. I therefore bow
Submissive to his will ;
Upon his truth I build my hopes,
And trust his goodness still.

What God does, that is surely right,
He is my life and light,
Who nothing evil can ordain
To those who trust aright.
Though hidden are his dealings now,
The time fast draweth near
When all his wisdom, all his love,
Shall openly appear.

What God does, that is surely right ;
Gives he a bitter cup ?
I will not fear, but at his word
Obedient drink it up.
The day shall surely dawn at last,
When peace shall overflow
My aching heart, and all my wounds
His healing touch shall know.

What God does that is surely right,
This truth will I maintain ;
Yea, though my path in life should prove
Rough, thorny, full of pain,
My heavenly Father's arm shall be
My never-failing stay,
And nought I fear whilst this I know,
He ordereth all my way.

Golden Hours. ISABELLA M. MORTIMER.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

As one who climbs unto the mountain's brow
Finds the strong head which served him on the plain
Dizzy and blind, the heart whose pulse was low
Now throbbing wildly with the upward strain,
So fares the spirit on the heights of thought.
Reason, the manful, blankly stares and reels,
While Love, the childlike, consciously o'erwrought,
Cries out in anguish to the God it feels.
Spectator. H. G. HEWLETT.

From The Quarterly Review.

A RAMBLE ROUND THE WORLD.*

BOSWELL relates that in giving Johnson an account of an interview with Captain Cook, he said that whilst he was with the captain he caught the enthusiasm of curiosity and adventure, and felt a strong inclination to go with him on his next voyage.

Johnson: Why, sir, a man does feel so till he considers how very little he can learn from such voyages.

Boswell: But one is carried away with the general, grand, and indistinct notion of a voyage round the world.

Johnson: Yes, sir, but a man is to guard himself against taking a thing in general.†

Johnson systematically undervalued the sciences or branches of knowledge which were simply conversant with mere matters of observation or statistics; and as the conversation proceeded, it became evident that when he spoke of the "little that could be learned from such voyages," he was thinking of how little they had added to the common stock of intellectual wealth; how little they had done to enlarge or correct our notions of government, religion, or society. The early circumnavigators were certainly open to this reproach, if it be one. Magellan, Drake, Cavendish, Dampier, were by no means given to speculation or philosophy; and the later adventurers, even those who started avow-

edly for scientific objects, rarely ventured in their researches or reflections beyond the strict domain of navigation, natural history, and geography. Nor are we prepared to say that constitutional lore or the study of morals would have been much the gainers if Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook, instead of confining themselves to their peculiar walks, had attempted to rival Montesquieu in basing systems of legislation or theories of human nature on the manners and customs of Bantam, Otaheite, or Japan. But now that the attainable surface of the globe has been repeatedly surveyed, leaving little to desire in the way of what may be called our objective knowledge of it, the time has come for looking beyond the surface and trying to solve some of the problems in social science suggested by the anomalous customs, manners, and institutions, which travellers have hitherto described or commemorated with a note of wonder or an expression of surprise.

Baron de Hübner was the first to see and seize the opportunity thus presented of striking into a new line. There was no novelty in a voyage round the world, but there was something closely bordering on originality in an expedition on so extended a scale to study the workings of the strangely contrasted forms of civilization or semi-civilization in the countries which lay most directly across his track.

To behold, beyond the Rocky Mountains, in the virgin forests of the Sierra Nevada, civilization in its struggle with savage nature; to behold, in the Empire of the Rising Sun, the efforts of certain remarkable men to launch their country abruptly in the path of progress; to behold, in the Celestial Empire, the silent, constant, and generally passive—but always obstinate—resistance which the spirit of the Chinese opposes to the moral, political, and commercial invasions of Europe,—these are the objects of the journey, or rather of the ramble, which I propose making round the globe.

It would be more correct to say that these are the principal objects, for nearly a third of the work is devoted to the United States, and there is scarcely a topic bearing on the future of the great

* 1. *Promenade autour du Monde*, 1871. Par M. Le Baron de Hübner, Ancien Ambassadeur, Ancien Ministre, Auteur de "Sixte Quint." Cinquième édition, illustrée de 316 gravures, dessinées sur bois par nos plus célèbres artistes. Paris, 1877. [Several of the illustrations of this edition, a splendid volume, are after sketches by the author. The preceding editions are in two volumes, octavo. A sixth, in duodecimo, is in preparation.]

2. *A Ramble Round the World, etc.* Translated by Lady Herbert of Lea. London. In Two Volumes, 1874.

† "Boswell's Johnson," Murray's one-volume edition, by Croker, p. 496. On a subsequent occasion, speaking of "Cook's Voyages," Johnson broke out: "Who will read them through? A man had better work his way before the mast than read them through: they will be eaten by rats and mice before they are read through." Goethe would have taken part with Boswell: "Lord Anson's 'Voyage round the World' combined the worth of truth with the fancy realms of the fairy tale; and whilst we accompanied this excellent seaman in thought, we were carried far in all the world, and sought to follow him with our fingers on the globe." ("*Dichtung und Wahrheit*.")

republic which he has not instructively, if not exhaustively, discussed. He is largely gifted with sensibility, imagination, a cultivated taste for art, a keen perception of the beautiful and sublime in nature; his descriptions of scenery, with the associated emotions, are instinct with the vitality of truth; he is as ready with the pencil as with the pen: but it is all along obvious that the outward aspect of things has only a secondary attraction for him, unless when they supply materials for thought. His own estimate of his vocation, of the true vocation of a traveller, is to

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;

and, plunging fearlessly into the maze, he puts forth feelers in all directions to discover the plan. If his mode of proceeding is exceptional, so also are his qualifications, and when he speaks with confidence or authority, let it not be forgotten that it is as a trained politician, a practical and practised statesman that he speaks.

Baron de Hübner, born at Vienna in 1811, was placed, after receiving the regular university education, in the State-Chancery in the department of Prince Metternich, at whose feet he may be regarded as brought up. We find him in 1837 an *attaché* of the Austrian embassy in Paris; in 1841, secretary of embassy in Lisbon; in 1841, consul-general for Saxony at Leipzig; in 1848 he was placed in a highly confidential and responsible position with the archduke Rainier, regent of Lombardy, and was taken prisoner during the insurrection movements of that year. After a brief interval he was chosen by Prince Schwarzenburg to accompany the emperor and imperial family from Schönbrunn to Olmütz. On the formation of the Schwarzenberg-Stadion ministry he was charged with the diplomatic correspondence of the Foreign Office. In March 1849, he was sent on a special mission to Paris, where some months later he was accredited minister plenipotentiary to the president. He represented Austria as minister or ambassador in France till the war of 1859, and it was to him that Louis Napoleon addressed the menacing words which gave warning of the coming storm.

He next went on a special mission to Naples, and after representing Austria at Rome for a few months, he returned home to become minister of police under a government with which he speedily disagreed. In 1865 he was named again Austrian ambassador at Rome, which appointment he held till 1869. In the course of the following year he published his "*Sixte Quint*," which has been faithfully rendered into English by Mr. Hubert Jerningham, the accomplished author of "*Life in a French Chateau*," etc. Indeed, Baron de Hübner has been most fortunate in his translators, especially as regards the book before us. Of the many highly cultivated persons who have adopted or occasionally pursued the unassuming vocation of interpreter between France and England, no one has shown greater command of clear, idiomatic, flowing, and appropriate language than Lady Herbert of Lea, or done more to prove the superiority of English to French in compass, richness, and variety. It is hardly too much to say that she has done for Baron de Hübner's work what Coleridge confessedly did for Schiller's "*Wallenstein*:" that, whilst venturing like him in an occasional departure from the text, she has not only reproduced the glow and animation of his style, but, in passages (thanks to the instrument with which she works) has actually improved upon the eloquent original.*

After this preparation, the reader will be agreeably surprised to learn that his attention will not be rigidly confined to grave subjects.

On my road, I mean to amuse myself; that is, to see all I can which is curious and, to me, new: and every evening I shall note down in my journal what I have seen, and what has been told me during the day.

This being clearly understood, let us close our trunks and start.

The start is made from Queenstown, May 14th, 1871, in the good ship "*China*," a Cunard steamer. In the brief course of a voyage up the Thames, M. Taine hits

* Our only objection is to the title. As "*Promenade*" is now a naturalized English word, we see no reason for changing it into "*Ramble*;" which reminds us that the first Italian translation of "*The Rambler*" was entitled "*Il Vagabondo*."

upon several typical men and women among the passengers. Baron de Hübner is equally fortunate before he has been many hours at sea. His neighbor at dinner is General K——, of the United States Army, who has seen service in the virgin forests of California, of Idaho, and of Arizona, "hunting with the red-skins, or being hunted by them, according to the various circumstances and varying policy of his government." To change the subject or "jump with one bound from the deserts of America," he has only to begin to talk with the young man in front with his distinguished air, careful toilet, and high-bred manners.

He is one of the merchant princes of the great English factory of Shanghai. With wonderful clearness he puts before me a perfect picture of the commercial position in China, especially as regards British interests. His way of judging of and estimating things is that of more than one European resident in the East. The Chinese empire is to be forced to accept the blessings of civilization at the cannon's mouth: they must kill a good many Chinamen, especially the mandarins and men of letters, and then exact a large war indemnity.

The representatives of the United States are few, and despatched in a short paragraph: —

There are also half-a-dozen young Yankees on board. They are men of business, and all of the same stamp: tall, straight, narrow-shouldered, flat-chested, with sharp, anxious inquiring yet intelligent eyes, thin lips and sarcastic expressions. They seem to scent money in possession or in the future, to be obtained no matter at what cost or with what effort.

The after-deck is swarming with emigrants — men, women, and children, mostly Irish. Conspicuous amongst these was an Englishman, who was leaving his native country forever, with the full sense of the sacrifice and the full conviction of its necessity.

An old man of eighty, the very type of a patriarch, leaning on the arm of a fine young fellow of one-and-twenty, has just crossed the deck. His manners are respectful and yet with a certain amount of dignity. He is an English peasant; a Somersetshire man. "Sir,"

he says to me, "it's late in the day for me to emigrate, but I leave nothing but misery in England, and hope to find at least bread to eat in the new country. Here are my two grandsons," showing me two lads by his side with a touching expression of tenderness and honest pride: "their father and my granddaughter have stayed behind in our old village, and I shall never see them again." He gave a short cough; I looked another way, and he took advantage of it to brush his arm across his moistened eyes.

Till past the middle of the last century, a Londoner, before setting out for Edinburgh, was wont to make his will and take a solemn leave of his family. But we were under an impression that, as things stand at present, he might engage a passage to New York at any period of the year without taking more care for the morrow than if he were starting for Exeter or Carlisle. This, we find, is altogether a mistake. There are times and seasons when the chances against his safe arrival are of a nature to shake the nerves of the most intrepid traveller if he were made acquainted with them, which, much to his disquiet, Baron de Hübner was. On May 20th, they sight a beautiful *aurora borealis* and a huge iceberg, brilliantly white, rolling heavily in the swell, while the waves beat furiously against its sides.

A sort of dull rumbling sound like low thunder is heard in spite of all the noise of the engines. The cold, pale sun of the Arctic regions throws a sinister light over the scene. It is all very fine and very grand, but not reassuring. We are in the midst of the Banks of Newfoundland. This evening we shall double Cape Race. By a lucky chance, the weather is quite clear. But if we had come in for a fog, which is the rule at this season, and had then struck against this floating mass of ice which took so little trouble to get out of our way, what then? "Oh," answers the captain, "in two minutes we should have gone down" — and that is the unpleasant side of these voyages.

The seventh and eighth days from the departure are the most critical; and hardly had the voyage begun, when the sailors began to discuss them, much as doctors talk of the critical days in an intermittent fever. "Until then, it's all plain sailing;

afterwards, there's nothing to fear from the floating ice, but these two days!"

During a voyage of the preceding year, in July, 1869, the Baron's impression of the constantly recurring risk was confirmed as strongly by personal experience as it well could be, if he was to live to tell the tale. An impenetrable fog shrouded the Banks of Newfoundland. In the middle of the day it was almost as dark as night. Every moment, as the air seemed to thicken, the thermometer pointed to a sudden increase of cold in the temperature of the sea. Evidently there were icebergs ahead.

But where? That was the question. What surprised me was, that the speed was not slackened. But they told me that the ship would obey the helm only in proportion to her speed. To avoid the iceberg, it is not enough to see it, but to see it in time to tack about, which supposes a certain docility in the ship, depending on her speed. Thus, as in many other circumstances of life, by braving a danger, you run the best chance of safety.

I tried to reach the prow, which was not easy. We were shipping a good deal of sea, and the speed at which we were going added to the force of the wind, which was dead against us; we were making fifteen knots an hour. I tried to crawl along, struggling with the elements, nearly blown down by the wind and lashed by the spray. One of the officers gave me a helping hand. "Look," he exclaimed, "at that yellow curtain before us. If there's an iceberg behind, and those lynx-eyed fellows find it out at half a mile off—that is, two minutes before we should run against it—we shall just have time to tack, and then *all will be right*." I wished him joy of the position!

The icebergs are not the only danger in a fog. The "China" is on the high-road to New York, and as every one follows the same course, the ocean, so vast in theory, is practically reduced to a long street of three thousand miles, not half wide enough for the traffic.

On this line at this very moment there are five huge steamers, each of which left New York yesterday in the day. Fortunately they are still at some distance off. But the sailing ships!

"Isn't there a luggage train due?" asked the guard of an Irish mail train of the station-master. "Well, I'm not quite sure," was the reply. "Then I'll just risk it," rejoined the guard. There is a well-known story of an American captain, in a race between two steamers on the Mississippi, coolly seating himself on the safety-valve to keep up the pressure. Somewhat

of the same imperturbability may have been observed in the commander of the "China," although, to do him justice, not until every possible precaution had been taken to avoid a collision. The passengers are gathered together on the hatchway, used as a smoking-room, discussing their good or bad chances. The captain looks in to light his cheroot, and give himself the innocent consolation of swearing at the weather. He is aptly compared to a man running through a dark lobby, without knowing whether there are steps or not, and with a certainty that some one is running through it in an opposite direction.

I never in my life, in any country, saw the air so thick as this evening, and yet we are running at the rate of thirteen knots and a half. These are terrible moments for the commanders of these ships! If there be a collision, the proprietors of the damaged or lost boats go to law. Should the results of the lawsuit be unfavorable to the company, heavy indemnities must be paid, and the directors revenge themselves on the captain. At sea he risks his life, on land his credit and his fortune are at stake. What a hard lot, and what a horrible nuisance these fogs are! But this evening Captain Macaulay reassures his passengers. "We are the strongest," he says; "no sailing-ship could make head against the 'China;' if any boat founders to-night, it won't be ours."

This comfortable assurance restores the good spirits of the company. Every one goes to his cabin with the cool consciousness of his strength and of his impunity, and equally resolved to destroy without remorse the unhappy vessels which may cross his path. It is with these laudable sentiments that we lay our heads on our pillows and find, in spite of the continual screams of the alarm-whistle, the sleep of the just.

The first observation of the traveller after his arrival at New York indicates a remarkable change in manners and modes of thinking that has been incidentally produced by the War of Secession. Formerly, when millionaires were comparatively rare, they shrank from making an ostentatious display of their wealth, which simply offended against the common feeling of equality without conferring any compensating advantage in the shape of social influence or respect. Since the war, so fertile of contractors, what most attracts the gaze in the "beautiful Fifth Avenue," at the fashionable hour of evening is the excessive luxury of the innumerable carriages, with their immense coats-of-arms emblazoned on every panel, the over-smart liveries, the almost priceless

carriage-horses, and "the somewhat extravagant dresses of the ladies, to whom Nature has been kinder than their dress-makers."

One tries to discover the moral link between all this ostentatious display, which though on a republican soil is not afraid to show its face, and that thirst for equality which is the motive power, as it is the spur, the end, the reward, and also the punishment of a democratic society like the American.

Here, the baron is in his element, and he is always worth following in his speculative moods, whether he lands the reader in an ingenious paradox or a new truth. His theory is that this invidious display is only tolerated by the working-class or what in Europe are emphatically termed the people, because each is animated by the hope, which is far from being a chimera, of joining in the show—of seeing his wife, "who to-day is rinsing bottles at a gin-palace, indolently stretched on the morrow in her own luxurious landau; or of driving himself in his gig with a fast trotter, which shall have cost five or six thousand dollars." This ambition is frequently satisfied; curious and startling is the rapidity with which fortunes are made, unmade, and remade in the New World. But there is another kind of equality more difficult of attainment. "Troth, uncle," replies Mike Lambourne, "there is something about the real gentry that few men come up to that are not born and bred to the mystery. I wot not where the trick lies; but although I can enter an ordinary with as much audacity, rebuke the waiters and drawers as loudly, and fling my gold as freely about as any of the jingling sparks and white feathers that are around me, yet, hang me, if I can ever catch the true grace of it, though I have practised a hundred times. The man of the house sets me lowest at the board, and carves to me the last; and the drawer says, 'Coming, friend,' without any more reverence or regardful addition. But, hang it, let it pass; care killed a cat."* We should have thought that the American *parvenus* would be as indifferent about their position amongst gentlemen as Mike Lambourne; surrounded and kept in countenance as they are by numbers in the same predicament. But, according to the baron, they are constantly struggling "secretly, openly, even brutally now and then," for admission into the circles for which they are hopelessly unfit.

* Kenilworth, chap. iii.

The result is this: men of cultivated minds and of refined manners, with a taste for historical traditions and, in consequence, for all things of European interest, withdraw themselves to a great extent from public life, make a little world of their own, and escape, as far as they possibly can, from all contact with that real life, and those great schemes which draw forth the riches of this extraordinary country, and create the wonders which fill us with surprise and admiration. It is allowable to exhibit a fearful amount of luxury, for material riches are accessible to all. But they carefully screen from the vulgar eyes of the multitude, who feel they can never attain to such heights, those refinements of mind and manners in which consist the real enjoyments of life. These treasures are as jealously guarded as the Jews in the Middle Ages, or the Orientals in our own day, conceal their riches behind squalid walls and poor-looking dwellings.

This is a rather exaggerated view of a social phenomenon by no means peculiar to New York; where a few families of long standing and hereditary distinction constitute a society which instinctively repels pretension and vulgarity. This is in the natural order of things. There is no studied concealment, nor, we believe, the least need of it. The multitude are not prone to envy what they cannot understand: they no more envy the denizens of this Faubourg St. Germain in miniature than they envy the scholar his lettered leisure and his books; and the newly enriched adventurer admitted within the charmed circle would feel like the hero in one of Paul de Kock's novels, who, having with difficulty gained admission to a *salon* where he knows no one, exclaims, "*Mon Dieu, je suis ici comme une obélisque.*"

There is no capital in Europe wholly free from the same description of fastidiousness, and ample excuses for it in New York may be found in the mixed character of the population and the superabundance of self-made men. But the baron's observation is not limited to New York, and he goes on to state that the "real gentlemen and ladies" of the United States, by way of standing protest against the supposed equality, "form among themselves in the great towns of the East, especially at Boston and Philadelphia, a more exclusive society than the most inaccessible *coteries* of the courts and capitals of Europe."

Boston is, or was, the transatlantic Athens. Boston society was at its best when Ticknor lived in and wrote about it; and we collect from his description that, if necessity limited to persons of culti-

vation and refinement, its exclusiveness, such as it was, had nothing in common with the noble Faubourg of Paris or the *crème de la crème* of Vienna.

It was finely said of the churches of London, as seen in a panoramic view, that their spires and steeples, like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of heaven. What struck Baron de Hübner in the buildings devoted to divine worship at New York was not merely their enormous number, but (with few exceptions) their small size.

Seen from the river or from Jersey City at the moment of disembarkation, this huge metropolis unrolls itself before you in great masses of red, grey, or yellowish brick. One or two steeples at the outside rise above the roofs, which in the distance seem all of the same height, and to form one vast horizontal line stretching towards the plain beyond. Europeans who have just landed for the first time cannot help wondering how these two or three churches can possibly suffice for upwards of a million of Christians!

They are speedily undeceived, for it would be difficult to name a community in which the spirit of religion, the genuine spirit is more rife; and it is in the very centre of luxury and vanity, the Fifth Avenue, that the material proofs of New York piety, alternating with worldly and debasing influences, abound.

These little buildings, each consecrated to a different form of worship, are only accessories to the whole. They are only open during their respective services, and these services are only performed on Sundays. But there they are, and however poor they may be, they prove the existence of a religion in the hearts of these rich people, who had perhaps little or no time to think of their souls when they were making their fortunes, but who, now that they are millionaires, begin to believe that there is a future state.

At Washington, where he passes three days, the all-absorbing topic was the Alabama Treaty; and what he heard confirms what we have always thought and said concerning it. The leading official men had hardly made up their minds whether it could be accepted as a definitive settlement. The general public regarded it as an act of deference, a recognition of superiority. "England has owned herself in the wrong, and has capitulated: neither more nor less." But yet more to be regretted is the dissatisfaction of the Canadians, whose interests were thrown aside as of no account.

Even before my departure from Europe, an eminent English statesman had said to me:

"The separation from Canada is only a question of time. This treaty will hasten it. Before four or five years are over it will happen." Every one knows how, in England, public opinion has familiarized itself with the idea of the loss of the colonies.

There was a time when the current of public opinion was flowing strongly in that direction. The loss of our North American colonies, it was plausibly urged, had not diminished our prosperity; and Sir George Cornwall Lewis, no mean authority on such subjects, went the full length of maintaining that our Indian empire added nothing to our strength. But a reaction has set in; and, declining to be bound by the doctrinaire argument, people are beginning to ask, where is it to stop? The constituent parts of the British empire might be disposed of like Lear's knights. "What need you five and twenty, ten or five? . . . What need one?" What need of India, Canada, Australia, the West India islands, the Channel islands, or even of Ireland? From the political economy point of view and assuming the universal adoption of free-trade, it would be difficult to prove that all our outlying dependencies are positive sources of wealth; but when we hear it contended that the power and resources of an empire are not dependent upon its extent, we are reminded of Johnson's reply to Dr. Taylor, who argued that a small bull-dog, well-shaped and compact, was as good as a large one: "No, sir, for in proportion to his size he has strength; and your argument would prove that a good bull-dog may be as small as a mouse."

The American mania for titles contrasts amusingly enough with the popular doctrine of equality; and the baron turns this peculiarity to good account. He makes a point of procuring introductions, not only to persons of consideration in the towns he proposes to visit, but to the station-masters and guards of railroads, the captains and stewards of steamers, the masters and mistresses of hotels.

On the railroads I found my letters of introduction invaluable, especially when travelling alone. The station-master begins the acquaintance by shaking my hand, calling me "Baron" half-a-dozen times, and introducing me to the guard of the train. Then comes a fresh exchange of civilities. The guard gives me my title, and I call him "*Mister*." That's the custom in the Far West—they don't call one another "*Sir*," but "*Mister*," without adding the name; for no one has the time to inquire, or it is forgotten as soon as told.

To insure proper attention there is an-

other formality to be gone through : to be introduced by the guard to the man of color, the waiter of the cars. Here there is no shaking of hands, which would involve too close a contact with the skin.

In spite of the emancipation, we have not yet arrived at that ! They become legislators, certainly, and even vice-presidents. At Washington, the seat of the central government, they are allowed to loll insolently enough in omnibuses and cars and public places, and only to yield their places to women. But to shake hands with them ! Fie ! it is not to be thought of. The guard as a friend, the colored man as a servant, become invaluable to you on your journey.

With the guard the baron found it convenient to establish the same sort of familiarity which Prince Hal encouraged in the drawer who clapped the pennyworth of sugar into his hand. Not liking the sleeping arrangements of the Pullman car, he takes his stand upon the platform at the risk of being jostled by the brakemen.

To judge by their hurry you would think it was a question of life or death. The guard, too, passes and re-passes, never without a gracious smile or a courteous word to me, as "Now, baron," or, "Well, baron ; you're not gone to bed." Sometimes, as a variety, he says nothing, but merely presses my hand. Each time I ask him : "Well, how fast are we going, mister ?" And his answer invariably is : "Sixty miles an hour, baron."

Referring to the neglect of appearances by a middle-aged Englishwoman suffering from sea-sickness, M. Taine remarks that a Frenchwoman, even middle-aged, never forgets to adjust herself, to arrange her dress. Again, on the same occasion, describing two English girls : "not the slightest trace of coquetry, none of our nice little tricks which have been learned and done on purpose : they never think about the lookers-on." Neither, it would seem, do the American ladies under the equally disadvantageous effects of a night journey.

The dawn begins to break. It is getting cold. I make up my mind to go back into the carriage. The colored waiters are already putting away the mattresses. In the rotunda, a species of ante-room generally attached to the bed-carriages, the passengers in single file are waiting their turns before a somewhat miserable washing-stand ; another is reserved for the ladies. The latter, with a laudable absence of coquetry, which, however, I should not recommend to any woman who cares to please, appear one by one in their dressing-gowns, carrying their chignons in their hands, and find the means of making their toilette in presence of the company, although I cannot say the result was generally satisfactory.

At Chicago, his next resting-place, after taking possession of a charming room on the first floor of the great hotel, which, thanks to his letter of introduction and his title, had been allotted to him, he strolls into the streets.

It was the hour of closing the shops and factories. Streams of workmen — men, women, and children, shop-boys, commercial men of all kinds passed me on foot, in omnibuses, in tramways — all going in the same direction — that is, all making their way to their homes in the quarters outside the town ; all looked sad, preoccupied, and worn out with fatigue.

I mix with the crowd, which drags me on with it. I strive to read in the faces I pass, and everywhere meet with the same expression. Every one is in a hurry, if it were only to get a few minutes sooner to his home and thus economize his few hours of rest, after having taken the largest possible amount of work out of the long hours of labor. Every one seems to dread a rival in his neighbor. This crowd is a very type of isolation. The moral atmosphere is not charity, but rivalry.

The Michigan Avenue, the Mayfair or *Chaussée d'Antin* of Chicago, presents a wholly different aspect.

There is an air of rest and idleness over the whole. Babies play in the little gardens, ladies, elegantly dressed, lie on the verandas, and rock themselves in armchairs, holding in one hand a fan, and in the other a novel. All of a sudden a new object strikes me. It is a house in the middle of the road. What a strange fancy ! But no, this house moves, walks, comes near ! Very soon all doubt on the subject is at an end. Placed on trestles resting on cylinders, one horse and three men, by means of a capstan, do the work. I stop from sheer surprise, and watch this singular phenomenon pass by. It is a building of two storeys. A veranda in full flower trembles under the slight shaking of the cylinders. The chimney smokes ; they are evidently cooking. From an open window I catch the sounds of a piano. An air from "*La Traviata*" mingles with the grinding of the wheels which support this ambulatory domicile.

When the moving house distracted his attention he was on his way to call on General Sheridan.

I had crossed the ocean with him on my return to Europe, and last year I had met him at Rome. He welcomed me most cordially, and I was delighted to see him again. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan ! These are the three stars, the three heroes who destroyed the Confederation, and by their swords brought about the cementing together of the two halves of the Union.*

* The original runs thus : "Grant, Sherman, Sheri-

Here is the portrait of General Sheridan, hastily dashed off by the graphic pen of his visitor:—

His broad face, reddened and tanned and lined by the care, watchfulness, and emotions of the late campaign, breathes at once an air of simple modesty and honest pride. His brown eyes shoot lightning, and tell of the Celtic blood which flows in his veins. His countenance expresses intelligence, boldness, and that indomitable courage which seems to provoke danger. He wears his hair cut short, and is of middle height, with square shoulders and powerful limbs. His detractors accuse him of cruelty, and speak of him as the exterminator of the Indians; his friends simply adore him. Both one and the other talk of him as a dashing officer; in fact, one has but to look at him to understand that he is the sort of man who would lead on his soldiers to death or victory.

Like all public men who have done great things (it is added), and "who are not *somebodies* only, while they occupy the great situation which they owe to an irony of fate, to a trick of fortune or to intrigue," the general detests popularity: "I have the greatest horror of popular demonstrations," were his words. "These very men who deafen you with their cheers to-day are capable of throwing stones and mud at you to-morrow." He was unconsciously paraphrasing the Scottish monarch in "The Lady of the Lake":—

With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their warning note:
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway,
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.

After three days at Chicago, the baron comes to the conclusion that in the Far West the towns are quickly seen and are all alike. "One may say the same of the hotels, which play so great a part here, not only in the life of a traveller, but in the lives of the residents." By living at an hotel, a couple save the expense and trouble of housekeeping; but how is the wife to occupy herself whilst the husband is at his office or his counting-house? "He only comes in at meal-times and devours his food with the silence and expedition of a starving man. Then he rushes back to his treadmill." There is no home, no domesticity; and the children, living, as it were, in public, grow up bold, confi-

dent, and pert. The chief education they get is the (when premature) corrupting education of the world.

These little gentlemen talk loud, and are as proud and sharp as the full-grown men of their nation; the young girls at eight and nine years old excel in the arts of coquetry and flirtation, and promise to become "fast" young ladies. But nevertheless they make good and faithful wives. If their husband should be rich, they will help him to ruin himself by excessive extravagance in dress; but they will accept misery with equal calmness and resignation, and fly into the same follies as of old, the moment there is a change in the wheel of fortune.

The deference paid to women in the United States is at once a privilege, a safeguard, and a recognition of their worth.

Everywhere and at all hours she may appear alone in public. She may travel alone from the borders of the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, or the States of the Pacific. Everywhere she is the object of a respectful gallantry, which might be called chivalric, if it were less frivolous, and which sometimes becomes even grotesque and ridiculous. For example, I am sitting in one of those tramway-cars which cross all the principal streets of the great towns. A tap of a parasol or a fan rouses me from my meditations, or perhaps from sleep; and I see standing right in front of me a young woman, who looks at me from head to foot, with an imperious, haughty, and even angry expression. I wake up to the situation, and hasten to give her my seat, which she takes at once, without deigning to thank me, even by a look or a smile. The consequence is, that I am obliged to perform the rest of my journey standing in a most uncomfortable position, and to hold on by a leather strap, which is fashioned for that purpose along the roof of the carriage. One day, a young girl had expelled, in a peculiarly cavalier fashion, a venerable old man from his seat, who was likewise lame. At the moment of her leaving the carriage, one of the travellers called her back: "Madam, you have forgotten something." She turned hastily to retrace her steps. "You have forgotten to thank this gentleman."

A French traveller, whom we recently had occasion to quote, has formed an exceedingly low estimate of female morality in the United States.* Baron de Hübner denounces such estimates as unfounded and unjust. Married women in America are, as a rule, unexceptionable. "If they are too fond of dress, it is generally their husbands who wish it:" a difference between American and other husbands well

dan! voilà les trois astres, les trois héros qui ont brisé la confédération et, *tant bien que mal*, ressoudé avec leurs épées les deux moitiés de l'Union!" In the following portrait of Sheridan, also, the translator, trusting to her command of language, has not kept closely to the text.

* "*Les Etats-Unis Contemporains*," etc., par Claudio Jannet. Chap. xii.

worthy of being noted, if it exists. When there is anything wrong about the girls, it is that, if naturally lively, they are apt to become "fast," to resemble the princess of Samoa and her attendant nymphs, who are described in "South Sea Bubbles" by "the earl" as dancing the dances they ought never to have danced, singing the songs they ought never to have sung, and "winking the winks they ought never to have wunk."

But this vulgar coquetry, however jarring to good taste, rarely goes beyond a certain point. Only, beardless boy, just arrived from Europe, don't be taken in by her! Be on your guard. There is always a father, a brother, or an uncle near, who, with his revolver, or the bowie-knife (the Arkansas toothpick) under his arm, is quite ready to ask you, with all imaginable politeness, if your intentions be fair and honorable.

In the good old duelling days, it was well for a visitor in an Irish house to be equally on his guard, and the announcement of Lady Bink's marriage to Sir Bingo, at St. Ronan's Well, was preceded by the sudden apparition of a brother of the lady, an officer, who alighted from a post-chaise, holding in his hand a slip of a well-dried oak, accompanied by another gentleman in undress military attire, carrying an Andrea Ferrara and "a neat mahogany box, eighteen inches long, three deep, and some six broad." Manners and customs in certain stages of civilization bear a striking resemblance to each other in the most widely separated quarters of the world.

Before resuming his journey, the baron pays a just tribute to the man to whom he was largely indebted for lightening and smoothing it.

At Chicago I made the acquaintance of a great man. Every one has heard of the Pullman cars. Those who are going to travel to any great distance always try to procure one, and then marvel that this philanthropic vehicle has not yet been introduced on any of the European lines of railways. The inventor, who is just returned from Constantinople and Vienna, said to me: "Europeans are not yet ripe for these kinds of comforts; they don't know how to travel; but by-and-by they will understand and appreciate me."

Amongst the worthies entitled to a place in the Elysian fields, Virgil mentions

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
paraphrased rather than translated by Dryden, —

And searching wits, of mere mechanic parts,
Who grace their age with new-invented arts.

Mr. Pullman comes strictly within the category, and deserves to be called great, at least as much as "the great Twalmley," who assumed the appellation on the strength of having invented a box-iron for smoothing linen. The baron was particularly struck by the marks of respect shown to Mr. Pullman by the workmen, officials, and general public, as he solemnly led the way through the magnificent halls of the chief station.

It was another Louis XIV. walking through the ante-chambers of Versailles. If you wish to convince yourself of the folly of people's dreams of equality, come to America. Here, as everywhere else, there are kings and princes. They have always been, and always will be to the end of time.

There will always be inequalities of this sort, so long as personal qualities are unequal; there will always be kings and princes by the right divine of genius or intellect, if not by the ruder right of might or bodily strength. But this is tacitly admitted by the democrats, foolish as they may be, who protest against class privileges and hereditary rank: where they err is, in attaching undue importance to equality;

Not equal all but free,
Equally free, for orders and degree
Jar not with liberty but well consist.

Political liberty has not thriven in France under democratic institutions nor been promoted by equality, and its prospects are not much brighter in the United States. "The republic," exclaimed a rich farmer from Illinois in a Pullman car, "has had its day; what we want now is a dictatorship . . . Everything is going to the devil, and a military dictatorship is the only thing that can put things straight." On this topic, adds the baron, every man becomes eloquent. At last they agree upon the necessity of preserving their republic. "It is indispensable," they argue, "as long as we have such a mass of uncultivated land. When America is more populated, then we must have a military dictatorship."

He reaches Salt Lake City on the 4th of June. Mormonism was already tottering, more from external than internal causes, but he was able to note its most characteristic features on the spot, and a more interesting subject of philosophic speculation it would be no easy matter to alight upon in either hemisphere. There is nothing extraordinary in its rise and spread as a faith or creed. The credulity of mankind has proved inexhaustible in all ages. But

what surprises and confounds, is the material prosperity which it created so long as it was let alone — its success as a social organization in defying all the lessons of experience, rising superior to all the doctrines of economic science, and putting to shame the wisest legislators who have ever tried their hands at making men good and happy by systems of government or by set rule. If, it may well be asked, the tree is known by its fruits, what sort of tree is this that has thriven and borne so much good fruit, after having been stripped of its leaves and branches, torn up by the roots, and hastily transplanted to an arid waste?

Let us contemplate it at the lowest point of its fortunes, when it had undergone the worst that persecution could inflict, when its disciples had been decimated by massacre, when its founder had met a violent death in prison, and nothing was left for his successor but to take refuge with the remnant of the sect beyond the extreme confines of civilization. Brigham Young's reconnoitring expedition to the valley of the Salt Lake, was undertaken in the spring of 1847. This chosen spot was then unknown, except to hunters and trappers, who described it as an arid desert hemmed in by rocks; the water brackish and unfit for drink, and the vegetation confined to wild sage and sunflowers devoured by locusts almost before they could spring up. An old trapper offered to give a thousand dollars for every head of corn raised in the valley.

Probably the information collected upon the spot by Brigham Young was somewhat more encouraging: anyhow the emigration was resolved upon. They started in the depth of winter in a multitude of caravans — men, women, and children in wagons, on asses, in wheelbarrows, on foot — and took the road to the banks of the Missouri, and from thence straight on to the Rocky Mountains. The distance was upwards of fifteen hundred miles, and that through a country almost entirely deprived of all resources. Misery, privations, and mortality cruelly tried, without subduing the courage, perseverance, and fertility in expedients of the prophet, or the resignation, patience, and blind faith of his followers. Since the exodus of the Israelites, history has never registered a similar enterprise.

In less than twenty years the valley of the Salt Lake seemed in a fair way to resemble the Happy Valley of Rasselas, or

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain.

Seen through the Claude Lorraine glass

of novelty and contrast, the New Jerusalem fastened on the imagination of traveller after traveller as a city of villas with gardens abounding in fruit and flowers, inhabited by an industrious, pious, contented population, exempt from poverty and crime.

Baron de Hübner, coming later into the field and taught scepticism by experience, has lifted a corner of the veil and to a certain extent disenchanted us, although fully admitting that marvellous influences have been at work, marvellous effects produced, and that the grand director, the worker of all these wonders, was Brigham Young.

"*Labor and Faith*" — that is their device — those are the two words which are forever in Brigham Young's mouth, and which, in fact, explain these strange phenomena. But what secret motives caused the birth of this faith in the hearts of those who never possessed anything of the sort at the time they embraced these new doctrines? How has this transformation been effected? The Mormons tell you "It's inspiration." But that is no explanation. . . . That which the Gentiles give you is not more satisfactory. I would not, however, let myself be discouraged. I went on questioning, thinking, and watching, and the following are the conclusions to which I at last arrived.

We cannot congratulate the baron on having got to the bottom of the mystery, although he has let in some fresh light upon it; and we must remind him that the Mormons placed the same implicit faith in Joe Smith, their founder, who once undertook, in imitation of the Scripture miracle, to walk dry-shod over a deep river. Pausing on the brink, he turned to his disciples and asked, "Do you not believe I could do what I say?" Receiving a unanimous response in the affirmative, he coolly walked away saying, "Then, it is just the same as if I had done it," and they remained unshaken in their faith. Indeed the chief novelty of the baron's theory is that what leads the immense majority of the neophytes to adopt Mormonism is not faith, meaning religious faith, at all: that the inducements supposed to be urged by Brigham Young's recruiting sergeants or crimps are purely mundane.

"Here," exclaims one of them to a Welsh audience, "you are nothing but slaves — slaves of misery, if not a master. In the valley of the saints, independence awaits you; independence and ease, at any rate — perhaps riches. No more servile subjection; no more privations; no more cares. In this world, as in the next, your future is assured." Then

addressing himself to the young men among his audience with that sinister smile peculiar to the prophet and his followers, he speaks of the delights of the harem, and of the beauty of the young girls of Deseret, promising them as many wives as they please — developing, in fact, the whole theory of plurality. “Compare the state you are now in with what you may be,” he exclaims, in conclusion, “and choose!”

The manner in which the missionary is selected and despatched resembles the speeding of the fiery cross by Roderick Dhu through his clan. Malise, the henchman, brings it to a family assembled to attend the funeral of its chief. The principal mourner, the son and heir, receives and carries it on till he encounters a bridal party. The bridegroom drops the hand of the bride to grasp the emblem of blood and strife: —

Clan Alpine's cause, her chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brooks no delay:
Stretch to the race — away! away!

“Away, away,” is Brigham Young's summary mandate when he wants a missionary for haply one of the most distant regions of the earth.

He always chose his emissaries by inspiration. It has often happened to him to accost a perfect stranger in the street. Following a sudden inspiration, he will tell him to start, and give him an apostolic mission to Europe, Australia, or to the islands in the South Seas. The man thus summoned leaves wife, children, and business, and starts.

Relying on the unanimous testimony of the best-informed persons on the spot, Baron de Hübner states that these missionaries never attempt to preach to the rich or even to those who are tolerably well off or moderately educated; and after a rapid summary of the trashy or unintelligible Mormon doctrines, he asks: —

Is it possible that the preaching of such doctrines should touch people's hearts, strike their imaginations, and attract from the worst quarters of London, from the dockyards of Liverpool, from the agricultural population of Wales, the three or four thousand converts who arrive every year on the borders of the Salt Lake City? It is quite impossible.

The wants of the emigrants were provided for, till they were able to provide for themselves. They were at once allotted land to cultivate or build upon, and supplied with tools and materials. But they were held accountable for the price or value to the community, *i.e.*, to the prophet, and duly inscribed on the debtor side of his books. He is, in fact, the real

and sole creditor, the sole capitalist, the sole employer of labor, throughout the entire territory; and the territory is larger than many European kingdoms. “He has in consequence the reputation of being the richest man in the United States. People say he has a fortune of upwards of twelve millions of dollars;” that is, if he could realize it, which he palpably could not. If the community are bound to him, he is equally bound to the community; and how he has managed to get so good a return for his or their investments is an art which both individual capitalists and co-operative societies would do well to learn of him. To account for his getting so much good work out of such laborers, such teeming produce from such a soil, we come back perforce to faith. Blind confidence, unlimited devotion on the one part; judicious management, mild patriarchal government on the other — these were the true causes, the indispensable conditions, of Mormonite prosperity whilst it lasted. There was no talk of creeds or articles. At the formation of the Conservative ministry of 1858, a noble duke, a distinguished member of the party, being asked what he understood by Conservatism, replied, “Lord Derby.” A Mormonite similarly called on for a definition of his principles, would have replied “Brigham Young.” Baron de Hübner states that the community not only live in utter subjection to this man, but are in fact his prisoners; that his rule recalls that of the Cæsars, when (in the words of Gibbon) “to resist was fatal, and it was impossible to fly;” that any fair victim of polygamy who should dream of a separation or divorce, would find herself in the condition of Zelica, in the “Veiled Prophet,” when she consents to fly with Selim, —

Scarce had she said
These breathless words, when a voice deep and dread
Rang through the casement near, “Thy oath!
Thy oath!”

Any recalcitrant or troublesome member is put out of the pale of the law, and his goods are confiscated.

And if it be a question of real, active, dangerous heresy, why such men simply *disappear*. Sometimes their remains are found; sometimes not. The few gentiles who are allowed to live here are only tolerated; but their existence is not an enviable one. Woe be to them if they dare to make love to a Mormon girl! The offender would be simply torn to pieces. This has been done more than once. Add to all these things, the difficulty of getting here and the impossibility of leaving the city without

the consent of the prophet, and you will allow that the isolation is complete.

The baron must have been misinformed. Brigham Young's rule could not have inspired the willing obedience which it did inspire, or have produced such beneficial results, or been permitted to endure so long, had it resembled a *Vehmgericht* or been stained by violence or crime. The most was made of every sort of charge that could be brought against him, and the establishment of polygamy was by common consent the worst.

"Verily," said the son of Abbas, "the chiefest of the Moslem was the foremost of men in his passion for women." This passion grew upon Mahomet as he advanced in years, and as the Koran only allowed four wives or concubines, he procured a plenary indulgence, through the Angel Gabriel, to take as many as he chose. Sooner or later he had sixteen or seventeen, and at Medina he had eleven occupying separate apartments around his house. Brigham Young resembled Mahomet as well in vigor of constitution as in the late development of the sexual passion. It was not until 1852 that, in order to gratify the lusts of the flesh without open sin or scandal, he revived and sanctioned the patriarchal doctrine of a plurality of wives. To justify this step, he produced a revelation, notoriously apocryphal, which, he said, Joe Smith had received a year before his death. He was generous enough to allow to others the privilege he certainly created for his own special delectation: it being, however, distinctly understood that no one was to marry more wives than he could maintain, and no one to marry at all without a license from Brigham Young.

The higher a man advances in the ranks of hierarchy, the more his duty compels him to use the privilege of plurality. Brigham Young at this moment, possesses sixteen wives, without counting sixteen others, who are what is called *sealed*. Some of these latter live with him in a conjugal fashion, but the greater part are treated as widows or old maids, who by this means, hope to become, in a future state, what they are not here below — the real wives of the prophet. George Smith, the historian, has five wives; the other apostles content themselves with four. None have less than three.

A sealed wife is a spiritual wife; she is not married in the flesh; and she may be *sealed* to two husbands, one for this world and one for the next. The peculiar relations established by *sealing* are not explained; but Baron de Hübner is hardly

justified in terming it a "system of ignorance and credulity worked in favor of human lust under the pretended invocation of God." All preceding travellers agree that the relations of the sexes are far from standing on a loose or immodest footing amongst the Mormonites. But there are abundant signs that polygamy is degrading to women, and fatal in the long run to the domestic virtues and domestic happiness, even assuming (a rash and untenable assumption,) that the recognized supply of women could be kept up. Symptoms of the real tendency of the practice fell under the personal observation of the traveller: —

In the carriage where I have installed myself, I have an opportunity of watching one of the effects of polygamy. The greater part of the men are travelling with two wives: some even have brought three with them; but the youngest is evidently the favorite. The husband does not trouble his head about any of the others, he only talks to her and buys her cakes and fruit at the station. The other neglected wives, resigned to their fate, sit by, with sad and cross expressions. This kind of scene is perpetually being repeated. In fact, it is in the nature of things.

He gets into conversation with a car-driver, who had one wife domiciled at the east and another to the west of the city. "It is economical," he said, "and besides, it avoids scenes of jealousy."

In his interview with Brigham Young, after duly recognizing the claims to superiority of one "who has made his will a law to his disciples, and taught them how to transform a desert into a garden," the baron, referring to the Mormonite practice of polygamy, declares the general opinion of Europe to be, that it is a shame to woman and a disgrace to the country in which we live.

Here the audience gave an ominous growl of dissent. The president started; but contained himself. After a few moments of silence, he said, speaking in a low voice and with a slightly disdainful smile: "Prejudice, prejudice, prejudice! We have the greatest of all examples — the example of the patriarchs. What was pleasing to God in their day, why should it be proscribed now?" He then went into a long explanation of a theory which was new to me, regretting that men did not imitate the example of animals, and treating the subject of the relations of the sexes in so confused and at the same time so ambiguous a manner, that it was next to impossible to understand his meaning; but he arrived finally at the conclusion that polygamy was the only effectual remedy for the great social evil of prostitution. Then he interrupted himself by

exclaiming, "As for the rest, what I do, and what I teach, I do and teach by the special command of God." When I got up to take my leave, he took my hand, drew me towards him and murmured, closing his eyes, "Blessing, blessing, luck!"

The population principle has been hitherto defied with impunity, but its operation cannot be long delayed. Children, we are told, swarm. You tumble over them in all directions. M. Remy says that the prophet had nine born to him in one week. He had forty-eight living when Baron de Hübner was at Salt Lake City, his last baby being then five months old. A story is told of his seeing two boys quarrelling in the streets, and after administering a sound drubbing to one of them, inquiring whose son he was, "I am President's son," was the reply.

The traveller's next stage is Corinne, a town that had sprung into existence within four years. He puts up at the "Hotel of the Metropolis," a wretched plank hut, and, by dint of interest, secures the best bedroom, exactly six feet square; a thin boarding separating him from his neighbors, on one side a young Mexican with his wife, who sing and play on the guitar; on the other a rich China merchant and his suite, whose vicinity is disagreeably made known by the smell.

"John," says my landlord ("John" is the generic name of all the children of the Celestial Empire), "John smells horribly, like all his countrymen. It is an odor *sui generis*, but for you, it is a good opportunity of preparing yourself for your voyage to China."

The streets are full of white men armed to the teeth, miserable-looking Indians dressed in the ragged shirts and trousers supplied by the government, and Chinese with yellow, hard, intelligent faces. "No town in the Far West gave us so good an idea of what is meant by border-life, *i.e.* the struggle between civilization and savage men and things." The most prominent part in this struggle has been enacted by the "rowdy," whose pride and glory it is to have been always ready with the revolver and the bowie knife, to have shot down or stabbed his man or men in open day, and to have again and again defied or evaded justice by audacity and craft. This estimable species have fairly fastened on the imagination of the baron. Not content with placing them amongst "the great," as Fielding, by an ironical definition of greatness, managed to place Jonathan Wild,* he insists on making them

the objects of a hero-worship which throws Mr. Carlyle's into the shade. In another sphere, and with a moral sense (unluckily wanting) added to their courage, energy, and bodily strength, some of them, he contends, may have had their names inscribed on the rolls of fame as benefactors to mankind.

To struggle with and finally conquer savage nature, certain qualities are needed which have naturally their corresponding defects. Look back and you will see the cradles of all civilization surrounded with giants of herculean strength, ready to run every risk and to shrink from neither danger nor crime to attain their ends. The gods and heroes of ancient Greece had loose ideas enough of morals and propriety; the founders of Rome, the *adelantados* of Queen Isabella and Charles V., the Dutch colonizers of the seventeenth century, were not remarkable for conscientious scruples, delicacy of taste, or particular refinement of manners. It is only by the peculiar temper of the times and place, so different from our days, that we can distinguish them from the *backwoodsman* and *rowdy* of the American continent.

Yet such is the ingratitude of mankind, so reluctant and tardy the appreciation of greatness, that the very generation most indebted to the rowdy and best acquainted with his quality, was ever the most eager to cut short his career by the halter. We need only refer to what happened at Cheyenne:—

In the first years of its existence it was, like Denver and Julesburg, and other new cities in this country, the rendezvous of all the roughs. Its orgies were fearful, and murder and rapine were the order of the day. In the language of the place, the young rowdies dined on a man every day—that is, that there was not a night, that at the gambling-tables or in the low public-houses, which swarmed in the town, one man or other did not come to an untimely end. At last, the better disposed at Cheyenne organized themselves into a vigilance committee, "and one morning," writes my "Great Trans-Continental Railroad Guide-book," "we saw, at a convenient height above the ground, a whole row of these desperadoes, hung on a cord. The warning was understood; and their companions, not fancying a halter, relapsed into order. By which means Cheyenne became a perfectly quiet, respectable town."

We shall presently see that precisely the same course has been taken with these pioneers of progress at San Francisco, and with nearly similar results. Speaking of the adventurers, who, "less fortunate or less clever, close their short and stormy

chief on mankind, and goodness in removing it from them." — *Fielding*.

* "Greatness consists in bringing all manner of mis-

careers hanging from the branch of a tree," the baron remarks, "These are the martyrs, the others the heroes, of this species of civilization." It is to be feared that the martyrs outnumber the heroes.

An object which met his eye and excited his fancy at a station on the railway to California was an immense quantity of silver ingots, forming two high walls, waiting to be loaded on the trucks. "A huge mass of money, piled up in the sun, in the heart of the desert. Certainly the prose of daily life and the poetry of the 'Thousand and One Nights' run very close to one another in the Far West." Notwithstanding the fascination of such sights, one of the first things that struck him in California was that the gold diggings had lost much of their attraction, and were beginning to be neglected for less dazzling sources of wealth. There is a familiar apologue of two brothers who land together on the coast of the supposed Eldorado. The younger hurries off to the interior in search of the precious metals. The elder, who has brought seeds and farming utensils, selects a fertile spot which he cultivates with success. At the end of two or three years the younger returns laden with gold, but worn, wasted, the shadow of his former self, and in want of all the necessities of life. These are readily supplied to him by the agriculturist, but they are charged item by item, and when the adventurer has completely recovered his health and strength, he is startled by the presentation of a bill of charges for food, lodging, medicine, clothes, etc., which considerably exceeds the full amount of his gold. Indignant at this hard-hearted proceeding, he is about to give vent to reproaches, when he is told that he is welcome to keep his gold, that no payment will be accepted, the bill of charges being only meant as a lesson to indicate the superior advantages of prudence, foresight, and regular industry.

Such is the moral of this apologue, which has been pointed and strengthened by dearly-bought experience in California. The real wealth of the country is now generally acknowledged to consist in the fertility of the soil; and agriculture is bringing about a revolution no less desirable in a social than in an economical point of view.

"Mining is a curse," are the words in every one's mouth. It would be difficult to express this conviction more eloquently than was done the other day by a Protestant minister preaching in San Francisco. "Don't let us deceive ourselves," he exclaimed. "History has

proved that society can never organize itself satisfactorily on an auriferous soil. Nature itself is in bad faith. It corrupts, seduces, and cheats a man. It laughs at the sweat of his brow. It transforms his toil into a game of chance, and his word into a lie."

In 1849, when the California fever broke out, San Francisco could not boast of more than four houses deserving of the name. When the baron was there the inhabitants were computed at from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty thousand. Few of the first comers made or (if they made) kept fortunes. Gold passed through their hands as through a sieve. During many years the state of things fell little short of downright anarchy.

At the mines, killing toil; in the town, perpetual orgies; everywhere strife, murders, and assassinations. Blood and absinthe flowed on all sides. It was simply a hell upon earth; not the hell of Dante, but the hell imagined by the two brothers Breughel—one of whom painted scenes of peasant debaucheries, and the other devilries which only a Dutch imagination of the seventeenth century could have invented. It was the acme of gross and yet grotesque vice.

At length the Northerners got the upper hand of the Missouri men, and established the famous Vigilance Committee; which hanged right and left and (as the baron might say) made martyrs of rowdies who were on the high road to heroism, till something like order was established and life and property were protected in a fashion. Then trade and commerce sprang into life and vigor on a scale proportioned to the requirements of a people who insist that everything belonging to them shall be great; who boasted, during the War of Separation, that they would have the largest debt in the world; not then foreseeing that they would soon be surpassed by France.

Coleridge was wont to maintain that the habitual contemplation of large objects has an expanding effect upon the mind; and he recommended a York attorney to take a house opposite the Minster with the view of neutralizing the contracting influences of his profession. Baron de Hübner incidentally confirms this doctrine:—

Like the commercial man, the Californian trader is distinguished by largeness of views, boldness of conception, and a natural disposition to venture large means to arrive at great results. One might fancy that the size of everything in nature inspires men with grandiose ideas. This is one of the principal charms of the country, and one of the causes which

bring back most of those who have lived here for some time.

Unless things have greatly changed for the worse within the last five years, all who have their fortunes to make, or are tired of our humdrum commonplace life, should start at once for California.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind.

The moral atmosphere, as the baron found it, is like the air you breathe, and acts upon body and soul like champagne or laughing gas.

The life you lead is the same. You are in opulence or in misery. If the latter, why then, work! You are the master of your own destiny. And so they do work, and speedily become rich. In the "early days," and not so very long ago either, it was a common thing to see *gentlemen* standing at the corners of the streets offering their services as porters. You saw them dressed in one of Poole's best coats, carrying sacks of flour, trunks, pianos, and the like, for a dollar at a time. Now, we are far removed from this exceptional and primitive state of things. Every one has found his place. Hands are not wanting: only the price of hand labor, which seems fabulous to us, remains the same.

Nor is living extravagantly dear. You could be boarded, he states, and lodged at the best hotels for seventeen and a half francs a day. New York and London, he goes on to say, are fairly distanced by San Francisco, and the explanation is that there is no bad system of the past to vitiate the present or curtail the future.

The past! Why there is none! That is the secret of Californian life. Add to this, that money is always at hand for everything. That is, one has it nor not, as the case may be; but if at this moment your exchequer is empty, to-morrow it will be full. So it comes to the same thing; for every one has credit. They do not, therefore, draw back before any question of expense.

The climate also has its charms and you can always change it in an hour. You have only to cross or re-cross the gulf. Then again the extraordinary abundance of fish, flowers, and fruit at Francisco. "The very sight of these treasures of nature piled up in the public market-places, and on all sides, rejoices one's heart." The very description makes one's mouth water. Men of letters and gentlemen of the press form an important body in San Francisco, and one of the most distinguished, Mr. Hubert Bancroft, is quite as enthusiastic as the baron in its praise. This gentleman declares that there is

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something indescribably fascinating about California, "a peculiar play of light and shadow on the hills and in the heart, an atmosphere aerially alcoholic."

Said one of the expatriated by the Vigilance Committee to the captain of the steamer on reaching Panama: "Captain, this is no place for me: you must take me back to San Francisco." "But they will hang you higher than Haman, if I do." "Captain," whined the evil-doer, "I would rather hang in California air than be lord of the soil of another country." *

To complete the resemblance to the Elysian fields, San Francisco is still graced by the presence of many retired heroes who were fortunate enough to escape the martyrhood of the halter, —

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

It was not till I had listened to these modern Romuluses that I understood the foundation of Rome; the ardent passions of the men who marked out its boundaries; who laid the first stone, watered by the blood of a brother; in the daily strifes for the soil which they fought for with each other as much as with the wild beasts.

"An excursion to the "Big Trees" of Mariposa and the Yosemite Valley has become so much the fashion at San Francisco, that the traveller would forfeit all character for spirit and enterprise if he shrank from the expedition, although the distance, going and returning, is four hundred and forty miles, the mode of travelling disagreeable, and the accommodation bad. The baron joined a party of excursionists starting under the conduct of Mr. Coulter, the Californian Cook.

What an idea of a party of pleasure! Nevertheless there is some fun in it. There are three or four grave and silent Yankees, with their wives; but there is a large family party from Omaha, who form the noisy element; a young lady, the very type of the "fast girl" of the period, with a lot of young men, her brother and his friends, all "swells" of the Far West. There are also a father and mother, but they are only accessories.

His powers of description are displayed to advantage on the road, but we must come at once to the object of the journey, the Big Trees.

There are more than four hundred, which, thanks to a diameter of more than thirty feet, to a circumference of more than ninety feet, and a height of about or more than three hundred feet are honored with the appellation of the *Big Trees*. Some of them have lost their

* The Californians. By Walter M. Fisher. London, 1876.

crown, or been in part destroyed by fire, that scourge of Californian forests. Others, overthrown by tempests, are lying prostrate on the soil, and are already covered with those parasitic creeping plants which are ever ready to crop up round these giant corpses. One of these huge hollow trunks makes a natural tunnel. We rode through it in all its length on horseback without lowering our heads. Another, still standing and green, permits a horseman to enter it, turn round, and go out of it by the same opening. These two trees form the great attraction of the tourists.

The ground on which they stand, eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, is a deep hollow of the mountains, covered with a thick virgin forest. They were discovered in 1855, and a law has been passed for their protection. The discoverer, an Englishman, gave them the name of *Wellingtonia*, by which they are known in Europe, but the Americans have christened them *Sequoia gigantea*, after an Indian chief who had been kind to the whites.

An accomplished traveller who preceded Baron de Hübner in 1867, states on the authority of a scientific commission, that the trees are 612 in number, almost in one clump, and that the largest, the "Grizzly," is thirty-six feet in diameter and three hundred and sixty feet high, twenty feet higher than St. Paul's. The first branch is two hundred and thirty feet from the ground.*

Twenty miles from the Big Trees is the Yosemite Valley, which has been bought by the Californian legislature to exclude the miners and preserve unsullied the primitive beauty of the spot. These sacrifices to taste should be remembered when the Americans are twitted with an exclusive devotion to dollars and cents.

What struck the baron most in the Yosemite Valley were the rocks; the classic simplicity of their shapes contrasting with their enormous size as they rise all in one piece from the depths of the gorge up to the sky.

It is said that in order to appreciate the grandeur of the nave and cupola of St. Peter's at Rome, you must see them many times. Here the traveller feels just the same. Nature, good architect and good gardener, has chosen to put such harmony in the proportions

of this landscape, that it is less by the eyes than by calculating heights and distances that one is enabled to take it in. But having done so, one is filled with astonishment, with admiration, with respect for the powerful Hand which, in modelling these rocks, has stamped upon them the impress of its grandeur.

Social equality in this district is pushed to such an extreme that it becomes inequality. The recognized etiquette is for the attendants of all sorts, bullock-drivers and grooms inclusive, to take their meals, at the same table, off the same dishes.

We are called again at four o'clock. The farm servants and our coachmen breakfast first, as usual. Behind the chair of each of the servants a traveller is patiently standing; he is watching for the moment when the place will be free, and he can take possession of it. After the servants have finished their breakfast quite at their ease — and they take their time about it — one of the coachmen gets up and turning round to us, says, brutally: "Now, eat fast." Another adds: "We'll give you ten minutes. Those who are not ready then will be left behind."

On July 1st, the baron leaves the pier of the Pacific Mail Company in one of their steamers for Japan. It is a voyage of five thousand miles without a break, but its duration, owing to the normal calmness of the sea, can be calculated to a nicety, and "on the 24th July, a little after nine A.M., exactly as we had been promised at San Francisco, we step on the mysterious shores of the 'Empire of the Rising Sun.'" Having recently devoted an article to "Japan, as It Was and Is,"* we shall be comparatively brief in our notice of the chapters of the baron's work relating to it, replete as they are with valuable information and suggestive remarks. We shall limit ourselves to some passages in which he depicts with his wonted force and vivacity the most remarkable customs and institutions; which it may be useful to fix because everything in Japan is in a transition state. So rapid have been the changes, that reforms which hardly three years since struck us as revolutionary and unsafe, have since been quietly and efficiently completed.

Others equally sweeping are in progress. Take, for example, the short work that has been made with the landed aristocracy, who, in old Japan, the Japan of twenty years since, were as powerful as

* Pekin, Jeddo, and San Francisco. The conclusion of "A Voyage round the World." By the Marquis de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Agnes and Helen Stephenson, with fifteen engravings from photographs. London, 1872. (The entire voyage is comprised in three volumes. It was made in an opposite direction from Baron de Hübner's, and begins with Australia, which occupies the whole of the first volume.)

* The *Quarterly Review* for July, 1874. When this article was written, only the first volume of Mr. Adam's "History of Japan" had appeared. The second volume was published in 1876, bringing down the regular history to 1871, and including occurrences of a more recent date.

the English barons under the Plantagenets or the great French nobles till Richelieu took them in hand. They consisted of two hundred and sixty great feudatories or chiefs of clans, named daimios, with bands of armed retainers, varying from two hundred to two thousand, attached to them by ties even stricter than those that bound Evan Dhu to Fergus M'Ivor or the Campbells to M'Callummore. The notions of duty which actuated these men, and the resulting lawlessness, may be collected from the legend of "The Forty-seven Rônins," for which we are indebted to the graceful pen of Mr. Mitford.*

Passing over the introductory details we come to the scene which is the main cause of the catastrophe. A daimio, named Tikumi no Kami, having been insulted in the palace of the mikado by another daimio, named Kôtsuké no Suké, drew his dagger and was with difficulty prevented from killing the aggressor, who escaped with a wound. Takumi was arrested, tried by the imperial council, and condemned to perform *hara kiri*, i.e. to commit suicide by disembowelling. This sentence involved all the consequences of an attainder. "Such was the law. So Takumi performed *hara kiri*; his castle of Ako was confiscated, and his retainers having become rônins,† some of them took service with other daimios and others became merchants." Forty-seven of these, including Oishe Kuranosuké who acts as their chief, form a league to avenge their deceased lord and restore the honor of his house by inflicting exemplary vengeance on Kôtsuké. By a series of stratagems, involving an extraordinary amount of endurance and self-sacrifice, they succeed in throwing their intended victim off his guard, and on a cold night in mid-winter they arrive unsuspected before his castle. The high sense of honor which actuated them was shown by the message which they sent to the neighboring houses:—

We, the rônins, who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night-robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at ease.

* "Tales of Old Japan." By A. B. Mitford, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. In Two Volumes. With Illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese Artists. London, 1871.

† *Rônin*, literally "wave man," means a person entitled to bear arms, who has been released from or thrown off the feudal tie, and is (so to speak) "upon the loose."

An animated picture is given of the assault, which is as fertile of romantic episodes as the storming of Front de Bœuf's castle in "Ivanhoe." The place is taken after a desperate defence, and Kôtsuké, a noble-looking man, sixty years of age, draped in a white satin sleeping-robe, is dragged from a place of concealment into the presence of the rônin leader, who drops on his knees before him, and after explaining the purpose of their coming in the most respectful terms, concludes: "I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And, now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami."

Kôtsuké, we shame to say it, was unequal to the part. He could not make up his mind to die with dignity, to die the death of a noble; and after courtesy had been pushed to the utmost limits, and every topic of persuasion exhausted, the rônin chief threw him down and cut off his head with the same dagger with which their deceased lord had disembowelled himself. They then went their way rejoicing, carrying the head in a bucket, till they came to the monastery in which Takumi no Kami was buried. After laying it on the tomb, Kuranosuké gave all the money he possessed to the abbot, and said: "When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently; I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle I have to offer, such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls." The performance of this operation on their part was not altogether optional, as they were formally condemned for murder; but they one and all met their self-inflicted death nobly; their corpses were buried in front of the tomb of their lord; "and when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men."

This legend dates from 1727. It rested on oral traditions or popular tales, scattered and varying, till Mr. Mitford reduced them into artistic form and consistency. But the principal facts are historical. The tombs are one of the lions of Yedo. In the written justification (still extant) found on their bodies, they quote a precept of Confucius: "Thou shalt not live under the same sky nor tread the same earth as the enemy of thy father or thy lord."

"How," they ask, "could we read this verse without blushing?"

Only three years ago (remarks the baron), a man, after having prayed before the tomb of young Chikara, the son of Kuranosuké, disembowelled himself. The wound not being mortal, he cuts his throat. Why? A paper found on his body declared that he was a *rônin* who had wished to enter the clan of the Prince de Chôshiu; that his petition had been refused; that he would not serve any other master; and that he had, in consequence, come to die and be buried by the graves of the brave. This was in 1868. How, after such facts as these, can one believe that the historic constitution of a country, which is the growth of centuries, can suddenly fall into ruins? that all the feelings and ideas which form its groundwork and its moral basis have vanished, and that, with a few decrees on rice-paper "*on changera tout cela*," as Molière's Médecin exclaims?

Yet this historic constitution was in process of dissolution when the baron was deprecating its fall. Witness his own reception by the mikado, the omnipotent and infallible, who used to live secluded from the gaze of even his own subjects, like the Lama of Thibet. This transcendental personage absolutely condescended to ask advice from a foreigner, whose very presence within the sacred precincts of the palace was a profanation by the laws, religion, and customs of old Japan.

"I hear," he said, "that, for a long time, you have filled important positions in your own country, and that you have exercised the office of ambassador on several occasions. I do not exactly understand what has been the nature of your occupations. If, from the results of your experience, you have learned things which it would be useful for me to know, I beg of you to speak without reserve to my principal counsellors."

In accordance with etiquette, the mikado only murmured these words between his teeth, emitting almost inarticulate sounds. These were repeated by a high official and translated by the dragoman. The baron made a reply, settled beforehand, in which, after expressing the highest confidence in his Majesty's ministers, he hazarded a hope that they would proceed with circumspection, and bear in mind that many things which are good in Europe may not prove so in Japan.

I do not think I shall ever forget the scene of this morning: that fairy-like garden; those mysterious pavilions; those grave statesmen in their gorgeous court dresses, walking about with us in the shrubberies of those beautiful pleasure-grounds, and that oriental potentate

who presents himself like an idol, and who believes and feels himself to be a god.

On conversing with the counsellors to whom he was referred, he found that they had already abolished the feudal rights of the daimios and had formed a plan for disarming the samurais, the class of feudal retainers whose distinctive privilege it was to wear two swords, which they were in the habit of using, with or without provocation, in a way to create a general feeling of insecurity. All the murderous assaults on members of the British embassy were committed by these two-sworded gentry, and Baron de Hübner had a narrow escape in a chance encounter with three of them.

It is always the same story. Two samurais drink together in a tea-house. They begin talking of the foreigners. One gets excited and says, "I am quite determined to kill one of them." Another gets up and cries, "I'm your man—we'll go together." They go out and with their swords, which are as sharp as razors, they cut in pieces the first white man they may chance to meet. They do not for a moment forget that their own lives will be forfeited by the act. They make up their minds beforehand to sacrifice them.

It seemed likely at one time that the samurais could only be disarmed or suppressed by some such summary measures as were taken with the Janissaries, but the desired result was effectually brought about by the commutation of their hereditary pay or pensions, followed by an edict authorizing them to lay aside their swords, of which they readily took advantage and joined the regular army or sank into ordinary citizens. In fact, fashion, public opinion, and the new order of things had set in with a force against which they found it impossible to stand out.*

It was mainly by the assertion of the supreme authority of the mikado that so many radical changes were effected; and not many years since the mikado was little better than a myth. He was regarded as the spiritual head, with no more temporal power over the empire than was held by the pope beyond the secular dominion of the Church. Lord Elgin treated with the siogun, a kind of hereditary mayor of the palace, who, with the feudal aristocracy, really governed the country; and Sir Rutherford Alcock entitles his valuable work "*The Capital of the Tycoon*," † this

* Adams, vol. ii. p. 285. The recent insurrections of the disestablished samurais and others appear to have been easily suppressed. (*The Times*, Dec. 28, 1876.)

† *The Capital of the Tycoon: A Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan*. In two vols. 1863.

being a title signifying sovereignty, which the siogun had assumed to throw dust in the eyes of the French and English plenipotentiaries, whose involuntary error in mistaking the vassal for the lord hastened his downfall by rallying round the adverse standard all who hated or feared the foreigner. Deeming this an insufficient cause for so sudden a downfall, Baron de Hübner did his best to discover a more satisfactory one.

On this capital point, as on so many others, one is reduced to conjectures. Iwakura alone (the secretary for foreign affairs), to whom I ventured to address the question, gave me a clear and precise answer: "The sioguns," he said, "were detested by the Japanese nation, who are full of loyalty and affection for its legitimate sovereign the mikado." "But how does it happen, then, that the Japanese nation, so full of attachment to the emperor, has borne with these usurpers for seven centuries; and why has their long-dormant loyalty so suddenly woke up into life?" To this question he made no answer whatever.

Amongst the many marked symptoms of growing liberality under the new *régime* is the unchecked circulation, in 1871, of a Japanese pamphlet strongly advocating the introduction of Christianity.* Its favorable reception, however, will appear less surprising if we reflect that the Japanese mind, rushing from one extreme to another, is beginning to resemble the French mind immediately prior to the Revolution of 1789, and that the national religion has been long regarded by the cultivated class much as the classical mythology was regarded by the wits, philosophers, and fine gentlemen of Greece and Rome. When Confucius was questioned by one of his disciples about the other world, the sage made answer: "I have never been there, so I know nothing about it." Such, remarks the baron, is the faith of the present privy council of the mikado: —

Religion is at a low ebb. None but women and old men go out of their houses morning and evening, at sunrise and sunset, to adore the beneficent luminary. As a general rule, no one prays, except to obtain a favor. Wives ask the gods to make their husbands faithful; the sick plead for health, young girls for a new gown, a jewel, a lover, or a husband.

The Japanese women, with the exception of the higher class, are not particularly distinguished by modesty. But the higher class doggedly adhere to a custom from which a European dragon of virtue would instinctively recoil. Immediately on the

adoption of the married state, they disfigure their faces so as to destroy all semblance of beauty, if it exists: the professed object being to avoid temptation, — to prevent the seduction of flattery, to which in a weak moment they might succumb. This is plausible enough as regards the wife, but how about corresponding fidelity in the spouse? Mr. Oliphant states that when the wife has pulled out her eyebrows and blackened her teeth, the husband places her at the head of his establishment, and adds to it an indefinite number of handmaidens who have not gone through the process of disfigurement. "Hence it seems not difficult to account for the phenomenon, which is universally admitted, that, whilst Japanese wives are celebrated for their virtue, their husbands are no less notorious for their licentiousness."*

Besides, as regards the wives, what a want of self-reliance, of conscious virtue, they exhibit; what a fund of merit they throw away!

Let conquerors boast

Their fields of fame; he who in virtue arms
A young warm spirit against beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.

This is equally true when the young warm spirit is a woman; when the parts of tempted and tempter are reversed. It was told of Madame de Staël — the lady who said that in her "*Mémoires*" she had only drawn herself *en buste* — that she avowedly disliked praying to be saved from temptation "because it was so pleasant."

There is another practice common to both sexes, against which we should have expected the fair sex, at all events before marriage, to rebel. Referring to Iwakura, Baron de Hübner says: "He told me he was forty-eight years old. In Japan, as in China, the question of age is the first which well-educated people address to one another." In most civilized countries, such questions are generally regarded as ill-bred, and it is only persons who are or think themselves superior to conventional rules, that venture on them. When they do, it is perhaps allowable to answer as a celebrated lady long past her teens answered William the Fourth, who asked her how old she was, "Fourteen, your Majesty;" on which, not hearing or not attending to her reply, he proceeded to put the same question to two or three others in succession. We have no reason to doubt that the Japanese magnate told

* Adams, vol. ii. p. 301.

* Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, vol. ii. p. 114.

Baron de Hübner the truth, when he said he was forty-eight; but, as a general rule, when a man volunteers to tell his income, or a woman her age, he or she is meditating a fib.

Baron de Hübner left the "Empire of the Rising Sun" for the "Celestial Empire," which he reached in the beginning of October, 1871. Here again, he is on well-trodden ground. What a difference since (in 1778) Johnson's exhortation to Boswell, on his saying that he would go to see the Wall of China but for his children. "Sir, by doing so you would do what would be of importance in raising your children to eminence. There would be a lustre reflected on them from your spirit and curiosity. They would be at all times regarded as the children of a man who had gone to see the Wall of China. I am serious, sir." So many have not only seen the famous wall, but most of the other objects of interest in China, that little fame or importance remained to be won in it by the most enlightened traveller. But Baron de Hübner seldom fails either to place familiar things in a new point of view or to make them the subject of reflections which a superficial observer would have missed. Immediately after landing at Shanghai he begins to speculate on the respective shares of the English and French in creating it, now a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, after a desperate struggle with nature and every species of difficulty. He assigns the chief credit to the English, who own nine-tenths of the capital and (he says) are signal examples of the national spirit of self-reliance and self-help.

The English factory is the creation of individuals, helped by the moral support, and exceptionally and very rarely by the military and naval forces of their government. The French establishments are the work of the government itself, accomplished with or without national concurrence.

The official agents of France march at the head of their colonists, whereas the British functionaries only form the rear-guard and reserve. The first inspire and direct their countrymen; the second protect and often have to control them. The official agents of both countries are the constant object of the criticisms of their countrymen. The English complain of too much interference, the French of too little. The English exclaim: "Our consul meddles in everything;" the French, "Our consul cares for nothing."

M. Taine contrasts the confusion and disorder which follow the overthrow of a constitution or the downfall of a dynasty

in France with what he thinks would have been the self-possession of the English if the Gunpowder Plot had met with plenary success. "Only the peak of the government would have been carried off; the rest would have remained intact; the exploded peers and members would have been speedily replaced." Baron de Hübner would agree with M. Taine: —

Withdraw these officials, take away the French flag, recall the French ships in the harbor, and I would bet you ten to one that in a few years the whole establishment will have disappeared. In an English factory things would be quite different. After the departure of their consul and of the queen's troops, the residents would set about at once maintaining order, and, if necessary, organizing a defence against an external enemy.

But here his praise of us as colonizers stops short. If colonization consists in carrying civilization into the heart of the native population of the territory you occupy, then, he contends, the Portuguese and Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth century deserved to be esteemed the first colonizers upon earth.

Thus, see the results. Wherever the Spaniards have reigned we find Indian tribes who have embraced Christianity, and adopted, in a certain measure, our habits and ideas. The greater part of the politicians whom we now see at the head of their republics are of Indian origin. I have had pure red-skins as colleagues; and I have seen ladies of the same color, dressed by Worth, delighting in Patti's *routades*. I do not quote these personages as models of statesmen; or these fair critics as great authorities in music; but the fact is none the less significant. Well, this is the work of Spanish colonization. Can one say the same thing of the effect of English emigration? Evidently not. I set aside all question of India, which I have not yet visited. But everywhere, especially in North America, the contact of the Anglo-Saxon race with semi-barbarous savages is fatal to the latter. They only adopt European vices; they hate and fly from us, and that is the wisest thing they can do; or else they perish miserably. In every way they remain what they have always been — savages. But what is the use of discussing the comparative merits of different nations? Rather let us render to each their due.

There is great use in discussing the comparative merits of nations. It is the only way in which they can profit by the experience or example of each other. Nor need discussion prevent our rendering their due to all.

The Wall of China impresses him less than the walls of Peking: —

The walls of Pekin are fifty or sixty feet high ; twenty, forty, and fifty feet wide ; and of a circumference of more than twenty English miles.

Pekin is like a great camp of barbarians bivouacking round the tent of their chief, and sheltering those who till the ground. The nomad protects the tiller of the soil. Ah ! it is indeed Asia ; and I understand that, in the imagination of the people of the high central lands from Ural to Kashgar, from Kiachta to Hindukush, Shuntian (Pekin) is the city of cities, the terrestrial paradise, the centre of the world. To me it is the type of the ancient cities mentioned in the Bible. It is Babel or Nineveh — grand, heroic, and barbarous.

At Pekin, he grapples boldly with the grand question, how to reconcile the general look of decay with the qualities and disposition of the Chinese, whose energy, activity, and intelligence have made them such formidable rivals in so many foreign labor markets. This question was raised, more than once, in a company comprising the most distinguished members of the diplomatic body at Pekin and others who had enjoyed the best opportunities of considering it.

"This decadence," I asked, "is it only apparent, or is it real? Is it the nation or only the dynasty which is being extinguished?"

"This is a theme," they answered, "which is both complex and inexhaustible. China is a country of contradictions. The ideas of the people are essentially conservative. Their ways of thought, habits, dress — saving some insignificant modifications — are to-day what they were a thousand or a couple of thousand years ago. But nowhere are buildings constructed which are so little solid or durable. With the exception of a pagoda at — (the name escaped me), in the province of Kiangsi, of which the construction goes back to the tenth century, there is not in the whole empire a single edifice which reckons more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty years.

"They are essentially patriarchal ; and yet, except eight or nine princely families, they have no hereditary nobility. On the contrary, the nobility conferred by the emperor descends one degree in each generation, and finally disappears. The son of a marquis, for instance — that is, of a man whose rank corresponds with the rank of a marquis in our country — will be an earl ; his son, again, a baron : his grandson will have no title at all."

This accounts in some measure for the absence of stability. Then there is a bureaucracy whose action for all useful purposes is neutralized by forms. All their offices are circumlocution offices. An instance is given in which the finance minister begins by writing to the finance

minister, *i.e.*, himself. But the fount and origin of all the evil is the autocratic centralized character of the government. The unanimous opinion of the baron's informants was thus expressed : —

The trade of a sovereign is no sinecure in China. If the emperor takes no part in public affairs, or if he neglects to fulfil his duties, public interests suffer. Thus, look at Pekin at this moment ; the streets are like gutters, the streams are all open, the flags of marble, which formerly covered them, are broken, and their scattered pieces still further impede the circulation ; the temples are in a state of dirt, which would be shocking to the faithful, if the faithful ever visited them ; the public buildings are in the most deplorable state ; and outside the capital, the canals, those great arteries of the country, are more than half ruined ; the royal roads are transformed according to the season, into dried-up torrents, rivers, or marshes. All this is the result of the last two reigns. An energetic, active, and intelligent prince would put all this to rights, and, in a few years, do away both with the effects of the bad government of his predecessors, and the decadence which strikes every European, but which does not surprise the natives.

The (then) reigning emperor, Tungche, eight years old in 1871, died in 1875, and was succeeded by an infant, so that the traveller may still exclaim with the poet, —

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

We part with reluctance from this book, and so will every qualified reader who takes it up. The tone, spirit, and mode of treatment are excellent throughout. If it were ever our destiny to put a girdle round the globe, or to survey mankind from China to Peru, we should desire no better companion or guide than the author. He has all the qualities that could be required in a fellow-traveller : large experience, ample knowledge, a well-trained intellect, a fertile fancy, animation, observation, and sagacity.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT'S SILVER ROUBLES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.

NIKITA VLASSIEF was born in the reign of Catherine of Russia, who died in 1796, but his memory went no further back than the war of 1812. The Russian peasant has very little memory for past events, unless indeed, he gives up farm

labor, and expands his intelligence by trading.

What possible reminiscences can a man have who never saw any change except the changes of the seasons, for whom all other things remain the same as they were on the day he was born?

There are, however, two dates which have made a deep impression on the Russian peasant's mind; one is February 9 (19), 1861, the date of the emancipation of the serfs throughout the empire, the other is 1812, the date of the French invasion.

Nikita was a serf on a very large estate in the government of Smolensk. His life till 1812 had been passed in the usual monotony. He had been married, had had half a dozen children, had lost three of them, his stalwart form was getting somewhat bowed by scanty food, and by hard labor, he paid his dues regularly to his master in days' work or in kind, and got tipsy no oftener than his neighbors, when a rumor got abroad that the *Musselmen* were attacking Holy Russia.

By "Musselmen" the Russian peasant meant "all foreigners," at that day and even now in distant provinces of the empire it is more than likely that he still calls every stranger a Musselman or pagan, so strong is the impression left by three centuries of struggle with the Turks upon the national memory. No newspaper ever circulated on the estate of a great proprietor — why should it? since nobody on the estate could read except the proprietor himself, the parish priest, or the family chaplain.

But love of country needs no book-learning to nourish it. When news came of the French invasion every creature who could carry arms shouldered his scythe, his fork, or pickaxe, and made ready for the enemy.

The route of the advancing host did not pass near Nikita's village, the inhabitants of which growled at the disappointment, and sullenly waited for the return. They had not long to wait. When the first snow came the French army was in full retreat from Moscow, and this time the line of march was not so well preserved. The main body indeed followed its route, but many a column lost its way, and so surely as any party attempted a short cut it never rejoined its regiment.

The peasants had laid plans how they would hide in ambush, in woods, ravines, and brushwood, to defend their country. Their country wanted no defending now, but they were eager to avenge her.

Forty years later Nikita, who had for-

gotten the incidents of his wedding, and the ages of his children, distinctly recollected all that happened at that day.

"I came down on them," he would growl under his breath, with his grey bleary eyes lighted up with the recollection, "the pagan dogs, who came to attack our country! But we got rid of them. At first we cut them off with picks, and scythes, and axes, but afterwards we killed them with their dead men's guns. I had never seen a gun till then, but I soon learnt how to shoot one, and when all who *could* run had run away, we buried the rest of them. Hi! but there were lots of guns, and swords, and knapsacks, and every thing! We loaded carts full of them. We sold them in the towns, and shared the money. Hadn't I money at that time? hadn't I though? I never thought there was so much money in the world as I saw then."

The proverb says, "Ill-gotten gains will never prosper." Nikita prospered however in a small way; and it may be questioned whether arms and munitions stolen from invaders on their retreat, can be justly considered "ill-gotten." This is a matter that we leave to moralists — perhaps it will be solved only at the Last Judgment.

Nikita's fortune, however, was not that of a millionaire. He bought two cows, and, with the money made by butter, introduced into his village the use of pins, and tiny looking-glasses, and other similar wares. Peddling these knickknacks from town to hamlet, and from hamlet to town, he accumulated a good deal of latent rheumatism, brought on a slight stroke of paralysis, and scraped together in all about twenty-five silver roubles; the silver rouble being equal to our dollar.

A commercial crisis swept over Russia in those days, taking its revenge on capital and accumulation, but it did no damage to the capital of Nikita, for his was in hard cash, and not in paper.

When he found himself possessed of twenty-five silver roubles, all in small silver or copper coins, which he had tied in an old rag, and hid in a hole in the wall, he grew full of anxiety about their future safety.

A peasant family in Russia lives, like the Esquimaux, in one hut, containing only one large room, sometimes divided by a thin partition. Generation after generation inhabits the same cabin; grandparents, aunts, uncles, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, infants, and little children sleep at night on top of the enormous

stove, which occupies the centre of the room, enclosed in brick-work, and standing a couple of feet or so from the ground. In summer they repose on wooden benches which stand round the chamber. Occasionally on very hot nights some of them go and sleep upon the hay-mow; but this is a rare piece of self-indulgence. In the first place the Russian peasant always dreads a draught; in the next the haylofts are filled full after hay-harvest, besides which animals always dislike hay that a man has lain upon, and a merchantable crop is too precious to have anything subtracted from its value.

So Nikita did not feel comfortable about his roubles. The two sons and the daughter who lived with him had a whole hive of children. It was probable, he thought, that some of them might one day come upon his hiding-place, and then small copper coins would disappear, and after that some of the silver, and by-and-by he might come to look for it and find it gone.

The old man at last resolved to make one more journey to the nearest city. He borrowed the cart and horse of his oldest son, put on his Sunday sheepskin, was absent all one night, and the next day returned home again, in gay spirits, and a little tipsy, with his hand pressed tight across his chest, an attitude unusual with him before.

The children looked at him with all their eyes.

"Ah, yes, my little chicks," he cried, "my twenty-five roubles have all turned into a bit of paper! a beautiful bit of lilac paper, sewed up in a little parcel. Granddaddy means to sleep with it every night, look you! and you know he always sleeps with one eye open. Ah, ah, you young rogues, it is all safe! No more picking and stealing!"

The little ones, who very probably had found out his old rag, and may have filched an occasional copper from his store, did not appear to share in his extreme hilarity, whereupon he kicked several of them, pulled the two youngest by the ears, and lay down upon the stove, to sleep off both his liquor and his excitement on the occasion.

From that time forth the old man never did a stroke of work, but sat basking in the sunshine, while everybody round him toiled from morning to night.

"It's your turn now," he said between his teeth, when he saw his household going forth to labor for their master, "I've paid all he can ask of me. I've made my

fortune. I've brought you into the world, and fed you till you grew to be men and women. Now take care of the old man. When *you* are old *your* children will have to look after you."

When they were gone the old fellow would draw out of his bosom the calico bag which contained his bank-note. He would turn it over and over, smell it, rub it against his cheek, pat it, and make the paper crackle between his fingers and thumbs.

One day a sudden terror seized upon him. He ran and got a sharp-pointed knife, came back into the sun before his cabin, and began to cut the stitches of his little parcel. A dreadful apprehension had arisen in his mind.

Suppose that by some witchcraft the lilac paper should have lost its value? Suppose somebody had changed it for a piece of plain, white, vulgar, useless paper?

His hands trembled so much that he could not manage the knife properly. He cut himself, and threw it down, and used his teeth to tear away the stitches. His eyes glistened with excitement as he undid the precious folds. There it lay. It was still lilac—still his bank-note. It was worth twenty-five silver roubles still.

Nikita smoothed it lovingly. He held it up to the sun, looked at the light through it, marked out the outline of the water-mark (the double-headed eagle) with his finger, and then, as if intoxicated by the sight of his wealth, and moved to physical complacency by the warmth of the spring day, he went on to whisper to it loving words, patting it and blessing it as if it were a child.

A shadow came between him and the sun. Nikita raised his head with a start of consternation, but when his angry eyes rested on the intruder, their expression became less fierce. He pulled off his cap, and rose to greet his pastor.

"Are you not ashamed, Nikita," said the priest, "to be so fond of money? Your children are working themselves to death for want of a second horse, and there you have, sewed up in a bag, much more than enough to buy one."

"My sons have got to work for their own horse, parson," replied Nikita, "and it is only right they should. I worked in my time and nobody gave me a horse. Besides a horse may die, and then what becomes of my money?"

"Well, you might lay it out in something else," replied the pastor.

Father Jakim was an excellent man,

rather given to speculative investigations and discoveries. He was very fond of making his parishioners talk, to find out, as he said, "what men had hidden in their souls."

"You never gave a taper to the Holy Virgin, nor to your patron saint," he said. "Do you expect them at the day of judgment to make intercession for you?"

"Plenty of time to provide for that," replied Nikita.

"Time!" cried the priest, "what do you mean by time, you hoary sinner? You are on the verge of the grave!"

"No, not so bad as that, good father. I am perfectly well at present," said Nikita.

"Old man, how old are you?"

"I don't know, your reverence."

"How old were you in 1812?"

"About thirty."

"Well, then, you must be hard upon seventy years old, and you talk about having plenty of time before you! Repent of your sins *now*, while God is pleased to spare you."

"All right. I will repent, father."

"And about those tapers?"

"All right too. I'll attend to them. Please give me your blessing, father."

He knew the good priest's blessing would cost nothing, otherwise the old rascal would have dispensed with the benediction. The pastor gave it him, however, and went away, amused by this peep at the queer weaknesses of human nature.

A fortnight after (Nikita had done nothing about the tapers) his son's horse justified the opinion he had expressed concerning horseflesh as an investment, for it died, as it had lived, in the cart, engaged in its daily labor.

This was a great misfortune to the whole family. A horse is as important as the shirt on his back to the Russian serf. The fields in Russia lie fallow three years out of four, and the great distances things have to be carried upon those enormous farms make a horse absolutely necessary, even if the peasant and his family have to live on one meal a day for a year to pay for it.

Nikita's sons determined to implore their father to lend them money enough to buy a horse. Horses are not dear in Russia. Before the Crimean War a very good little work-horse might be bought for twelve or fifteen roubles.

On Sunday when they all came home from church, before sitting down to table, the brothers threw themselves at their

father's feet, and holding up their hands, they both cried, "Give us a blessing!"

Nikita quietly waited the request that would follow this preamble.

"You know our horse is dead," said the elder.

"We cannot afford to buy another," said the younger.

"Yes," said Nikita, "Providence seems to have been very hard on you. We are told that the Lord chastens those he loves."

"Lend us the money to buy a horse!" cried the elder.

"We will all pray God to bless you, forever and ever!" cried the younger. The whole family, women, children, and infants who were standing by, now fell upon their knees before the head of the family.

The old man put his hand inside his shirt, and patted the little bag hung around his neck by a string.

"May the Lord take pity on you," he said, "I can do nothing for you."

"Oh father! our protector, our benefactor, our dear father!" they all cried, in that note of supplication, which rises a full octave higher than the highest note of the greatest tenor, "help us, take pity on us!"

With a gesture they could all understand, Nikita stopped his ears. The supplication ceased.

"There are Jews," said the old man, "you must borrow."

He sat down at table; and no one said another word, for a Russian's respect for the head of his family is so great that no one dared to push petition or remonstrance further, nor did any one even dream of stealing his little property. Most likely his sons called him, behind his back, Old Nick, dog in the manger, and whatever else is Russian for expressions of that kind, but no one was wanting for a moment in deferential consideration.

They went to a Jew. Nikita said truly, "There are plenty of Jews in Russia." There are plenty there and everywhere. The best part of the poor peasants' earnings finds its way into the clutches of the Jews.

A new horse filled the old stall in the stable, and things went on as before, except that the economy of the family was more severe than ever. Nikita, however, insisted upon having all the comforts he was accustomed to.

"It was not my fault," he observed, "that the horse died. I want my kvass and my tea, as I have always had."

His daughter gave it him — eating less and toiling more. But it was not she who fell ill. Poetical justice does take place sometimes — it was Nikita.

One evening he remained too long after the sunset on the bank of the river. He had high fever in the night, and a severe chill the next day, when he lay on the top of the enormous stove, shivering under a great pile of cloaks and sheepskins. Two or three days passed. He got no better. Now and then he asked for drink in a hoarse voice, when the little grandson, left to wait on him, would give him the kvass-jug. The sick man would eagerly drink the sour beverage, and turning round, without a word of thanks, would go off into a doze again.

The fourth day his condition began to alarm the family. The Russian peasant seldom takes much notice of the sufferings of any member of his household, and very rarely any of his own. The spirit of fatalism and unlimited resignation, which is the most marked feature in his character, leads him to look on sickness and on death as disagreeable but inevitable things, to be accepted like a change of temperature, a storm of wind, or any other accident of the seasons. But Nikita was the head of the family. His life was more precious than one of their own. His eldest son proposed to him to bring the midwife. Don't smile, O sons of cities! for the world turns round. Our modern question about women doctors was practically settled once upon a time, was unsettled about one hundred years since, and has now come up for reconsideration. It is the midwife — the *sage femme* — who sets the broken bones, binds up important wounds, gives simple remedies for human nature's various ills, in remote villages, not only in Russia, but in more civilized countries, even at the present day.

"The devil take your midwife," snarled the sick man. "Time enough to send for her when I am dying."

"It is not so very far to the town," put in the second son at length, "suppose we go and get the doctor?"

Nikita hardly let him finish his suggestion before he flung a wooden bowl at him, which had contained some gruel. The missile struck him on one side of his head, and the poor fellow stood half-stunned and quite bewildered by the effect of his kind words, wiping some drops of the cold gruel from his face with the sleeve of his jacket.

"The doctor! Yes, indeed! You must be very anxious to see my precious money

pass into other hands — my money that I took such pains and care to scrape together! *You* would not think of paying the old thief for coming here to see me? You would all of you come wailing about your poverty to me, and saying piteously, 'Father, we haven't got a cent — he cured *you*.' Deuce take you, every one of you!"

Nikita fell back as he said this, and spoke not another word that day. That night he was no better. His breathing was so difficult that the family got frightened. This time they sent for the priest.

"Bah! he's not very sick," thought Father Jakim, the moment he saw him. "He is more out of temper than anything else. Let us see what's the matter with him."

He drew near the stove, sat down upon a stool, and spoke to the old sinner.

"Nikita Vlassief," said he solemnly, "I've come to see you, to speak of the mercies of the Lord and his divine compassion."

"Good evening, good evening," growled out the patient savagely.

"You are very sick, my poor old friend. God has punished you at last. I told you you were not laying up friends for yourself when trouble was at hand. You see what happens when we put off too long."

"True, true," said Nikita, in a feeble voice, "I have been a great sinner. May God have mercy upon me!"

"Well, make up for lost time now, and, to show you are in earnest, offer some tall wax tapers to your patron saint, and to Michael the archangel, and the Blessed Virgin."

Nikita's face grew grim. He kept silence. The priest repressed a smile.

"Has anything gone wrong with you?" he said, changing the subject to one more acceptable to the sick man. "Who has been worrying you?"

"All of them!" cried Nikita, shaking his fist at his family. "They are all in a plot to make me give up my money. A little while ago that wretched horse took it into its head to die; then this morning they wanted to go and fetch the doctor; and you, too, your reverence — excuse me if I speak it out — *you* want my money."

"Not for myself, but for the Church," said Father Jakim, gently.

"You or the Church, it's all the same to me — you want my money. I'll never give it you! You can have it when I'm dead, — I'll have a handsome funeral, and you can burn as many tapers as you please! Do you hear that, *you*?" cried

he, shaking his clenched fist again at his sons. "Even when I'm dead I'll have it all. You shall not have a kopeck of it even when I'm gone."

"Gently, gently," said the clergyman. "There is no use in exciting yourself when nobody contradicts you. Listen to me. When you are dead, and Satan has got hold of your poor soul, what will be the use of burning tapers round your coffin? *Now* is the time to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, to do good works, to give of your abundance to the poor. You won't have far to go to find them. Your family is far from rich, you give them a great deal of trouble, to say nothing of bad language and cross words. Come! give them a little of your money, and I'll say prayers for nothing for your soul."

"No," cried Nikita, "no! You can pray for me after I'm dead, and my money shall pay for it. But till then, if you think I need your prayers you will have to pray for nothing. I sha'n't give you any of my money. I am tired now, begone! Go away, all of you!"

Kind-hearted Father Jakim, thus dismissed, went home, and passing into the church prayed *gratis* for the sinner.

That night Nikita went out of his mind. He fancied every one was after his precious lilac bank-note, and hurled defiance at imaginary robbers. His sons sent for Father Jakim, but the old man could not recognize him.

"You sha'n't have it! You sha'n't have it," he cried, in a piercing scream. "No, I'd rather tear it up! I'd rather throw it away!"

And all of a sudden he seized the little parcel which hung round his neck, and tearing at it with his teeth and nails, got out the note. He put it into his mouth, rolled it round for half a minute with his tongue, and swallowed it whole!

He came near choking, and called for water. After drinking, he sprang up upon his feet, with fury in his eyes.

"Ha! ha!" he cried. "You'll never get it now! I'll keep it safe! I've circumvented you!"

The family, in utter consternation, did not say a word. It had all taken place so suddenly that the priest could hardly believe his eyes.

The delirium subsided before sunrise. Nikita fell into a deep sleep with profuse perspiration.

The priest went home to his own house much troubled by what had happened.

"It was lucky for those poor people

that I was there," he said. "If he ever comes to himself the effect upon him may be dreadful, and he would certainly accuse them all of being robbers!"

We should not like to affirm that swallowing a twenty-dollar note is a certain cure for bilious fever, but in this case the imperial lilac-back worked wonders. After sleeping quietly for fourteen hours, Nikita awoke quite well, but very weak, having forgotten all that had taken place in his delirium.

For three days he did not find out the dreadful loss that had befallen him. His frightened family took good care not to tell him that his precious lilac paper was no more. But by degrees his usual gestures and his usual thoughts came back to him. He fingered the little bag that still hung round his neck, and—horror of horrors!—there was nothing there!

"The wretches! O the rascals!" he cried furiously. "They have robbed me! They have robbed me!"

They sent for the priest, who after detailing several times over what had taken place in his presence, at last succeeded in convincing the old man that he had, literally and metaphorically, swallowed up his fortune.

"God has been pleased to punish you for your hard-heartedness to your own family," he said, for he felt it was his duty to speak plainly. "The rest of your life must now be passed in poverty. Accept it, my poor fellow, as the punishment of your pride. Receive thankfully henceforth your daily bread from the hands of those dutiful children you have treated so unkindly. You will find your loss will make no difference in their treatment. You have been always wrong in supposing they had interested motives for being kind to you. Repent of your uncharitableness, and ask God to pardon you."

From that time forth, for many weeks, Nikita never uttered a single word; he seemed to be always in a kind of stupor. They carried him daily into the open air, for he was unable to walk. He would sit for hours in the sunshine (it was then the height of summer) patting the little bag upon his breast, not seeming to notice anything around him. He had a good appetite, however, and his strength returned. One day, by the help of a staff, he crawled out by himself to his favorite seat in the sunshine.

"Be off now, be off, all of you!" he cried to his children and grandchildren. "Be off and let me alone. I don't want you any more. I am well now."

These were the first words he had spoken since his misfortune.

They thought he was all right again, and went their ways, for it was harvest time, and every hand was wanted to reap, or rake, or bind.

Towards nightfall his daughter, who always came home a little before the rest to prepare their meal, came in sight of the cottage. She did not see him seated on his bench. She hurried forward. Her heart beat with a vague fear. She entered the dwelling. He was not there. She ran into the village. Nobody had seen him. She then hurried to meet her husband and her brothers. They came in haste, but could not find him.

At last, as one of them was taking the horse into the stable, he found he could not open the door. He pushed harder—something heavy swung against it with a thud.

Nikita had hung himself to the great beam just inside the stable. His right hand was stiffened over the empty bag, which, even in death, he was pressing to his bosom.

He had not long survived the loss of his dear piece of lilac paper.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

SOMEWHAT more than two years ago there was published in the pages of this magazine what it may be hoped was a tolerably faithful description of the House of Commons. It may not be amiss to attempt to do something of the same sort for the House of Lords. Such an effort is at least seasonable. The chamber of our hereditary legislature has certainly not been diminishing in importance during the present Parliament. An unusually large number of national measures have been originated by it; it has been the scene of many debates of great moment and of rare excellence; it has witnessed the rise and development of one or two Parliamentary reputations on a more striking scale than the House of Commons has known. The statesmanship, the oratory, the wisdom, and the debating power of the peers will compare not unfavorably with the best standard of the Commons; and the consequence is that the cry for the reform (not to speak of the abolition) of the House of Lords, has entirely subsided. There is every reason to believe that in the session of Parliament which

begins this month, the House of Lords will more than divide public attention with the House of Commons. The prime minister will have his place on the red-morocco-covered benches on the right of the woolsack, and any rumors that Lord Beaconsfield intends to abdicate the premiership in favor of the chancellor of the exchequer may be lightly regarded. It was Sir Robert Peel's opinion that the statesman primarily responsible for the conduct of her Majesty's government could not possibly discharge all the duties of his position in the House of Commons. In the address which he delivered in August last at Aylesbury Lord Beaconsfield evidently intended to endorse and emphasize this verdict of his ancient foe. Independently of the attraction which Lord Beaconsfield's presence is likely to constitute, there is the noticeable fact that half, and that unquestionably the most influential half, of the select committee which initiates the legislation of the country, and on whose conduct the fate of government and parties depends, have seats in the House of Lords. The ministry will, in fact, be extremely weak in debating resources and rhetorical capacity in the House of Commons, and abnormally strong in the House of Lords. The Conservative situation is thus exactly the reverse of what it was thirty years ago, when the late Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, was summoned in the lifetime of his father to the Upper House, to reinforce and to inspire the enfeebled and dispirited Tories. The chancellor of the exchequer and the secretary of state for war are the only two occupants of the treasury bench in the Commons who can be regarded as masters of Parliamentary tactics. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is a more impressive, vigorous, and eloquent speaker and an incomparably better debater than Sir Stafford Northcote, but he lacks the temperance of mind and the clearness of political vision which have secured for the latter the succession to Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Cross has remarkable power of lucid exposition, and has acquired the art of making neat and happy replies to Parliamentary questions. Mr. Ward Hunt has a good voice. Lord John Manners has a poor voice. Neither is a pillar of strength to his party. It is enough to mention the names of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Childers, Mr. Playfair, and above all Lord Hartington, who has acquired a rare knowledge of the House of Commons, to see the extreme disadvantage at which ministers will be in the lower

chamber of the legislature when compared with their opponents.

In the House of Lords the case is exactly the reverse. It has still to be seen whether Lord Beaconsfield, who as Mr. Disraeli was able so to supplement the mediocrity of his colleagues, as to have no cause to fear any onset from his opponents, will win the same triumphs in the House of Lords. Thirty-seven years ago he recognized that very different standards and sorts of rhetorical excellence and efficiency existed in the two Houses. He makes one of his characters say, in "The Young Duke," "One thing is clear—that a man may speak very well in the House of Commons, and fail very completely in the House of Lords. There are two distinct styles requisite. I intend in the course of my career, if I have time, to give a specimen of both. In the Lower House, 'Don Juan' may perhaps be my model: in the Upper House, 'Paradise Lost.'" Fortunately, Mr. Disraeli "has had time" to achieve the object of the ambition at which he prophetically hinted thirty-seven years ago. It will be interesting to see whether he will be able to master the Miltonic as completely as he has mastered the Byronic ideal. As a matter of fact, Mr. Disraeli's later Parliamentary manner is quite as well adapted to the House of Lords as to the House of Commons; and for some time past it might be thought that the prime minister had by frequent rehearsals been endeavoring to acquire the epic dignity and solemnity which he mentions as rhetorical desiderata for the peers. But if a total change were necessary, would Lord Beaconsfield be more than able to assume the change? But it must be remembered that the House of Lords, of which Mr. Disraeli spoke in "The Young Duke," was itself very different from the House of Lords which Lord Beaconsfield will address some ten days hence. It is not merely that there is a much larger supply of the popular element among the peers—that the peers themselves are now as a body quite as faithfully representatives of English interests, prejudices, tastes, likes and dislikes as the Commons; that the Upper House has unconsciously adopted many of the Parliamentary ways of the Lower. The same social and intellectual atmosphere is breathed in the House of Lords as in the House of Commons and in the clubs and drawing-rooms of London. Educated persons, whether they do or do not belong to the hereditary legislature, have all of them pretty much the same appetite in

intellectual matters. Fossil traditions and instincts are out of date, and the attributes which have secured Mr. Disraeli his ascendancy in the House of Commons will stand him in the same good stead in the House of Lords. These are facts which go some way towards minimizing or nullifying the distinction that Lord Beaconsfield has drawn between the requisite conditions for the two kinds of Parliamentary success.

Largely, in any forecast of the interest and importance which the House of Lords is this year likely to have for the nation at large, comes the consideration of the character of the debates by which it will be mainly engaged. It is safe to predict that the Eastern question, and the complicated collateral issues which arise out of it, will be prominent as in the Lower, so in the Upper House. But with what different results? The House of Commons, as it is now composed, is not competent to discuss grave and difficult topics of international relations. On the minutiae of domestic legislation—local taxation, roads bills, shipping bills, liquor bills, and the like—it can bring to bear an extraordinary amount of many-sided and practical experience. But with some half-dozen exceptions, the professed foreign politicians of the House of Commons, are enthusiasts, crotchetteers, charlatans, or all three. The comparative values of the House of Commons and the House of Lords, when issues of this description are raised, came out very strongly, not only in the foreign policy debates towards the close of last session, but also in the debates on the Imperial Title Bill. As we shall probably have enough, and more than enough, of the former in a very short while, let our retrospect be here confined to the latter. The repeatedly adjourned discussions in the House of Commons had, of course, the effect of acquainting the government with the popular prejudice which seemed to exist against the phrase—empress of India. But they did nothing more than this. They did not add to the sum of popular knowledge on the subject. They were popular protests, and nothing more. The controversy was no sooner removed into the House of Lords than it seemed to be in an atmosphere, not only of greater calmness, but of greater intelligence. The arguments adduced *pro* and *con* were those of knowledge, and not of emotion. The debates visibly enlarged the horizon of popular information. In addition to which the peers showed a more lavish profusion of

those powers which chiefly sway even a popular assemblage, than had been witnessed in the House of Commons. Perhaps the great speech of the great debate on the subject was that of Lord Napier and Ettrick. Though Lord Napier spoke from the Opposition side of the House, he spoke generally, but conditionally, in favor of the measure. With his argument we are not concerned. We refer to his speech merely because it was an illustration of eloquence, intellectual acumen, and copious knowledge which would have adorned any representative assemblage. Lord Napier and Ettrick will very shortly have no lack of similar opportunities. Many years ago, when his lordship was secretary of legation at Naples, Lady Holland asked him who was the most agreeable person attached to the embassy. He simply answered, "I am." It was perfectly true, but it is not less true that Lord Napier can boast much more than the vague merit of being agreeable. In addition to possessing great political judgment, Lord Napier has, as a diplomatist at Berlin, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg, gained a practical insight into the question of the East. There are other members of the House of Lords not less qualified to speak on such a subject than Lord Napier. His name has been merely selected here as typical of that deeper wisdom and wider enlightenment on topics outside the range of domestic statesmanship which are becoming scarcer and scarcer in the House of Commons.

As the object of this article is to present to the reader the House of Lords as it is, it need scarcely be said that we have no intention of dwelling at length upon its ancient history, or upon the many theories of its constitutional position, which have been propounded by political philosophers and practical statesmen at different times. The House of Lords, as the Marquis of Salisbury said, may not be an institution which the author of an abstract polity would care to create, but as it exists we must take it for what it is worth, and not condemn it so long as it performs its work effectively. That it does this few will care to deny, and doing this its utility is a self-evident fact, which has silenced the agitation of eight years ago. Only on three occasions since the Reform Bill of 1832 has there been any appearance or danger of a collision between the two Houses of Parliament. The first of these was in 1860. On May 21st the House of Lords had thrown out the bill for the remission of the paper tax by a majority of eighty-

nine. The opposition was successfully led by the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, who on his eighty-first birthday spoke with all the eloquence and acumen which had made him famous half a century before. The question was whether the peers had a right to reject a money bill. It was admitted that they had no right so to amend a money bill as to change the amount or incidence of taxation in any degree. On the other hand, it was shown by Lord Lyndhurst that the right now claimed by the peers of rejection had been exercised before, and was logically implied in the discussion by the House of Lords of such legislation. These arguments were not replies to the contention that it was inexpedient to assert the privilege, and as is generally the case when a consideration of technical legality arises, the controversy was ultimately decided, not by the division in the House of Lords, but on the broad grounds of constitutional policy and prudence. The matter was first relegated to a committee, and then settled by Lord Palmerston's resolutions of July 5th, 1860.* It is merely necessary to mention by name the two other instances in which differences between the House of Lords and the House of Commons have menaced a legislative deadlock. Of this the former occurred when the Bill for the Abolition of the Irish Church debate was going through Parliament in 1868, the peers ultimately giving way. While the latter took place three years later, when their lordships rejected the bill for the abolition of army purchase, and Mr. Gladstone resorted to the expedient of straining the prerogative of the crown by the issue of the royal warrant. Since then, unless, indeed, it be during the first and second sessions of the present Parliament, when the Public Worship Bill — so far as concerned the question whether the discretionary power should be vested in the bishops or only in the archbishops — and the Appellate Jurisdiction Bills, respectively, underwent considerable modification at the instance of the lords, there has been no hitch in the amicable relations of the two Houses.

The legislative activity of the House of Lords has also been noticeable since the advent of Lord Beaconsfield to power. Of the thirty-six measures of importance introduced to Parliament, twenty have originated in the peers' chamber. The Public Worship Bill in 1874, and the Judicature Act in 1875, both owed their parentage to our hereditary legislators. During last

* See "Molesworth's History," vol. iii., p. 157.

year the abortive Oxford Reform Bill first saw the light in front of the woolsack, and was the occasion of one of the most noteworthy speeches of the session from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The fact that both the secretary of state for India and for the colonies are in the House of Lords, has also undoubtedly caused that assemblage to occupy a more conspicuous place in the public eye than for some years it has done. It is to be noticed also that the recent debates in the House of Lords have not only been in many cases of a high order of excellence, but that they have introduced to public notice a larger proportion of capable candidates for political eminence comparatively, if not absolutely, than has been observed in the House of Commons elected three years ago. This is the more remarkable, seeing that the number of those who habitually take part in Parliamentary debate is much smaller in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. In the latter the total may perhaps, roughly speaking, be thirty; in the former it is probably not more than fifteen. Further, difficult as it may be for a young and untried man to get the ear of the House of Commons, that difficulty is very much greater in the House of Lords. The young peer rises full of suppressed fire and enthusiasm, to meet with as chilling a reception as a well-bred audience can give. He is ignored; he is silenced by a general undertone of conversation; or he finds that he is defeated by the peculiar acoustic qualities of the chamber in which he essays to speak. It is a different thing if he belongs to a family traditionally famous in Parliamentary annals. If he is a Duke of Richmond, a Marquis of Salisbury, an Earl of Derby, Carnarvon, of Clarendon, or the representative of any other great political house, he will be sure of attention. But at all times the sphere of active statesmanship in the House of Lords has conformed to the conditions of a close borough, and unknown aspirants to Parliamentary fame have not been encouraged, and have proclaimed their ambition only to ensure collapse.

That this tradition has to a great extent been broken through in the course of the past year must be partly perhaps ascribed to the circumstance that the House of Lords has signally ceased to be under the domination of one or two individuals, and thus for the present the paralyzing influences which such a *régime* naturally exercises upon the rest of its members have passed away. Its ruling spirits, of course, assert themselves — Lord Cairns, Lord

Salisbury, Lord Granville, the Duke of Somerset — to mention only a few of the most prominent names. But nothing like the dictatorship which, in times past, Lord Thurlow, Lord Eldon, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Lyndhurst exercised, can now be found. There is undoubtedly a growing tendency among their lordships to give the rising talent of their house a chance, and this tendency has already had the happiest results. The representative of a long line of statesmen, the head of a house which has secured the entrance to political life of a Macaulay and a Lowe, the wearer of a title which seems to symbolize the attributes of the true Mæcenas of Whiggism, the Marquis of Lansdowne took his seat in the House of Lords with an academic as well as ancestral reputation, was at once listened to as by right of birth, and made his mark as speaker and debater, when serving as an under-secretary of state five years ago. Lord Lansdowne, who was the most promising of Mr. Gladstone's patrician recruits, may now claim to have become the *enfant terrible* of the Opposition. The last session brought to the front, though in one case not for the first time, two young noblemen of whom, from the promise of their school and college career, much was expected — Lord Colchester and the Earl of Morley. For the time, these two members of the House of Lords, though seated on opposite benches, may be said to have combined together under the leadership of Lord Lansdowne for the purpose of resisting the Ministerial Oxford Reform Bill. Lord Colchester was heard as the accepted organ of a select body of Oxford residents, and the matter of his speech was deserving of all consideration. His rhetorical manner has not changed since the days in which he used to declaim the precepts of Eldonian Toryism to the assembled undergraduates of the Oxford Union. His elocution is so defective, his voice so uncertain, his mode of expression so stilted and artificial, that though he may be useful in council, he can never be powerful in debate. Lord Morley had the same university prestige as Lord Colchester, and in addition to this was, when at Balliol, as Lord Boringdon, a favorite pupil of Professor Jowett. He has been in the House of Lords upwards of seven years, but till last session his voice had not been heard on any occasion of importance. His *début* will have hardly satisfied the expectations of his friends; and it is plain from the reception which he met, that he must di-

vest himself of a certain aggressive *doxosophy* before he can hope to be a power among his peers.

The case is very different with certain young noblemen who sit on the back benches of the ministerial side of the House — the Earl of Camperdown and the Earl of Aberdeen, who, with Lords Donoughmore, Rayleigh, and Walsingham, are quite the most promising of the youthful Conservative peers. In each of these there is not merely political talent and considerable rhetorical power, but pre-eminent common sense. They have none of them, as yet, delivered any set orations, save, indeed, when moving or seconding the address to the throne, a duty which has devolved upon four out of the five. All, however, have had the opportunity of speaking briefly on matters of social or domestic political importance, and have favorably impressed competent critics, whether amongst their own party or their opponents. Lord Walsingham, indeed, is less of a neophyte than the others, and has already taken rank as a practical politician of marked ability and great practical usefulness. He is, moreover, doing much outside the House of Lords: and, in the second chamber of the legislature, extra Parliamentary achievements carry more political weight with them even than in the House of Commons. His feats as a slayer of grouse may be placed upon one side, but it is not unimportant to mention that, as a trustee of the British Museum, newly appointed to the office by the prime minister, he is not disposed to regard the post as a sinecure; and that, as a scientific agriculturist, he is setting a good example to the farmers of his county.

Unquestionably the honors of last session, in the House of Lords, belonged, among the junior members of that august assemblage, to Lord Rosebery, and the only fear is lest the amount of praise which has been justly given to the young nobleman should turn his head, and spoil him for future efforts. Entering public life with no preliminary blare of academic trumpets, but with an established reputation for sagacity and acumen among those who knew him, Lord Rosebery, though he had only once or twice briefly addressed the House of Lords on unimportant topics, had delivered more than one good speech outside its walls before he distinguished himself by his remarks on the Imperial Title Bill, a year ago. He had displayed the happy knack of self-adaptation to circumstances, with equal

felicity, on occasions grave and gay; when in his capacity of president of the Social Science Congress, he surveyed the progress and condition of all branches of human knowledge, within the limits of a two hours' prelection; when as chairman at a dinner given to that actor, he proposed the health of Mr. Toole; when, while making, with Lord Bute, the grand tour of the United States, he addressed a copy of verses to Sam Ward — the hero of Welcker's and Delmonico's, the king of the lobby at Washington, and of *bons vivants* at New York — a poem which adorns to this day the album of every American lady of fashion. It should be mentioned that on the same day on which, last session, he won his laurels in the House of Lords, the Earl of Rosebery had already scored a double success at Newmarket. This accomplished, he took the train to London, and in a few hours was making the speech of the evening, that speech at Westminster in which he wittily described the new imperial title as "labelled for external application only." The knowledge of the world which Lord Rosebery has gathered is not unlikely to be highly useful to him in his political career. But the period has now arrived when this young, clever, and popular nobleman, who has given such signal evidence of political capacity, may be expected to devote more attention to the State, and less to the stable.

Has the "rising talent" of the House of Commons anything better to show than the instances which have here been mentioned? During the last session Mr. Cowen, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Burt — all of them new men — made their mark. But what fresh Parliamentary lights are to be found among the many ingenuous youths who have entered the present House of Commons for the first time? Can it be said that during an entire decade among the new members of the House of Commons, who are at the present moment this side of five and thirty, there have been revealed any who has unmistakably about him the making of a statesman? The renovation to which the House of Commons is at any time liable, may alter the character of the prospect, but, as matters are, the preponderance of political promise is to be found in the House of Lords.

For the purpose of acquiring a general view of the House of Lords, its chief members, and the manner in which business is conducted therein, perhaps it will be the best plan to ask the reader to accompany us thither in imagination, on any

afternoon during the session. It is essential that the weather should be fine, for the peers' chamber is dependent on the beams of the sun for its picturesqueness of effect. It is five o'clock, and in "another place" — the House of Commons — work has been going on for three-quarters of an hour. Most of the gentlemen strolling through St. James' Park in the direction of Palace Yard, or dismounting from carriage and steed there or at the entrance to St. Stephen's from the side of Poet's Corner are peers, and from the number of them it may be inferred that an interesting or important debate is expected. The House is beginning gradually to fill as the visitor takes his seat, not behind the bar, nor in front of the House — positions the best for purposes of hearing, but the worst for purposes of vision — but in the front row of the strangers' gallery. The afternoon sun pours in through the painted windows, illuminating the gliding of the decorations, and bathing in lustre the green carpet, with its prince's-feathers of gold, and the crimson morocco of the benches. If there is something barbaric in the hues and patterns, there is some effect of historic dignity in the statues of the famous founders of noble houses, which adorn the niches in the wall, under which are inscribed names immortalized in our national story. On each side of the chambers save the side allotted to reporters, is the peeresses' gallery — that structure against which Lord Redesdale so emphatically protested on the ground that it would make the House of Lords like a casino. If gay dresses can produce this result there is certainly some danger of Lord Redesdale's apprehension being fulfilled. Given only fine weather and an attractive debate, and the peeresses' gallery will be a parterre of elaborate and multi-colored toilettes, rivalling in their resplendent variety the innumerable tints which the decorative taste of Barry has impressed upon the architecture of the fabric.

It is not only in these respects — sumptuous ornamentation, the presence of ladies, full in the sight of the assembled legislators — that the interior of the House of Lords presents such a contrast to the House of Commons.

There is an air of agreeable *abandon* in the mien and behavior of their lordships. The countenances of the members of the House of Commons have for the most part a look of anxiety or preoccupation. They enter their chamber like men oppressed with the consciousness of responsibility, burdened by a despotism of immu-

table laws and rigid etiquette. There is nothing of the sort in the House of Lords — no painful evidence of the thralldom of ceremonial, rules, or customs, or of the ruthless sacrifice of pleasure to duty. The whole atmosphere seems redolent of well-bred nonchalance and aristocratic repose. For instance, there is, in theory, a speaker of the House of Lords called though he always is the chancellor, just as there is a speaker of the House of Commons; but the functions of the two are separated by a gulf which is conclusive as to the difference of their relative positions, and also as to the spirit in which the business of the two Houses is conducted. The speaker of the House of Commons is something more than *primus inter pares*. For the time being he is regarded as of a nature different from, and superior to the honorable gentlemen by whom he is surrounded. Though there is nothing which the House of Commons likes better than a personal encounter, or a vituperative duel between any two members, there is nothing approaching to disrespect to the gentleman who is the first commoner in England — the custodian and embodiment of its privileges — that it will tolerate. When Dr. Kenealy abused Mr. Disraeli, the House of Commons merely laughed. When he comported himself in merely a careless manner to Mr. Speaker, it showed its disgust and indignation in a most unmistakable manner. The speaker of the House of Commons is, in fact, the commissioner-in-chief of the privileges and prerogatives of the House of Commons — whom the House has agreed to make the depositary of its ceremonial interests. To the lord chancellor no such trust has been delivered. The peers are a self-governed body, the preservers of their own "order," and the protectors of their own privileges. Through the keeper of the queen's conscience may sit enthroned in majesty on the woolsack, he is not fenced round by any divinity sufficient to deter noble lords from lounging indolently, at half length, upon its well-padded sides. Save for the dignity of his garb, the chancellor might be nothing more than the usher of the court. Unlike the speaker in the House of Commons, his lordship does not decide who shall have priority. When more than one peer rises, their lordships keep order for themselves; the chancellor has not even a casting vote when the numbers in a division are equal, and his only strictly presidential duty is to put the question, and read the titles of unopposed meas-

ures. On the other hand, he is the direct representative of royalty on all occasions when the sovereign communicates with Parliament, and he is the representative official mouthpiece of the House of Peers when they hold intercourse with public bodies or individuals outside.

It is rare to find more than a third of the sittings of the House of Lords occupied. There is no need for members, as in the House of Commons, to come down a couple of hours before the business of the day begins, and bespeak a place for themselves by affixing their visiting card. All is calm and comfortable; there is no haste, no rude competition, no unceremonious jostling. It is five minutes past five, and Lord Cairns has taken his seat upon the woolsack. The proceedings of their lordships begin with what, to the spectator from the gallery, is merely a dumb show. The chancellor rises, repeats a cabalistic formula, which is in effect the titles of the measures that are not opposed — private bills and so forth — and after having murmured, in tones audible to few but himself, some twenty times, that “the contents have it,” sits down, and waits for his colleagues on the ministerial bench, or his noble friends on the Opposition bench, to commence. Independently of the condition of the galleries and the space before the throne and in front of the bar, behind the iron benches at the opposite end of the House, there are other signs which will acquaint the visitor whether a keen debate or important division is expected. If it is he will notice that the Parliamentary clerk, who stands a little in front, and to the right of the entrance on the left side of the throne is particularly busy in writing down on a tablet which he carries in his hands the name of every peer whom he can see. He will also notice that a gentleman of pleasant appearance and polished address is particularly active in saluting noble lords as they come into the chamber, or after they have taken their seat. Presently the same gentleman hurriedly commits a number of names to paper, under the headings C. and N.C., not before he has first conferred with the above-named Parliamentary clerk for the purpose of verifying his catalogue, standing a little aloof, smoothing with his hand, at intervals during the process, his flowing beard. At last his task is over. He completes his calculation with a smile of satisfaction, and walks leisurely up to the Government leader in the House of Lords to whisper a few words in his ear. The Government leader is for the time the presi-

dent of the council, the Duke of Richmond, and his friend and colleague is Lord Skelmersdale, the most popular, cheery, well-favored, and assiduous ministerial “whip” ever known in their lordships’ house.

Meanwhile ministers are answering the few questions to which in the House of Lords they are ever called upon to respond. The Marquis of Salisbury, in tones wherein courtesy is indistinguishable from sarcasm, is informing the Duke of Argyll that the future examination of competition wallahs is a subject that is receiving his closest attention, but that at present there is no intention of substituting Sanskrit for Greek, or physiology for Latin. Lord Cadogan has met an interrogatory from Lord Cardwell with a *non possumus*, or Lord Derby, in reply to a question from Lord Campbell and Strathearn, has declared that certain papers relative to some forgotten commercial treaty or identic note shall be laid upon the table as soon as possible. The curious feature in the collective life of the House of Lords at the present moment is that no one seems to care for what his neighbor is doing or saying. The chancellor is writing a note on his knee. The primate is talking to an archdeacon whom he has introduced into the House on the left of the episcopal bench. The Duke of Richmond is strolling into the lobby. Lord Granville is chatting to the Duke of Somerset, who sits immediately behind him. But after awhile the preliminaries come to an end, and then, if there is to be a real debate, and not merely a discursive conversation, the debate begins.

While it is in progress we will abstain from speculating on its character, and will rather occupy ourselves with a rapid glance at the more prominent of their lordships, who happen to be present, and who may possibly engage in the discussion as the evening draws on. Seated in the centre of the table just before the woolsack, is Lord Redesdale, chairman of committees, conspicuous with the invariable swallow-tail coat and white tie, looking neither older nor younger than he did a quarter of a century ago. He is busily engaged in writing letters or in looking over official documents. On his left, in the place which the late Lord Lyttelton invariably occupied, is Lord Stanley of Alderley — in appearance marvellously like what Henry Stanley was, a couple of decades ago, before the traveller had developed into the politician, and was in the habit of starting off at an hour’s notice for the

wilds of Tartary, with no luggage worth mentioning but a pipe and some Turkish tobacco, prepared to dine with much satisfaction off dates and rice, and cold water. A good speaker Lord Stanley is not, and never was. He generally reads his speeches, and generally, too, in tones which it is extremely difficult to understand. But their substance is always admirable, and if the topic be distinctly related with the East, with Turkey, or India, or China and Japan, Lord Stanley's authority is weighty. Exactitude, knowledge, humor and cleverness — these are qualities which he never fails to display, but too often at a time, and in a manner which causes his audience to ignore them, and really robs them of their effect.

Of the front Opposition bench the first occupant who claims attention is Lord Shaftesbury, a speaker — and so far as possible we now confine our remarks to oratorical qualities — whose sentences, indeed, are always well constructed; but whose argument is sometimes so loose and inconsequent as scarcely to deserve the name of argument at all, and whose enunciation is frequently so careless that he can only be heard by those who are sitting immediately next to him. At times, however, Lord Shaftesbury shows himself an orator full of fire, eloquence, and conviction. Next to Lord Shaftesbury is generally found Lord Coleridge, whose rhetoric, "honeyed with the oil of persuasion," what need to describe? Beyond sit Lord Cardwell, with pensive air and folded arms, seldom a speaker, always a close and critical listener; Lord Granville, the Opposition leader, radiant and polished to behold, with an air of genial languor about him affected rather than real, and a strength of satire which may well astonish those who are accustomed to regard him rather as a professor of deportment than a statesman; eminently uncertain as a speaker, sometimes giving the House nothing but weak doses of political platitudes; at others earnest, dignified, abounding in sagacity and wisdom. His near neighbor on the same bench, Lord Kimberley, is a statesman who is in his true element in Parliament — a keen politician, a fluent, perhaps too fluent, speaker, and abounding in cleverness and knowledge. The Duke of Argyll will probably be a better orator and a more influential personage ten years hence than he is now. His rhetoric has required and is now gradually gaining a certain mellowness, which is an immense improvement. Earl Grey, who sits near the Duke of Ar-

gyll, his head inclined slightly forward so as not to lose a word which is said — and whatever the subject of discussion his attention is invariably the same and never flags — frequently regards it as a duty to play the part of *advocatus diaboli* to any measure which may be before the House. But aggressive though his criticism may be, it is always to the point, and he inherits many of the attributes which were conspicuous in his father, the premier of that administration which passed the first Reform Bill. His voice is still clear and strong. His common sense immediately supplies the solvent before which mere plausibility disappears — a common sense that comes not only of experience but of vigor, and is full of a force which is tempered and not diminished by age. On the bench immediately behind that on which the Opposition leaders are seated, the most conspicuous personage is the Duke of Somerset, perhaps on the whole the most pungent, witty, and incisive speaker of whom the House of Lords can boast. His style, indeed, is rather that which we might expect, but which at present we should look for in vain, in the House of Commons. No one is more quick to detect imposition, or to strip it of its veneer of fine phrases and promises than this free-thinking, hard-hitting peer. Unfortunately his Parliamentary utterances cannot be heard from the strangers' gallery, and the reporters follow him with difficulty. Still they do follow him; and his speeches will bear the test of careful study even in their summarized form. The representative character of the House of Lords has been already dwelt upon in the course of this article. There is certainly no member of the House of Commons who so thoroughly represents the educated, popular, destructive, critical spirit of the age as his Grace of Somerset. Lord Campbell and Stratheden is the last peer on the Liberal side on whom it is necessary to say a few words. If Lord Campbell did himself justice he would long ago have made a far greater mark in Parliamentary life than he seems likely to do. On foreign politics, and especially on the politics of south-eastern Europe he is more thoroughly and accurately informed than almost any of the Opposition peers, unless it be Lord Napier. Lord Campbell is, moreover, master of a literary style, whose only defect is occasional obscurity, generated by a straining after epigrammatic point, and an overwrought refinement of expression. But Lord Campbell, notwithstanding the copiousness and exactness of

his knowledge, his unrivalled mastery of bluebooks and his memory for the text of treaties and protocols, is an ineffective speaker. He is listened to in spite of himself, because what he says is known to be worth hearing. Happily Lord Campbell is in the habit of printing his more important speeches, and the world is thus supplied with what are really valuable manuals of political teaching.

With debating power the Conservative benches in the House of Lords are, as has been said, much more plentifully furnished than the Whig or Liberal side. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who will now resign his leadership only to the newly-elevated prime minister, has always done his work discreetly. He has, in fact, done all that was wanted of him. He has never failed to make a ministerial statement, however complicated the subject, in a clear and business-like manner. He has been uniformly courteous to his opponents, and is thoroughly trusted by his colleagues. Political influence, beyond what must attach to the possessor of a couple of dukedoms, he has had, and aspires to have, none. The great defect in Lord Derby, as a speaker, is the prominence of Lancashire in his accent. It is here alone that he reminds one of his father, in whom the same peculiarity was apparent, especially in moments of political passion and excitement. He never hesitates, has no varied inflections of tone, and consequently never soars to the height of the orator. He appeals to the reason and judgment of his hearers, whether in Parliament or out of it. Lord Carnarvon's voice is weak, as his figure is slight, but he employs it to the utmost advantage, and without any semblance of painful effort. Not a word that he says is ever lost; and in the spirit and vigor with which his sentences are delivered, as well as the admirable form into which they are thrown, one forgets the physical disadvantages of the colonial secretary. A true statesman Lord Carnarvon has shown himself: had nature been more lavish in her vocal gifts, he would have been a great orator. As it is, he has a perfect idea of what oratory should be, and does his best to reproduce its effects. Between the speaking of Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury there are certain points of resemblance. In both there is the same tinge of academic culture; the same use of telling and incisive phrases; the same studied avoidance of the conventional and the commonplace. Lord Salisbury's voice is extremely powerful, and the merest stranger would not

have heard twenty words from him before he perceived that they were the utterance of a correspondingly powerful mind. The Indian secretary possesses in a greater degree than any of his colleagues, or, indeed, than any of his opponents, except Lord Selborne, the power of replying to a whole series of speeches on their general merits, leaving not a point in any one of them unnoticed, and on doing this without having previously taken a single note, or jotted down a single fact as an *aide mémoire*. He is, in brief, a master of Parliamentary debate, as he is a master also of sarcasm and irony. These qualities he displays less frequently than formerly, but he has not lost the use of them. Possibly they are reserved for the period when he may again be in opposition. At present he cultivates something approaching even to geniality, though the addiction to stinging phrases and crushing retorts is manifestly suppressed with difficulty. It is generally said that Lord Salisbury sighs for the atmosphere of the House of Commons. It is, however, difficult to see how his lordship's ambition could be more completely gratified than it now is in the House of Lords. A greater political power he could not be. He is supreme in his own official department, and he is a Parliamentary force as well. A political party, he is under no circumstances likely to attach to himself; and it would only be on the assumption he was desirous of so doing that a seat in the House of Commons would be a distinct advantage. Lord Salisbury has therefore probably discovered by this time that a high place in the peerage, and the supremacy of the Indian Office, more than compensate for the deprivation of the chance of "wielding at will that fierce democracy."

The episcopal bench is, on the whole, very ably filled. As an orator and debater, the Bishop of Peterborough need fear no rival among the temporal peers. Dr. Magee may lack the *bonhomie*, the consummate knowledge of the world and of human nature, the light and ready humor, the adroit and mellow wit of Dr. Wilberforce. But he never speaks without making a number of distinct points, or without bringing entertainment as well as conviction. The primate is lucid, impressive, dignified, eloquent: epithets each of which may be applied to the Archbishop of York, whose mien and utterance remind one more and more of the "magnificent man" as portrayed in the fourth book of Aristotle's "Ethics." In the case of Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of

Lincoln, there is much of rhetorical power and earnestness to admire, immense learning, and at the same time an incredible amount of political unwisdom. Dr. Wordsworth, perhaps, never yet made a speech in the House of Lords which had not the twofold effect of commanding the respect of his audience for its sincerity and erudition, and of alienating their feelings from the cause which it was his purpose to espouse. The Bishop of Manchester is not a good Parliamentary speaker, being too didactic and hortatory. The Bishops of London and Winchester are, after Dr. Magee and the two archbishops, quite the best; but the Bishop of Peterborough is, in his own line, without a rival among their lordships.

Here our brief enumeration of some of the more prominent members of their lordship's House must end. Other names, not less worthy of mention, will readily occur. Enough has been said to show the essentially representative character of our upper chamber as it is now composed, its importance in the work of national legislation generally, and the special service it is likely to render in the debates that may be expected to occur this year. It has also been seen that while, in respect of mature and finished statesmanship, the House of Lords is certainly at no disadvantage when compared with the House of Commons, neither is it so as regards political promise among its members. The influence of an example such as that of Lord Rosebery may be of the highest utility. That the House of Lords is gaining rather than losing power in what is certainly a democratic age would be a legitimate conclusion from the isolated history of the Judicature Act. The traditions and the habits of aristocratic dependence have passed away; but an aristocratic hereditary legislature, which does its work well, stands upon unassailable ground. The functions of the House of Lords are, it may be said, critical rather than constructive. This, while it gives their lordships less opportunity of national display, increases their capacities for national usefulness. In all probability for many years to come the House of Commons' legislation will lack just those qualities of finish and fulness which the revision of the House of Lords will ensure. It is also to the House of Lords, rather than to the House of Commons, that we must look to preserve the standard of English statesmanship, and English Parliamentary speaking. Incompetent speakers there doubtless are among the peers,

but they seldom break silence. As for the regular speakers, their utterances are never without two merits—lucidity and compression. As a corrective to the diffuseness and obscurity which are the bane of the House of Commons' rhetoricians, the speeches in the House of Lords would alone be of extreme value. To this must be added the fact, that they have the very positive recommendation of superior knowledge. Sydney Smith's comparison of the lords to Mrs. Partington, in her efforts to mop up the Atlantic, has long since lost its point. The House of Lords has ceased to be a mere obstructive in work of national legislation. It is rather now a depository of the best traditions of English statesmanship, and a model of the best sort of modern Parliamentary debate.

From The Fortnightly Review.

TITIAN.*

"As heaven is the paradise of the soul, so God has transfused into Titian's colors the paradise of our bodies," says Tullia to Tasso, in Sperone's "Dialogue of Love." It would be difficult to state in fewer words the secret, or at least great part of the secret, of the charm of Titian. In his hundred years of life he did indeed fashion the terrestrial paradise of the century. Into the happy immortality of his paintings, as into the hell described by Aucassin in the old French story, passed "the good clerks, the fair knights slain in battle and fierce wars, the brave men-at-arms, and the lords of high degree. Also the fair courteous dames, and the gold and the silver, the furred raiment, and the rich gowns of Vair, the harp-players, the minstrels, and the kings of this world," everything, in brief, that was great and splendid. For the fair knights of fierce wars there were D'Alviano and Cornaro, the victors at the battle of Cadore, and John Frederick, elector of Saxony, a captive from the fight at Mühlberg, with the scar of the sabre-cut on his face. For fair courteous dames, there was Lucrezia Borgia, when the wife of Alfonso of Ferrara, and, in curious contrast, the innocence of the beautiful and learned Irene of Spilemberg, Titian's pupil, who died before she was twenty. Among clerks of the worldly sort, there was Cæsar Borgia, painted at

* *Titian: his Life and Times.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. London: Murray, 1877. 42s. Gilbert's *Cadore, or Titian's Country*, 1869.

the time when he came, the son of a pope, acting as legate *a latere* to his father, to offer plenary indulgence to the Venetians to join a crusade against the Moslems. The "king of this world" was the emperor Charles V., withdrawn in his sullen mood to the window, where he would sit and listen in perfect silence to courtiers and suitors. Another form of power was represented by the portrait of Paul III., to which the passers-by doffed their hats, taking it for the pope himself in person. The minstrel in Titian's paradise was Ariosto, and for buffoon there was that infamous one who might be cudgelled but was never crushed, the supremely shameless Aretino. The studio of Titian was the point through which all these types of the life of the Renaissance, these and hundreds of others, kings, cardinals, soldiers, doges, poets, matrons, dead queens and living harlots, passed, leaving there the shadows of themselves which have proved more real and permanent than the life. To have seen all these and to have given them a new existence, while remaining all the time absolutely himself, with his great interests of money-getting, of love of the mountains and the sea, of attachment to children and to friends unimpaired, makes the attraction of the story of Titian.

Titian's life does not afford the same kind of amusement, does not fascinate us in the same way, as do the lives of most of the Italian painters. In him there is not the varied charm of Leonardo, or the romance of Raffaello, or the pathos of Andrea's unhappy experience, or the piety of Angelico, or the changeful moods of Botticelli, or the disdainful solitude and superhuman force of Michael Angelo. Titian, it may be said, has no legend; in his childhood are none of the graceful miracles, which crept out of the lives of saints into the lives of poets and artists. The current anecdotes about him take him up when he was old, as he appears in most, if not all, of his portraits, — old, successful, and patronized by emperors and kings. Perhaps he lived so late, and his age was so near the time of the historians of painting, that romance could not gather about the legend of his infancy. He was born after the story-making period in the history of art, and he was born in a country of hard-headed people, who had work enough to do to keep their freedom and make their daily bread in the stunted valley of Cadore, where Titian first saw the light in 1477. In following his life in the new and admirably thorough and painstaking book of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, it is easy

to see how much his native country contributed to the character of Titian.

He was born at Cadore, some eighty-six miles from Venice, in a cottage where a fountain leaps into a stone basin, and a green hill rises abruptly and shelters the roof. From an open space called the Arsenale, in front, a narrow passage leads up the cliff to the castle, which we see in flames in Fonda's print from Titian's lost picture of the great land battle with the soldiers of Maximilian. The cottage is on a lower level than the rest of the town, with its ugly church and tower, decorated with a huge, coarse portrait of the painter. "Behind it rise the cerulean-tinted peaks of Monte Cornon. On the right the huge bulk of Monte Cridola is dark against the clear east; to the left are steep grassy slopes, hiding as yet the loftier Antelao, and Marmarolo."* The steep grassy slopes, the dawn-colored peaks of the dolomites, the stream of the Piave flowing to Venice and the sea, all entered into the education of Titian. The Marmarolo is said to be the mountain in the background of the "Presentation of the Virgin;" the Antelao might be seen from the garden of the house of his home in Venice; the hills between Cadore and Belluno appear in the "Madonna and St. Catherine," of the National Gallery; the high-pitched roofs and irregular buildings of the farmhouses are painted in the "Magdalene" of the same collection. It was his childhood, passed among these strange shapes of peaks, and more homely hills, and knolls, and forests, often revisited in later summers, that made Titian almost the earliest painter to recognize and take pleasure in the sentiment of landscape. But nothing could teach him to tolerate "the horrid whiteness" which Shelley loved; in snow, whether on distant peaks, or trodden into mire and blood beneath the feet of the combatants at the battle of Cadore, he took no delight. If we consider how much, and to what disagreeable effect, snow has been copied in the works of living painters of mountain scenery and in the military pieces of French artists, we have a measure of the advance in the liking for nature in her most repellent aspect which has been made since the time of Titian. It was not only the character of the mountains, but the character of the mountaineers of Cadore, that became part of the personality of the great artist. The district had always been poor and free, eager for more wealth and for as much liberty as possible.

* Cadore, p. 96.

Lying between the lands of the emperor, the duke of Milan, and the republic of Venice, the inhabitants had to make a choice of allegiance. After deliberating in council, the assembly prayed devoutly in the Chapel of the Holy Spirit at Valle, and "then as with one voice, the cry arose, Let us go to the good Venetians." This was in 1420, and when Titian was born, some sixty years later, the people of Cadore had seen no reason to repent their choice. Their castle was no feudal robber's lair, but their own possession, presided over by a captain from Venice. The adventurous townspeople were on good terms with the great republic, and sent their sons to make fortunes in its ships and its streets. Love of money and love of liberty went together in Cadore. Even before 1420, one of Titian's ancestors set an example which the artist often followed, by "obtaining from the patriarch exclusive rights in cutting wood, and the fief of two mountains wherein to excavate for silver and other metals." Descended from an old *podestà* of Pieve, the family was always important in the district, and when Titian passed from Cadore to Venice, in 1488, he left behind, among other kinsmen, two who did the State yeoman's service during the invasion by the Imperialists.

Of Titian's childish attempts as an artist, very little is told, even by way of fable. He is said to have painted a Madonna upon a wall, in colors expressed from the juice of flowers; and Mr. Gilbert is more ready than Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle to believe that, when about eleven years of age, he made a design in fresco, still extant on the wall of the Casa Sampieri, the home of his grandfather. It is not certain whether or not he was the pupil of Antonio Rosso, an artist of the decrepit Friulan school, but at all events he went to Venice when he was about eleven years old, and there studied under Sebastian Zuccato, an irritable old painter, pleasantly known to readers of George Sand's "*Maîtres Mosaïstes*." Venice had just entered on the second half of the first of the two centuries of her short-lived school of painting, two ages in which the life of Titian occupied a century. In the year 1400, when it was necessary to restore the frescoes of the Hall of the Great Council, Venice had found herself without artists of her own. Under Gentile da Fabriano and Vittore Pisano, painters invited to come over and help her, the school of Murano arose, and the birth of Venetian painting coincided with what Mr. Ruskin considers the beginning of

the end of the glory of the city in 1418. Jacopo Bellini carried to the north the knowledge of the antique, and somewhat of the skill in design of Donatello and Mantegna, and before the boy Titian left Cadore, Giovanni Bellini was well able to paint the Oriental richness of Venetian costume, architecture, and landscape, at least in conditions of fair weather and repose. The Flemish practice "of mixing varnish mediums with pigments" had been mastered, and young artists from the hill country were bringing their knowledge and love of a region seldom seen except under broken lights and the shadow of storms. Titian, it is probable, did not remain long under Zuccato, though he always was on good terms with his sons, the Mosaïstes, and was able, many years afterwards, to do them a service. He probably became the pupil of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and he certainly was much influenced by the style of Palma and of Giorgione, though, if we accept the dates usually given, he was older than one and of the same age as the other. Probably his chief business was to paint house-fronts, as of the Morosini palace, where there was a fresco of Hercules, said to be one of his very earliest works. To paint a Hercules implies some knowledge of classical art, which Titian might have gained in the house of Gentile Bellini, whose collection contained a bust of Plato and a statue of Venus by Praxiteles. Where history and tradition say nothing of his work or his adventures, his progress can only be traced obscurely, by comparing the various pictures in which, "timid and cold at first, he soon warms to the task before him." Already his Madonnas display forms which he retained a quarter of a century later, and already he had painted a landscape from the border land between Venice and Cadore. A miraculous Christ from his hand was most profitable to the church of San Rocco, as indeed the same sort of picture was found last year to pay when exhibited in Pall Mall. The two maidens at a fountain, called "Artless and Sated Love" by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, but generally styled "Profane and Sacred Love," is a perfectly delightful work of the early period. A girl gorgeously dressed, and beautiful in the style of Palma's ladies, —

Sits with Love upon a woodside well,

or at least with an almost naked female figure, who holds in her right hand a little censer burning away with a magical effect into the blue and breathless air. A

plucked rose and a lute lie beside the draped beauty, a little Cupid dips a wreath in the well water which flows into the grass from a pipe in the antique marble of the fountain; behind are rustic buildings and a tower, and plains sloping to the distant sea. The picture seems to represent the art of Palma and Giorgione blended in that of Titian, and the scene has a fresh loveliness and simplicity more delightful to some tastes than the richness of the "Bacchus and Ariadne," or the grandeur of the "Peter Martyr."

Some little time, it may be guessed, for all is guess-work here, after the painting of the maidens at the fountain, a disaster befell the German traders in Venice. The Fondaco di Tedeschi, in which alone they were allowed to live and buy and sell, was burned down in 1505. By 1507 Giorgione and Titian were probably busy at the frescoes which were to cover the outsides of the walls, and two years afterwards the new Fondaco was finished, and the honest Germans, in their gratitude invited all the grandees of Venice to an entertainment in which blindfolded men chased a greased pig, than which they could conceive of no sport more appropriate and exhilarating. The frescoes, with which the Tedeschi were charmed, have given rise to some controversy. The sea winds have destroyed them long ago, and Vasari had a low opinion of the decorations as a whole. "I, for one, was never able to fathom Giorgione's meaning, nor found any one that had fathomed it," he writes peevishly, leading one to suppose that the frescoes were in the rather obscure style of Teutonic allegory. Vasari could not understand why Judith should sit with Holofernes' head at her feet, "and wield a drawn sword, while she talks to a German below." He adds a story to the effect that some acquaintances of Giorgione mistook the *façade* at which Titian worked for his, "and began, as friends, to rejoice with him, declaring that he was acquitting himself better on the side of the Merceria than he had done on that of the Grand Canal," which remark naturally vexed Giorgione, and put an end to his friendship with Titian. It is more pleasant to accept the statement of another biographer, that Giorgione admitted the superiority of his friend, and was glad to have been able to share with him the work of painting the Fondaco; while it is just possible to believe that the Christ of "The Tribute Money" is a portrait by Titian of Giorgione.

Evil times for artists and for Venice were now being prepared by the ambition of Maximilian. Just at the moment when the Fondaco was opened to German trade, German arms were forcing a way into Italy through the passes guarded by Cadore. In spite of the reproaches of Tiziano Vecelli and of the townspeople, the Venetian captain of Cadore gave up his fort to the Imperialist troops. The people submitted; but the kinsfolk of Titian kept up a correspondence with the republican government, and guided the Venetian forces under Dalviano in a sudden and well-concerted attack on the German position. The army of Maximilian was totally routed, the general, Strauss, was killed in single combat by the Tuscan Ranieri, the fugitives were pursued and slain by the Stradiote lancers, and the emperor was glad to make truce for the time with Venice. The battle chiefly interests us by reason of its connection with the career of Titian. Unlike his brother Francesco, he felt no call to join the armies of Venice. But some five years later, in 1513, when Bembo was anxious that he should go to Rome to paint for Leo X., and when Navagero would have had him to await the reversion of Bellini's position as painter-in-chief at Venice, Titian asked the Signori for leave to illustrate the battle of Cadore in the Hall of Council.

I, Titian of Cadore, having studied painting from childhood upwards, and desirous of fame rather than profit, wish to serve the doge and Signori rather than his Highness the pope and other signori, who in past days, and even now, have urgently asked to employ me. I am, therefore, anxious, if it should appear feasible, to paint in the Hall of Council, beginning, if it please their sublimity, *with the canvas of the battle on the side towards the Piazza*, which is so difficult that no one as yet has had courage to attempt it.

The "no one" is an allusion to Giovanni Bellini, who was still chief artist of the republic, but whose failing strength was unequal to a task of such magnitude. The pay that Titian asked was the first vacant broker's patent for life in the German Fondaco—a sinecure then held by Giovanni Bellini. This proposal was accepted, much to the chagrin of Bellini, who had influence enough to annoy Titian in various ways, but not to oust him from the *atelier* at San Samuele, where he got leave to establish himself, and where he made his finished sketch for the battle-piece. Before the close of 1516 Titian entered into the enjoyment of his "broker's patent," which was worth a hundred

ducats a year, and involved the duty of painting the portrait of the doge. But now that he had reached the height of his ambition, he found that profitable dealings with "other signori" prevented him from finishing the battle-piece. In 1518, 1522, and 1537, twenty-four years after his first offer, he was rebuked for his negligence. By the last date Pordenone had appeared as a rival, and so bitter was the hostility, that their friends regretted perhaps the grants of nobility which had recently allowed both painters to wear swords, and settle their disputes like gentlemen of honor. Titian sought satisfaction in a more sensible way, and actually finished his battle-piece, the finest painting in the hall. Now of this work nothing remains but descriptions; a solitary engraving by Fontana and a sketch, both in the possession of Mr. Gilbert; and, lastly, a copy at Florence. The first description, that of Vasari, calls the picture "The Rout of Ghiaradadda: a crowd of soldiers who fought under a terrible rain from heaven." Sansovino the younger, who was sixteen years of age when the work was finished, styles it "The Battle of Spoleto in Umbria," and mentions the figure of "a young girl creeping out of a hollow," and the same figure is praised by Dolce and Ridolfi, the latter naming the piece "The Battle of Cadore." Mr. Gilbert has no difficulty in showing that the landscape surrounding the fight is that of Cadore, and that the imperial eagle flaps on the flags of the beaten party in the engraving. In the drawing, believed by Mr. Gilbert to be a sketch by Titian himself, the flags are blank; and in the engraving it is not, as he says, the lion of St. Mark, but the three lions of the Cornari, that wave over the spears of Venice. Again, if we look at Burgmaier's illustrations of Maximilian's own account of the battle of Cadore (in the book called "*Der Weiss Kunig*"), we find the real winged lion of St. Mark on the Venetian banner, and see the Stradiote spearmen, in their tall hats, pursuing the Germans through the defiles. Thus we are naturally led to the conclusion of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, that Titian did indeed paint the fight at Cadore — the scenery proves as much, and the historical incident of the death of the fair German girl, shown in the engraving — but that he painted the victory under a thin disguise. He did not introduce the unmistakable Stradiotes; he put the cognizance of the Cornari, not of Venice, on the banners, and he dressed the Imperial forces in Roman armor. Thus he artfully

enough pleased the Signori, did not annoy his imperial patron, Charles V., and flattered the powerful Cornari, while he left poor Dalviano, the real victorious general, in obscurity.

To finish the story of the battle, it has been necessary to desert the even tenor of Titian's life. He felt, like other artists, the stress of hard times while the league of Cambrai lay heavily on Venice, and leaving his favorite town, his study of Giorgione, and his rivalry with Dürer in minuteness, he visited Padua, and worked in fresco for what pay he could get. His accounts he kept with less method than one might expect, on the backs of loose drawings on grey paper, and behind a sketch for the "*Omnia Vanitas*" is the record, "Signor Marlo Zatto owes me one hundred and thirty lire." Titian had little love of fresco, little practice in the art, and not a much higher regard for Paduan taste than for that of the mountaineers in whose village churches he now and then designed a Madonna. He must have been glad to return to his canvases and panels in Venice, where he soon began to attract the notice, and as Dr. Johnson would have put it, to "enjoy the caresses of the great." There was a temporary truce with Maximilian, at the moment of the painter's return, in 1512; business was no longer so very bad, and the Aldine club patronized the artist in a rather haughty way. Venice was full of such scholars as Bembo, Erasmus, Linacre, and Navagero, who were too polished to talk in any other language than Greek. This must have made their conversation anything but an intellectual pleasure to Titian, who was more fortunate in the patronage of Alfonso of Ferrara. This prince was very busily engaged in decorating the castle which contained on one side the "alabaster chambers," and on the other, the dungeons in which he shut up his inconvenient brothers. In 1516 the painter paid his first visit to Ferrara, and was lodged with two assistants in the palace, receiving rations of salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, oranges, tallow candles, cheese, and five measures of wine. The fare is lenten, and a potentate so luxurious might have furnished the artist with candles of a more costly material than tallow. Titian wrote, on February 19, 1517, that "he had given himself body and soul to your Excellency," and, indeed, shows that subservience in style and fall-down-deadness of demeanor which often mark a republican in presence of a man of rank and title. Raffaele and Michael Angelo did not write thus, but

it must be noted that, though Titian gave fair words, he often infuriated Alfonso by working precisely at the pace which suited himself. He was ready to kiss the feet and hands of kings, but he did not hurry himself to please them, and no one was ever more pertinacious in demanding his pay.

It is a curious trait in his character that he considered Alfonso's instructions about some design "so pretty and ingenious as to require no improvement of any kind; and the more I thought over it, the more I became convinced that the greatness of art among the ancients was due to the assistance they received from great princes content to leave to the painters the credit and renown derived from their own ingenuity in bespeaking pictures." He was always ready to paint just what was wanted, a story of "Christ in the Garden," or a fable of "Jupiter and Europa," a "Grieving Madonna," or a "Day of Judgment," for Charles V. in later years, or a "Danaë" or "Adonis" for Philip II., a man of pleasure. He will take his winged Cupids from their pastimes of throwing apples and shooting arrows in Alfonso's "Worship of Venus," to make them angels who welcome the Virgin, in the "Assumption," or who beckon to the soul of the wounded Peter Martyr. *Dionysus and St. Jerome come alike to him,* for in every subject he finds or gives what he really cares for, the glory of life, the pride of the eye, rich colors, fair raiment, skies and far-off mountains, woods, and the wealth of flowers. So, though one thinks for a moment of the "forth-right craftsman's hand," the word "low-pulsed" cannot be added, as in the case of Mr. Browning's Andrea del Sarto. The world and the fulness thereof is Titian's kingdom, and he enters into it as well by one gate as by another; for devotion or dissipation, saintliness, and sensualism are all transfigured in his work for his own calm pleasure, and for that of all generations that come after him. The poetry of his nature — as our two authors observe, in treating of his relations with Ariosto at the court of Ferrara — "the poetry of his nature is proved by every line of his landscapes, by every detail in an allegory like that of "Sated Love." But he kept his poetry in its proper place, like Shakespeare, and, in his dealings with men, always proved himself to be an adroit and vigilant man of business, and a friend not too fastidious, and with no nonsense about him. At this very period, when he was illustrating for Alfonso the line, —

Chi boit et ne reboit ne çais qui boir soit,

by a painting of Ariadne most unpoetically overcome by the boon of Dionysus, he had just accomplished those two of his works which are most charged with sentiment, the "Madonna and St. Catherine," and the "*Noli me Tangere*." In the rendering of a woman's passion for children, and a woman's tender awe at the sight of the beloved dead, risen and restored beyond all hope, no master has equalled the attitude of St. Catherine as she fondles the infant, and the action of the Magdalene trailing herself like a wounded thing to the feet of the Christ. The "Assumption," also a work of this date, is more famous, and more clever perhaps, but not equal to these treasures of ours in emotional power. One needs to remember the delicate and sacred thoughts in which Titian must have lived, while painting the "Magdalene," to feel the force of contrast in his conduct when he is ready to sell to Alfonso a work already bought at a lower price by another customer. But the prince repented of the shabby transaction, — "We have thought over the matter of the 'St. Sebastian,' and resolved that we shall not do this injury to the reverend the legate." Titian had to produce some other work for Alfonso, and in 1523 visited Ferrara with the then half-finished "Bacchus and Ariadne," in illustration of Catullus, which is now in the National Gallery. At Ferrara he found "the iris, the wild rose, and columbine, which so exquisitely adorn the very edge of the ground on which the satyrs tread," flowers that Titian might possibly have studied in the garden of his later home in the suburb called Biri, but certainly not near his *atelier* in San Samuele. In this same year he found a new patron in Gonzaga, marquis of Mantua, and painted for him that admirable "Entombment," now in the Louvre, in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle recognize a lingering trace of the influence of Palma, "in moulding of face and limbs, in shallow depressions of stuff in drapery, and in contrasts that bring before us varieties of weather-beaten flesh in males, and pearly skin in women." At this time, too, he worked in the palace of the doges, and, with his keen eye for a job, secured the appointment of his father, who must have been at least seventy, to a place as inspector of mines.

Here, before entering on a new period in his story, it may be well to quote Palma Giovine's description of Titian's *technique*: —

Titian [he says] prepared his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment, which served as a bed or fundament upon which to return frequently. Some of these preparations were made with resolute strokes of a brush heavily laden with color, the half tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, modelled into relief by touches of the same brush, dipped into red, black, and yellow. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation he would turn the picture to the wall, and leave it there perhaps for months, turning it round again after a time to look at it carefully, and scan the parts as he would the face of his greatest enemy. If at this time any portion of it should appear to him to have been defective, he would set to work to correct it, applying remedies as a surgeon might apply them, cutting off excrescences here, superabundant flesh there, redressing an arm, adjusting or setting a limb, regardless of the pain which it might cause. In this way he would reduce the whole to a certain symmetry, put it aside, and return again a third or more times, till the first quintessence had been covered over with its padding of flesh. It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting, and he used to say that a poet who improvises cannot hope to form pure verse. But of "condiments," in the shape of last touches, he was particularly fond. Now and then he would model the light into half tint with a rub of his finger; or with a touch of his thumb he would dab a spot of dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it, or throw in a reddish stroke—a tear of blood, so to speak—to break the parts superficially. In fact, when finishing, he painted much more with his fingers than with his brush.

Two influences, and one of them at least most friendly and favorable to all sorts of canny or mean transactions, now enter into the life of Titian—his marriage and his friendship with Aretino, a scamp who sullied the very name of his native town, being one of those pests of literature, whom we have always with us. The bastard son of no one knows who, he saw the light in a hospital at Arezzo, and received just enough education to qualify him for the trade practised by persons who reveal or conceal private scandals for rewards in power or pay. Aretino's good looks and his impudence made him friends at Rome, where he went with Chigi, the banker, and whence, after a prosperous career under Leo X., he was expelled by the sensitive virtue of Clement VII. In 1524 he became the bosom friend of Giovanni de' Medici, and in his service learned more of the secrets which were his stock in trade. After Giovanni's death he went to Venice, with letters to Gritti, the doge friendly to Titian, and

his acquaintance soon became, as Vasari says, "useful and honorable" to the painter. Titian painted this honorable person, and sent the portrait to the marquis Gonzaga at Mantua, "knowing that Gonzaga was fond of so faithful a servant, because of his many virtues." Aretino puffed the artist in the sonnets which represented the appreciative criticism of the time, he introduced him to princes, got sketches and praise in return, and managed a very illustrious clique of men of taste and pleasure. While he was entering on this friendship, a perilous one, for Aretino had means of forming a shrewd guess as to when any noble of high rank was to be stabbed or poisoned, Titian also found time to marry a wife, of whom scarcely anything is known. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle with great probability attribute the sentiment in that beautiful domestic picture of the "Madonna del Coniglio" to the spectacle of "these charming but minute passages which seldom meet any but a father's eye." The *bambino* of the picture must have been Pomponio, whom the painter spoiled, by securing for him an indolent life in the fruits of benefices, which were more often promised than given, but which were always being expected. The reckless laziness and profligacy of Pomponio in later life, made even Aretino preach sermons which he did not enforce by example. Indeed, it is well to notice how the infamous one was improved, as it seems, by the friendship of Titian. Mr. Gilbert has noticed that his letters to the painter contain none of the foul jests which were part of his stock in business. In more subtle ways he no doubt encouraged the painter to be indifferent to modesty in his courtship of the great. Thus there is a notable contrast between Titian and the great artist, Michael Angelo, who now crossed his path. Buonarrotti was in Venice in 1529, and the influence of his example may be seen in the shadows that remain of the great picture of "Peter Martyr," painted by Titian after a competition with Pordenone. "He took from Buonarrotti a startling display of momentary action and muscular strength," qualities which may be recognized even by a tiro in the sketch in the British Museum, photographed in Mr. Comyns Carr's beautiful new volume. But Titian's life at this time was far other than that of the Florentine. Charles V., when at the Conference of Bologna in 1530, had with him a secretary named Covos, whom all the princelings of northern Italy sought to

please. Now Count Pepoli's wife had a pretty waiting-maid, Cornelia, to whom Covos in his hours of ease did much incline. Observing this soft passion, the marquis of Mantua sent Titian to paint the girl, who happened unluckily not to be looking very lovely at the moment. In work like this, and in designing naked women, the Venetian was busy, while Michael Angelo was defending Florence in the death struggle of her freedom. At this time Titian had a domestic misfortune, his wife died in the feverish heats of the summer, and he, pining in the sultry air, and vexed, no doubt, with his old home, moved his family and his goods to the house in the northern suburb, with the famous garden and the view of Antelao.

The next great event after the change of house was Titian's acquaintance with Charles V. Frederico Gonzaga tried to bring the artist and the emperor together in November, 1532, inviting the painter to Mantua, and asking him, withal, to bring some fresh fish with him. But Titian declined, and preferred to use Aretino's introduction, and follow the court to Bologna. The emperor was immortalized in 1532-1533, in company, as the Whitehall inventory says, "with a big white Irish dog." In 1533 the gratified kaiser sent the master a letter-patent from Barcelona, comparing him to Apelles; and to no other artist did Charles intend to sit, for the term of his natural life. He also created Titian "a count of the Lateran palace, of the Aulic Council, and of the Consistory, with the title of Count Palatine, and all the advantages attached to those dignities. He acquired the faculty of appointing notaries and ordinary judges, and the power to legitimize the illegitimate offspring of persons beneath the rank of prince, count, or baron." In addition to these almost miraculous powers, Titian was made a Knight of the Golden Spur, might wear a sword — useful in case of an encounter with Pordenone — and was paid a thousand golden scudi, which he invested in land. Now Titian was somebody, when he went to Cadore with his sword and medals, and he could do a service to a cousin, who had a taste for the life of a notary or ordinary judge; and he could even afford to lend money to his native township, or to get a captain of the castle dismissed for contriving monopolies in the simple fashion recommended by Aristotle. Titian was now, and for the rest of his days remained, a confirmed court painter, a man of business and of cheerful life, without ceasing to be a man of genius.

But his genius was well in hand, and was allowed no vagaries. Life was full of seriousness to him, because he could not keep up with his orders, and turn out as many pictures as were demanded, even with the aid of the easy style which is not acquired with ease. "Aretino boasted in a letter to Paul Manutius that Titian could throw off a likeness as quickly as another could scratch the ornament on a chest." But then there were so many likenesses which must be thrown off. Alfonso d'Este had died in the early autumn of 1534, and so had Clement VII.; but Paul III., of the house of Farnese, succeeded to the pontificate, and Paul soon required Titian's presence at Rome. Aretino had tried to bring this visit to pass, but Aretino was in an unlucky vein, and suffered a good deal from the ungrateful Franco of Benevento. Franco wrote one of the sonnets, so strangely admired at the time, in which he praised Titian for having concentrated in the portrait of Aretino all the shame of the age: —

Nello spacio d'un piccolo quadretto
Tutta l'infamia della nostra etate.

But life was endurable, in spite of Franco, who, after all, was answered in full measure, pressed down and running over, by the indomitable Aretino. It would be pleasant to quote Priscianese's description of a supper with the artist and the satirist and the sculptor Sansovino in Titian's garden, where the large tree, painted in the "Peter Martyr," whispered above the guests, and the sea in the sunset was musical with songs from the many gondolas, and the voices of singing women. But Mr. Gilbert has already reproduced this passage, and, in justice to Aretino, it is proper to give that serpent's sketch of a sunset in Venice. He is writing to Titian, then perhaps in Cadore, and his letter is thus freely paraphrased by our two authors: —

Having dined, contrary to my habit, alone, or rather in company of the quartan fever, which robs me of all taste for the good things of the table, I looked out of my window, and watched the countless passing boats, and amongst them the gondolas manned by famous oarsmen, racing with each other on the Grand Canal. I saw the crowd that thronged the bridge of Rialto and the Rivo to witness the race, and as it slowly dispersed I glanced at a sky which since the days of the creation was never more splendidly graced with light and shadows. The air was such as an artist would like to depict, who grieved that he was not Titian. . . . The clouds above the roof merged into a distance of smoky grey, the nearest

blazing like sun, more distant ones glowing as molten lead, dissolving at last into horizontal streaks, now greenish blue, now bluish green, cutting the palaces as they cut them in the landscapes of Vecelli. And as I watched the scene I exclaimed more than once, "O Titian, where art thou, and why not here to realize this scene?"

He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good.

Aretino had tried, as we have seen, to get an invitation to Rome for Titian, but for the time without success. Other good fortune came in his way: in 1541 Charles V. gave him a pension on the treasury at Milan, and this pension was most valuable to the painter, supplying him for the rest of his life with occupation in his leisure hours. The Milanese authorities never paid, or when they did pay it was in tickets for rice, which Titian did not want. Most of his letters to the emperor and to Philip II. deal with this unlucky pension, and it is curious to note how Philip at first made marks in the margin of the epistles, but ended by being bored with the unwearying demands of the artist. His picture of Paul III., painted in 1543, was a marvel, "combining the detail of a Fleming with the softness of Bellini, or the polish of Antonello, with breadth of plane, freedom of touch, and transparence of shadow peculiarly his own;" but the portrait of Paul III. did not obtain for Pomponio the looked-for benefice. Not solid profit, so much as praise and princely hospitality, and the offer of the "leaden seal," which could not be accepted without robbing Sebastian, was to be got from the hands of the pope. In September, 1545, thirty years after his earliest invitation, Titian visited Rome, with an escort of seven riders, payment of his journey, good company on the road, caresses, honors, and presents. He was welcomed by Bembo and the pope, and Vasari, an admirable guide, led him to the choicest antique and modern treasures of the city. At the age of sixty-eight it may be imagined that he had little to learn. That plastic period was over in which, under the influence of Raffaello and Buonarrotti, he might have ceased to be himself, might have imitated, and been lost. But even now, in his great picture of "Danae," he borrowed with grace and skill, from the attitude of the Eros of Praxiteles, in the replica in the Vatican, proving that he was still alive to fresh and worthy influences in his art.

It may have been the misfortune of his friend Sansovino, whose new library fell in with ignominious ruin, that called Titian

back to Venice in 1546. At all events, on his return he helped his friend, as old nearly as himself. He returned to his domestic life, and to painting in various attitudes his beautiful daughter Lavinia. Though her marriage and dowry caused anxiety to an aged artist, whose pensions were not paid on quarter day with pleasing punctuality, still Lavinia and her brother, the industrious Orazio, consoled Titian for the misconduct of the pampered Pomponio. Looking at the old man's life, *ut in votiva tabella*, one sees little except the ingratitude of this son to check his even prosperity and ruffle his placid content. Aretino sympathized with him in this tribulation, and Titian no doubt consoled with his friend, who never secured the cardinal's hat which he had good reason to expect from Paul III. The pontiff was not deceived by the work on the penitential Psalms, with which Aretino about this time edified a pious public.

Now there was a great and universal demand for Titian's paintings, scraps, and sketches, for it was known that he meant to visit the emperor at Augsburg; the way was long and hard, and the painter might never return from the cold north to Venice and the sun. It was natural to reckon thus, for Titian had reached the term of threescore and ten when he set his face towards Augsburg. "With your license, *padrono mio unico*," he wrote to Cardinal Farnese, who wanted to detain him, "I shall go whither I am called, and returning, with the grace of God, I shall serve you with all the strength of the talents which I got from my cradle." "Who among us now would undertake Titian's journey," say MM. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "and visit Ceneda, Trent, and Innspruck in winter?" By reason of strength, in truth, the master made the long, cold, and laborious ride, and set to work in Augsburg so diligently, that he exhausted his colors, and in May he had to write to Aretino, asking that half a pound of lake might be sent by the first Imperial messenger. It was a gloomy court which he painted; Charles V., "the ghost of a kaiser," as the Protestants called him, who would sit alone when at dinner, and eat enormously; Ferdinand, the emperor's brother, an even less lovely man to look upon; John Frederick, a mournful captive and student of the Psalms, whose bloated frame grew more unwieldy in the constrained absence of his black armour and in his lack of exercise. Another painter was at Augsburg, Cranach, a friend of John Frederick, not of Charles. Cranach,

who had painted the kaiser as a child, was asked by him what he was like in those days. "Your majesty," said Cranach, "was eight years old when the emperor Maximilian took you by the hand and received the homage of the Belgian States. There was a teacher with you, who, seeing your restlessness, told me that iron or steel would attract your particular attention. I asked him to place a spear against a wall, so that the point should be turned towards you, and your Majesty's eye remained fixed on that point till I had done the picture." Cranach designed "the *Cunierfet* of Thucia, the painter of Venice," at the time when Titian was busy with that too-successful portrait of Philip II., which won the maiden heart of Mary Tudor. Whether or not the queen "cut it out of the frame and threw it down," as in Mr. Tennyson's stage direction, in 1554 it was faithfully returned to Mary of Hungary. It is a strange link between the healthy and happy age of the painter who has given so much of the purest pleasure, and the bitter and blighted late youth of her who was so miserable, and a cause of so much misery.

In August, 1551, a more propitious season to travel in than the winter weather in which he rode to Augsburg, Titian returned to Venice. No less than twenty-five years of life and work were still before him, and now he actually painted a landscape which claimed to be nothing more than a landscape. It was a new departure, and had he been encouraged by patronage, Titian would have worked this fresh and rich vein. But the demand was all for Magdalenes and St. Johns, Danaes and Calistos, and Titian went on supplying these, and enjoying a luxurious life with his friends. His peaceful pleasure was saddened, when the hearts of kings were lightened, by Aretino's death. "The brute," as Antonio Pola styled him, died after a fall from his chair, caused by a violent explosion of laughter at a joke of his favorite sort. Titian was sorry, no doubt, and his biographers regret the cessation of Aretino's letters, but the satirist had enjoyed more than his share of meat and mirth and wine. Old Sansovino, too, whose wonderful digestion enabled him to eat six cucumbers and half a melon at one meal, did not long survive the satirist. It would be some consolation to Titian, that when Charles V. also escaped from his gloomy and premature old age in 1558, his successor made great efforts to secure the payment of the former's pensions. Titian's letters at this time are full of

his grievances. He made an honest penny by selling and valuing curiosities, and a dishonest gain by a fraudulent return of income, but the pension is always in his mind. The laborious Philip, with that attention to business which made him annotate his envoy's statement of the price of rhubarb, gave ear, as we have said already, to the old man's complaints. Titian continued to send his latest pictures to Philip, though they were received without thanks. After the battle of Lepanto, that "event" almost as "untoward" as Navarino in the eyes of the Turcophile, Titian did not attempt the commemorative design. Tintoretto succeeded to a broker's patent, as Titian had succeeded to that of Bellini. But it appears that even in his ninety-sixth year Titian would have painted a new battle-piece for the Signori, had he not been busy with a similar work for Philip of Spain. He had a new royal patron in Henri III., who visited him in 1574, on his way from Poland to France. In 1576 he was still writing that he expected further fruits of favor from Philip's royal benevolence. But the plague was at the door, and Titian was too dilatory in fleeing to the hill country. The painter made his last bargain with the Franciscans for a grave in the chapel "del Crocifisso." The bargain ended in a wrangle, but Titian gained his point after all, and dying on August 27, 1576, was buried in the place of his desire with great honor, even in that terror-stricken time of pestilence. His son Orazio did not long survive him, and thieves broke in and stole the priceless gems of the old man's collection.

Titian's life strikes one as having possessed all the fulness that the poet in "Empedocles on Etna" assigns to human existence in itself, without thought of a possible future.

Is it a little thing
To have enjoyed the sun,
To have lived light in the spring,
To have loved, to have thought, to have
done;
To have helped friends and beat down baffling
foes?

All this Titian enjoyed for a full century, and because he did enjoy all this, nearly without the sorrows and trouble of Michael Angelo and Leonardo, he was the more perfect artist, and perhaps the less perfect man. In his days he had good things, and they too often evil things, and therefore they touch our hearts with a keen, far-off affection which Titian does not awaken.

A. LANG.

From The Examiner.
GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

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CHAPTER IX.

LOVE'S SORROWS.

"SUSAN," said Master Johnny Blythe to his sister—her name was Honoria, and therefore he called her Susan—"you have got yourself up uncommon smart to-night. I see how it is. You girls are all alike. As soon as one of you catches a fellow, you won't let him alone; you're all for pulling him off; you're like a lot of sparrows with one bit of bread amongst you."

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Miss Honoria, with proud indifference.

"Oh, yes, you do," retorted Johnny, regarding himself in a mirror, and adjusting his white tie. "You don't catch a man like Balfour stopping down at Willowby three whole days in the middle of the session, and all for nothing. Then it was from Willowby he telegraphed he would come here to-night, after he had refused. Well, I wonder at poor old Syllabus; I thought she was a cut above a tea-and-coffee fellow. I suppose it's his 30,000*l.* a year; at least, it would be in your case, Susan. Oh, I know. I know when you part your hair at the side you mean mischief. And so we shall have a battle-royal to-night—Susan *v.* Syllabus—and all about a grocer!"

Those brothers! The young lady whom Master Johnny treated with so much familiarity and disrespect was of an appearance to drive the fancies of a young man mad. She was tall, and slender, and stately; though she was scarcely eighteen there was something almost mature and womanly in her presence; she had large dark eyes, heavy-lidded; big masses of black hair tightly braided up behind to show her shapely neck; a face such as Gainsborough might have painted, young, and fresh, and pink; a chin somewhat too full, but round with the soft contour of girlhood. She was certainly very unlike her cousin, both in appearance and expression. Lady Sylvia's eyes were pensive and serious; this young woman's were full of practical life and audacity. Lady Sylvia's under lip retreated somewhat, and gave a sweet, shy, sensitive look to the fine face; whereas Honoria Blythe's under lip was full and round and ripe as a

cherry, and was in fit accordance with her frank and bold black eye.

Mrs. Blythe came into the drawing-room. She was a large and portly person, pale, with painted eyelashes, and unnaturally yellow hair. Lord Willowby had no great liking for his sister-in-law; he would not allow Sylvia to go on a visit to her; when he and his daughter came to town, as on the present occasion, they stopped at a private hotel in Arlington Street. Finally, the head of the house made his appearance. Major Blythe had all the physique that his elder brother, Lord Willowby, lacked. He was stout and roseate of face, bald for the most part, his eyes a trifle bloodshot, and his hand inclined to be unsteady, except when he was playing pool. He wore diamond studs; he said "by Gad;" and he was hotly convinced that Arthur Orton, who was then being tried, was not Arthur Orton at all, but Roger Tichborne. So much for the younger branch of the Blythe family.

As for the elder branch, Lord Willowby was at that moment seated in an easy-chair in a room in Arlington Street, reading the evening paper; while his daughter was in her own room, anxious as she never had been anxious before about her toilette and the services of the faithful Anne. Lady Sylvia had spent a miserable week. A week?—it seemed a thousand years rather; and as that portentous period had to be got through somehow, she had mostly devoted it to reading and re-reading six letters she had received from London, until every phrase and every word of these precious and secret documents was engraven on her memory. She had begun to reason with herself, too, about her hatred of the House of Commons. She tried hard to love that noble institution; she was quite sure, if only her father would take her over to Ballinascroon, she would go into every house, and shake hands with the people, and persuade them to let Mr. Balfour remain their representative when the next general election came round; and she wondered, moreover, whether, when her lover went away on that perilous mission of his through the slums of Westminster, she could not, too, as well as he, put on some mean attire, and share with him the serious dangers and discomforts of that wild enterprise.

And now she was about to meet him; and a great dread possessed her lest her relatives should discover her secret. Again and again she pictured to herself

the forthcoming interview; and her only safety seemed to be in preserving a cold demeanor and a perfect silence, so that she should escape the shame of being suspected.

The Blythes lived in a small and rather poorly furnished house in Dean Street, Park Lane; Lord Willowby and his daughter had not far to drive. When they went into the drawing-room, Lady Sylvia dared scarcely look around; it was only as she was being effusively welcomed by her aunt that she became vaguely aware that Mr. Balfour was not there. Strange as it may appear, his absence seemed to her a quick and glad relief. She was anxious, perturbed, eager to escape from a scrutiny on the part of her relatives, which she more than half expected. But when she had shaken hands with them all, and when the two or three strangers present began to talk those staccato commonplaces which break the frigid silence before dinner, she was in a measure left to herself; and it was then that—not heeding in the least the chatter of Master Johnny—she began to fear. Had he already ventured on that Haroun al Raschid enterprise, and been stopped by a gang of thieves? There was a great outcry at this time about railway accidents; was it possible that—— Or was he merely detained at the House of Commons? She forgot that the House does not sit on Wednesday evenings.

She was standing near the entrance to the room, apparently listening to Master Johnny, when she heard a knock at the door below. Then she heard footsteps on the narrow staircase, which made her heart beat. Then a servant announced Mr. Balfour. Her eyes were downcast.

Now Balfour, as he came in, ought to have passed her as if she had been a perfect stranger, and gone on and addressed himself, first of all, to his hostess. But he did nothing of the kind.

"How do you do, Lady Sylvia?" said he, and he stopped and shook hands with her.

She never saw him at all. Her eyes were fixed on the floor; and she did not raise them. But she placed her trembling hand in his for a moment, and murmured something, and then experienced an infinite relief when he went on towards Mrs. Blythe.

She was glad, too, when she saw that he was to take his hostess in to dinner. Had they heard of this secret, might they not, as a sort of blundering compliment, have asked him to take her in? As it was, she

fell to the lot of a German gentleman, who knew very little English, and was anxious to practise what little he knew, but who very soon gave up the attempt on finding his companion about the most silent and reserved person whom he had ever sate next at dinner. He was puzzled, indeed. She was an earl's daughter, and presumably had seen something of society. She had a pale, interesting, beautiful face, and thoughtful eyes; she must have received enough attention in her time. Was she too proud, then, he thought, to bother with his broken phrases?

The fact was, that throughout that dinner the girl had eyes and ears but for one small group of people—her cousin and Balfour, who were sitting at the further corner of the table, apparently much interested in each other. If Lady Sylvia was silent, the charge could not be brought against Honoria Blythe. That young lady was as glib a chatterer as her brother; she knew everything that was going on; with the bright audacity of seventeen she gossiped and laughed, and addressed merry or deprecating glances to her companion, who sate and allowed himself to be amused with much good-humored coolness. What were poor Sylvia's serious efforts to attain some knowledge of public affairs compared with this fluent familiarity which touched upon everything at home and abroad? Sylvia had tried to get at the rights and wrongs of a question then being talked about—the propriety of allowing laymen to preach in Church of England pulpits: now she heard her cousin treat the whole affair as a joke. There was nothing that that young lady did not know something about; and she chatted on with an artless vivacity, sometimes making fun, sometimes gravely appealing to him for information. Had he heard of the old lady who became insane in the Horticultural Gardens yesterday? Of course, he was going to Christie's to-morrow; they expected that big landscape would fetch twelve hundred guineas. What a shame it was for Limerick to treat Lord and Lady Spencer so! She positively adored Mr. Plimsoll. What *would* people say if the shah did really bring three of his wives to England, and would they all go about with him?

Poor Sylvia listened, and grew sick at heart. Was not this the sort of girl to interest and amuse a man; to cheer him when he was fatigued; to enter into all his projects and understand him? Was

she not strikingly handsome, too, this tall girl with the heavy-lidded eyes, and the cherry mouth, and the full round chin curving into the shapely neck? She admitted all these things to herself; but she did not love her cousin any the more. She grew to think it shameful that a young girl should make eyes at a man like that. Was she not calling the attention of the whole table to herself and to him? Her talking, her laughing, the appealing glances of those audacious black eyes — all these things sank deeper and deeper into the heart of one silent observer, who did not seem to be enjoying herself much.

As for Balfour, he was obviously amused, and doubtless he was pleased at the flattering attention which this fascinating young lady paid him. He had found himself seated next her by accident; but as she was apparently so anxious to talk to him, he could not well do otherwise than neglect (as Lady Sylvia thought) Mrs. Blythe, whom he had actually taken into dinner. And was it not clear, too, that he spoke in a lower voice than she did, as though he would limit their conversation to themselves? When she asked him to tell them all that was thought among political folks of the Radical victories at the French elections, why should he address the answer to herself alone? And was it not too shameless of this girl — at least, so Lady Sylvia thought — who ought to have been at school, to go on pretending that she was greatly interested in General Dorregaray, the king of Sweden, and such persons, merely that she should show off her knowledge to an absolute stranger?

Lady Sylvia sat there, with a sense of wrong and humiliation burning into her heart. Not once, during the whole of that dinner, did he address a single word to her; not once did he even look towards her. All his attention was monopolized by that bold girl who sate beside him. And this was the man who, but a few days before, had been pretending that he cared for nothing in the world so much as a walk through Willowby Park with the mistress thereof, who had then no thought for anything but herself, no words or looks for any one but her.

Lady Sylvia was seated near the door, and when the ladies left the room, she was one of the first to go. You would not have imagined that underneath that sweet and gracious carriage, which charmed all beholders except one ungrateful young man, there was burning a fierce

fire of wrong, and shame, and indignation. She walked into the drawing-room and went into a further corner; and took a book — on the open page of which she did not see a single word.

The men came in. Balfour went over, and took a seat beside her.

"Well, Sylvia," said he, lightly, "I suppose you won't stay here long. I am anxious to introduce you to Lady —; and there is to be a whole batch of Indian or Afghan princes there to-night — their costumes make such a difference in a room. When do you think you will go?"

She hesitated; her heart was full; had they been alone, she would probably have burst into tears. As it was, he never got any answer to his question. A tall young lady came sweeping by at the moment.

"Mr. Balfour," she said, with a sweet smile, "will you open the piano for me?"

And again Lady Sylvia sate alone, and watched these two. He stood by the side of the piano as the long tapering fingers — Honoria had beautifully-formed hands, every one admitted — began to wander over the keys; and the dreamy music that began to fill the silence of the room seemed to lend something of imagination and pathos to a face that otherwise had little in it beyond merely physical beauty. She played well, too; with perfect self-possession; her touch was light, and on these dreamy passages there was a rippling as of falling water in some enchanted cave. Then down went both hands with a crash on the keys; all the air seemed full of cannonading and musketry fire; her finely-formed bust seemed to have the delight of physical exercise in it as those tightly-sleeved and shapely arms banged this way and that; those beautiful lips were parted somewhat with her breathing. Lady Sylvia did not think much of her cousin's playing. It was coarse, theatrical, all for display. But she had to confess to herself that Honoria was a beautiful girl, who promised to become a beautiful woman; and what wonder, therefore, if men were glad to regard her, now as she sat upright there, with the fire and passion of her playing lending something of heroism and inspiration to her face?

That men should: yes, that was right enough; but that this one man should — that was the bitter thing. Surely he had not forgotten that it was but one week since she had assigned over to him the keeping of her whole life; and was this the fashion in which he was showing his gratitude? She had looked forward to this one evening with many happy fancies.

She would see him; one look would confirm the secret between them. All the torturing anxieties of absence would be banished so soon as she could reassure herself by hearing his voice, by feeling the pressure of his hand. She had thought and dreamt of this evening in the still woodland ways, until her heart beat rapidly with a sense of her coming happiness; and now this disappointment was too bitter. She could not bear it.

She went over to her father.

"Papa," she said, "I wish to go. Don't let me take you; I can get to the hotel by myself —"

"My dear child!" said he, with a stare, "I thought you particularly wanted to go to — House, after what Balfour told you about the staircase and the flowers —"

"I — I have a headache," said the girl. "I am tired. Please let me go by myself, papa."

"Not at all, child," said he. "I will go whenever you like."

Then she besought him not to draw attention to their going. She would privately bid good-night to Mrs. Blythe; to no one else. If he came out a couple of seconds after she left the room he would find her waiting.

"You must say good-by to Balfour," said Lord Willowby; "he will be dreadfully disappointed."

"I don't think it is necessary," said Lady Sylvia, coldly. "He is too much engaged — he won't notice our going."

Fortunately, their carriage had been ordered early, and they had no difficulty in getting back to the hotel. On the way, Lady Sylvia did not utter a word.

"I will bid you good-night now, papa," said she, as soon as they had arrived.

He paused for a moment, and looked at her.

"Sylvia," said he, with some concern, "you look really ill. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," she said. "I am tired a little, and I have a headache. Good-night, papa."

She went to her own room, but not to sleep. She declined the attentions of her maid, and locked herself in. Then she took out a small packet of letters.

Were these written by the same man? She read, and wondered, with her heart growing sorer and sorer, until a mist of tears came over her eyes, and she could see no more. And then, her grief becoming more passionate, she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a wild fit of crying and sobbing, the letters being clutched in

her hand, as if they, at least, were one possession that could not be taken away from her. That was a bitter night — never to be forgotten; and when the next day came, she went down — with a pale and tired face, and with dark rings under the beautiful, sad eyes — and demanded of her father that she should be allowed at once to return to Willowby Hall, her maid alone accompanying her.

From The Philadelphia Press.

BURNS AND WASHINGTON.

ROBERT BURNS, born in January, 1759, was not seventeen years old when the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia. Not until the following year did he write the first poem of his (eulogizing a lass under the name of "Handsome Nell") that has been discovered and preserved, and his compositions between 1777 and 1783, when the American War was ended, were neither numerous nor important. The fecundity of his genius became apparent, in the number and merit of his productions, between the latter date and the summer of 1786, when his poems were first collected and published in book form. It was his youth, then, when our War of Independence was in progress, and at its conclusion, that prevented Burns, a man of the most liberal opinions, from alluding to it or to its heroes in his verse. In his second edition, in 1787, he introduced "A Fragment" of nine stanzas, narrating, in the quaintly familiar language of a rustic, the events of, and connected with, the American War. As a poem this is poor, and chiefly to be valued as showing its author's political feeling.

It has been regarded as singular that Burns, who cannot have been ignorant of Washington's career as "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," did not allude to him in prose or verse. Yet, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlap, in June, 1794, only two years before his death, he says: "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road" (he wrote, he said, "in a solitary inn, in a solitary village, of Castle Douglas"). "The subject is 'Liberty.' You know, my honored friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms I come to Scotland, thus: —

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 Beneath the hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
 Here it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
 Disturb ye not the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the power in freedom's war,
 That wont to bid the battle rage?

"With the additions of, —

Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Braved Usurpation's boldest daring;
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Crushed the despot's proudest bearing:
 One quenched in darkness like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering, power-
 less age."

It was not known to the general public that this poem, begun nearly sixty-three years ago, was ever completed. All who admire Burns, and their name is legion, will be glad to see it in full. It runs thus:

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No Spartan tale, no Attic shell,
 No lyre Eolian I awake:
 'Tis liberty's bold note I swell,
 Thy harp, Columbia, let me take.
 See, gathering thousands, while I sing,
 A broken chain exulting bring
 And dash it in a tyrant's face,
 And dare him to his very beard,
 And tell him he no more is feared!
 No more the despot of Columbia's race;
 A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
 They shout, a people freed! they hail an em-
 pire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
 Where is that brow erect and bold,
 That eye that can, unmoved, behold
 The wildest rage, the wildest storm,
 That e'er created fury dared to raise?
 Avaunt! thou caitiff, servile, base,
 That trembling at a despot's nod;
 Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
 Can'st laud the arm that struck the insulting
 blow?

Art thou of man's imperial line?
 Dost boast that countenance divine?
 Each skulking feature answers, No!
 But come, ye sons of liberty,
 Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
 In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
 Ye know, and dare maintain, the royalty of
 man.

Alfred, on thy starry throne,
 Surrounded by the tuneful choir,
 The bards that erst have struck the patriot
 lyre,
 And roused the free-born Briton's soul of fire.
 No more thy England own.

Dare injured nations form the great design
 To make detested tyrants bleed?
 Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
 Beneath her hostile banners waving,
 Every pang of honor braving,
 England in thunder calls — "The tyrant's cause
 is mine!"
 That hour accurst, how did the fiends rejoice,
 And hell thro' all her confines raise th' exult-
 ing voice —
 That hour which saw the generous English
 name
 Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting
 shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Famed for the martial deed, the heaven-taught
 song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes.
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty dead,
 Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
 Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm?
 Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
 Dark quenched as yonder sinking star,
 No more that glance lightens afar;
 That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste
 of war.

Judging from internal evidence, there can be no doubt of the authenticity of this lay of liberty, although it has never appeared in any edition of Burns. To Mrs. Dunlap, the gentle, highly intellectual, and well-informed lady, who, on the first accidental perusal of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," solicited his acquaintance, and was his best and wisest friend ever after, Burns had communicated a few stanzas of his Washington ode, and we find them in the above poem with a few alterations, which prove the authorship. Considering that when he wrote it Burns was himself an official under "the despot" he condemned, and that he seems to have endorsed the execution of poor Louis Capet, a weak rather than a bad man, it must be confessed that the poet was as bold as thoughtless. As it is, the poem evidently did not receive its maker's latest touches.

The question, "Whence comes it now?" is to be answered in a little narrative. About the year 1833 William Wilson, of gentle blood and culture, arrived in the United States, with his family, from Scotland, and settled in Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, as bookseller and publisher, and continued there until his death, in his fifty-ninth year, in August, 1860. Like

Pope, he might have said: "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." He was an early friend of the late Robert Chambers. Between 1826 and his emigration to this country Mr. Wilson had contributed, most acceptably, to *Blackwood's Magazine*, H. G. Bell's *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, *Chambers' Journal*, and other periodicals, and he continued to write, chiefly poetry, all his life. A selection of his poems, edited by Benson J. Lossing, appeared in 1870, and a second edition was published in 1875.

William Wilson, himself "one of the mildest-mannered men that ever lived," must have had fighting blood in his veins. His eldest brother was with Wellington in all his Peninsula battles, and finally at Waterloo. Three of his own sons were in the army of the Union during the civil war, and one was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. General James Grant Wilson, one of his sons, who served all through the war, and rose to his rank by good conduct and bravery, is a distinguished man of letters, best known, perhaps, as the editor and biographer of Fitz-Greene Halleck. His latest, which promises to be a perpetually popular work, is "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," published some months ago, by Harper & Brothers, New York. It gives a comprehensive view of Scottish song, from Thomas the Rhymer, who wrote in the thirteenth century, to the Marquis of Lorne, born in 1845, whose narrative poem of "Guido and Lita," with illustrations by the Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fourth daughter, was published in 1875, and is now in the third edition.

In this work is the essence, so to say, of six centuries of Scottish song. Two hundred and twenty poets of "auld Caledonia" are thus made known to the world, by specimens of their best productions, prefaced, in every instance, by biographical notices of the poets and their productions, with impartial criticisms. General Wilson has given several poems in full, such as Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," John Home's "Douglas," John Grahame's "Sabbath" and Pollok's "Course of Time," which, notwithstanding their merit, are out of print. He also gives, printed from the author's autograph, the ode which we print to-day, and unpublished poems by several other Scottish writers. In an appendix will be found some waifs worthy of preservation. Each volume opens with a list of authors and the specimens selected. There is an in-

dex of the titles of the poems, ballads, dramatic pieces, etc., an index of the first lines of the songs, and also an excellent and copious glossary. Ten portraits of eminent writers, engraved on steel, suitably illustrate these volumes.

A short time ago the London *Times*, noticing this work, complained that, "with the exception of Douglas of Fingland, whose beautiful and well-known ballad of 'Annie Laurie' is relegated to the appendix, the earliest writer quoted is Thomas Campbell," and asked why Allan Ramsay, William Dunbar, Sir David Lyndesay, the Marquis of Montrose — even Robert Burns and Walter Scott — had not been mentioned. In a subsequent notice the critic had to confess that not General Wilson, but himself, had made a mistake — the fact being that the critic had seen only the *second* volume, in which, beginning with Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1799, only the Scottish poesy of the present century is dealt with! So rarely has the Jupiter Tonans of European journalism been "caught napping" that this instance is worth noticing — particularly as it affects the character of the book in question. There are no extracts from W. E. Aytoun, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" — simply because Messrs. Blackwood, his publishers, refused their permission to have any made.

From The Leisure Hour.
AMERICANISMS.

THE signboards are instructive. One of them represents the establishment as a "dry-goods store," the name for haberdashery; another bears the whimsical legend, "notions," representing smallwares of various kinds. Our maid herself has ceased to be a "servant," and we, who are king and queen of our domestic castle, are no more "master" and "missus." The free air of the country in which all are "citizens" and no "subjects" has raised the servant to be a "help," and her employer to be "governor" or "boss," or, if slang is to be avoided, "Mr. A." or "Mrs. A." A "biscuit" is a soft bun, and a hard English biscuit is called a "cracker." Notes representing a number of dollars are called "bills;" small notes of ten or twenty-five or fifty cents are "greenbacks," or "change." "Potatoes" are either "sweet potatoes" or "Irish potatoes" (also termed "white potatoes"). "Lumber" signifies timber, or sawed boards. "Deal" is unknown as a specifica-

tion of a kind of wood, but the wood itself is abundant, and is called "white pine." "Vine" is used generically for any climbing plant, and the common phraseology runs of "grapevine," "ivy-vine," and again of "poison ivy." English terms of natural history are misapplied in a country where the species vary from those of Great Britain. The American "robin" is a large red-breasted thrush; the "haw" is a kind of plum-tree; "daisy" is not the sweet, crimson-tipped flower of home. "Clever" does not indicate mental ability (which is expressed by "able" or "smart"), but means generosity of spirit. The accent and tone of words is sometimes peculiar. *Mamma* and *papa*, with accent on the first syllable, are universal, and we give testimony with long o, not testimōny, as in Europe. . . . The peculiarities of expression may be traced to various sources. The American Indians have left their mark extensively in geographical names, and also in a few words which persist in the language of the country: as "hominy," for food prepared from Indian corn. Some of their words, as canoe, calumet, wigwam, tomahawk, and pemmican, are becoming classical English terms. "Maize" originated in the West Indies; "cob," expressing its head deprived of the seeds, and "shuck" for its husks, are probably Indian words, as is the widely-known "tobacco." "Guano" is Peruvian for "dung." "Corn" is employed in the United States for Indian corn. "Porridge," made of oatmeal, is called "mush," or "oatmeal mush," or simply "oatmeal" (and is partaken of, sup by sup, along with coffee or beefsteak, as is cheese with apple-tart or other sweets). "Supper" means the English "tea," saving that *tea* is rarely used at it, coffee being the national beverage. "Cookey" (a Christmas cake), "doughnuts" (balls of sweetened dough, fried), "bush" (land covered with rank shrubbery), and "boss" (employer or overseer), are of Dutch parentage. "Prairie" is French; and quite a large number are Spanish, as mulatto, quadroon, creole, filibuster, savannah, stampede. Germans, negroes, and Chinese have also made their mark in the popular vocabulary. . . . Some of the Americanisms savor of slang; thus to "run" a concern or to run a church, is to manage its finances; and if the affair "comes to grief," as the English say, "Brother Jonathan" remarks that it has "gone up a spout;" if it is only in difficulties, then he says "it is gone up a tree" (like an opossum

when hunted). The "hub," or nose of a cart-wheel, means the centre of refinement, and having been applied to Boston by one of its own citizens, the name stuck. Skedaddle is a Scotch (or Greek) term Americanized, and is retained because of its odd sound. "Scallawag" is a very pithy designation for one who is a loafer and scamp combined. The English "chimney-pot" hats are not so known in the United States, but are called "stove-pipe hats." "He's a goner" signifies that he is ruined in fortune and health; and "he's played out" indicates that he is without resource, that his last card had been played and failed. "Nine cheers and a tiger" is a call for the applause to be backed by such a yell as is only heard in American election meetings. Some of the slang as "prospecting," "cantankerous," has been imported to England. "Sundown" and "sun-up" need no explanation; nor does the "fall" for autumn. "Varmin" means all sorts of wild animals.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

BELIEF IN A CREATOR.

FEW results of ethnology are more interesting than the wide-spread belief among savages, arrived at purely by their own reasoning faculties, in a Creator of things. The recorded instances of such a belief are, indeed, so numerous as to make it doubtful whether instances to the contrary may not have been based on too scant information. The difficulty of obtaining sound evidence on such subjects is well illustrated by the experience of Dobritzshoffer, the Jesuit missionary, who spent seven years among the Abipones of South America; for when he asked whether the wonderful course of the stars and heavenly bodies had never raised in their minds the thought of an invisible being who had made and guided them, he got for answer that of what happened in heaven, or of the maker or ruler of the stars, the ancestors of the Abipones had never cared to think, having enough to trouble themselves with in providing grass and water for their horses. Yet the Abipones really believed that they had been created by an Indian like themselves, whose name they mentioned with great reverence, and whom they spoke of as their "grandfather," because he had lived so long ago. He is still, they fancy, to be seen in the Pleiades; and when that constellation disappears for some months from the sky, they bewail the illness of

their grandfather, and congratulate him on his recovery when he returns in May. Still, the creator of savage reasoning is not necessarily a creator of all things, but only of some, like Caliban's Setebos, who made the moon and the sun, and the isle and all things on it,

But not the stars; the stars came otherwise.

So that it is possible the creator of the Abipones was merely their deified first ancestor. For on nothing is savage thought more confused than on the connection between the first man who lived on the world and the actual creator of the world, as if in the logical need of a first cause they had been unable to divest it of human personality, or as if the natural idea of a first man had led to the idea of his having created the world. Thus Greenlanders are divided as to whether Kaliak was really the creator of all things, or only the first man who sprang from the earth. The Minnetarrees, of North America, believe that at first everything was water, and there was no earth at all, till the first man, the man who never dies, the lord of life, who has his dwelling in the Rocky Mountains, sent down the great red-eyed bird to bring up the earth. The Mingo tribes, also, "revere and make offerings to the first man, he who was saved at the great deluge, as a powerful deity under the master of life, or even as identified with him;" whilst among the Dog-ribs the first man, Chapewee, was also creator of the sun and moon. The Zulus of Africa similarly merge the ideas of the first man and the creator, the great Unkulunkulu; as also do the Caribs, who believe that Louquo, the uncreated first Carib, descended from heaven to make the earth, and also to become the father of men. It seems, therefore, not improbable that savage speculation, being more naturally impelled to assume a cause for men than a cause for other things, postulated a first man as primeval ancestor, and then applying an hypothesis, which served so well to account for their own existence, to account for that of the world in general, made the father of men the creator of all things; in other words, that the idea of a first man preceded and prepared the way for the idea of a first cause.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
FANS.

THE manufacture of fans is an important branch of industry in Japan, and no

fewer than three million fans, valued at ninety thousand dollars, were, according to Mr. Consul Annesley's commercial report on Hiogo and Osaka, lately issued, exported from those ports in 1875. Osaka is the principal city for manufacture of the *ogi*, or folding fans, which are those almost exclusively exported, all descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there, the figures, writing, etc., being executed in Kiyôto. The principle of division of labor, as explained in an extract from the *Hiogo News* quoted by Consul Annesley, is carried out a long way in this branch of industry. The bamboo ribs of the fans are made by private people in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part is left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handles according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns that he thinks will be salable, and when the blocks have been cut decides what colors are to be used for each part of the design, and what different sheets are to be used for the opposite sides of each fan. When these sheets with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs have been handed over to the workman, he, in the first instance, folds them so that they will retain the crease. This is done by putting them between two pieces of heavily oiled paper, which are properly creased. The fans are then folded up together and placed under pressure. When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, are then taken and set into their places on one of the sheets after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining piece of paper. The fan is folded up and opened three or four times before the folds get into proper shape, and by the time it is put by to dry it has received an amount of handling Japanese paper alone would endure. When the insides are dry the riveting of the pieces together (including the outer covering) is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan. The highest-priced fan that was ever used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than five *yen*. Since foreigners have been in Japan, however, some

few have been made to order as dear as ten and fifteen dollars each. The general prices of ordinary fans range from fifty *sen* per one hundred to fifteen *yen* per hundred, though an extraordinarily costly fan is turned out at fifty *yen* per hundred. The number of fans ordered for the Philadelphia Exhibition alone amounted to over eight hundred thousand, at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars. The sale of fans in olden times seldom exceeded ten thousand a year for the whole country.

MY QUEST.

LONG had I wavered 'twixt belief and doubt,
This way and that, turning my faith about,
To keep the truth, and sift the error out.

But which was truth — which error? Could I
read
God's hidden meanings in his word and deed
Straight on, and squarely fashion out my creed?

Could I lift up my daring gaze on high
And clearly his infinitude descry,
Whose earthly government I read awry?

Seeking with anxious heart, though still in vain,
To solve the mystery of sin and pain,
Holding God's image bound in earthly chain,

"I would" forever shackled by "I must,"
Souls made for Heaven all fouled with earthly
dust,
And sin and sorrow rife — while he is just!

Such thoughts as these were ever at my side,
Blind questionings that would not be denied,
Problems I could not solve, nor thrust aside.

Until at times I scarce could look above,
And recognize his Fatherhood of love,
Who made the vulture as he made the dove.

And when in page of Holy Writ I sought
Rest for my troubled and bewildered thought,
I found more puzzling questions than I brought.

Could I the prophet's awful gift define,
And with unerring finger draw the line
Between man's teachings and the lore divine?

Rightly the word of truth divide, and know
Which things are types that heavenly forms
do show,
And which but shadows of the shapes below?

Yet where both saint and sage had sought in
vain
Evangelist and prophet to explain.
My troubled spirit needs must seek again.

I longed to hold a faith by reason tried,
And, casting every half belief aside,
In certainties at last rest satisfied.

But who can clear his motives' tangled maze,
Sure that no prejudice nor passion sways,
Nor habit and the love of early days;

So that with single heart and steady aim,
Unswayed by human ties, or fear of blame,
He may take on him the disciple's name?

Too hard the task for me — I could not bind
The throng of hopes and wishes in my mind,
And calmly seek the truth I feared to find.

So, sore perplexed, I wrestled with my heart,
Loving the old beliefs too well to part,
While fearing yet affection's subtle art.

My hold on truth seemed lessening day by day,
The ancient landmarks failed to point the way;
I could not reason, I could only pray

That he who gladly hungry souls doth feed
Might give me what was lacking to my need,
And into ways of truth my footsteps lead.

And while my strong desire to God I brought,
That he would grant the light and peace I
sought,
These words of Christ sprang sudden to my
thought, —

"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive."
No more — no mystic dogma to believe,
Only a thread in each day's life to weave;

Only a common duty, in such wise
Transfigured by new light, that straight my
eyes
Saw how above all truth *true loving* lies;

Saw that, forgetful of my own soul's need,
Filling my life with gracious thought and deed,
I might leave time — and God — to shape my
creed.

My prayer was answered; not as I had thought,
I had not found the knowledge that I sought,
To live without it was the lesson taught.

The end of all my long and weary quest
Is only failure; yet a sense of rest,
Of deep, unwonted quiet, fills my breast.

And though some vexing doubts still hold
their place,
Yet is my faith no measure for his grace,
Whose hand still holds me though he hide his
face.

And day by day I think I read more plain
This crowning truth, that, spite of sin and
pain,
No life that God has given is lived in vain;

But each poor, weak, and sin-polluted soul
Shall struggle free at last, and reach its goal,
A perfect part of God's great perfect whole.

My heart believes — yet still I long for light;
Surely the morning cometh after night,
When Faith, the watcher, shall give place to
sight!